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August 1993 - April 1994

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
SCRAPBOOK MICROFILMING PROJECT

Funded in part by

THE NATIONAL ENDOWMENT FOR THE
HUMANITIES

Grant No. PS-20709-93

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BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA MICROFILMING PROJECT

**A COOPERATIVE PROJECT BETWEEN THE BOSTON SYMPHONY
ORCHESTRA ARCHIVES AND THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY
(AUGUST 1993 - APRIL 1994)**

This microfilming project includes two collections of scrapbooks housed in two separate repositories. The first set of scrapbooks (80 volumes) resides within the Allen A. Brown Collection in the Music Department of the Boston Public Library (BPL). Their call number is **M.125.5. The second set of scrapbooks (132 volumes) resides within the Boston Symphony Orchestra (BSO) Archives' Press Clippings collection. They have the designation Pres 56.

The BPL scrapbooks begin with the founding of the BSO in 1881 and continue, through 79 seasons, to 1960. Articles consist mainly of reviews and feature stories from Boston and New York newspapers. Occasionally, magazine articles and press releases are also included. The scrapbooks cover most aspects of the BSO.

The BSO scrapbooks run from 1889, the Orchestra's 9th season, to 1973. In addition to local reviews and features, the volumes contain articles culled from national and international publications. The scrapbooks document, in detail, all aspects of the BSO: The Symphony Orchestra (including subscription concerts, tours, and trips), the Boston Pops, the Tanglewood Festival, the Tanglewood Music Center, and Symphony Hall.

The two sets of scrapbooks have been filmed as two separate entities. Researchers wanting to look at specific seasons or subjects must examine both sets of films to ensure full coverage.

The scrapbooks do not represent the complete holdings of either location on the subject of the BSO.

Requests for positive microfilm copies of individual rolls, or of film sets, should be directed to the respective repositories.

**Music Department
Boston Public Library
P. O. Box 286
Boston, MA 02117**

**Boston Symphony Orchestra Archives
Symphony Hall
Boston, MA 02115**

****M.125**

.5

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

SCRAPBOOKS

1881-1882 TO 1959-1960

1181-18 to 1915-16 compiled by Allen A. Brown

1916-17 to 1937-38 compiled by Mary A. Brown

1938-39 to 1959-60 compiled by the Music Department

These scrapbooks contain reviews of concerts, articles concerning the Symphony, its players and conductors, interviews with soloists and composers, occasional letters and notes, an occasional autograph, ticket stubs, pictures of conductors, the Symphony, soloists and composers, and caricatures.

In the scrapbooks compiled by Mr. Brown, it is possible to find articles or reviews pasted on a program which does not have the same date. Mr. Brown used multiple copies of programs for his scrapbook "fillers;" the fillers have no relation to the articles pasted on them. The fillers may be partially to completely covered.

These scrapbooks do not contain the complete programs. For the complete program, the researcher must consult either the hard copies found in either the Boston Symphony Archives or the Boston Public Library's Music Department or the microfilm of programs published by KTO Microform (Millwood, New York) and dating from the 1881-82 season through the 1974-75 season.

Generally, one volume represents one Symphony season; the volume and season should therefore match. Depending upon the compiler and the clippings available, some reviews and articles may be found concerning the Promenade Concerts, Boston Pops, the Berkshire Music Festival and Tanglewood.

The Music Department of the Boston Public Library does maintain other materials concerning the Boston Symphony Orchestra in other scrapbooks and files. Please consult with the Music Librarian for these materials.

VOLUMES 49-50

1929-30 TO 1930-31

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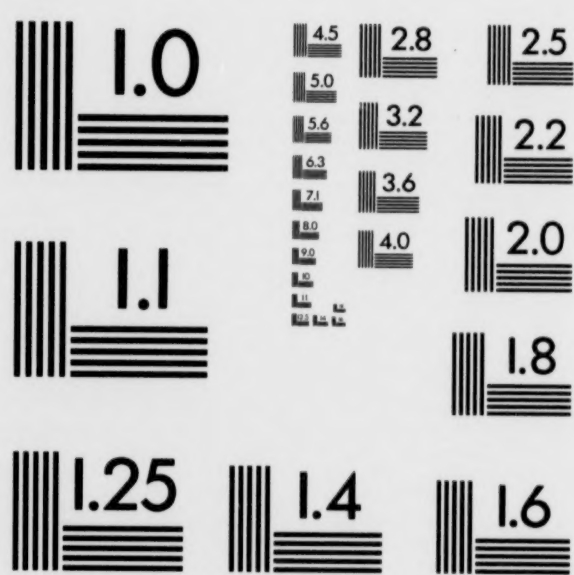
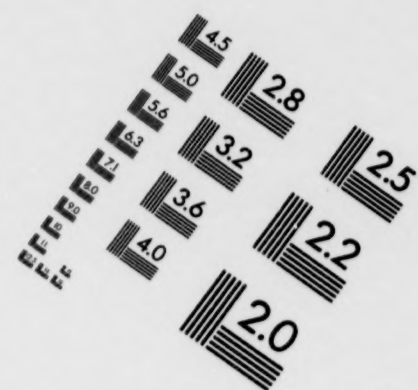
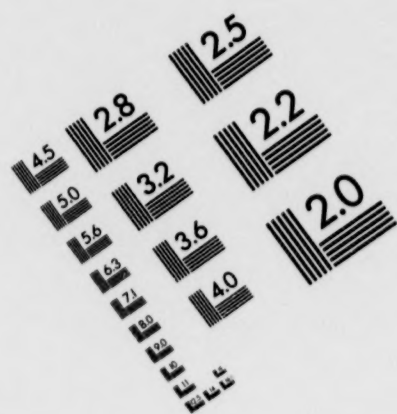
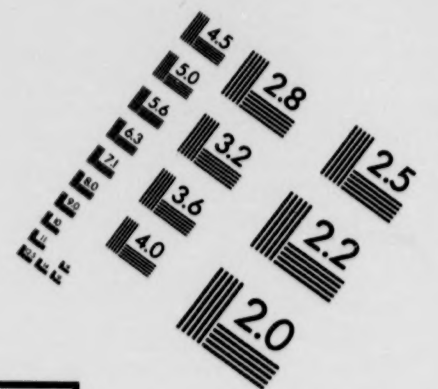
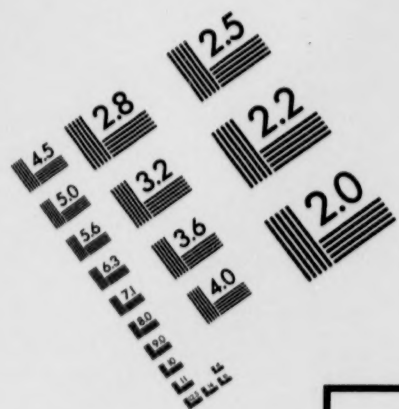
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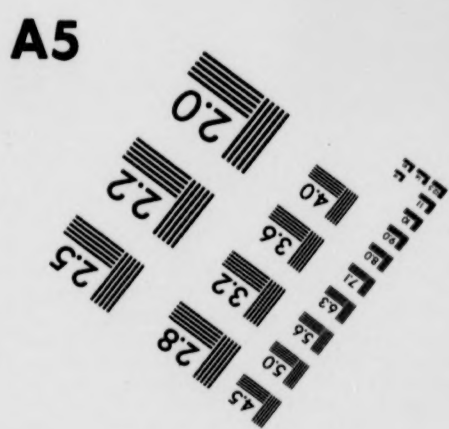
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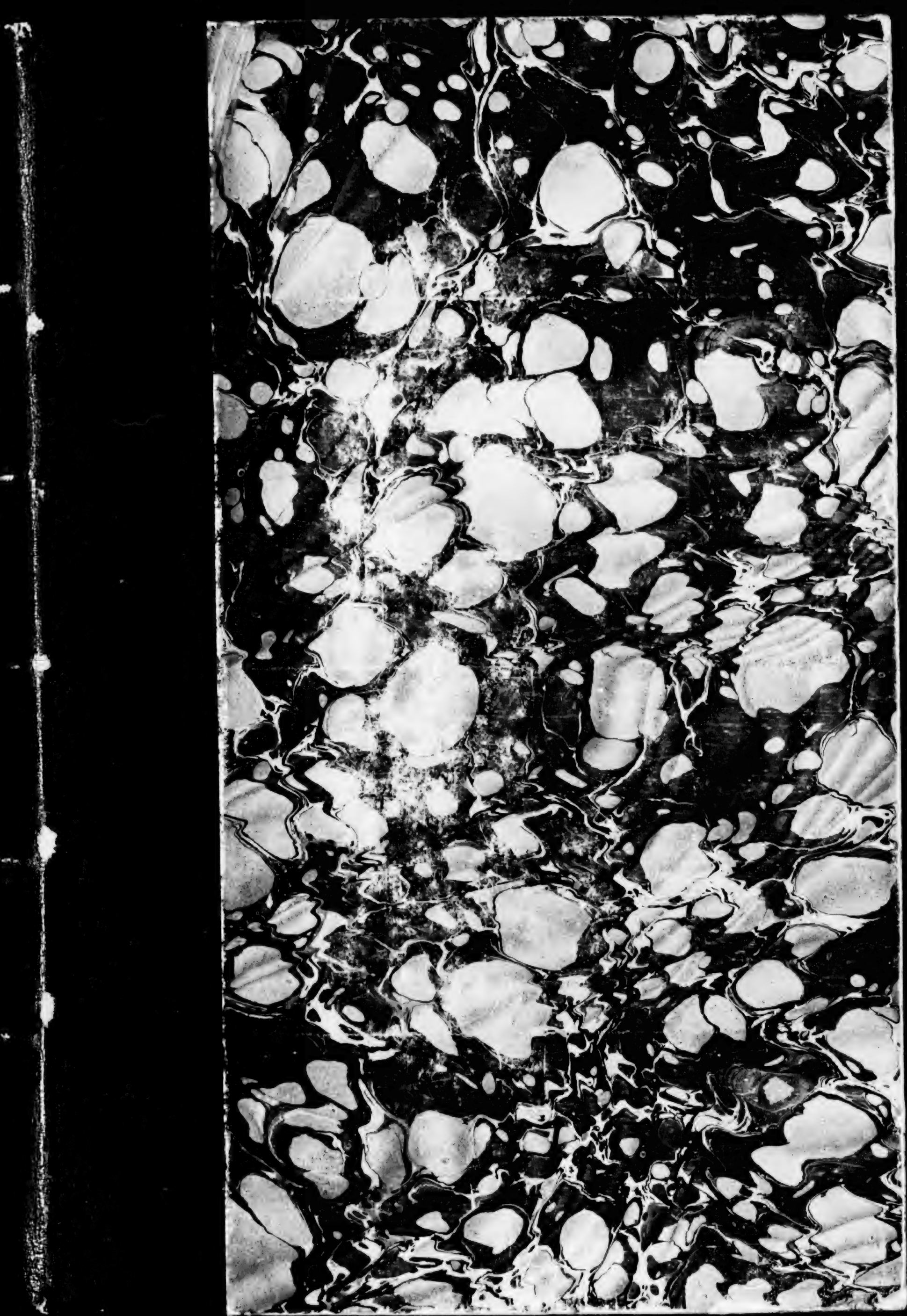
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VOLUME 49

1929-1930



No. M. 125.5. 49



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1



THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

(110 Musicians)

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, Conductor

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THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

(110 Musicians)

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, Conductor

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2

Dr. Serge Koussevitzky

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HAS KINDLY CONSENTED TO GIVE A

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For the joint benefit of the *Elizabeth Peabody House*
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Dr. Koussevitzky will be assisted by
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Reception to Dr. and Mrs. Koussevitzky in the Foyer of
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The Steinway Piano Used.

Miss Mary Brown
July 16, 1932

3

SYMPHONY HALL

49th SEASON, 1929-1930

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December 10 January 7 February 11 February 25 March 11 April 22

SIX MONDAY EVENING CONCERTS

November 11 December 2 January 27 February 17 March 17 April 28

THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

(110 Musicians)

Dr. SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, Conductor

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Boston Symphony Orchestra

INC.

Dr. SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, Conductor

FORTY-NINTH SEASON, 1929-1930

Programme

WITH HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE
NOTES BY PHILIP HALE

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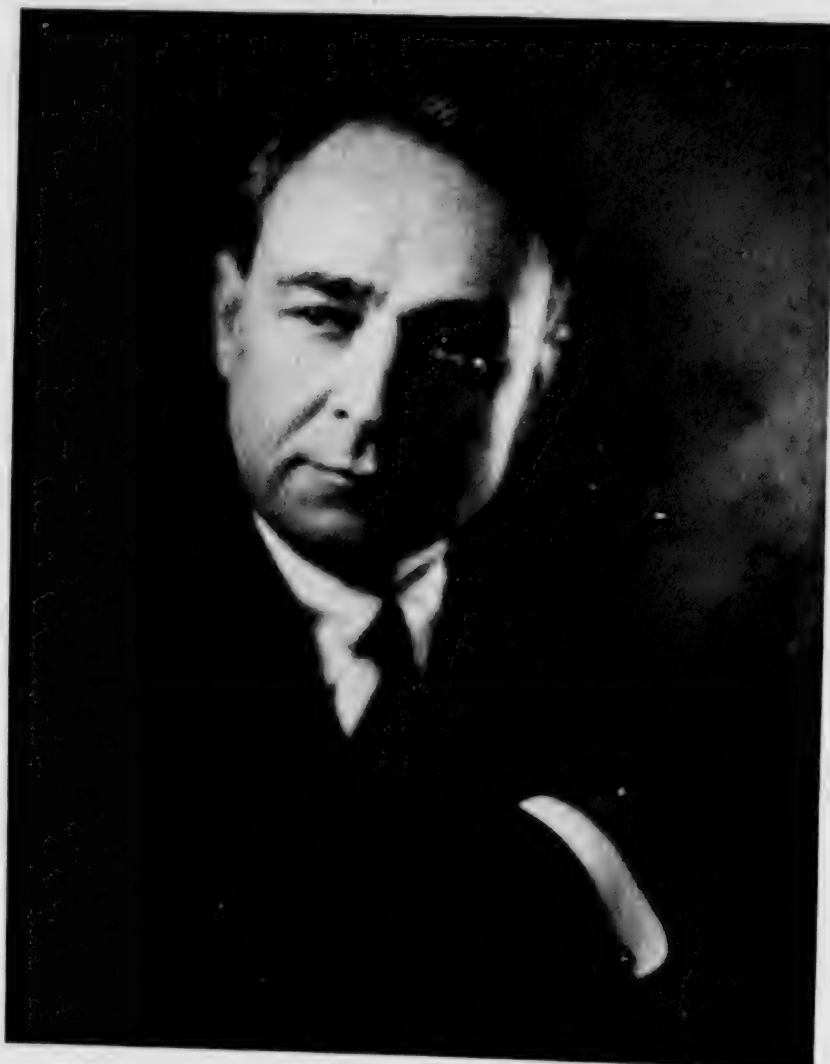
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SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY

Boston Symphony Orchestra

Forty-ninth Season, 1929-1930

Dr. SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, Conductor

PERSONNEL

VIOLINS.			
Burgin, R. <i>Concert-master</i> Theodorowicz, J.	Elcus, G. Kreinin, B.	Gundersen, R. Kassman, N.	Sauvlet, H. Hamilton, V.
Hansen, E. Pinfield, C.	Lauga, N. Mariotti, V.	Fedorovsky, P. Leveen, P.	Leibovici, J. Tapley, R.
Thillois, F. Mayer, P.	Zung, M. Diamond, S.	Knudson, C. Zide, L.	Gorodetzky, L. Fiedler, B.
Bryant, M. Murray, J.	Beale, M. Del Sordo, R.	Stonestreet, L. Erkelens, H.	Messina, S. Seiniger, S.
VIOLAS.			
Lefranc, J. Artières, L.	Fourel, G. Cauhapé, J.	Van Wynbergen, C. Bernard, A.	Grover, H. Werner, H.
	Avierino, N. Gerhardt, S.		Fiedler, A. Deane, C.
VIOLONCELLOS.			
Bedetti, J. Zighera, A.	Langendoen, J. Barth, C.	Chardon, Y. Droeghmans, H.	Stockbridge, C. Warnke, J.
BASSES.			
Kunze, M. Vondrak, A.	Lemaire, J. Oliver, F.	Ludwig, O. Frankel, I.	Girard, H. Dufresne, G.
KELLEY, A. DEMETRIDES, L.			
FLUTES.		OBOES.	
Laurent, G. Bladet, G. Amerena, P.		Gillet, F. Devergie, J. Stanislaus, H.	
CLARINETS.		BASSOONS.	
		Hamelin, G. Arcieri, E. Allegra, E. (E-flat Clarinet)	Laus, A. Allard, R. Bettoney, F.
PICCOLO.		ENGLISH HORN.	
Battles, A.		Speyer, L.	
HORNS.		TRUMPETS.	
Boettcher, G. Pogrebniak, S. Van Den Berg, C. Lorbeer, H.		Mager, G. Voisin, R. Lafosse, M. Perret, G. Mann, J.	
TUBAS.		TIMPANI.	
Sidow, P. Adam, E.		Ritter, A. Polster, M.	
ORGAN.		CELESTA.	
Snow, A.		Fiedler, A.	
		LIBRARIAN.	
		Rogers, L. J.	



SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY

Boston Symphony Orchestra

Forty-ninth Season, 1938-1939

Dr. SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, Conductor

PERSONNEL

Violins			
Violins I	Violins II	Violins III	Violins IV
Shaw, G.	Condit, N.	Shaw, H.	Cherkassky, P.
Shaw, B.	Rosen, N.	Hammond, V.	Ester, D.
Violas			
Viola I	Viola II	Viola III	Viola IV
Johnson, N.	Fedorov, P.	Lefkowitz, J.	Jarvis, R.
Johnson, Y.	Lefkowitz, P.	Taylor, E.	
Cellists			
Cellist I	Cellist II	Cellist III	Cellist IV
Johnson, M.	Knudsen, C.	Gorodetsky, L.	
Johnson, S.	Zide, L.	Fleisher, B.	
Double Basses			
Double Bass I	Double Bass II	Double Bass III	Double Bass IV
Johnson, B.	Stonestreet, L.	Messina, S.	
	Erment, H.	Schnitzer, S.	
Violoncellos			
Violoncello I	Violoncello II	Violoncello III	Violoncello IV
Johnson, J.	Van Wyndeggen, C.	Grover, H.	
	Bernard, A.	Werner, H.	
Contrabasses			
Contra Bass I	Contra Bass II	Contra Bass III	Contra Bass IV
Johnson, N.		Fiedler, A.	
Gerhardt, S.		Deane, C.	
Woodwinds			
Flutes	Flutes	Flutes	Flutes
Larsen, J.	Chapman, Y.	Stuckbridge, C.	Fabrizio, E.
Burns, L.	Drögmann, H.	Ward, J.	Marjoleit, L.
Basses			
Bass I	Bass II	Bass III	Bass IV
Johnson, J.	Ludwig, C.	Girard, H.	Kelley, A.
Johnson, F.	Franklin, I.	Dufresne, G.	Demetrides, L.
Clarinets			
Clarinet I	Clarinet II	Clarinet III	Clarinet IV
Gillet, F.	Händlin, G.		
Day, J.	Arletti, E.		
Stanislav, H.	Allegria, E.		
Bassoons			
Bassoon I	Bassoon II	Bassoon III	Bassoon IV
English Horns			
English Horn I	English Horn II	English Horn III	English Horn IV
Speyer, L.			
Horns			
Horn I	Horn II	Horn III	Horn IV
Valkenier, W.	Mager, G.		
Schindler, G.	Voisin, K.		
Lannoy, M.	Lafosse, M.		
Blot, G.	Perret, G.		
	Mann, J.		
Trumpets			
Trumpet I	Trumpet II	Trumpet III	Trumpet IV
Trombones			
Trombone I	Trombone II	Trombone III	Trombone IV
Harp			
Harp			
Zighera, B.			
Caughy, E.			
Tympani			
Tympani			
Celesta			
Celesta			
Fiedler, A.			
Percussion			
Percussion I	Percussion II	Percussion III	Percussion IV
Librarian			
Librarian			
Rogers, L. J.			

Several years ago, London and Paris became aware of a quite extraordinary Russian conductor. Under the transforming hand of Serge Koussevitzky, a classic symphony would glow with fresh life, a romantic score would sing with a new and unprecedented eloquence, a composition of our own day would reveal an unsuspected creative vitality.

When it was announced five years ago that such a leader would have such an instrument as the Boston Symphony Orchestra to do his bidding, new marvels in symphonic performance were anticipated.

Koussevitzky's first season with the Boston Symphony Orchestra astonished even those who had expected the most from this ideal union. And in succeeding seasons, conductor and orchestra have touched new heights of executive perfection, tonal splendor, and interpretative vision.

In a word, Koussevitzky has once more proven himself the genius to whom an achievement, however great, can only be the starting point towards a still subtler beauty and a still deeper significance.

Thus, a transcendent chapter is being added to the history of what has been, these many years, the finest symphony orchestra in the world. To the forward-looking leader of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, its fiftieth season (1930-1931) is the next horizon.

WORKS PERFORMED AT THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS DURING THE SEASON OF 1929-1930

Works marked with an asterisk were performed for the first time at these concerts.
Works marked with a double asterisk were performed for the first time in Boston.
Works marked with a dagger were performed for the first time anywhere.
Artists marked with an asterisk appeared at these concerts for the first time.
Artists marked with a double asterisk appeared for the first time in Boston.
Artists marked with a dagger are members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

- BACH, J. S.: Brandenburg Concerto, No. 3, G major, for strings, December 6, 1929
Prelude and Fugue in E-flat (for organ) (arranged by SCHÖNBERG)*, February 28, 1930, March 28, 1930 . 1337,
BAX: Symphony No. 2, E minor and C,† December 13, 1929, January 3, 1930 . 610
BEETHOVEN: Symphony No. 4, B-flat major, Op. 60, December 27, 1929
Symphony No. 5, C minor, Op. 67, October 11, 1929
Symphony No. 6, F major, Op. 68, April 4, 1930
Concerto for pianoforte, No. 4, G major, Op. 58 (ARTUR SCHNABEL), April 4, 1930. Sketch
Overture to "Leonore," No. 3, Op. 72, April 4, 1930
Overture to Goethe's "Egmont," Op. 84, October 11, 1929
BLOCH: "Schelomo" ("Solomon") Hebrew Rhapsody for violoncello (FELIX SALMOND*) and orchestra, December 27, 1929
BORODIN: Symphony No. 2, B minor, Op. 5, November 29, 1929
BRAHMS: Symphony No. 2, D major, Op. 73, March 21, 1930
Symphony No. 1, C minor, May 2, 1930
Symphony No. 3, F major, Op. 90, March 21, 1930
Academic Festival Overture, Op. 80, March 21, 1930
CHADWICK: Sinfonietta in F major, April 25, 1930
DEBUSSY: "La Mer," October 11, 1929
"La Damselle Émue" (Mme. RITTER-CIAMPI**; JEAN MACDONALD*; Radcliffe Choral Society), February 14, 1930
"Le Martyre de Saint-Sebastien"* (as a whole) (Mme. RITTER-CIAMPI; The Cecilia Society), February 14, 1930
DE FALLA: Three Dances from "El Sombrero de Tres Picos," January 31, 1930
"Nights in the Gardens of Spain," for piano (Mr. SANROMÁ) and orchestra, February 21, 1930
DVOŘÁK: Symphony No. 5, E minor, "From the New World," December 20, 1929
DUKELSKY: Symphony No. 2,† D-flat major, April 25, 1930
EICHHEIM: "Java,"*** November 15, 1929
"Burma,"*** November 15, 1929
FAIRCHILD: "Chants Nègres,"† December 6, 1929
GALLIARD: Sonata, G major (freely transcribed for small orchestra by STEINBERG), March 14, 1930
GARDNER: "Broadway,"† April 18, 1930
GLAZOUNOV: Symphony No. 6, C minor, Op. 58, January 17, 1930
Concerto for violin, Op. 82 (BENNO RABINOFF**), January 17, 1930
"Stenka Razin," Op. 13, January 17, 1930

GOOSSENS: Concertino for Double String Orchestra,** January 24, 1930

GRUENBERG: "The Enchanted Isle,"** November 8, 1929
"Jazz Suite,"** February 21, 1930

HANDEL: Concerto Grosso for string orchestra, Op. 6, No. 10, October 18, 1929

HAYDN: Symphony, D major (with the Horn Call)—B. & H., No. 31, February 21, 1930, March 28, 1930 . . . 1259

HILL: "Lilacs," May 2, 1930

JOSTEN: "Jungle,"† symphonic poem, October 25, 1929

LAZAR: Concerto Grosso, No. 1, for orchestra, in the Old Style,† February 21, 1930

LISZT: Concerto for piano, E-flat major, No. 1 (JOSÉ ITURBI,* pianist), December 13, 1929

LOEFFLER: Canticum Fratris Solis** (after St. Francis of Assisi) for voice (POVLA FRIJSH) and orchestra, January 3, 1930

MARTELLI: Assyrian Bas-Reliefs (first time in the United States), March 14, 1930

MOUSSORGSKY: Prelude to the opera "Khovanstchina," December 20, 1929

MOZART: Symphony, E-flat major (K. 543), November 8, 1929
Symphony, C major, No. 34 (K. 338), April 25, 1930
Overture to "The Magic Flute," December 27, 1929
"Eine Kleine Nachtmusik" (K. 525), January 31, 1930

PICK-MANGIAGALLI: Prelude and Fugue,** October 11, 1929

PISTON: Suite for Orchestra,† March 28, 1930

PROKOFIEFF: Scythian Suite, Op. 20, January 31, 1930
Piano Concerto, No. 2, G minor, Op. 16 (SERGE PROKOFIEFF, pianist) (first time in the United States), January 31, 1930

RAVEL: "Ma Mère l'Oye," November 8, 1929
"Bolero,"** December 6, 1929, January 3, 1930 . . . 52
Orchestral Excerpts from "Daphnis et Chloé" (Second Suite), December 20, 1929
Rapsodie Espagnole, May 2, 1930

RESPIGHI: Symphonic Poem, "The Pines of Rome," December 13, 1929
"Feste Romane,"** January 24, 1930

RIMSKY-KORSAKOV: Suite from "Le Coq d'Or," November 29, 1929
"Sadko," Op. 5, December 20, 1929

SAINT-SAËNS: Symphony No. 3, C minor, Op. 78, April 18, 1930
Concerto, B minor, for violin (JACQUES THIBAUD) and orchestra, No. 3, Op. 61, November 29, 1929

SCHUMANN: Symphony No. 1, B-flat major, Op. 38, January 24, 1930
Symphony No. 2, C major, Op. 61, December 6, 1929

SIBELIUS: Symphony No. 2, D major, Op. 43, October 18, 1929
Symphony No. 6,** Op. 104, February 28, 1930, March 28, 1930 . . . 1380
Concerto, D minor, for violin (RICHARD BURGINT†) and orchestra, Op. 47, February 28, 1930

SPOHR: Notturmo for Wind Instruments and Janissaries Music,** Op. 34, November 15, 1929

STRAUSS: Interlude from "Intermezzo,"** Op. 72, October 18, 1929
"Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks," Op. 28, November 8, 1929
Symphonia Domestica, Op. 53, November 15, 1929
An Alpine Symphony, Op. 64, March 14, 1930
"Don Juan," Tone Poem, Op. 20, April 25, 1930

STRAVINSKY: Suite from "L'Oiseau de Feu," October 18, 1929
"Apollon Musagète," April 18, 1930

TCHAIKOVSKY: Symphony No. 6, B minor, "Pathetic," October 25, 1929 . . .
Ouverture Solennelle, 1812, December 27, 1929 . . .

TOURNIER: "Féerie," Prelude and Dance for harp (BERNARD ZIGHERA†) with orchestra (first time with orchestra), December 20, 1929 . . .

VIVALDI: Concerto in D minor for orchestra, with organ (edited by SILOTI), October 25, 1929 . . .

WAGNER: A Faust Overture, January 24, 1930
Prelude and "Liebestod" from "Tristan und Isolde," February 28, 1930 . . .

WALTON: Overture, "Portsmouth Point," January 3, 1930 . .

WEBER: Overture to "Euryanthe," December 13, 1929 . . .
Overture to "Oberon," May 2, 1930 . . .

WETZLER: Symphonic Dance in Basque Style, from the opera "The Basque Venus," Op. 14, November 29, 1929 . .

GUEST CONDUCTORS

BURGIN,† RICHARD, conducted the concerts of November 29, 30, 1929: Rimsky-Korsakov, Suite from "Le Coq d'Or"; Borodin, Symphony No. 2, B minor; Saint-Saëns, Violin Concerto, B minor, No. 3 (JACQUES THIBAUD); Wetzler, Symphonic Dance in Basque Style,** from "The Basque Venus."

EICHHEIM, HENRY, conducted his symphonic poems, "Java" and "Burma,"** at the concerts of November 15, 16, 1929.

GARDNER, SAMUEL,* conducted his "Broadway"† on April 18, 19, 1930.

GLAZOUNOV,** ALEXANDER, conducted the concerts of January 17, 18, 1930: Glazounov's Symphony No. 6, Violin Concerto (BENNO RABINOFF,** violinist), and "Stenka Razin."

GOOSSENS, EUGENE, conducted the concerts of January 24, 25, 1930: Wagner, a Faust Symphony; Schumann, Symphony No. 1, B-flat major; Goossens, Concertino for Double String Orchestra**; Respighi, "Feste Romane."**

PISTON,* WALTER, at the concerts of March 28, 29, 1930, conducted his Suite for Orchestra.†

THE FOLLOWING ARTISTS HAVE APPEARED AS SOLOISTS
THIS SEASON

BURGIN,† RICHARD, concert master (Sibelius's Violin Concerto),
February 28, 1930. Sketch
FRIJSH, POVLA, soprano (Loeffler's "Canticum Fratris Solis**"),
January 3, 1930
ITURBI,* JOSÉ, pianist (Liszt's Concerto in E-flat major, No. 1)
December 13, 1929. Sketch
PROKOFIEFF, SERGE, pianist (Prokofieff's Piano Concerto, G
minor, No. 2**—first time in the United States), Janu-
ary 31, 1930. Sketch
RABINOFF,** BENNO, violinist (Glazounov's Violin Concerto),
January 17, 1930
SALMOND,* FELIX, violoncellist (Bloch's "Schelomo"), December
27, 1929
SANROMÁ, JESÚS MARÍA, pianist ("Nights in the Gardens of
Spain"), February 21, 1930. Sketch
SCHNABEL, ARTUR, pianist (Beethoven's Piano Concerto, G major,
No. 4), April 4, 1930. Sketch
THIBAUD, JACQUES, violinist (Saint-Saëns's Concerto in B minor,
No. 3), November 29, 1929. Sketch
ZIGHERA,†* BERNARD, harpist (Tournier's Prelude and Dance,
for harp with orchestra), December 20, 1929. Sketch .

Singers: Soprano, Povla Frijsh
Violinists: Richard Burgin,† Benno Rabinoff,** Jacques Thibaud
Pianists: José Iturbi,* Serge Prokofieff, Jesús María Sanromá,
Artur Schnabel
Violoncellist: Felix Salmond
Harpist: Bernard Zighera†

THE FOLLOWING HAVE ASSISTED IN PERFORMANCES

February 14, 15, 1930. Mme. RITTER-CIAMPI,** soprano; JEAN
MACDONALD, contralto, and the RADCLIFFE CHORAL SOCIETY,
in Debussy's "La Damselle Édue." Mme. RITTER-CIAMPI
and the CECILIA SOCIETY in Debussy's "Le Martyr de Saint-
Sebastien."* The RADCLIFFE SOCIETY trained by its con-
ductor, G. WALLACE WOODWORTH; the CECILIA by its con-
ductor, ARTHUR FIEDLER.†

April 18, 1930. ALBERT SNOW,† organist, Saint-Saëns's Symphony
No. 3, C minor.



SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY

THE FOLLOWING ARTISTS HAVE APPEARED AS SOLOISTS
THIS SEASON

BURGIN,[†] Richard, concert master (Sibelius's Violin Concerto,
February 28, 1930. Sketch.
FRIDLI, POVLIA, soprano (Loeffer's "Canticum Francis Solis"
January 3, 1930.
FRUMI,[†] Josef, pianist (Liszt's Concerto in E-flat major, No. 1)
December 13, 1929. Sketch.
PROKOFIEFF, SERGEI, pianist (Prokofiev's Piano Concerto, G
minor, No. 2. First time in the United States, Janu-
ary 31, 1930. Sketch.
RABINOFF,[†] BENNO, violinist (Glagourov's Violin Concerto,
January 17, 1930.
SALMOND, FELIX, violoncellist (Bach's "Solos" December
27, 1929.
SANROMA, JESUS MARIA, pianist "Nights by the Gardens of
Spain", February 21, 1930. Sketch.
SCHNADT, ARTHUR, pianist (Bach's Piano Concerto, G major,
No. 1, April 4, 1930. Sketch.
TUDAT, JACQUES, violinist (Saint-Saens's Concerto in D major,
No. 3, November 29, 1929. Sketch.
ZICHORA,[†] BENNY, hornist (Toscanini's Prelude and Dance
for horn with orchestra December 29, 1929. Sketch.

Singers: Soprano, Paula French
Vocalists: Richard Burgin, Benno Rabinoff, Jacques Tudat.
Pianists: Josef Frumi, Sergei Prokofiev, Jesus Maria Sanroma,
Arthur Schnadt.
Violoncellist: Felix Salmond.
Hornist: Benny Zichora.

THE FOLLOWING HAVE ASSISTED IN EVERY DANCE

February 10-15, 1930. Music: Max Baer, Conductor. Team:
Maynard, conductor, and the 12 dancers. (Dance: S. T. P.
in Moscow, 8-10-1929. Team: Maynard, conductor, and
the 12 dancers. (Dance: S. T. P. in Moscow, 8-10-1929.
Solos: Maynard, conductor, and the 12 dancers. (Dance: S. T. P.
in Moscow, 8-10-1929. Team: Maynard, conductor, and
the 12 dancers. (Dance: S. T. P. in Moscow, 8-10-1929.
April 18, 1930. Music: S. T. P. in Moscow, 8-10-1929.
Nov. 1, 1930.



SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY

Dr. Koussevitzky Again as Virtuoso

Giving Pleasure as Composer, Transcriber and Player Of the Double Bass

Trans. — Oct. 22, 1929

THE double bass has conquered. Even the outward aspects of a Koussevitzkian concert may now be compared only with those of the best attended Sunday afternoon concerts at Symphony Hall. One remembers when Dr. Koussevitzky gave his first recital in Boston, the audience, so it seemed, was confined to the curious and the well-wishers, and the group of them was none too large. Witness in contrast the scene last night. Every seat taken. On the stage the familiar enclosures making room for two more blocks of seats. But there the comparison stops. For unlike the mixed audiences of Sunday afternoons to hear a Kreisler or a McCormack, society—with a capital S—had taken it over. And the scene which greeted the eye was not too different from that which for two weeks every winter greets it at the Boston Opera House. Fortunate indeed the charity, in this case the Elizabeth Peabody House, which is able to muster such support.

And it is the artist rather than the cause that draws people into concert halls. Worthy charities, popular causes, have gone begging for an audience if the artist does not possess that magnetic power which compels people to leave other things to come to hear him. That Dr. Koussevitzky possesses such power was proved more abundantly than ever last evening. Nor must one forget the presence of that excellent bass, Mr. Fraser Gange.

Mozart twice, Bruch, Brahms, Koussevitzky stood upon the program. From a Mozartian concerto for bassoon, Dr. Koussevitzky made transcription for his favored instrument, added to it a cadenza which explored the heights and the depths of that instrument. The cynic may wave aside the idea of Mozart on a double bass; Mozart, the composer of grace and lightness and fluent utterance. But Mozart from Dr. Koussevitzky and his double bass, last evening sounded more characteristic than it sometimes does from many an instrument which fairly invites Mozartian utterance. Suavity of melody, delicacy of phrasing and nuance, rapidity of speech, none of these could be denied this concerto for the ponderous instrument.

There followed an aria, also of Mozart, for baritone with double-bass obbligato and small orchestra, "Per questa bella mano." This is a concert-aria written by Mozart at Vienna

that reason of his personal week. The sang Sarastro in "The to prepare Pischlberger, a cele- at pointing player upon the double a year I been those who have ess a com internal evidence that is some ritten for some higher- ing week than the double bass. Duke as it that he wrote, "Für is for the rger" should be suffi- such theorizing. The what one would expect Mozart wrote for two

ad depart, as his opportunity to ning an The music is pleasant. to watchy attention to wander. e Eagles Koussevitzky, and with Luke Ur and a group of Sym- d, is sti, surely at one with Mo- n, which g a yard Koussevitzky's version er. This setting of the ancient other the Kol Nidrei." And with and it is of feeling, beauty of Canisius did not associate with until Dr. Koussevitzky's

ift to his years ago. followed his chief opportunity av it will a group of four songs forms of Ernste Gesänge, Op. and side s songs"). More often gainst St to hear these songs. defeated Bible texts, two from w passes, simistic Ecclesiastes, hem. ty; where the writer is ear to b nan is better than the ng to Mo d, in that all die the ered quite he praises death as port from ed than life; from the he entire lesiasticus, a song in lay. The d lastly, as if Brahms ng to the hands of such gloom, famous passage from "If I spake with the nd angels and had not

ahms himself, from the s giving the answer to re much- preacher of the Old. out they e perfect expression of stance in olemn texts. They are, d with a gems of the first order ne. And Happily, one can con- d is that st Mr. Gange was high included ple of Brahms and the i "Steam. y and intelligence with vens and dom matched.

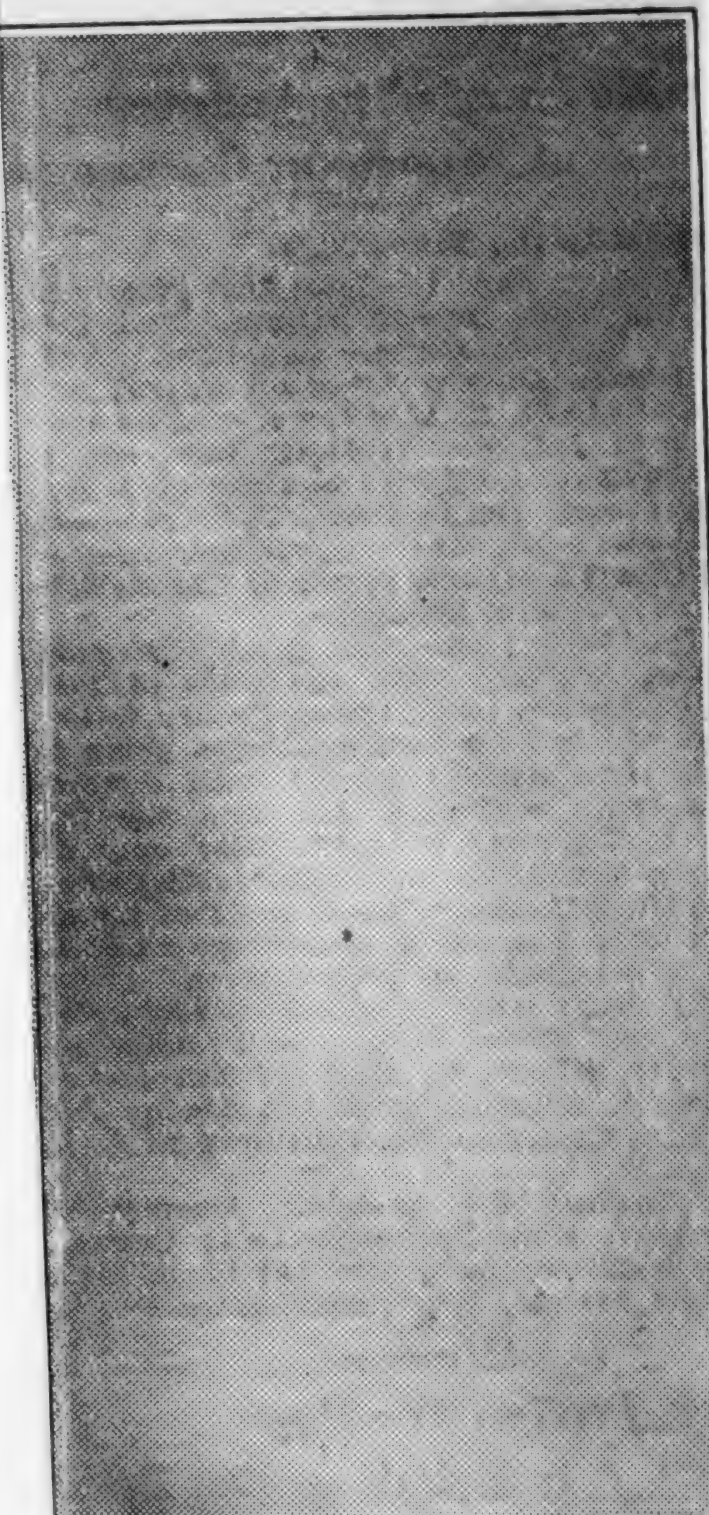
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their prob- plete exposition of the observer of the double bass— be horse more than is usually ood, Dev urse Dr. Koussevitzky st Dart kill; of course, as per- ble first much as composer, he s as re ected from his bass; of demand music and instrument could be the ardent touch. And course of applause was deafening dered by A. H. M.

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in 1791 for two of his personal friends: Gerl, who sang Sarastro in "The Magic Flute"; and Pischlberger, a celebrated Viennese player upon the double bass. There have been those who have tried to prove by internal evidence that the obbligato was written for some higher-pitched instrument than the double bass. The fact, however, that he wrote, "Für Gerl und Pischlberger" should be sufficient answer to such theorizing. The piece is exactly what one would expect of an air which Mozart wrote for two friends. Each has his opportunity to show his skill. The music is pleasant. It does not allow attention to wander. Mr. Gange, Dr. Koussevitzky, and with them Mr. Burgin and a group of Symphony men, were surely at one with Mo-

zartian desires. Came next Dr. Koussevitzky's version of Max Bruch's setting of the ancient Hebrew melody, "Kol Nidrel." And with none too large. Witness in contrast it came warmth of feeling, beauty of tone, such as one did not associate with the double bass until Dr. Koussevitzky's first concert two years ago.

For Mr. Gange had his chief opportunity of the evening in a group of four songs of Brahms: "Vier Ernste Gesänge, Op. 121" (four "serious songs"). More often one would like to hear these songs. They are set to Bible texts, two from the cynical, pessimistic Ecclesiastes, where all is vanity; where the writer is not certain that man is better than the beasts of the field, in that all die the same death; where he praises death as more to be desired than life; from the apocryphical Ecclesiasticus, a song in the same vein; and lastly, as if Brahms were washing his hands of such gloom, a song on the famous passage from First Corinthians, "If I spake with the tongue of men and angels and had not love. . . ." Brahms himself, from the New Testament, is giving the answer to the doubt-laden preacher of the Old.

And the songs are perfect expression of the ideas of the solemn texts. They are, purely as music, gems of the first order of magnitude. Happily, one can continue, and say that Mr. Gange was high priest in the temple of Brahms and the Book. His artistry and intelligence with his songs are seldom matched.

Finally came Dr. Koussevitzky and his concerto. It has been heard before at his concerts. It too is pleasant and often expressive music. It ranges wide through the possibilities of the instrument. One would not go far wrong in calling it a complete exposition of the many capabilities of the double bass—and they are far more than is usually realized. Of course Dr. Koussevitzky played it with skill; of course, as performer quite as much as composer, he drew the unexpected from his bass; of course he gave music and instrument the loving and the ardent touch. And also, of course, applause was deafening and long-continued.

A. H. M.

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BOSTON EVENING TRANSCRIPT, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1929

Koussevitzky on Interpretation



The Conductor Acknowledges His Doctor's Degree from Harvard with a Brief Discourse, Hitherto Only Privately Printed, on His Art

A. H. M.

Oct 10, 1929

with many an item to whet anticipatory interest. Mr. Koussevitzky, like most of us, believes in Hindemith and gives him a room. . . . Prokofiev will be guest of the orchestra, with this new Symphony, produced in Paris last spring, in his portfolio. . . . No other American conductor lends an ear to Schönberg and his disciples; but here, warrantably, are "the master's Variations that got Berlin by the ears last winter, along with Berg's three pieces. Not since Dr. Muck's time has Schönberg figured at the Symphony Concerts as composer in his own right."

Bax, Roussel and Enesco are established composers whose new work conductors in London, Paris and American cities receive gladly. . . . Hauer, out of Central Europe, has made some stir at the festivals of the Society for Contemporary Music. . . . Krein and Pick-Mangia

are respectively a Russian and an Italian deserving to be heard. . . . To Lazar, Roumanian of Paris, Mr. Koussevitzky once before gave place. . . . Wetzler's "Baskische Venus," music upon motive from the Basque country, is going the rounds of Germany. . . . Strauss recommended to Mr. Koussevitzky the half-forgotten Spohr—a hundred years ago a high-reputed composer. . . . There are still humors to be discovered in Satie's posthumous scores. . . .

Again Mr. Koussevitzky keeps the faith. For it is the bounden duty of the conductor of the Boston Orchestra to inform its audiences about the music of the day; to choose that music far and wide, from old and young; from many faiths and practices. . . . Add the promised performance of Strauss' "Don Quixote" with which the conductor should excel; the possible production of the concert version, choruses included, of Debussy's music to d'Annunzio's play, "The Martyrdom of St. Sebastian"—work of the composer's prime—and the prospect again widens. Where Mr. Koussevitzky is, there is vitality and not routine.

Berg: Three pieces for String Orchestra
 Epohr: Suite for Wind Orchestra
 Bax: Symphony No. 2
 Prokofiev: Symphony No. 3
 Hindemith: Concerto for Wind Instruments
 Wetzler: "Baskische Venus"
 Hauer: Sinfonietta
 Pick-Mangiagalli: Prelude and Fugue
 Enesco: Suite
 Roussel: Suite (first performance)
 Krein: "Chant de David"
 Martelli: Bas-Reliefs
 Satie: Five Grimaces
 Lazar: Concerto Grosso
 Schoenberg: Variations

Again a characteristic, justifiable list

be brought into closest union with one another. Such a connection is surely well-founded, for at the beginning poetry and music formed a united and indivisible whole. In remote times they existed in a united and indivisible tonal art, and their separation took place rather late. One cannot, on a sound basis, consider painting as the mother of poetry, or affirm that literature gave birth to architecture. To admit that would seem—if not an obvious absurdity—in any case a great paradox. But, if we make a parallel between poetry and music, the situation changes. Between these two arts there is an extraordinary relationship and an astonishing nearness.

(Pushkin: "Mozart and Salieri.")

to not intend to make a parallel
a poetry and music in order to
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r to distinguish one fundamental
ity which divides them: poetry
t music. Its meaning is in the un-
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ice of poetry: Let us again re-
r the poet's verses:

Keep still thy voice and disappear
and hide thy heart and dreams."

(Tutchev: "Silentium.")

is the real reciprocal relation between poetry and music. When they are incorporated in concrete words, their relation becomes as if inverse. As much as they attract each other before their incorporation in form and images, when they are still dwell in the state of element, as much do they repulse each other and when taking a literary or tonal form. This erotic union and disjunction which reminds one of the myth of Eros and Psyche (see above) is like a symbol eternally

ing itself and calling to remem-
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e which once occurred.

n poetry incorporates itself into
it needs tranquility: it seems to
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nism it takes a concrete shape, ap-
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Only bad verses aspire to be pro-
ded, playing with the sonority of
good verses are fond of stillness
dence. In music, we observe the
te phenomenon; only bad music
ile to its tonal expression—that is,

to its final expression—that is, which contents itself with its output (Papiermusik). Good music re- to be unchained in reproduction. d poetry nearly always sound- cal; therefore good verses must be to oneself, and not aloud. ic which does not sound appears a dead world and loses its signifi- its meaning dwells only in the realization. Verses which are not read (let alone not pronounced) do se their active power, but keep in stertuous manner the ascendancy try. Goethe and Petrarch do not heir power and strength, but are ndent of the fact whether they are bled and read.

music it is quite different. Upper- l works form dead layers, which vered with more dead layers, and porary errors are often explained orance and by not listening to the

"New, First Times"

FROM Mr. Koussevitzky's ever-courteous hands, in sign of the beginning of a new musical year, comes a list of the new pieces upon his study-table or in mind for performance at the Symphony Concerts. The American items are:

Mason: "Chantecler" (Overture)
Gardner: "Broadway"
Copland: Symphony
Sessions: Symphony
Fairchild: "Chants Nègres"
Gruenberg: "Enchanted Isle"
Josten: "Jungle" (Poem for Orchestra)

A promising list! Mr. Mason's overture, produced last winter, runs in animated vein, everywhere has pleased exacting and unexacting ears. . . . "Broadway," tone-poem or tone-picture, composed by the former violinist, ranked second in the prize-competition won by Bloch's "America." . . . Mr. Copland and Mr. Sessions are the "rising hopes" of the younger generation of American composers. Steadily and with reason Mr. Koussevitzky has encouraged them. More than once at the Symphony Concerts they have justified this fostering. Mr. Blair Fairchild, American composer with a light hand who prefers Paris as dwelling place, is new to Symphony Hall. So also is Mr. Grünberg, though Bostonians have heard elsewhere one or two of his experiments in jazz and other idioms. Mr. Josten of Smith College proved his deserts at the Symphony Concerts late last season; increased them by the setting of Dryden's "Ode for St. Cecilia's Day," produced last week at Worcester. So does Mr. Koussevitzky find room for American composers, in particular, for the young and ripening men. It is the obligation of a conductor, the honor of an artist, so to do.

Next the Europeans' share:

Berg: Three pieces for String Orchestra
Spohr: Suite for Wind Orchestra
Bax: Symphony No. 2
Prokofiev: Symphony No. 3
Hindemith: Concerto for Wind Instruments
Wetzler: "Baskische Venus"
Hauer: Sinfonietta
Plick-Manglagalli: Prelude and Fugue
Enesco: Suite
Roussel: Suite (first performance)
Kreln: "Chant de David"
Martelli: Bas-Reliefs
Satie: Five Grimaces
Lazar: Concerto Grosso
Schoenberg: Variations

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Oct 10.

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Contrary to artistic theory, one may on an equal rise of poetry out of or consider the inverse—sic from poetry. Both lead us to the same den- conclusions. Neither col- ology nor contemporary cepting a few individuals are endowed with the sci- proving the priority, that- cy, of one of these arts.

But both modern philo- musical research agree h- and music formed one; that dwelt in the mid- element. The disjunction music happened a long each of these arts led e and developed independe- but their passionate att- forever. Poetry always l- to music, so that it tri- time to become music; incarnate itself into it, e case with the symbolist ago. ("De la musique choses."—Verlaine.)

Music, in its manifesta- ward poetical expressio- indispensable both for poetry. The loss of lyric and deprives of its soul, is bi the same measure. much they have soug- course of their history, w- of each other, yet th- doomed to the same na- and not only to the sa- ture but to the material by chance that the tech- strumentation have been come so commonly neces- be doubted whether any- nores them. The same reference to poetical r- nics of which are near the construction of mus- of the meaning of po- which again is nearly s- intonation.

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It is easy to bring together music and poetry. Both have one aim, if you remember the poet's words:

"Go on and hasten
To fill again my hungry soul
With music."

(Pushkin: "Mozart and Salleri.")

We do not intend to make a parallel between poetry and music in order to talk about their common features, but in order to distinguish one fundamental peculiarity which divides them: poetry is silent music. Its meaning is in the unexpressed and untold. Music is the singing voice of poetry: Let us again remember the poet's verses:

"Keep still thy voice and disappear
And hide thy heart and dreams."
(Tutchev: "Silentium.")

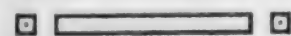
This is the real reciprocal relation between poetry and music. When they are incorporated in concrete words, their relation becomes as if inverse. As much as they attract each other before their incarnation in form and images, when they still dwell in the state of element, so much do they repulse each other and part, when taking a literary or tonal shape. This erotic union and disjunction (which reminds one of the myth of Androgene) is like a symbol, eternally repeating itself and calling to remembrance the bygone existing unity and the rupture which once occurred.

When poetry incorporates itself into verses, it needs tranquillity: it seems to be ashamed of its literary nudity and demands silence. On the contrary, music, when it takes a concrete shape, appears to be chained by quietness and violently claims to be expressed in real tones. Only bad verses aspire to be pronounced, playing with the sonority of words; good verses are fond of stillness and silence. In music, we observe the opposite phenomenon; only bad music is hostile to its tonal expression—that is, music which contents itself with its outlines (Papiermusik). Good music requires to be unchained in reproduction. Recited poetry nearly always sounds rhetorical; therefore good verses must be read to oneself, and not aloud.

Music which does not sound appears to be a dead world and loses its significance; its meaning dwells only in the tonal realization. Verses which are not even read (let alone not pronounced) do not lose their active power, but keep in a mysterious manner the ascendancy of poetry. Goethe and Petrarch do not lose their power and strength, but are independent of the fact whether they are remembered and read.

In music it is quite different. Upper-formed works form dead layers, which are covered with more dead layers, and contemporary errors are often explained by ignorance and by not listening to the

past. That is why poetry and music, being so much akin one to another, part off the basis of some fundamental feature. Music gave birth to the art of interpretation, creating it in its own sphere, as a second and auxiliary art, which poetry does not know at all. In poetry, interpretation is very artificial and changes into dramatic pose—a pose because it appears an imitation of theatrical art, from which poetical interpretation must borrow, for, in its sphere, as an organic art, it cannot arise.



As an auxiliary art, interpretation is, above all, most closely connected with music. Interpretation manifests itself in two directions. On one side, it serves as a link, becomes the intermediary step between hearer and author. Its most important aim, here, is the creation of a contact between author and public. In this direction, interpretation only then reaches its goal when it produces a real, living contact, when it becomes that vehicle through which the aesthetic value established by the author is transmitted to the public directly and with a greater power. The greater receptivity the interpretation arouses in its listeners, the more perfect will it be. The power of conviction will dominate in the struggle and victory over indifference, and passive receptivity peculiar to the public, generally formed of a casual assembly of people of heterogeneous culture, different tastes, and artistic habits.

Good interpretation leads the public to one denominator, seeming to make homogeneous the mixed crowd, bringing it to one level of receptivity. The impression is that the mass is transformed into one single listener. The first instant of contact created by the good interpreter is the moment of smoothing, of bringing the listeners' minds to some single artistic level. It is the gathering of all the heterogeneity and motley of artistic tastes into one focus, which, in this meaning, resembles the interpreter himself. If that aim is not immediately reached, one must consider the interpretation to have failed and all that follows later is destined also to failure—the contact cannot arise.

The performance will go in one direction. The listeners' receptivity, instead of yearning toward unity, will diverge more and more from the interpretation and will be scattered in the audience itself, provoking, at last, a complete discordance between interpreter and audience. What is called mutual misunderstanding will then happen. The reason is not at all in the fact that the performed music or the interpreter is bad. The cause is quite different: It is the absence of a will in the interpreter, the absence of that power which urges the public to submit itself willingly, or even

necessary. The performance will be excellent, but the will of the interpreter is lacking.

Lecture

J., prefect of the performed piece, Provincial artistic quality, but if a series of obvious the con-scholarshiners will arise in any ent of the t. Newtoncond moment in inter-lis subtraction toward the in-Russia. steners brought to one m 1922 t. This attraction must can Rellen strength that, in the leaders of the hearer to a com-includinon. If this complete ers of threached, it gives birth i informan immediate receptivi-

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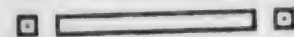
SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY.

A good interpreter commands not only the styles of different epochs, but also the composer's styles of one period. At the same time he does not copy anything at all. An interpreter, who possesses a style of his own, creates his performance by uniting past traditions in the shape they reached us with the technics of our time. Neither Bach's nor Beethoven's tempi and dynamics are in accordance with our tempi and dynamics, and to copy servilely the previous performance would mean to retard modernity forcibly and artificially, achieving only dullness; for it is not possible to turn life backward. In a performance of classical work, seeming sometimes free, the departure from the past serves more to transmit the character and meaning of the work than a servile imitation of this past.

To speak the truth, one must consider interpretation a very young art (in the sense of orchestral conducting). It was born at the end of the nineteenth century and really flourished only in our time. It is a mistake to think that the great conductors of the past were better than the contemporary ones. There is much more solid ground to suppose that such excellent conductors of the nineteenth century as Hans von Bülow or Hector Berlioz would be unable to do anything with the modern orchestra and modern music. Their technics are indivisibly connected with the romantic period, and in our time they would be weak, helpless, just as some winner at a London derby in the nineteenth century, were he even the most marvelous jockey of his time, would not be able to use an aeroplane instead of his horse and replace Lindbergh.

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Then happens the "awakening"—the listener trying to return to his customary state. If this is easy for him, the whole matter is concluded; if the return to the previous state becomes difficult, sometimes quite impossible, then a very important thing has happened. Awakening from his musical sleep, the listener faces reality, which takes a new shape, an unusual one. As if the world had partly changed, life possesses a new value. A spiritual enrichment has taken place. For the interpreter this is the highest reward, highest step to which interpretation may ascend.

When speaking of interpretation in this direction, we mentioned the listener's willing and unwilling submission. The willing submission arises when the interpreter creates a contact between hearer and author, in conditions habitual to the listeners—this means when the interpreter's performance of a work does not contradict the opinion which the listener has already formed about it.

The forcible submission occurs when the contact arises, not between author and public, but between the public and the interpreter himself, independently of the author and against the public's will. In unusual conditions, when the performance is quite new to the audience, when all the traditions referring to the performance of this work are broken. The forcible submission is, of course, the most difficult. This is individual interpretation, in distinction to the first, which we may consider as objective. Had one to settle the question in favor of one of them (a matter of principle and convictions), one would, of course, vote for a bright, powerful, individual interpretation rather than for a weak, helpless, objective one.

Interpretation is not an art by itself, but an auxiliary one, greatly dependent

on the general conditions of musical creation in this or that epoch. What we consider a stylistic performance is the link between musical performance and musical creation—this link being determined in relation to some definite epoch. A stylistic performance, of any quality, can always be only more or less precise. There is no solid basis to the argument that this or that style of our period coincides with previous performances. It is always a matter of guess-work and conventions. The quality of a stylistic performance always depends not so much on traditions as on the sagacity and culture of the interpreter himself.

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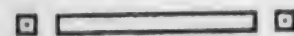
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Thus, in the form in which it now exists, interpretation is a new kind of art. It is a product of our time, appearing to be of the achievements of the twentieth century. The conductor's creation, in our time, is an offering to the treasury of human values of mankind, on an equal with the work of the scientist, the artist, and the painter-creator. The musician interpreter causes the fusion of the manifestations of the modern age's activity, out of which modern culture is built. Being a painter, he is at the same time an organizer and an actor in the world of the beautiful. He belongs to those happy promoters of existence, lifting it to the ideals to which life tends.

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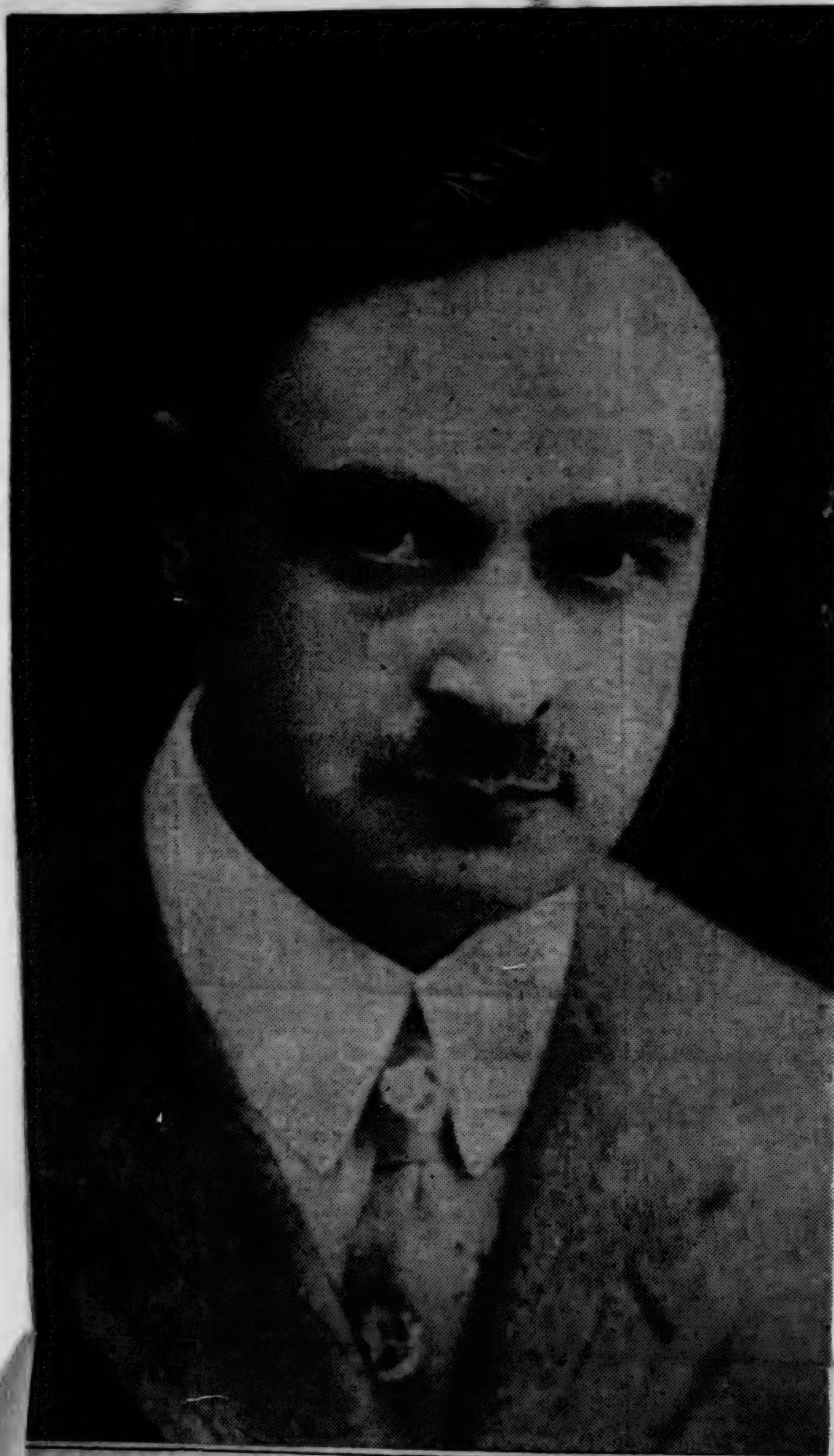
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SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY.

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Dated Moscow—1914

Koussevitzky in Younger Years

From a Russian Postcard in The Archives of The Transcript

FORTY-NINTH SEASON, NINETEEN HUNDRED TWENTY-NINE AND THIRTY

First Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, OCTOBER 11, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 12, at 8.15 o'clock

Beethoven Overture to Goethe's "Egmont," Op. 84

Pick-Mangiagalli Prelude and Fugue
(First time in Boston)

Debussy "La Mer," Trois Esquisses Symphoniques
I. De l'aube à midi sur la mer (From Dawn till Noon on the Ocean).
II. Jeux de Vagues (Play of the Waves).
III. Dialogue du Vent et de la Mer (Dialogue of Wind and Sea).

Beethoven Symphony No. 5 in C minor, Op. 67
I. Allegro con brio.
II. Andante con moto.
} III. Allegro; Trio.
} IV. Allegro.

There will be an intermission before the symphony

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection
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BEETHOVEN

Bronze by BOURDELLE

(Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, N.Y.)

MUSIC

SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The first concert of the 49th season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Beethoven, overture to "Egmont"; Pick-Mangiagalli, Prelude and Fugue (first time in Boston); Debussy, "La Mer"; Beethoven, Symphony No. 5, C minor.

Orchestra and audience welcomed Dr. Koussevitzky's return by standing and applauding heartily.

The only unfamiliar composition on the program was Pick-Mangiagalli's Prelude and Fugue. The name of the composer was not unknown here for Mr. Toscanini early in 1921 brought out the Notturmo and Rondo Fantastico when he led La Scala orchestra in Symphony hall. Piano pieces and songs by the Czech-Italian composer have also been heard here.

The announcement that a prelude and fugue for orchestra by any contemporary composer would be played as a rule strikes terror to the stoutest soul, for this form of composition affords turns out to be only a musical exercise to prove that the writer has made sound studies and wishes to be taken seriously; often having few or no ideas, shunning emotion, striving anxiously after unimpeachable conformity to established rules rather than seeking loveliness, or by the pouring of new and sparkling wine into the old bottles of the school to quicken the spirit of the hearer.

And as Pick-Mangiagalli's father was a Czech, his mother an Italian, the question arose by which national inheritance would he be influenced—or by combining what is sometimes described as "German thoughtfulness" and Italian grace and soaring lyricism, would he come to grief, falling between the two. One remembered the sad case of the man who purchased in a second-hand shop a frock coat that had belonged to a clergyman and a pair of trousers that had been cast off by a man given to the races, cards and strong drink. The coat inspired the purchaser with the desire to rescue perishing souls; the trousers urged his feet to tread the paths of sin. Hence a spiritual conflict that was terrible; it turned the wearer into a Laodicean, incapable of good works, held back by

pious coat-tails from ruinous diversions and all fleshly lusts.

Pick-Mangiagalli no doubt was not bothered by thought of parentage or early environment. Educated musically at the Milan conservatory, appreciated as a composer first in Germany, he sat down and wrote an interesting, unusual, exciting Prelude and Fugue, which was recognized by the audience, first of all as music. The liveliness of the Prelude was not without classic dignity. There were little episodes in the stirring rush and agreeable orchestral chatter that were suave and beautiful, relieving but not checking by undue sentimentalism the continuous flow. The fugue with its scale subject was daringly planned. Not once was there the thought of perfunctory, obligatory development and filling out of the scheme; the whole movement, exciting, and at the end impressive, was as one spontaneous, mighty musical outburst. The audience felt this at once. Seldom has a composition by a man unknown to the great majority of the hearers been so favorably received and honestly enjoyed.

When Debussy's "La Mer" was first performed here in the consulship of Dr. Muck no hand clapped hand at the Friday afternoon concert. Yesterday the performance deserved heartier applause than it received. Is it not possible that each hearer had his and her idea of what the sea should sound like, and was somewhat disappointed in Debussy's impressions? Did the audience expect to be thrilled by the "spasm of the sky and the shatter of the sea" or to be soothed by lapping waters as in Mendelssohn's "Sea-Calm and Prosperous Voyage," which might be taken for a description of a summer sail on a Nantasket excursion boat?

Dr. Koussevitzky's interpretation of the music by Beethoven is justly famous. It is not every conductor who can so eloquently reveal the different phases of romanticism illustrated yesterday by Beethoven, Debussy and Pick-Mangiagalli. But suppose Beethoven's fifth symphony were to be performed only once in four or five years? Would it not then gain in majesty? Dwellers near lofty mountain peaks are too familiar with them to realize their sublimity.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week will be as follows: Handel, Concerto Grosso, for strings, op. 6 No. 10. Gregoir Krein "Chant de David," Symphonic poem (first time in the United States), Stravinsky, Suite from "The Fire-Bird," Sibelius, Symphony No. 2, D major.

SYMPHONY BEGINS THE NEW SEASON

Orchestra the Same to
a Man as That of
Last Year

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

An orchestra the same to a man and an audience as nearly unchanged as so large a company could well be from one season to the next were certain items on the programme aside from the familiar features of yesterday afternoon's Symphony Concert. The conductor, too, was the same—yet called by a different name. Each of the many references to him in the programme book described him, not as plain Mr., but as Dr. Serge Koussevitzky. Thus has the honorary degree conferred upon him last June by Harvard University been heeded at Symphony Hall.

"EGMONT" OUTSTANDING

Dr. Koussevitzky, as he is henceforth to be, made for this initial pair of concerts a programme that achieved unity after a somewhat unusual fashion. The first piece yesterday afternoon was by Beethoven: the Overture to "Egmont"; and that composer's Fifth Symphony served for ending. Between stood a Prelude and Fugue by Pick-Mangiagalli, new name at the Symphony Concerts, and Debussy's "La

Mer," performed at them now these nine times.

At the outset let it be said that the most arresting performance of the afternoon was that of the "Egmont" Overture. A whole column of newspaper print might be devoted to a summing-up of its many excellencies. Suffice it, however, to say that it was in rare degree vital, elastic, dramatically suggestive, yet always musical. Only an orchestra of the highest attainments could have so vivified and freshened these long familiar measures, while only a conductor of genius as well as of rare skill could have directed it to such a feat. Yet the audience, absorbed for the moment in finding its next-door neighbor once more by its respective side, apparently noticed these marvels but little. A mere ripple of applause served for comment on them.

Pick-Mangiagalli Wins Favor

Far more enthusiastic was the reception accorded the new piece of the afternoon. Riccardo Pick-Mangiagalli, half Italian by blood and wholly so by present residence although a Czech by birth, was introduced to Boston a few seasons ago by Mr. Toscanini and the orchestra of La Scala. As a composer he belongs to the right rather than the left wing. The older principles and procedures suit his requirements.

His Prelude is well designed, sonorous (at times almost to platancy) and melodious; hardly distinctive or distinguished. His Fugue, which has for its subject nothing else than an ascending scale of C major, answered of course by that of G, is ingenious, well planned and ably executed. Not surprising is it that this piece, most brilliantly played, should have found immediate favor.

Debussy on Decline

From the Prelude to the "Afternoon of a Faun" through the Nocturnes and "La Mer" to the final three "Images," Debussy's major orchestral pieces decline steadily in inventiveness, even as they progress in adroitness of workmanship. On some ears "La Mer" already palls, even in a performance as sympathetic as that of yesterday. Finally Dr. Koussevitzky's unorthodox and generally triumphant way with the Fifth Symphony is well-known to Bostonians. The stirring performance of the Finale yesterday afternoon provoked the accustomed storm of applause.

In such wise was the 49th season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra begun.

A New Season Opens Well at Symphony Hall

Classics and Moderns from
Conductor and Orchestra
At Top of Their Bent

Trans. — Oct. 14, 1929

YEARS AGO when the matinees of the Symphony Orchestra were labelled "Public Rehearsals," the reviewers exercised their pens upon the concerts of Saturday evening. Last week, a holiday, "no paper," permitted return, here and there, to that custom, possibly with advantage to all concerned. Theoretically, for both players and hearers, nerves play a part in concert-halls—and nerves are keener-edged by night than by day. Factually, the usual audience on a Saturday in Symphony Hall is more receptive, quick-spirited, outspoken, than the matinee company of most Fridays. Last Saturday, for example, it welcomed Dr. Koussevitzky to his place thrice as long and thrice as warmly; burst into eager applause at the end of Beethoven's "Egmont" Overture; passed Debussy's "Sea-Sketches" less coldly by; took hearty pleasure in Pick-Mangiagalli's Prelude and Fugue; bade the orchestra to its feet, in round upon round of applause, at the close of the concert. In the auditorium, the matinee seemed tepid, perfunctory beginning of the new symphonic year. In the evening the house was alert and ardent.

On the stage, again, the conductor bettered the performance of the Overture to "Egmont." On Friday, he tended to cut it into vivid paragraphs; on Saturday, sustained its upswelling course. In the "Sea-Sketches" Debussy draws from the wood-winds both his mixed and his clearer colors. With them Mr. Laurent and his companions outdid their Friday prowess. Through Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, nobody, on Saturday, seemed to be thinking of the clock; whereas, on Friday, it often conditions the mood of the audience toward the final piece. Before the first audience, conductor and orchestra are feeling out the "novelty" of the day—this time the Italian's Prelude and Fugue. Before the second, for better or for worse, they can let themselves go—to the gain of Pick-Mangiagalli's animated sonorities. Nearly every

old experience confirms the impression. The weekly Symphony Concert not come wholly to pass until Saturday evening.

age to the classics becomingly be a new year—in this instance Beethoven, and in both the chosen pieces the Beethoven. Goethe's play about it is seldom acted nowadays, even German-speaking stages. Few read Otley's or other books about the action of Egmont and Horn by the of Alva for conspiracy, near the ring of the Netherlands' struggle against Spanish tyranny. With scarcely light of the title, or of the program, most listen to the "Egmont" Overture as to so much "absolute" music. As it is just as well, since in these Beethoven is hard-riden by the philosophizing or the poetizing comment from Rolland downwards.) None less, the heroic note is unmistakable, the sombre and portentous introduction of Beethoven's discourse, and free by rebellion gained. Dr. Koussevitzky heard, sustained, deepened this voice. The introductory chords, weighty, sonorous, darksome; the of the Allegro, free, full, supple, ring force, motion, contrast; the alight with rhythm and incandescent Beethoven as Beethoven wrote, a conductor and an orchestra who interpreted than played, of freedom ent.

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the Finale; flung up its "repeat" and easily caught proves irresistible. Out wave upon wave of orchestral sound of the mouth of the bass-clarinets. Not to be forgotten were the veiled Fugue solemnly proposes the C-major scale as subject; then bids that hollow-power of the strings in the first instrument retort upon the answering ment; the glow of the brass, rich bassoon with a derisive counter-subject. piercing, toward the end. By all o Clarinet and oboe take up the tale. Of conductor and an orchestra in form. the two subjects go to make the gayest, wittiest, touch-and-go fugue that much enduring form has known in recent days.

The exacting will have it that "The Sea" is the last of Debussy's masterpieces. Even in "Rondes de Printemps" which Dr. Koussevitzky strangely looks, and in "Iberia" they discover of the decline thereafter beginning. the other masterpieces—the Nocturne "The Faun"—audiences now clap hands; for "Pelléas and Mélisande" the Opera House; but as yet they are persuaded of "The Sea." The list of Friday heard the piece coldly; of Saturday were little warmer. What frightens them away? A Debussy is puissant and sonorous than in any of preceding music save only his mad drama? A Debussy more spacious, splendid than elsewhere in all his past. He looked forth upon a sea of waters; saw and heard, musically, a sea of imagination. He wrought the magic of it into his second sketch, "Play of The Waves"—flashes of rhythm, glints of color, a jewelled music, tonal spray in tonal sunshine, fluid, darting and aflame. Hearers recognized a familiar Debussy, more subtle, more magical, snaring sea-sights and sounds into an adept, poetized music.

Yet those same listeners could not, or would not, follow when the orchestra sounded the shadowy, mysterious, beginning of the first sketch ("From Dawn to Noon on the Ocean"), or at the close lifted the sun high above the lonely expanse of shifting, glimmering waters, while sea and sky met and were mingled. "Their" Debussy was doing a strange, new thing. No more would they yield when in the final sketch, the great voices of winds and waves, dialogued or united, rose in a hymn-like music, vast, sonorous, eternal. An exalted Debussy? There was no such a person, though this third sketch is the clearest proof. These twenty years this disposition toward "The Sea" has persisted. Once more, on Saturday, Dr. Koussevitzky and his orchestra strove manfully against it. They outdid themselves in a virtuosity of shifting rhythms and changeable colors, conjured into sound Debussy's imagery; attained splendors of sonority—and few were the ears to hear.

Along came Riccardo Pick-Mangiagalli, usually a Toscaninian protégé, with a Prelude and Fugue up his sleeve. The Prelude is rhythmically animated, full-voiced, warmly colored; with Italian instinct songful at the ripe moment, dominated by a sportive "figure," that once

and easily caught proves irresistible. Out of the mouth of the bass-clarinets. Fugue solemnly proposes the C-major scale as subject; then bids that hollow-instrument retort upon the answering bassoon with a derisive counter-subject. Clarinet and oboe take up the tale. Of the two subjects go to make the gayest, wittiest, touch-and-go fugue that much enduring form has known in recent days. There is everything in Pick-Mangiagalli's score, good sport included—songful measures à l'italienne, clangorous measures à la Strauss, salt and spice of modernist dissonance; ancient and orthodox prescriptions, a multifarious modern orchestra harddriven; scholarship and verve; joyous gayety and sardonic humor—all with the broad smile and the hearty speech of a Latin, tossing off a tour de force and more than half suspecting it. What eclectics have composers become in these times, and what an instinct have these Italians for an effect on the instant, straight across the concert-hall!

H. T. P.

BOSTON SYMPHONY BEGINS 49TH SEASON

9:15 — Oct. 12, 1929.
Koussevitzky and Players
Given Cordial Welcome

Conductor Assumes Title of "Dr"
From Harvard Honorary Degree

The Boston Symphony Orchestra began its 49th season yesterday afternoon with the first of the 24 Friday subscription concerts, for which every season ticket was, as usual, sold far in advance. The audience gave conductor and players a cordial welcome, applauding warmly at every opportunity before and during the performance of a program which included Beethoven's "Egmont" overture, a new Prelude and Fugue by Pick-Mangiagalli, Debussy's "La Mer" and Beethoven's C minor Symphony.

A glance at the first page of the program disclosed only one remarkable change from last season. The conductor's name is now for the first time given as Dr Serge Koussevitzky. He received an honorary degree last June from Harvard. He also holds an honorary degree from Brown.

The personnel of the orchestra, save for the return of Mr Thillols and the

resignation of Paul Shirley, is unaltered from last season, though in several instances the ranking of players is changed.

There were very few new faces in the audience. Anyone who relinquishes season tickets for the Friday concerts does so with the knowledge that it will be difficult to obtain seats for a later season, so greatly does the demand exceed the supply. The Saturday and Monday series are likewise sold out for the season, as the six Tuesday concerts seem certain to be also.

Dr Koussevitzky, returning for his sixth season as conductor of the Boston Symphony, comes back to an orchestra he has molded to his will and made into a superb musical instrument; and to an audience assembled in large measure by the power of his remarkable personality. The present position of the Boston Symphony, as an orchestra again unsurpassed in the world, has been won by his hard and intense effort.

When he came here in 1924 the Boston Symphony had not recovered from the disruptions brought about as an indirect and lamentable consequence of the World War. After five years he has seen it acknowledged everywhere as restored to the front rank among orchestras, though not to its once undisputed preeminence. Something of this may have been in the minds of many of those who rose to their feet to honor him at his first entrance yesterday.

A financial statement from the trustees, inserted in yesterday's programs, bore witness to the high cost of maintaining such an orchestra. The deficit on last season, with every ticket sold, was \$145,493.63; of which sum \$101,487.67 has been contributed. The trustees conclude their tables of receipts and payments with this appeal:

"We request this year toward deficits \$100,000, which comprises the deficit for the ensuing year, plus the \$45,000 deficit carried over from last year."

The prices of season tickets for this year have been considerably increased, so that the receipts from concerts will be larger than before. Contributions toward the deficit should be sent to E. B. Dane, treasurer, at 6 Beacon st, Boston. Small as well as large gifts are welcomed.

Three of the four numbers on yesterday's program were from the standard repertory of the orchestra. Of Beethoven's overture and symphony little needs to be said. Dr Koussevitzky's eloquent and individual interpretations of them are familiar to Boston audiences. The orchestra played better than it has usually done at the opening of the season. There were very few details in the performance to indicate that the orchestra had recently re-assembled after being scattered since last May.

Debussy's "La Mer," once regarded as a formless impressionist piece, full of daring, if evanescent harmonies, now seems clear and straightforward, with a simplicity and economy of style which recalls such classics as Mozart. Its melodies are now as obvious as its composer's indebtedness to such Russians as Musorgsky and Rimsky Korsakov. Dr Koussevitzky quite rightly stresses the dramatic vigor of much of this score. Writing about "The Sea" even Debussy could scarce avoid boisterous moments.

The novelty, Pick-Mangiagalli's Prelude and Fugue, proved to be an agreeable trifle, despite the austere suggestions of the title. The subject of the fugue is an ordinary scale, not one of the pregnant motives found in Bach. The prelude is a facile and sentimental rhapsody saved temporarily from banality by its more or less up-to-date harmonies.

The composer, an Italian by tradition and heredity, though born in Czech-Slovakia, has written other sophisticated salon pieces, some of which have been heard in Boston. No doubt he did not take this prelude and fugue with what Arnold called "high seriousness." His music is easy to listen to, but difficult to remember afterward.

The program announced for next week includes a Handel Concerto Grosso, opus 6, No. 10; "The Song of David," by an unknown Russian composer named Krein; the familiar suite from Stravinsky's "Firebird," and Sibellus' Second Symphony. P. R.

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA HAS FIRST REHEARSAL

Koussevitzky Greeted Warmly by
Musicians—Concert Friday

The Boston Symphony Orchestra assembled yesterday morning in Symphony Hall for the first rehearsal of the season. Serge Koussevitzky, stepping upon the stage, met with prolonged applause from the standing orchestra who greeted him for the first time as "Doctor," since his recent degree was conferred upon him by Harvard University after the conclusion of the past season.

Dr. Koussevitzky, acknowledging this demonstration, said that it made him happy to see the same personnel before him without a single new face. This, he said, augured a closer ensemble than ever before for the 49th season to come.

The rehearsal began with Beethoven's "Egmont" overture, which is also to open the first program of next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening. Other pieces then to be played will be Beethoven's Fifth Symphony in C minor; Debussy's "La Mer"; and Prelude and Fugue of Pick-Mangiagalli.

Boston Symphony Season Opened

Monitor Oct. 12, 1929.

WITH a new slogan, "A novelty to a program," Serge Koussevitzky, on Oct. 11, inaugurated the forty-ninth season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. It was the beginning of the sixth consecutive year of his Symphony Hall regency. He was greeted cordially by a rising audience.

Dr. Koussevitzky had chosen for the first of the season's pieces new to Boston a Prelude and Fugue of Riccardo Pick-Mangiagalli, composed in 1927. This served incidentally to introduce to a Boston Symphony audience this Italian composer who was born in Bohemia and lived for some years in Vienna.

From the testimony of the Prelude and Fugue, Pick-Mangiagalli is not one of those composers who drive conservative hearers from concert halls. The score has a key, and that key is C major. In other respects too, its author is orthodox. His Prelude is based on two very respectable themes, one volant, the other rampant, with pensive episodes. The Fugue, if the reader will believe us, is based on the C major scale, with a counter-figure, and the working-out is expert.

Pick-Mangiagalli's international experience has not been without effect. Like a good modernist, he has been a faithful student not only of Bach but of other great composers. He is a master of contrapuntal tech-

nique. His orchestration has a Straussian brilliance. He does not hesitate to glance sidewise at Respighi, as you may observe if you listen reminiscently to the conclusion of the Fugue. The effect is well calculated; the reception of the piece by the Friday afternoon audience was warm.

The fact is, Signor Pick-Mangiagalli is a monstrous clever fellow. He would show us that music depends not so much on the material as on what is done with it; so he chooses the C major scale for a fugue subject, and astonishes us with his virtuosity. He knows all the tricks of manipulation, harmonization, instrumentation, and he dazzles us with them. He is aware of the value of a tremendous climax, so he builds us one worthy of "The Pines of Rome." He is fluent, facile, cool and detached. He stirs our admiration; but we can see his tongue in his cheek.

The Italian item was second on the order of the day. Before it came the "Egmont" Overture and after it Debussy's "La Mer." The second half of the program was given over to Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. We should be too kind if we said the performance of the orchestra was impeccable at this first concert. There were ragged entrances, there were times when the tone of solo instruments was less than pure. Dr. Koussevitzky, filled with interpretative zeal, tended to drag his slow passages, to demand too much volume from his brasses. But on the whole the orchestra, whose personnel has not changed since last year, was an instrument of lovely tone and expressive flexibility. The strings in particular gave forth beautiful sound. There is every indication of a season of surpassing excellence.

L. A. S.

FORTY-NINTH SEASON, NINETEEN HUNDRED TWENTY-NINE AND THIRTY

Second Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, OCTOBER 18, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 19, at 8.15 o'clock

Handel . . . Concerto Grosso for String Orchestra, Op. 6, No. 10
Overture; Air; Lento; Allegro moderato; Allegro.

Strauss . . . Interlude from "Intermezzo": A Domestic Comedy
with Symphonic Interludes, Op. 72
(First time in Boston)

Stravinsky . . . Suite from "L'Oiseau de Feu" ("The Fire-Bird")
A Danced Legend
I. Introduction; Katschei's Enchanted Garden and
Dance of the Fire-Bird.
II. Supplication of the Fire-bird.
III. The Princesses play with the Golden Apples.
IV. Dance of the Princess.
V. Infernal Dance of all the Subjects of Katschei.

Sibelius . . . Symphony No. 2, in D major, Op. 43
I. Allegretto.
II. Tempo andante ma rubato.
III. Vivacissimo; Lento e suave.
IV. Finale: Allegro moderato.

There will be an intermission before the symphony

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection
of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert

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nique. His orchestration has a Straussian brilliance. He does not hesitate to glance sidewise at Respighi, as you may observe if you listen reminiscently to the conclusion of the Fugue. The effect is well calculated; the reception of the piece by the Friday afternoon audience was warm.

The fact is, Signor Pick-Mangiagalli is a monstrous clever fellow. He would show us that music depends not so much on the material as on what is done with it; so he chooses the C major scale for a fugue subject, and astonishes us with his virtuosity. He knows all the tricks of manipulation, harmonization, instrumentation, and he dazzles us with them. He is aware of the value of a tremendous climax, so he builds us one worthy of "The Pines of Rome." He is fluent, facile, cool and detached. He stirs our admiration; but we can see his tongue in his cheek.

The Italian item was second on the order of the day. Before it came the "Egmont" Overture and after it Debussy's "La Mer." The second half of the program was given over to Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. We should be too kind if we said the performance of the orchestra was impeccable at this first concert. There were ragged entrances, there were times when the tone of solo instruments was less than pure. Dr. Koussevitzky, filled with interpretative zeal, tended to drag his slow passages, to demand too much volume from his brasses. But on the whole the orchestra, whose personnel has not changed since last year, was an instrument of lovely tone and expressive flexibility. The strings in particular gave forth beautiful sound. There is every indication of a season of surpassing excellence.

L. A. S.

FORTY-NINTH SEASON, NINETEEN HUNDRED TWENTY-NINE AND THIRTY

Second Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, OCTOBER 18, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 19, at 8.15 o'clock

Handel . . . Concerto Grosso for String Orchestra, Op. 6, No. 10
Overture; Air; Lento; Allegro moderato; Allegro.

Strauss . . . Interlude from "Intermezzo": A Domestic Comedy
with Symphonic Interludes, Op. 72
(First time in Boston)

Stravinsky . . . Suite from "L'Oiseau de Feu" ("The Fire-Bird")
A Danced Legend
I. Introduction; Katschei's Enchanted Garden and
Dance of the Fire-Bird.
II. Supplication of the Fire-bird.
III. The Princesses play with the Golden Apples.
IV. Dance of the Princess.
V. Infernal Dance of all the Subjects of Katschei.

Sibelius . . . Symphony No. 2, in D major, Op. 43
I. Allegretto.
II. Tempo andante ma rubato.
III. Vivacissimo; Lento e suave.
IV. Finale: Allegro moderato.

There will be an intermission before the symphony

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection
of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert

Beginning in Cambridge Oct 6, 1929

INTO Cambridge went the Boston Symphony Orchestra last evening for its first concert of the season in the university town. Out of the first two Boston programs, the list of the evening was compounded—Handel's Tenth Concerto Grosso for Strings, to be played in Boston today and tomorrow; Debussy's three sketches "The Sea," and Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, out of last week's program. No more receptive audience does the orchestra find than this on the Harvard campus. Twice—in response to a program of three numbers—applause was such as to cause Dr. Koussevitzky to ask the orchestra to rise to its feet in acknowledgment. Both Debussy's sketches and Beethoven's Symphony gave such occasion. But pleasure also came from the Concerto of Handel with its stately, majestic overture; its playful, rollicking fugue; its suave "air" in quasi-sarabande rhythm; its bouncing, roisterous finale.

Would Debussy's music of the sea make its same impression if the composer had not decided to give it a title, had not associated it with the sea, had allowed it to stand as merely three symphonic sketches? It is an idle question perhaps. But certainly the whole is a play of tones as much as it is aural picture of the incessantly varying aspects of a huge expanse of water. And just possibly the subconscious attempt of many a hearer at trying to determine for himself just what particular aspect of the sea the composer had in mind at a given time, keeps him from that fullest surrender to the music, the pure sense impression which these sketches demand. That Debussy had no such definite portrayal in mind is evident from his uncertainty as to titles for the different movements—fully discussed in the program book. For Debussy's "The Sea" is free and untrammelled play of tones, as free and boundless as the sea itself.

One reflects also upon the course which this music—most of Debussy's music—has run in the mind of the concert goer. Time was when it sounded strange, incoherent, baffling. Then came full appreciation. And now one can hear that Debussy is too this, or too that; that qualities which were once denied him reside in him in too great abundance! And yet the searcher for beauty can hardly fail to find it in every measure of this score. But beauty, it has been said, resides more in the eyes of the beholder than in the thing he beholds. Where is there better example than in Debussy? And that the eye (in this case the ear) for beauty was not lacking at Cambridge, applause gave ample proof.

Of the fifth symphony of Beethoven what fresh comment can be made? With a smile one thinks both of the elderly ge-

tleman who left the concert before its performance "because he did not like it" and of the university youth who assures one in tones of awed reverence that if all the music in the world were to be destroyed save one piece, he could be content if that one piece were this same fifth symphony! Dr. Koussevitzky's reading of it is an essentially noble one. One thinks about various interpretations of this symphony, both as actually heard, and as at one time or another imagined—including that one of Dr. Koussevitzky with which he began his conductorship here five years ago. But one does not find one to match the superb elevation which clothes these readings of this symphony in the fall of 1923. Small wonder that an audience lingered to do homage to conductor and men. A. H. M.



HANDEL

MUSIC

Symphony Concert Herald By PHILIP HALE Oct 9, 1929

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Strauss's "Intermezzo" was suggested by a domestic misunderstanding in consequence of a letter which was intended for a colleague of the same name. Strauss's wife raged and talked of divorce. In the opera—the libretto was written by the composer—Strauss is brought on the stage as Conductor Storch; his wife as Mme. Storch. This was not the first time that Strauss made use of his Pauline for his own musical glorification. In the "Domestic" Symphony he portrays her musically as whimsical, capricious, irritating; now shrewish, now seductive; nor does he hesitate to picture in sensuous strains their reconciliation and fond embracing. What relation this Interlude has to the action of the play is unknown to those who have not heard the opera. It has been said by a German thinking deeply that the "spiritual presentation of the action lies chiefly with the orchestra between acts." The Interlude heard yesterday is suave, melodious, richly colored, without rising to any height of emotion. Whether it portrays Mme. Strauss-Storch after the comforting explanation, or is simply music, must be left to the imagination of the hearer. If it is a musical portrait of Pauline she was evidently in an amiable mood; or, perhaps, the suspected husband was soothing his wife with honeyed words. Whatever the "meaning" of the music, if it has other than musical significance, the audience enjoyed the Interlude which gained in worth by the beauty of the performance.

The "Fire-Bird" selections suffer less than those from other ballets by Stravinsky when the concert hall is substituted for the theatre. The more fanatical Stravinskyites for this reason, and on account of the more orthodox nature of the music, are accustomed to speak lightly, in a condescending manner, of the music; to dismiss it as influenced

greatly by Rimsky-Korsakov. They contemptuously characterize "The Fire-Bird" as "academic"; which is in their eyes the unpardonable sin; yet the persistently hammered rhythm in the Infernal Dance of Katschell's subjects is prophetic of rhythms in the "Sacre de Printemps." The former suite is grateful to the ear; interesting without reference to the story on the stage where the attention is more or less concentrated on the movements of mimes and dancers; nor is this music so inevitably associated with action as is the music of "Petrouchka" or of the "Sacre de Printemps." The performance yesterday was brilliant.

It is a question whether Sibelius in his earlier compositions was not injured in the public mind by the insistence of his admirers on his nationality, expressing, they said, the spirit of Finland; melancholy landscapes, the angry sea, the cries of gulls; as though his music had a specific geographical, topographical, botanical, and ornithological value. Some dwelt on Finland groaning and rebellious under the oppression of years. Mr. Schneevoght tells us that the intention of Sibelius in this symphony was to depict the pastoral life of his countrymen; the thought of a brutal ruler that brought timidity; then the awakening of national feeling and at last the entrance of hope and deliverance into their breasts. As the old Frenchman said: "How many things there are in a minuet," so Mr. Schneevoght speaks of this symphony. A composer may be a zealous patriot, but his appeal to the world must be universal, not simply national. When the libretto of "Tosca" was shown to an Italian composer, not Puccini, he turned to the scene in the last act where the tenor should pour out his soul and asked Verdi how he would treat the subject. Verdi smiled and said: "I should write some music." Is it not possible that Sibelius said to himself, "I'll write a second symphony"? Might he not have written it at Vienna, Paris, Milan, even in Terre Haute; for his is a virile, sombre nature, a musician of imposing individuality, who would feel the urge to write whether he were in Telsingfors or Eisleben? It will be observed that in his symphonies he does not make liberal use of folk-music to assert his nationality, and it is fair to believe that in his symphonies he expresses what he himself feels with his stormy nature, his fits of melancholy without the laborious attempt to put Finland on the musical map. One wishes that he would revise, shorten the last movement. The hearer feels at

Roundabout Opera

Continued from Preceding Page

named play. Covent Garden heard it last June.

The director of the Opera in Paris lately asked the subscribers to submit lists of the pieces they preferred in the repertoire. Nine operas of Wagner led the poll; "Boris" came next. Among the elder operas, "The Damnation of Faust" and "Don Juan" had honorable place; and "Reyer's" "Salambo" and Massenet's "Faust," "Samson and Delilah," "Romeo and Juliet," "Thais," were not overlooked; Gluck's "Alceste," Rossini's "The Barber of Seville," and "The Barber of Seville" were at least mentioned. Among living composers, Strauss—another German—stood first with "Der Rosenkavalier" and "Salome"; Ravel kept him worthy company with "The Spanish Hour"; Debussy, "Pelleas and Melisande"; and "The Fire-Bird" by Stravinsky. One subscriber, "Vanda," tasted along. One subscriber, "Vanda," tasted along. One subscriber, "Vanda," tasted along.



HANDEL

MUSIC

Symphony Concert

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least three times that the great climax is building, that it arrives; and each time is disappointed by the appearance of intermediate measures that seem inconsequential, detrimental to the structure and what should be the final overwhelming effect. Dr. Koussevitzky's interpretation of the symphony was intensely dramatic.

Strauss, Stravinsky, Sibelius, all fine fellows in their different ways. Yet the concerto of Handel, nearly 200 years old, by the tender beauty, the spiritual and noble sentiment of the Air; by the spontaneous vivacity and fire of the quick movements—the light and frolicsome grace of the final Allegro—revealed the great, superb master. Who dares to prophesy the fate of Strauss, Stravinsky and Sibelius 200 years from now?

The concert will be repeated tonight, the program of Oct. 25, 26, will be as follows: Vivaldi, concerto D minor, for orchestra and organ; Josten, "Jungle," symphonic poem; Tchaikovsky, symphony No. 6 ("Pathetic.")

Second Program of Boston Symphony

FOR the novelty of his second program of the season, Dr. Koussevitzky had purposed to introduce Gregoire Krein, young Russian composer, to Boston Symphony audiences by means of a symphonic poem, "Chant du David." At the tenth hour, this was dropped from the list. The official reason was that the parts were not legible: an explanation susceptible of more than one interpretation. For this piece was substituted the first Interlude from Richard Strauss's opera domestica, "Intermezzo."

These measures were heard for the first time in Boston at the concert of Oct. 18. If they add nothing to our knowledge of Strauss, they are welcome for their familiar aspect. They represent the Viennese, sentimental, uxorious Strauss of the earlier symphonic domestic pieces. Never distinguished for his taste, the composer in this opera has utilized another incident of his home life. The particular interlude played at Symphony Hall represents the faithful wife at home, thinking of her departed consort. The atmosphere is tenderly reflective. The material is worthy of the operetta stage, but in Strauss's handling and Strauss's orchestra it assumes a charming glow. A very successful piece of writing, which was received politely by the audience.

Before this Interlude, the string choirs of the orchestra had proved in a Handel Concerto Grosso—Op. 6, No. 10—that they have lost none of their sheen during the summer. Dr. Koussevitzky proved at the same time that he has not overcome his liking for lingering over each phrase—sometimes over each note—in a slow movement. It was Irving Well, we believe, who said that when slow movements are played slower, Koussevitzky will play them.

Stravinsky's "Fire-Bird" Suite, which followed the Strauss item, was played with that extraordinary lam-bency which this orchestra has achieved under Dr. Koussevitzky. This performance set a new high mark of virtuosity for the season, and roused the Friday afternoon audience to its first real awareness. The men finally shared the applause with the conductor.

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L. A. S.

Pleasures of A Melodious Musical Day

Dr. Koussevitzky Leads His Virtuoso Orchestra Into Paths of Song

A TUNEFUL afternoon, said the old ladies, yesterday at Symphony Hall, when they came forth cheerfully from Handel, Strauss, Stravinsky (in young years), even Sibelius, likewise caught young. Their juniors of all ages agreed with them. The outcome was an uncommonly plausible matinée, with the orchestra twice on its feet—after Stravinsky's Suite and Sibelius's Symphony—and plentiful recalls for Dr. Koussevitzky. An afternoon also of rare orchestral virtuosity, were not that happy condition becoming habit at Symphony Hall. In the state's overture to Handel's Concerto-Grosso, No. 10, in D minor, the string choir excelled itself in full-throated, deep-bodied, large-rounded tone. In the succeeding air, it was rich-voiced, plastic, lustrous. Lightly, incisively, in the final numbers, it made play with Handel's figures. The woodwinds clothed beauty with beauty in the Suite from Stravinsky's ballet of "The Fire-Bird." Their tone wound shining through his harmonic mists. Often they gained a roundness of phrase, a softness of accent, magical to hear in the tone-poet's world of enchantment. The whole orchestra smoldered, pulsed, glowed, through the successive stages of the lush Interlude from Strauss's operatic comedy, "Intermezzo"; went stripped, clean-edged, pungent, through the austerer Second Symphony of Sibelius. Not only did virtuosi play, but little masters of style, in tone and recent differentiating composer from composer, piece from piece.

Yet the fates, as their habit is, took a passing penalty. Dr. Koussevitzky hears his orchestra; with reason rejoices in it, as a creator looks upon his creation, tired within, so close is it to his ideal this Overture, dated 1739. Rationally as one plunging a hand into silk and velvet, so his ear feels this sensuous beauty. And Handel unfolds his deep-toned, upswelling, full-spaced melody. Strauss sings luxuriant in curve, texture, color. Or Stravinsky weaves his rain-

bow webs of fluttering brightness, sings the tender song of girl-princesses, by hand and love both touched. Being of sensitive temperament above most, Dr. Koussevitzky hears such music spell-bound; would prolong the rapture. The consequence is less a sentimentalizing of the composer's page than a unconscious slowing of the pace for a sensuous delight in beautiful sound. The conductor dragged a little Handel's slow progress; held fast to Strauss's standing periods when, for their own sake, they might have been quicker red; drew out the flow of Stravinsky's vivid measures until they became ever little sirupy. For the first time in my hearings of Stravinsky's Suite, it was possible to wish for a quick, rougher section in the midst of this softer of birds and princesses. It is hard to blame the conductor; the wantment of such orchestral song besets him as it beguiles the rest of us. A less lingering pace would dispel risk unfelt.

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Handel must have written these Concerto Grossi with a prideful magnificence. He had turned well into his fifties, yet full was his composing quiver! Our young men and maidens have much to do of sonorities. Though only a choir of angels produce them, they are manifold in bond between modernists and antiquaries. Spare also are these sonorities, with only a little of the harmonic vesture that was to thicken, a later, into romantic luxuriance. Or Stravinsky weaves his rain-

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L. A. S.

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Save only Strauss's "Interlude," all these pieces were familiar. In fact, though "first times in Boston" stood under this fragment of "Intermezzo," most of us had heard its like before, especially in these, the composer's ageing years. He may invent next to nothing through this nostalgic meditation, in lamp-lit stillness, of madame over her cherished, absent husband. As so much musical substance, it may be little above that other "Meditation" which is sweetmeat in Massenet's "Thais." Yet how astute and resourceful is the old master's treatment! At exactly the right moment, the horns enter, or re-enter, to deepen and gild the mounting melody; or the harmony thickens; or pace and accent broaden, while climax begins to coil. The old hand, but still the master-hand at every manipulation. For each of us his own sins against a "pure" or a "classic" taste. Some there are who have found these slow-mounting, thick-waisted, luxuriant Straussian crescendi irresistible from the days of "Death and Transfiguration," which were the eighteen-nineties to the days of "Intermezzo" which are these nineteen-twenties. Again they were unashamed.

Handel must have written these Concerti Grossi with a prideful magnificence. He had turned well into his fifties, yet how full was his composing quiver! Our young men and maidens have much to say of sonorities. Though only a choir of strings produce them, they are manifold in this Overture, dated 1739. Rationally the bond between modernists and ancients is close. Spare also are these sonorities, with only a little of the harmonic vesture that was to thicken, a century later, into romantic luxuriance. Stately as well—the ear-mark of Handel

(and his Georgian age), ceremoniously marshalling his hearers into his music. The strings sing his Air and to stateliness are added spaciousness and serenity. No less the prideful flow. Like the prayerful noblemen and burghers in old Flemish pictures, Handel must aspire as one with a dignity to keep. Not too much will he relax it, even when he bows his hearers out again to a light-figured, light-rhythmed finale. For Bach the jiggling when a suite must end. Throughout, economy of means—another modernist trait—and a wealth of accomplishment, not always so certain in the younger brethren of these days. A full man was "Mr. Handel," as the Georgians called him, and a various. We should know other sides of his music—say, his dances.

There is a magic in this Suite from "The Fire Bird" that the years and repetition do not lessen. Like the old Handel, the young Stravinsky seems to compose in readiness and ease. What he wills that he may forthwith accomplish. For aught any one knows, he may have "toiled terribly" at this "Danced Legend." Yet the magical quality of it suggests a music passively engendered in the composer for as passive pleasure in the hearer. These sweet-scented, smooth-flowing, diatonic Russian or oriental melodies ooze forth like a perfume or an unguent caressing the senses. The harmonic dress, filtered through the chromatic Skriabin, Rimsky, Wagner, becomes drug-like under this magic of the young Stravinsky; soothes ears, illudes fancy. Luminous glamour over all, in its turn also magical, is the orchestral vesture, sheen upon sheen, as though the choirs or the separate instruments were veils rising or descending. Then of a sudden that drum-stroke at the beginning of the Finale—and forthwith more than hint of the firm-outlined, sharp-edged, high-rhythmed Stravinsky that was to write "Petrushka" and "Le Sacre." The soft visioning is rent; the magic is dispersed; here, at seven and twenty goes Igor trying out his power.

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Interlude From Opera "Intermezzo" Gives Pleasure

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Handel of the tenth Concerto Grosso, Handel of stately periods and of vibrant or singing strings, began the concert. To him succeeded, not the new Russian Krein but the familiar Richard Strauss in an unfamiliar piece, an Interlude from his opera "Intermezzo," while Stravinsky's "Fire-Bird" suite in its fourth and most brilliant performance under Dr. Koussevitzky and Sibelius' Second Symphony in its first under his direction concluded the list.

"Intermezzo," last but one of the operas of Strauss, is as yet unknown on this side of the Atlantic, though it enjoys considerable popularity in the Teutonic countries and even the sum-

mer visitor to Germany may hear it in the occasional Strauss festival under the composer's direction.

The book, based on an episode in Strauss' life, is also of his own making.

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When George Schneevogt, himself a Finn and an intimate of the composer, conducted Sibelius' Second Symphony at a pair of symphony concerts in the spring of 1924 he disclosed to the editor of the programme-book and to an interviewer or two the poetic background of the music.

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Suite From Stravinsky's "Firebird" Wins Unusual Applause

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The rest of the program included a Handel Concerto Grosso, the Suite from Stravinsky's "Firebird," and Sibelius' Second Symphony. It was noteworthy that the conservative Friday audience, to which the music of Stravinsky has usually appeared obnoxious, yesterday recalled the conductor repeatedly after the "Firebird" suite, until he bade the players rise to share in the applause.

"Intermezzo" is an operatic comedy about a misunderstanding between a musician and his wife which threatens to result in a divorce, but ends with a reconciliation. The libretto, written by Strauss himself, is said to be based on an incident in his own family life. His penchant for musical autobiography can be noted also in the tone poems, "Sinfonia Domestica" and "Ein Heldenleben." The fragment played yesterday represents

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Strauss has written it with the superb musical craftsmanship that lends an air of distinction even to his less inspired work. The themes lack originality, and the harmony is consistently Wagnerian in character, yet this Interlude is effective. It would be more so in its operatic context.

The three numbers by living composers on yesterday's program would suffice to show how mistaken the writers of musical history are when they group composers and works chronologically instead of in accordance with the character of the music itself. Stravinsky's "Firebird" Suite, written before 1909 belongs definitely to the 20th century, despite the many traces it contains of the influence of his teacher Rimsky Korsakov.

Beside it Strauss' Interlude, written within the past decade, seems curiously old fashioned; as indeed it would if compared with Strauss' "Electra," or "Till Eulenspiegel." Sibelius's Second Symphony, which was composed in 1901, though it has the originality of style that characterises nearly all of the great Finnish composer's work, suggests at times too strongly such 19th century writers as Tchaikovsky.

Strauss and Sibelius were born in the 1860s, and Stravinsky in 1882, so that they are chronologically almost contemporaries. But the whole style and mood of "The Firebird" is alien to that of the Strauss and Sibelius works heard yesterday. Stravinsky has his moments of honeyed melody. He does not in "The Firebird" approach the daring polyharmony and polytonality of his later works. But he never indulges in bombast or sentiment.

Now, the secondary 19th century composers, all strongly influenced by Beethoven and Wagner, almost invariably fail to attain the heroic eloquence and the intense emotion of these masters, and fall unawares into bombast and sentimentality. Stravinsky does not in "The Firebird" want to be heroic or intense. He is trying merely to be clever and interesting and original. When he wrote "The Firebird" he was, save for Satie and Ravel, almost alone in cultivating these rather than the characteristic 19th century musical virtues.

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Dr Koussevitzky and the orchestra gave eloquent readings of all these works. The performance had indeed in the main a clarity and accuracy of style which has not always dis-

tinguished the playing of the Boston Symphony in recent seasons. It seemingly represented a highly successful effort on the part of the players to give the conductor exactly what he wanted.

And yet in many places, such as the Lento movement of the Handel, one was actively dissatisfied with the result. Dr Koussevitzky's way of shaping a melody too often smooths or shatters its contours. He likes contrasts between very rapid, very slow tempi, and strongly marked rhythms. Like most performers with a highly personal style he sometimes stresses his qualities until they seem to make his defects more glaring.

There is no questioning that Koussevitzky is a conductor of genius. But one cannot help sometimes questioning his taste.

P R.

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Traveler Oct. 19, 1929

Dr. Koussevitzky opened the second Symphony program of the season at Symphony hall yesterday afternoon with Handel's exquisite Concerto Grosso for String Orchestra. It swept the large audience into a mood that glowed with delight to the end of the last allegro.

Interlude from "Intermezzo" followed, a domestic comedy, according to the program, by Richard Strauss. Boston has not heard this number before, and Dr. Koussevitzky interpreted it charmingly, giving full rein to the dialogue, which is amusingly obvious, and delicately integrating the symphonic interludes.

Stravinsky's suite from "The Firebird" brought warm applause. Founded on an old Russian legend, it provides a colorful and intriguing sequence, with its scenes laid in an enchanted garden. Princesses are at play with golden apples, a magic bird dances, and the finale is particularly interesting and impressive.

Through the four familiar movements of Sibelius's familiar second symphony, the audience followed with pronounced appreciation. Dr. Koussevitzky and his orchestra were heartily applauded.

The program will be repeated this evening.

FORTY-NINTH SEASON, NINETEEN HUNDRED TWENTY-NINE AND THIRTY

Third Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, OCTOBER 25, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 26, at 8.15 o'clock

Vivaldi Concerto in D minor for Orchestra with Organ
(Edited by A. Siloti)

- I. Maestoso.
- II. Largo.
- III. Allegro.

Josten "Jungle," Symphonic Poem

Tchaikovsky Symphony No. 6 in B minor, "Pathetic," Op. 74

- I. Adagio; Allegro non troppo.
- II. Allegro con grazia.
- III. Allegro molto vivace.
- IV. Finale: Adagio lamentoso.

STEINWAY PIANO USED

There will be an intermission before the symphony

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert

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Symphony Concert

Herall BY PHILIP HALE *Oct. 16/23*

The third concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. Vivaldi, Concerto, D minor, for orchestra with organ (edited by Siloti. Josten, "Jungle"; symphonic poem (first performance), Tchaikovsky, symphony No. 6, B minor, "Pathetic."

Werner Josten, teacher of fugue and composition at Smith College, wrote "Jungle" last year. The subject was not suggested to him by any tale of adventure; not even by H. M. Tomlinson's famous book of his experiences in Brazil, nor by the marvellous description of the Eastern jungle in "Gai-lion's Reach." Mr. Josten saw a picture by Henri Rousseau, who began to paint when he was 40 years old; he was ridiculed, his exhibited paintings were badly hung; all sorts of obstacles were put in his way; he was wretchedly poor to the day of his death in 1910. And now the once despised pictures command a high price. Rousseau did not find it necessary to visit a jungle. Studies in the Jardin des Plantes at Paris were sufficient for his purpose, as Auber did not visit Naples for "local color" when he wrote characteristically Neapolitan music for scenes in "La Muette de Portici." Mr. Josten informs us that the music of his symphonic poem "tries to portray the emotions and sensations which assail a white man entering the jungle, with its lures, terrors, primitive love and ferocious death." One might reasonably say that no music can give so vivid impressions of jungle life as does the prose of Tomlinson, Paul Morand or Andre Gide; but given Mr. Josten's program, any hearer who is willing to meet him half way will admit that he has written admirably to express in tones that program; and this without any desire to be sensational. His themes are his own with the exception of a Voodoo rhythmic motive; nor does he content himself merely with episodes loosely connected; the work is firmly knit, it has form and substance. Mr. Josten not only has musical ideas in plenty; he has imagination; he realizes in music what he saw in Rousseau's picture. No doubt the music is more picturesque, more impressive than the painting. From the beginning to the end there is the assurance of a savagery, a wildness in tones that does not depend at all on laboriously sought-out dissonances or ear-splitting tonal explosions. A huge orchestra is employed. Probably the instrument "the lion roar" appears for the first time in the orchestra. (It is a greatly enlarged edition of boyhood's plaything, known as "the Devil's Fiddle," by some as "the bull fiddle.") But the effec-

tiveness of Mr. Josten's score does not rest on attempts at realism, any more than the sheep in Strauss's "Don Quixote," are the commanding feature in that tone-poem. As among African tribes, so in this symphonic poem, drums have their meaning, at times sinister and portentous, but the work gives the impression that the melodic figures, the developments, the harmonic schemes, the contrasts—note the haunting sensuality of the love episode—were all conceived as a whole.

"Jungle" is an uncommonly interesting work, none the less so because it comes from a teacher at Smith College who delights in the revival of operas by Monteverde and Handel; finds inspiration in poems by Shelley and Baudelaire; hymns the praise of the "Queen of Paradys" and has not forgotten Dryden's "Ode for St. Cecilia's Day."

Dr. Koussevitzky, as is his habit, took great pains in the preparation of the performance. Although the music presents many technical difficulties, the performance was a brilliant one. The composer was deservedly called to the platform.

Vivaldi's concerto was the first composition conducted by Dr. Koussevitzky in Boston. It is worth hearing more than once if only for the beautiful slow movement. The other movements deserve respectful attention, especially from those who loudly, one might say blatantly, proclaim that the history of music began only with the coming of Stravinsky. Handel, Bach, Beethoven, Schumann, Brahms—they are all "old hat"; though some condescend to speak favorably of Mozart. No doubt these extollers of ultra-modern music, making no discrimination in their wild-eyed eulogy, would sniff disdainfully at the superbly dramatic performance of the "Pathetic" symphony and dismiss the great Russian whose appeal is universal, as a maker of tunes, possibly prefacing "tunes" by the word "vulgar," or saying that this music is "too obvious." It is the fashion in some quarters to extol Rimsky-Korsakov at the expense of Tchaikovsky, but the latter was a man of a far deeper nature who was not ashamed to sound his own joy and unhappiness, his delight in life and his dread of death. So that his own emotions make their way to the hearts of his hearers.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The next concerts will be on Nov. 8 and 9, for the orchestra will be away next week. The program of the fourth pair of concerts will comprise Mozart's Symphony in E flat (K. 543), Gruenberg's Symphonic poem "The Enchanted Isle" (first time in Boston), Spohr's Nocturne, a suite for wind instruments (probably a first performance here) and Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel."

"PATHETIC" AN EPIC BY SYMPHONY

Post Oct. 20, 1929

Astounding Performance at Dr. Koussevitzky's Hands

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

The memorable portion of the Symphony Concert of yesterday afternoon was not the playing, notable in kind, of Vivaldi's stately Concerto in D minor for orchestra with organ as edited by Alexander Siloti, or the first hearing of Werner Josten's symphonic poem, "Jungle." It was the astounding performance of Tchaikovsky's "Pathetic" Symphony.

GRIPS LISTENERS

In this performance Dr. Koussevitzky, with the orchestra to aid him at every turn, exhibited in remarkable degree the ability to make the familiar, even that which has become stale and trite, new and engrossing. Not that in such deeds he necessarily adds to the music anything that legitimately is not in it. Rather he brings to complete revelation and fulfillment intended effects that, by comparison, the ordinary performance merely hints at or suggests. It is the present unwritten law of the Symphony Concerts that no applause shall interrupt the progress of a

symphony. But yesterday, as in fact in past performances of the "Pathetic" under Dr. Koussevitzky's direction, the audience could not contain itself when the mounting excitements of the third movement had run their course. Here listeners, gripped and held taut as seldom they may be by any musical performance, had out of sheer necessity to seek release in the clapping of hands. Nor did the conductor show any disposition to curb these plaudits. Incidentally, when this Scherzo-March is played as yesterday it was played, the only possible complement to it is the movement that the composer created for his Finale. Another climax of the conventional sort would have been a psychological mistake if not an esthetic error.

Josten's "Jungle"

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To this end the composer has assembled a huge orchestra, and in the employment of it relies upon all manner of startling rhythmic, dynamic and percussive effects. A "lion's roar" is listed among the instruments although Dr. Koussevitzky, who cares not overmuch for naturalistic effects, hardly permitted this contrivance to sound its most blood-curdling note.

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To Chaikovsky Over Vivaldi And a Jungle

Dr. Koussevitzky Transfigures
The "Pathetic" Symphony,
Mr. Josten Falls Short

IF the devotees of Chaikovsky's "Pathetic" Symphony will pardon the word, it was ever so little amusing to watch the effect of the March Movement upon the audience yesterday afternoon at Symphony Hall. Though thirty-odd years have gnawed at the music, though the Anglo-American world that hears it oftenest, has changed to a post-war from a fin-de-siècle mentality (as it used to be called), there is not a little to be said for the other divisions of "The Pathetic." This third movement, however, has dwindled—or rather swelled—into an exhibitional exercise in rhythms and sonorities wherewith conductor and orchestra play upon the nerves of audiences. They stay or speed the pace; tighten or relax the rhythm; now in advance and now in recession, at last attain the climax. And tense and titillating is the excitement of most hearers. This effect, moreover, is intrinsic in the music. Not that Chaikovsky deliberately contrived it. He was too honest and, in composition, too fervid, to do that. There was in him, none the less, a melodramatic instinct; in this March Movement he gave it spontaneous play.

The proof was the stronger on Friday, since Dr. Koussevitzky refrained from every exhibitional stroke. He manipulated neither pace nor rhythm, neither sonorities nor climax. He measured his own zeal more discreetly than in previous performances hereabouts. He eschewed altogether the frenzies of various rivals and predecessors. The whole movement could hardly have been played more simply and straightforwardly. Yet the nervous effect upon the audience was changeless. Excitement loosed applause that no rule or custom might check. The progress of the Symphony was stayed; the clapping was general; with a wave of his hands toward the orchestra, the conductor acknowledged it. Yet had Honegger or Bartók signed these pages, not a few who clapped loudest would

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"PATHETIC" AN EPIC BY SYMPHONY

Post ——— Oct. 20, 1929
Astounding Performance at Dr. Koussevitzky's Hands

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

The memorable portion of the Symphony Concert of yesterday afternoon was not the playing, notable in kind, of Vivaldi's stately Concerto in D minor for orchestra with organ as edited by Alexander Siloti, or the first hearing of Werner Josten's symphonic poem, "Jungle." It was the astounding performance of Tchaikovsky's "Pathetic" Symphony.

GRIPS LISTENERS

In this performance Dr. Koussevitzky, with the orchestra to aid him at every turn, exhibited in remarkable degree the ability to make the familiar, even that which has become stale and trite, new and engrossing. Not that in such deeds he necessarily adds to the music anything that legitimately is not in it. Rather he brings to complete revelation and fulfillment intended effects that, by comparison, the ordinary performance merely hints at or suggests.

It is the present unwritten law of the Symphony Concerts that no applause shall interrupt the progress of a

symphony. But yesterday, as in fact in past performances of the "Pathetic" under Dr. Koussevitzky's direction, the audience could not contain itself when the mounting excitements of the third movement had run their course. Here listeners, gripped and held taut as seldom they may be by any musical performance, had out of sheer necessity to seek release in the clapping of hands. Nor did the conductor show any disposition to curb these plaudits. Incidentally, when this Scherzo-March is played as yesterday it was played, the only possible complement to it is the movement that the composer created for his Finale. Another climax of the conventional sort would have been a psychological mistake if not an esthetic error.

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Again in the second "five-four" movement, how shrewdly Dr. Koussevitzky held the main current of the trio in suspension, that, beneath, the reiterated drum-beat might haunt it. At the end, too, the conductor let the measures droop into lassitude of pace and tone—another of Chaikovsky's fin-de-siècle moods and devices. (Nearer to us nowadays is the shrill, nervous energy of the ensuing March.) Rather too much Dr. Koussevitzky muted the gong-stroke that is summons of fate in the Finale; while with sympathetic understanding he tightened the rhythm and held fast to the loose-drawn melody. And in the end there was that dying into a silence of extinction which is Chaikovsky's diminuendo transfigured into work of imagination.

In some ears at least, "The Pathetic" gained much by this temperate performance. They were prepared to be bored; they found themselves interested and eager. Notoriously Chaikovsky is a loose constructionist in symphonic form. Less he developed his melodies than strung them in sequences, to be vitalized by contrast. Out of devoted instinct for the music, Dr. Koussevitzky veiled this fault and gave Chaikovsky a semblance of symphonic coherence rather than of tone-poem-like alternations. To equally good purpose, he clothed the whole Symphony—except that melodramatic March Movement—with clear romantic quality. It is custom to call "The Pathetic" self-revelation, usually with "morbid" for prefixed adjective. Chaikovsky, however, lived and worked in a Russian time and society that still liked to wear, and could wear with illusion, the romantic robes that Pushkin borrowed from Byron. If Plotyr Ilich confessed himself in "The Pathetic," he also romanticized himself; so made his

Symphony less personal and more poignant. Dr. Koussevitzky caught and communicated this larger note. He also reduced to a minimum the exhibitional element that has become over-much the custom of virtuoso-conductors, each trying to outdo the others, at the expense of the composer. Sensitively, rather than morbidly, Chalkovsky now released his moods of melancholy, transport and despair. It is only the truth to say that with the Fifth Symphony, last year, and now with "The Pathetic," Dr. Koussevitzky restores to Chaikovsky a just romantic stature.

The concert began with Vivaldi's Concerto for Orchestra with Organ, wherein we might know the pleasure of the ancient style as an Italian of the beginning of the eighteenth century practiced it, provided also in the twentieth with a superlative orchestra to give him voice. Vivaldi may take his exercise in a more or less formal counterpoint, or in the virtuoso-display of his choirs; but sooner rather than later, he returns to the warm and full-voiced melody, the suave and courtly progress, the sensuous address that in him were second nature. Easy-going with a good craftsman's skill is this Concerto. Give it a virtuoso-orchestra, at every turn susceptible and glorifying, and it is as easy listening. Let it pass for a light pleasure of the symphonic day. There is room for such.

The middle piece was the new piece—"Jungle: Symphonic Movement for Full Orchestra," written by Professor Werner Josten of Smith College, with good memories of his "Concerto Sacro" in Symphony Hall last spring and of his "Ode for Saint Cecilia's Day," three weeks back at Worcester, to raise expectation. He chanced upon a picture, reproduced in this newspaper on Page Seven of Part Five, painted by the semi-primitive, semi-decadent, peasant-Parisian, Henri Rousseau—sub-normal Baudelaire in grotesque, luxuriant, horrific visioning. He labelled it "Exotic Forest"; into it conjured a jungle of lush, fetid vegetation, uncanny birds and beasts, dim pool and brazen sky. It stirred Mr. Josten's imagination, awakened sensations that he would transmute into tones in this "Symphonic Movement," shapen, freely, to sonata-form. He employs for sonority and color a full twentieth-century orchestra, sufficiently percussive. He proceeds from short motifs. He relies for suggestion upon rhythm and color; enforces contrast and climax. Technically, his "Symphonic Movement" is the work of a well-practised, well-furnished composer, gaining variety in unity. Less than do most of the younger generation, when they would "go" primitive, does he hark back to Stravinsky or "Le Sacre."

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Those who have not seen the painting which inspired Mr Josten may perhaps form an idea of the Africa he wished his music to suggest by re-reading Joseph Conrad's "Heart of Darkness." Henri Rousseau is said to have gotten his ideas of the jungle from the Jardin des Plantes, the famous botanic garden in Paris. But to Conrad, the African wilderness was a thing remembered as well as imagined.

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In Bruck's "Kol Nidrei" Mr. Koussevitzky tried conclusions with a 'cello. Here he met his most happy results. Low tones abounded, of a glorious richness, and the upper tones, surely not a double bass's best, sounded not amiss in Bruck's sombre liturgical music.

The audience showed pleasure all the evening.

Still Active, the First Conductor of the Boston Orchestra Passes a Birthday

ON Feb. 18 last Sir George Henschel was eighty years old. The day was marked for him by the publication of a new song, "Goncril's Lullaby"—to words from Gordon Bottomley's play, "King Lear's Wife"—which he counts among his best. To his house also came a troop of friends to hand him an address reciting his services to the art of music in London and elsewhere. Sir George warmed to the occasion; sang for his guests; but said not a word about a possible visit to Boston for the jubilee, next year, of the Symphony Orchestra.

Trans. Oct. 30, 1924 Chicago

There was, of course, a formal opening with Vivaldi's Concerto, not all of which it was possible for me to hear, since, alas, other artists were giving concerts on the same evening. The first movement was a striking display of the meticulous precision of the strings that has been developed by that iron discipline. The iron hand within the velvet glove was felt a bit too strongly for the suavity of the old Italian grace. There was, however, no mistaking the fact that a most responsive instrument was in the hands of a master and that what he willed would come forth in tone.

The last part of Debussy's "Clouds" was exquisite in note color with an atmospheric quality of delicate charm. A lovely tone picture, "Fêtes," was brilliant, with vivid contrasts, sprightly rhythms and the sense of gayety. Very fine playing, yet with a little feeling of display. But it was orchestral virtuosity and display was to be expected. Then, too, I had to come in from other sounds and very likely was not fully in the mood.

When it came to Stravinsky's suite from "Petrushka," we were in another world. Here was the music of Russia with a man to conduct it, whose very heart beats were attuned to its lightest pulsations. We were in Russia, outsiders to be sure, but living among people to whom this music was a spontaneous expression and through whom we could be made to feel its power and charm. There was the expansiveness of the Slav, the capacity to forget himself utterly in one mood and in a moment, with no abruptness nor self-consciousness, skip to another mood a thousand miles away, in a manner of speaking. The contrasts of mood, of tone coloring and of rhythmic accent were startling, yet we all passed so spontaneously through these extraordinary experiences that there was no

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Koussevitzky believes; this music gives him something that is true and not said as we would say it, but for the one who did say it and for of his blood. So true that we of tent blood can believe it as he tells. The music all meant something. It was magnificent breadth in the outlines, rising to a tremendous and with exquisite refinement in endless variety of details. Yet all together into one complete yet added whole.

Allegro con Grazia was fascinating. The Russians alone naturally exulted in that illusive rhythm. They have it in the folk songs; it is in their bones. The opening of the Allegro sounded dull and thick in the orchestra.

That may have been the effect but it sounded unclear though bright it finally to a climax of great effect.

Perhaps merely a superficial effect. The finale was impressive. A fitting sadness yet with the sense of strength, a something universal for all of man. Superb.

KARLETON HACKETT

bella mano," Mr. Koussevitzky playing a florid obligato. Mr. Burgin led a small orchestra delightfully. It brought refreshment, that orchestra with every instrument holding to its most satisfactory place.

In Bruck's "Kol Nidrei" Mr. Koussevitzky tried conclusions with a 'cello. Here he met his most happy results. Low tones abounded, of a glorious richness, and the upper tones, surely not a double bass's best, sounded not amiss in Bruck's sombre liturgical music.

In the second half of the concert the artists confined themselves more comfortably to the instruments at their command. Mr. Gange, indeed, in Brahms's "Four Serious Songs," found music so nicely adapted to his excellent voice that he might safely have ventured to trust more completely Brahms's vocal line and the biblical texts; they stand in no need of dramatic betterments. And Mr. Koussevitzky played next his own concerto, a work already known and praised for its musical grace and its skilful use of his instrument's capabilities.

The audience showed pleasure all the evening.
R. R. G.

Henschel at Eighty

Still Active, the First Conductor of the Boston Orchestra Passes a Birthday

ON Feb. 18 last Sir George Henschel was eighty years old. The day was marked for him by the publication of a new song, "Goneril's Lullaby"—to words from Gordon Bottomley's play, "King Lear's Wife"—which he counts among his best. To his house also came a troop of friends to hand him an address reciting his services to the art of music in London and elsewhere. Sir George warmed to the occasion; sang for his guests; but said not a word about a possible visit to Boston for the jubilee, next year, of the Symphony Orchestra.

Dr. Koussevitzky Chicago First Impression Symphony Western

Jan. 10, 1930

THE Boston Symphony under their director, Serge Koussevitzky, last evening which their great tradition. sort of program we desired the men under his direction the accent strongly on

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Here was virtuosity, of the conductor and of his men, used solely and with single-mindedness to reveal the meaning of the music. Because the conductor in his heart believed in the beauty and the power of the music and dared set forth his belief with frankness. It was ever melodic but strange and fragmentary melodies of which only the Slav can know the true meaning. Dr. Koussevitzky knew it. Whether a plaintive little strain or a wild swirl of drunken peasants he made us feel its power and believe in it, too. We of the colder blood may not be able to give way to our feelings so easily yet so wholeheartedly; but they not only can, they actually do, and Dr. Koussevitzky is the man to prove it. It was an interpretative tour de force such as we expected from him, having heard his orchestra before, and it rang true. A something from a foreign land.

Chalkovsky's "Pathetic" symphony was superb. It was conceived with a depth of feeling and set forth with a breadth and dignity that gave an elemental power. It had in it nothing of the petty nor trivial, nothing of the morbid that comes from the individual's brooding over his private griefs. Sad it was, but with the sorrow that lies deep in the heart of the poet whose seeing eye has ranged widely and looked upon grief-stricken men. Not for himself, nor for you nor for any man, but sad that there was so much of pain and hurt in this world for which there seems to be no answer.

Dr. Koussevitzky believes; this music has for him a something that is true and honest; not said as we would say it, but true for the one who did say it and for those of his blood. So true that we of a different blood can believe it as he tells it to us. The music all meant something. There was magnificent breadth in the main outlines, rising to a tremendous climax and with exquisite refinement in the endless variety of details. Yet all molded together into one complete yet many-sided whole.

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A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE PROGRAMME BOOK

Always associated with the Boston Symphony Concerts is the Boston Symphony Programme Book. And while the great Orchestra has gradually achieved pre-eminence through its long history, this pamphlet has also made its distinctive place among musical publications. It is unique in being more in the nature of a magazine than a mere programme. In advance of the concert, it serves the purpose of an explanatory lecture; afterwards it becomes a record of a particularly readable kind.

In 1886, the single page programme of the Boston Symphony Concerts was experimentally replaced by the "Music Hall Bulletin," containing brief historical and descriptive notes on the music to be played. The "Bulletin" immediately thrived and soon expanded into a thirty-two page pamphlet. In the Season of 1892-1893, G. H. Wilson, who wrote these annotations, was succeeded by the late William F. Apthorp, a noted author of books on musical subjects. Taking his place in 1901, Philip Hale, accomplished musician, editor, contributor to many magazines, musical and dramatic critic of the Boston Herald, has made the Boston Symphony Programme Book what it now is. Owing to the authority of his information and analysis—the fascination of his apt quotations, his anecdotes and his "Entr'actes"—this periodical is sought and read the world over.

W. J. Henderson, veteran critic of the *New York Sun*, wrote in that paper:—

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The greatest author of programme notes in this country, and probably in all countries, is Philip Hale, who makes those for the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Hale's work is issued in the form of a pamphlet of some eighty or ninety pages, of which a considerable part is occupied by advertising. It was never intended that patrons of the concerts in Symphony Hall, Boston, should sit in their seats trying to read all these "ads" and notes while the concert was in progress. The little booklets are obviously designed for preparation and reminiscence. Mr. Hale's system pre-supposes devotion on the part of the music-lover, and it is a devotion richly repaid, for these booklets are mines of history, erudition, anecdote, and human interest. They are the creations of literary art, and when in the course of time Mr. Hale ends his labors, they will remain in libraries an imperishable monument to his learning, his patience, his wide sympathies, and his literary taste."

Privately—from Chicago

THIS department has leave to quote a paragraph or two from a private letter about the visit, last week, to Chicago of Dr. Koussevitzky and the Boston Orchestra. The letter comes from a Chicogean of large experience in opera-house and concert-hall:

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The evening was a growing triumph. The applause after the Stravinsky number threatened to become an ovation of riotous measure, not due to a handful of Russians only. But the Chaikovsky "Pathetic" became an anti-climax. One regretted that Koussevitzky chose this; for in this day and age the thing is so overdone. Orchestral audiences in cities like this look for something else. He should have given Chicago one of his magnificent Strauss numbers and then there would have been no holding the natives.

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Fourth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, NOVEMBER 8, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 9, at 8.15 o'clock

Mozart Symphony in E-flat major (Koechel No. 543)
I. Adagio; Allegro.
II. Andante.
III. Minuetto; Trio.
IV. Finale: Allegro.

Gruenberg "The Enchanted Isle," Symphonic Poem
(First time in Boston)

Ravel "Ma Mère l'Oye" ("Mother Goose")
Five Children's Pieces
I. Pavane de la Belle au Bois Dormant.
(Pavane of Sleeping Beauty.)
II. Petit Poucet.
(Hop o' my Thumb.)
III. Laideronnette, Impératrice des Pagodes.
(Laideronette, Empress of the Pagodas.)
IV. Les Entretiens de la Belle et de la Bête.
(Beauty and the Beast Converse.)
V. Le Jardin Féerique.
(The Fairy Garden.)

Strauss "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks," after the
Old-fashioned Roguish Manner,—in
Rondo Form, Op. 28

There will be an intermission after Gruenberg's "The Enchanted Isle"

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection
of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert



MOZART

SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The program of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's fourth concert, which took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, Dr. Koussevitzky, conductor, was as follows: Mozart, Symphony, E flat major (K. 543); Gruenberg, "The Enchanted Isle," a symphonic poem (first time in Boston); Ravel, "Mother Goose" Suite; Strauss, "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks."

Dr. Koussevitzky wisely reduced the size of the orchestra for Mozart, as he did at the recent Beethoven Festival for that composer's first symphony when he gave a memorable performance. The performance yesterday of Mozart's Symphony is to be ranked with that playing of Beethoven's music, for exquisite proportion, euphony, and above all for creating—to use a phrase of Mr. W. J. Henderson's "The atmosphere of celestial beauty which surrounded the true Mozartian art." It is true that large orchestras were not unknown in Vienna when Mozart lived there. Seven years before the composition of the symphony played yesterday he spoke of one of his symphonies performed by an orchestra in which there were 40 violins, 10 violas, 8 violoncellos, 10 double basses, and wind instruments doubled; an orchestra of 200 took part in a performance of an oratorio by Dittersdorf; but as a rule the orchestras were small and compositions were planned accordingly. There were only twelve violins in all at the Vienna opera house; only six at the opera house in Prague when "Don Giovanni" was produced there.

Yesterday the various walks of the wind instruments were clearly defined, more so than if the instruments had been doubled for playing against 30 odd violins with other members of the quartet in proportion. For once the skill and taste with which Mozart employed the wind was disclosed to even the usually indifferent hearers, who were content enough if they saw "Mozart" on the program, feeling sure that no surprise would rouse them from genteel apathy. Dr. Koussevitzky has conducted many poetic or stirring performances of the old masters—if Mozart can justly be called an old one and not a modern—but never one more charming, more entrancing than that of yesterday. Mozart wished his music to "sound." Yes-

terday it sang. The finale had the dashing gaiety that characterizes his overture to "Nozze di Figaro."

Mr. Gruenberg wrote to us that having laid aside "The Enchanted Isle," projected during the world war; finding it on his return from Europe, he came across melodies and passages that brought back to him the wistful, romantic days of his youth. He determined to recapture "a whiff of these enchanted islands of memory." And so his isle was not far off in some far sea. Yet as the music was playing one hearer could not help remembering Prospero's Island as described by Caliban:

"The isle is full of noises,
Sounds and sweet airs, that give de-
light, and hurt not.

Sometimes a thousand twangling in-
struments

Will hum about mine ears; and some-
times voices,

That, if I then had wak'd after long
sleep

Will make me sleep again."

(Mr. Gruenberg, though he believes that a composition should stand firmly as music without the aid of any literal, or pictorial association as a prop, will pardon the intrusion here of Shake-
speare).

It is no wonder that this symphonic poem, first heard at the recent Worcester festival, delighted the audience. Here is music by a contemporary that is melodious, imaginative, and, when contrast is required, poetically dramatic. Perhaps at the beginning the influence of Debussy is slightly shown; but it is hard for any modern composer with a poetic soul to escape wholly this influence. There is here no imitation; no obvious recollection; only a sympathy in expression. The idiom is modern, but healthily so. There is nothing morbid, naturally or designedly in Mr. Gruenberg's musical thoughts; nothing forced or labored in his expression of the thoughts. Melodically, harmonically and rhythmically the music is his own. Nothing to show mere ingenuity; nothing, by a barren exhibition of technical skill, to impress the pedant. The last pages admit apparently a few superfluous measures. It seems ungracious to say this when the work as a whole gave so much pleasure. This pleasure was enhanced by the modesty with which Mr. Gruenberg responded to the applause. He did not with the last chord jump frantically from his seat and with coat tails flying make a wild rush to the platform. He was slow in rising at Dr. Koussevitzky's invitation; he walked down the main aisle, shook the conductor's hand, bowed to the audience, and then, without grin or smirk, with his chest in his natural position, resumed his seat. And it is not impertinent to

say that preparing and interpreting the composition of an American, native or adopted, Dr. Koussevitzky shows the interest, the zeal that he would bestow on a new work by a European or on an important classic, and puts it in the clearest, most favorable light by his genius for interpretation.

The charming suite of Ravel's and the rondo of Strauss brilliant in itself and by the performance completed the program of a most interesting concert. It will be repeated tonight. The program of next week comprises Spohr's Notturmo for wind instruments and Turkish music—to be played as a whole for the first time in Boston; Eichheim's "Burma" and "Java"—first time in Boston; Strauss's Symphonie Domestica.

Boston Symphony

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, gave its fourth Friday afternoon concert of the season in Symphony Hall, Boston, Nov. 8. An uncommonly interesting program opened with Mozart's E flat (K.543) Symphony and was carried to the intermission by Louis Gruenberg's symphonic poem, "The Enchanted Isle." The second half of the list was made up of Ravel's "Mother Goose" Suite and Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel." The orchestra, inspired perhaps by the encomiums lavished upon it in its recent tour of the middle West, was at the top of its form.

Mr. Gruenberg's symphonic poem, first played at the Worcester Festival of this fall, had on this occasion its initial Boston audition. According to the composer, it "is the second of a series of four tone poems projected during the World War, in an attempt to make a world somewhat pleasanter than the one existing then." Returning recently from a long stay in Europe, Mr. Gruenberg ran across this score, which he had forgotten. "I grew sentimental and determined to recapture a whiff of those enchanted islands of memory, gradually making a complete new score, retaining the emotions . . . but making use of my newly acquired freedom, knowledge of orchestration, harmony and construction." Thus the work represents "a bridge between the old and the new." This anticipates the reviewer. Mr. Gruenberg has shown an extensive knowledge of orchestration and harmony, cer-

tainly. There have been many enchanted isles in the musical world. On Friday afternoon we felt we might have been on any one of them. The composer has done a good job with derivative materials and methods. His island would have been even more charming if it had been intensively cultivated over a smaller area.

All the other items of the program had been interpreted in Boston by Dr. Koussevitzky in previous seasons, but all came to our ears Friday with freshness and spontaneity. The conductor displayed again his remarkable catholicity of taste and versatility of interpretive power. To play Mozart, Ravel and Strauss in one afternoon, and leave us with the feeling that we have had the essence of each of those masters, is an achievement. Dr. Koussevitzky accomplished it Friday, together with a devoted reading of the novelty. Never had Mozart sounded more delectable. Yet nothing was lacking in the realization of the witty Ravel pieces. All the Gallic irony, wit and restraint were there. Boaz Piller's was no ordinary Beast, but a fearsome fellow; not because of any blatancy about him, but purely because of the expressive inflection of his voice. Justly Dr. Koussevitzky called this player to his feet at the close; an unusual tribute to a contrabassoonist.

For climax, "Till Eulenspiegel," surely the most endurable of the Strauss repertory and unquestionably one of Dr. Koussevitzky's greatest successes. It is not difficult to pick flaws here and there in "Don Juan," "Tod and Verklärung," "Zarathustra," "Heldenleben," "Don Quixote," "Rosenkavalier"—it is hardly necessary even to mention the others. But what is wrong with "Till"? We are not to expect fastidiousness or restraint or delicacy or nobility in Strauss. Here we have the subject to which he could give himself whole-heartedly. Here the glamorous Straussian orchestration can be devoted to racial horseplay, to caricature, to a dash of incidental wistfulness. It is, for us, the composer's supreme accomplishment, and by this superb orchestra and its brilliant leader it is given incomparable publication.

L. A. S.

The Pleasure Of Outspread Masterpieces

Strauss and Mozart Renewed
At the Symphony Concert,
Two Others Heard

THE ORCHESTRA of power that Dr. Koussevitzky sometimes drives before him was yesterday an orchestra of finesse. As at need he can infuse passion into its tone, so on Friday afternoon it gave him back a poignancy. In "Till Eulenspiegel" are measures of piercing orchestral resonance; but nowhere in that piece does Strauss unroll the thick-bodied, full-throated periods at the close of "Death and Transfiguration" or through the middle section of the "Sinfonia Domestica." Above all else the orchestral voices in "Till" must be plastic and graphic, under which necessity they cannot also be fat. The Suite of Ravel from his ballet, "Mother Goose," is a succession of adroit felicities, finely woven, delicately pointed. Amusing the nursery—with the grown-ups clustering about the door—he does not raise his voice. Mr. Gruenberg's new tone-poem, "Enchanted Isle," containing nearly everything in the common stock of music, did deploy orotund moments. They were not many nor were they over-driven. Mozart's Symphony in E-flat began the concert. Throughout, it asks an orchestral tone that, whether it lightens or darkens, runs fleet or slow, remains limpid, piquant, naturally undulating. The shadows fall as in the Introduction; the skies brighten from moment to moment in the first or the second movement, but the tonal landscape, so to say, is always luminous. Consequently an afternoon of sensibility and virtuosity in the playing; of warm pleasure, in the hearing, that was warmth or piquancy to the soul.

Mr. Gruenberg's scherzo-like pages racing from shimmer to shimmer sounded as in composing imagination near Strauss's rogue is to see him. he may have heard them. The streaming harmonies that suffuse the end of Ravel's Suite were magical in texture and color. Drug-like they beguiled the ear.

Two masterpieces of the day—two of which were Strauss's tone-picture and Mozart's Symphony. When the historical cast up accounts for the end of the nineteenth and the beginning of the twentieth century, they will surely reckon "Till Eulenspiegel" a triumph—perhaps a triumph of objective symphonic writing. In his other tone-poems, Strauss is primarily concerned with the inner emotions and emotions of his personations and external. The descriptive pages are incidental. For the most part he is writing what pedantic Germans call Innigkeit-Musik. In "Till," on the other hand, his composing eyes are tachably fixed upon the object. He permit himself a few introductory measures of the "Listen-my-children-and-shall-hear" sort. He may further template the emptied tonal scene, as in the Introduction; the minor seventh has conducted Till as from moment to moment in the first another world, with a half-gentle, sardonic smile. He may even lift his head for a more sardonic glance, as he is working at his etched tonal fire. Otherwise it, and only it, abates him.

this day—and Till's Rondo is y-four years old—it remains the cle and marvel of delineative music. Near Strauss's rogue is to see him. orchestra does not simulate him. Ear and ination do not pant after a tonal active, clearer unfolded in the pro-

wistful measures of Hop-o'-My went as transparent as the childhood. The woodwinds in the slow movement of Mozart's Symphony were singly sweet; the strings countered finely pointed poignancy. The hess of the little orchestra in the e never once thinned tone or blurred it.

Throughout "Till Eulenspiegel" an orchestra nearly a hundred strong played though the conductor were manipulating an etcher's needle. (Not until the er has heard Strauss's Rondo many does he reflect how little it depends upon harmonic or instrumental how much and how often it is of line and rhythm.) Here also a tone that characterized as though Strauss's notes, generating it, were a zing force. While the ear heard the kindled eye actually saw him ring, striding, sprawling. Indeed only flaw upon the executive and the perfection was the dulled rhythm of the "Pagodes"—wagging silly little as they pitty-patted over a pages of Ravel's Suite. Seemingly at Symphony Hall, only Dr. Muck ht the secret of those grotesque min-

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All the other items of the program had been interpreted in Boston by Dr. Koussevitzky in previous seasons, but all came to our ears Friday with freshness and spontaneity. The conductor displayed again his remarkable catholicity of taste and versatility of interpretive power. To play Mozart, Ravel and Strauss in one afternoon, and leave us with the feeling that we have had the essence of each of those masters, is an achievement. Dr. Koussevitzky accomplished it Friday, together with a devoted reading of the novelty. Never had Mozart sounded more delectable. Yet nothing was lacking in the realization of the witty Ravel pieces. All the Gallic irony, wit and restraint were there. Boaz Piller's was no ordinary Beast, but a fearsome fellow; not because of any blatancy about him, but purely because of the expressive inflection of his voice. Justly Dr. Koussevitzky called this player to his feet at the close; an unusual tribute to a contrabassoonist.

For climax, "Till Eulenspiegel," surely the most endurable of the Strauss repertory and unquestionably one of Dr. Koussevitzky's greatest successes. It is not difficult to pick flaws here and there in "Don Juan," "Tod and Verklärung," "Zarathustra," "Heldenleben," "Don Quixote," "Rosenkavalier"—it is hardly necessary even to mention the others. But what is wrong with "Till"? We are not to expect fastidiousness or restraint or delicacy or nobility in Strauss. Here we have the subject to which he could give himself wholeheartedly. Here the glamorous Straussian orchestration can be devoted to racial horseplay, to caricature, to a dash of incidental wistfulness. It is, for us, the composer's supreme accomplishment, and by this superb orchestra and its brilliant leader it is given incomparable publication. L. A. S.

The Pleasure Of Outspreading Masterpieces

Strauss and Mozart Reunited At the Symphony Concert Two Others Heard

THE ORCHESTRA of Dr. Koussevitzky somewhat before him was yesterday's orchestra of finesse. He can infuse passion into it. On Friday afternoon it gave poignancy. In "Till Eulenspiegel" measures of piercing orchestration; but nowhere in that Strauss unroll the thick-throated periods at the close and Transfiguration" or through the section of the "Sinfonia." Above all else the orchestra "Till" must be plastic and glib which necessity they cannot. The Suite of Ravel from "Mother Goose," is a success of felicities, finely woven, delectable. Amusing the nurse grown-ups clustering about does not raise his voice. Berg's new tone-poem, "Erwartung," containing nearly everything in common stock of music, did moments. They were over-driven. The symphony in E-flat began. Throughout, it asks an end, that, whether it lightens or fleet or slow, remains naturally undulating. Till as in the Introduction; till as from moment to moment or the second movement landscape, so to say, is. Consequently an affability and virtuosity in sensuous pleasure, in warmth or piquancy. Mr. Gruenberg's solo racing from shimmering sounded as in comparison he may have heard the long harmonies that suffused the Suite were magical color. Drug-like they

wistful measures of Hop-o'-My head went as transparent as the childhood. The woodwinds in the slow movement of Mozart's Symphony were wistfully sweet; the strings countered with finely pointed poignancy. The fitness of the little orchestra in the finale never once thinned tone or blurred accent.

Throughout "Till Eulenspiegel" an orchestra nearly a hundred strong played though the conductor were manipulating an etcher's needle. (Not until the listener has heard Strauss's Rondo many times does he reflect how little it depends upon harmonic or instrumental color, how much and how often it is music of line and rhythm.) Here also was a tone that characterized as though Strauss's notes, generating it, were a vitalizing force. While the ear heard Till, the kindled eye actually saw him teetering, striding, sprawling. Indeed the only flaw upon the executive and the tonal perfection was the dulled rhythm of the "Pagodes"—wagging silly little heads as they pitty-patted over a dozen pages of Ravel's Suite. Seemingly, at Symphony Hall, only Dr. Muck caught the secret of those grotesque miniatures.

The masterpieces of the day—two of them!—were Strauss's tone-picture and Mozart's Symphony. When the historians cast up accounts for the end of the nineteenth and the beginning of the twentieth century, they will surely reckon "Till Eulenspiegel" a triumph—perhaps the triumph—of objective symphonic music. In his other tone-poems, Strauss is primarily concerned with the inner sensations and emotions of his personages. The descriptive pages are incidental and external. For the most part he is writing what pedantic Germans call an Innigkeit-Musik. In "Till," on the other hand, his composing eyes are undetachably fixed upon the object. He may permit himself a few introductory measures of the "Listen-my-children-and-you-shall-hear" sort. He may further contemplate the emptied tonal scene, after a minor seventh has conducted Till into another world, with a half-gentle, half-sardonic smile. He may even lift his head for a more sardonic glance, while he is working at his etched tone-picture. Otherwise it, and only it, absorbs him.

To this day—and Till's Rondo is thirty-four years old—it remains the miracle and marvel of delineative music. To hear Strauss's rogue is to see him. The orchestra does not simulate him. It calls him into very life. Ear and imagination do not pant after a tonal narrative, clearer unfolded in the pro-

gram-book. They are caught into it, carried along with it. All this, not in the fitful, fuzzy suggestion of most "descriptive" music, but with the incisive precision of black and white. With what wit Strauss works at his etching, with what enjoyment manipulates his orchestral acid and needle! In those days in Munich his friends used to liken him to a stripped mental and musical athlete all shewn without, all keenness within. "Till" is the enduring masterpiece of that fortunate condition. And Dr. Koussevitzky, now and again reproached as sentimentalist, can bite this etching in as though he had no other temperament.

In turn, the Symphony in E-flat is as clear characterization of the elder Mozart, who wrote it, unsuspecting, with death no more than three years away. He agreed to the conventions, followed the fashions of his musical time. Though one was a genius, one had also to live in the Salzburg of the Prince-Bishop or the Vienna of Emperor Joseph. Therefore the Minuet and the Finale heard yesterday—Mozartian readiness and fecundity, Mozartian deftness and shimmer and style. He must do his technical feat in a Finale that skips about rondo-like within nominal sonata-form. The Minuet, no less, flows and postures and flows again, with a silken elegance.

In these mature days—for him—Mozart lived also an inner life stressed and saddened. He loved beauty—for he made it—yet doubted whether it would endure; loved life, yet by the dread of death was ever haunted. His spiritual sensations were poignant; being such, they cut sometimes to the quick. Hence, the Introduction, the first Allegro, the slow movement of this same Symphony. There is beauty—till it hurts; pleasure but it passes; life—with death at the end. To listen to the darkling, low-voiced Introduction; to the first movement evading and deferring until that principal theme must come back like some dread fate returned; to the sweetness cut by swift poignancy in the Andante—so to hear is to believe and with Mozart imagine. In all his later music the Mozart of passion within, the Mozart of convention without, alternate or would blend. From the twenties onward, most of all in these final years, he was sensitive human being, finding thought and emotion in life—not the "sunny child" of the traditionalists or a "celestial spirit," whatever that may be.

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PLEASING AND LIGHT

As it finally stood, the programme assembled Mozart's Symphony in E flat, Louis Gruenberg's symphonic poem, "The Enchanted Isle," the "Mother Goose" aforesaid and Strauss' "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks," all of them, to speak in paradox, examples of the lighter side of serious music-making. Here was nothing cerebral, nothing to stir the deeper emotions. Here were pieces designed to give, in their diverse ways, a ready pleasure.

Mr. Gruenberg, a Russian born but brought to these shores in infancy, made yesterday his first appearance as composer in Symphony Hall. By token of his brilliant and witty setting for voice and chamber orchestra of Vachel Lindsay's "Daniel Jazz" heard here two seasons ago, Mr. Gruenberg is to be regarded as one of the leading spirits among the younger generation of American composers. But

"Daniel Jazz" is of the mature, full-fledged Gruenberg, whereas the symphonic poem of yesterday is a work of his salad days, his formative and assimilative period, recused from oblivion and remade by the composer in accordance with his more advanced conceptions of harmony and orchestration. But attempts at recapturing in later life a youthful state of mind seldom bear fruit.

"The Enchanted Isle," which had its initial performance at the recent Worcester Festival, emerges as a curious mixture of styles and idioms, a mingling of other men's methods which in the process have lost their rightful savor.

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For the other two numbers, it was possible to wonder a little why, after intermission, Dr. Koussevitzky set Ravel's "Mother-Goose" immediately before Strauss's "Till." To hear, one after the other, was to find the conductor in reason. Ravel's "Children's Pieces"—to what precocious infants must the French give birth if the little Mimi and the little Jean (for whom they were written) really enjoyed them!—Ravel's "Children's Pieces" are as precise as "Till," shine with the same dry-clear light. Yet across another field; for the Parisian is fanciful and witty; whereas the Münchener is realistic and folk-humored, each, indeed, properly sensitive to subject-matter and composing purpose. Ravel's *Ma Mère l'Oye* wears a salon, a music-room, air; Strauss's *Till* braves it across the market place. Ravel's music is a music of minute felicities oftenest achieved by color; Strauss's cuts sharp and deep with line. Yet from each the pleasure that a many-sided orchestra should give and an open-minded audience receive. Though Beethoven's name stands on the keystone of the proscenium arch at Symphony Hall, under it we may also trifle.

The "common stock of music" is common phrase among reviewers in these days. By it they mean the procedures and idiosyncrasies of highly individualized modern composers—say Wagner, Strauss, Debussy or Sibelius—that have gradually become a common fund of matter and method. From it less endowed successors now daily draw. From it, in particular, Mr. Gruenberg drew liberally and steadily as he composed his tone-poem of "The Enchanted Isle." It abounds with everything that the listener can remember; while the original and veritable Gruenberg is hard to discover. And what a manifold, inexhaustible toy for such a composer, looking up from the stock-pot, is a modern virtuoso-orchestra! He can caress or he can whip it; "try out" choirs and separate instruments; bring off this stroke or that for its own sake; dash in color; clothe king-like a singing theme that in itself is no better than a little naked boy; touch in and toss off—all for instant impression. What a game it is! How Mr. Gruenberg enjoyed it! And Dr. Koussevitzky. The audience as well. Long and loud, it clapped a modest, and maybe slightly surprised, composer, while the conductor beamed and beckoned. . . . It takes all sorts of compositions to make a program. H. T. P.

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FORTY-NINTH SEASON, NINETEEN HUNDRED TWENTY-NINE AND THIRTY

Fifth Programme

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SATURDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 16, at 8.15 o'clock

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Music, Op. 34
a. March.
b. Minuet.
c. Andante with Variations.
d. Finale.

Eichheim { "Java"
"Burma"
Twilight at Shwe Dagon.
Dance of Prince and Princess.
Dance of Councillors, Grotesquerie.
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(Conducted by the composer)
(First time in Boston)

Strauss Symphonia Domestica, Op. 53
(In one movement)

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Ravel's "Mother Goose," substituted on the program for the Spohr nocturno for wind instruments, which is now scheduled for next week, also showed Dr Koussevitzky at his best. The brilliance and sonority he demands of the players in this seemingly delicate and tenuous music is quite in accordance with the way Ravel himself interpreted his works when heard here as guest conductor and as pianist.

But one wished yesterday that there had been more glamour and less intensity in the interpretation of the last number in this little suite. It failed to suggest "The Fairy Garden." Perhaps in Russia fairies are more strenuous and robust than they are usually supposed to be elsewhere, and disport themselves in gardens filled with California big trees.

Mozart's E flat major Symphony, the familiar one written in 1788, is a much greater masterpiece than yesterday's superficial and colorless reading of the first two movements would lead one to suppose. The pretty and relatively simple minuet, familiar to most amateur pianists, Dr Koussevitzky interpreted effectively, if without subtlety. But it was surprising to hear from him a reading of so great a work which was so thoroughly dull and mediocre. One often differs with him on details of interpretation, but very few times in the past five seasons has one found any reading of his uninteresting and wholly unimaginative.

The secret of Mozart is, of course, in his melodies, which must be treated with the utmost subtlety of phrasing and dynamics. Read in literal, pedestrian fashion, Mozart's music loses its power. One had only to call to mind the beauty and power of this symphony when Dr Muck conducted it, or to remember the Mozart conducting of

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LOEW'S STATE WM. HAINES

IN "THE GIRL SAID NO"

M-G-M's Rollicking All-Talking Com
Screenings at 12.25-2.45-5.05-7.25-9.
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NEXT WEEK
VILMA BANK

In Her First All-Talking Picture

"A LADY TO LOVE" with Robt.

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In M-G-M's Adaptation of Eugene O'N

"ANNA CHRISTIE" Screened at
A.M., 12:15
6:15, 9:30

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LAWRENCE TIBBET

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& LOEW'S Vaudeville "DRESDEN CH
Road Show

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"Art of Being Grandfather"

Richard Strauss (Aged 66) and His First Grandchild
(By Courtesy of J. M. Sanroma)

(Setzer—Vienna)

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"Eichheim of The Orient"

Composer-Conductor at the Symphony Concerts This Week
He Will Be Heard as Explorer and Translator of The Music of The Far East

MUSIC

Herald, Nov. 16, 1929

SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The program of the fifth concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky, conductor, which took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall, was as follows: Spohr, March, Minuet, Andante with variations, and Finale from Notturmo for Wind Instruments and Janissaries Music. Eichheim, "Java," a symphonic poem and "Burma" (conducted by the composer; first time in Boston). Strauss, Symphonie Domestica.

Symphonic and vocal music by Spohr was performed at the symphony concerts with a certain regularity up to the Nineties; but nothing by him has been listed on the programs since 1906 when Willy Hess played a violin concerto. Yet Spohr for many years cut a prominent figure in the musical world as composer and violinist; he was thought to be a mighty fine fellow in the concert halls. He agreed to this in his autobiography. Today he is known only by two or three violin concertos, a few anthems still sung in churches with choir of mixed voices, and, possibly the overture to "Jessinda." Little is known about the origin of his Notturmo, extracts from which were played yesterday. Perhaps the work was composed for some court or other special occasion; perhaps for some orchestra proud of its wind choir.

The Theme with variations (which, transcribed, was performed here 70 years ago by the Mendelssohn Quintet Club) surely tests the proficiency of that orchestral section. Yesterday, it is needless to say, the performance was brilliant; one might justly say unsurpassable. Although the announcement that variations are to be played by an orchestra, violinist or pianist is calculated to strike terror in the soul of any hardened concert-goer. The art of the players yesterday lent interest to the music itself; the hearer refrained from saying aloud or thinking: "Old hat! Hear what Germans, who, Mr. Ludwig insists, are the most musical people in the world, enjoyed in the early years of the 19th century."

Mr. Eichheim, having acquainted the Symphony audience with music of China and Japan, visited Java and Burma for its benefit, studied the music of those countries, and brought with him Javanese instruments, which were added yesterday to those familiar in the West. No doubt this excellent musician, this enthusiastic admirer of

Oriental music, will visit Sumatra and Borneo, and in a symphonic poem entitled "Borneo" will introduce the dance of the celebrated "Wild Men."

"Java" was performed by the Philadelphia orchestra last week. "Burma" is an enlargement of music written for a play by Irene Lewisohn, produced in New York in 1926. In its concert form it consists of three exciting dances.

When Saint-Saens heard Javanese musicians at the Paris exhibition of 1889 he described their music as ravishing: "The little bamboo bells; the gamelang, a series of small tuned gongs struck with sticks enveloped in cotton, charm deliciously the ear. There are unexpected rhythms; it is dream music by which some have been hypnotized. What ought the ancient Hindu music to be, with its complicated and characteristic modes? No doubt the master work of oriental music, of that art which responds to a certain state of mind and civilization from which humanity goes farther and farther day by day."

It was manifestly impossible for Mr. Eichheim to reproduce in his symphonic poem, with a huge western orchestra, even with the addition of the instruments brought from afar, the mood that depends largely on the scene, the native players and even the costumes. He was obliged to westernize the music somewhat; yet the chief themes were unmistakably oriental, and the variations of the charming, wistful, Malayan song did not dispel the illusion, or the mood, inspired by that air. There was nothing incongruously academic in these variations; no attempt to show technical skill as encouraged in conservatories. There was no abandonment of the exotic.

But if the exotic delights the soul in the first moments, the prolongation of the mood is a foe to enjoyment. The most sympathetic hearers wish that the music would at last have a more western, even a more familiar flavor. In plain words, "Java" would gain in picturesqueness and charm if it were shortened. Mr. Eichheim knew what he wanted in the performance; the orchestra eloquently responded to his wishes. Warmly welcomed when he came on the platform, hearty applause recalled him after the performance.

Strauss' Symphony in which he dilates in tones on joyful, also harassing, domesticity is known to all. More or less ingenious commentators have told audiences what they should see and hear in Strauss's home; how he, his wife, their relatives, and the baby behave, in peace and in screaming argu-



"Eichheim of The Orient"

Composer-Conductor at the Symphony Concerts This Week
He Will Be Heard as Explorer and Translator of The Music of The Far East

MUSIC

Herold Nov. 16, 1929

SYMPHONY CONCERT

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ment. The child is put to bed; but there is no passage in which one hears the father like Mr. Babbitt, singing in his bath. Nor is there any table scene, no hint at beer and sausage. In this respect the Ode Symphony, "The Plains," by Jabez Tarbox, produced at San Diego in 1854, is a more realistic work, if the analyst John Phoenix is to be believed. The train has encamped for the night. "The unpacking of the kettles and mess-pans, the unyoking of the oxen, the gathering about the various camp-fires, the frizzling of the pork are so clearly expressed by the music, that the most untutored savage could readily comprehend it. Indeed, so vivid and lifelike was the representation, that a lady sitting near us, involuntarily exclaimed aloud at a certain passage, 'Thar, that pork's burning!' and it was truly interesting to watch the gratified expression of her face when, by a few notes of the guitar, the pan was removed from the fire, and the blazing pork extinguished."

Strauss's themes are commonplace, but the orchestral dress in which they and their combinations are clad is gorgeous. The performance was of the virtuoso order and of the highest rank. The concert will be repeated tonight. The orchestra will give no concerts here next week. Mr. Burgin will conduct on Nov. 29-30 when the program will comprise Borodin's Symphony, B minor, No. 3 (Mr. Thibaud); Schmitt's Study for Poe's "Haunted Palace," and perhaps a suite from Hindemith's ballet, "The Demon."

Monitor Boston Symphony Nov. 16
Dr. Koussevitzky set an oddly assorted bill of fare before his paying guests at the Boston Symphony Orchestra's fifth banquet of the season. For opening, he conducted Spohr's "Notturmo for Wind Instruments and Janissaries Music," op. 34. Then he yielded the podium to Henry Eichheim, a former violinist in the Boston band, who now spends much of his time in the Far East. Mr. Eichheim took advantage of the opportunity to conduct his two recent orchestral pieces, "Java" and "Burma." After the intermission, Dr. Koussevitzky, who seems to be having a run on Strauss this year, returned to direct his forces in the "Sinfonia Domestica."

Dr. Strauss, indeed, had a further hand in the proceedings, for it was he, by report, who recommended the Spohr relic to the Boston conductor; hoping perhaps that it might find place on a program with one of his

own compositions. Janissaries Music, as readers of Philip Hale's program notes learned, is Turkish music; that is, triangle, cymbals and bass drum. In short, this is military band music. It might well alternate with Beethoven's Turkish March in concerts for children. It is innocent, unpretentious stuff. Its chief interest lies in the variations of the Andante. It was gayly published by the wind choirs and gladly received by the Friday afternoon audience.

Mr. Eichheim has added two souvenirs to his memoirs of eastern travels. In his latest, the "Java," he joins to the usual orchestral instruments of the West those of the Javanese orchestra, including metal tubes, metal bars, marimba and gongs. These inevitably supply a certain color and atmosphere. The themes are native, but their harmonic treatment is that of the French impressionists. There is a great deal of repetition but no apparent development. We had always understood that Eastern music was very monotonous. Mr. Eichheim in "Java" gave us nothing to modify the impression.

The "Burma," written originally for a play, probably would be more expressive if heard in the theater. Of its two sections the first is a tone picture of "Twilight at Shwe Dagon." The impression left by this was not materially different from that made by the "Java." Both, we think, would be more effective if they were shorter. And it is possible that they would have profited if they had been conducted by Dr. Koussevitzky instead of the composer. Mr. Eichheim allowed the bells which accompany the entire twilight picture to be sounded so loudly that in the end they became annoying. Very likely this is the way they sound at Shwe Dagon. But Dr. Koussevitzky no doubt would have realized that, regardless of "realism," considerations of artistic balance required that they should be subdued. By the way, what do they do with sleighbells in Burma?

The remainder of the Burma poem consisted of three dances, making up a "pwé," or entertainment. These were more acceptable than the preceding measures, chiefly because they were shorter and yielded contrast among themselves. On the whole, Mr. Eichheim's impressions of the East are very definitely those of a traveler from the West, and we are not convinced that the attempt to

make the twain meet by expressing the musical thoughts of the one in the musical idiom of the other is completely successful.

For conclusion, another nitid revelation of a Strauss score; in this instance, a score which would benefit by pruning—and this is not said because it came at the end of a program which endured for more than two hours. There are stunning pages, there are also dull pages here. But there were few dull moments in this refulgent performance. L. A. S.

STRAUSS DOMINATES SYMPHONY

His "Domestica" Is
Played With Uncommon Eloquence

Post Nov. 16, 1939
BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

At the outset of yesterday afternoon's Symphony Concert the stage of Symphony Hall presented a curious picture. Seated in the midst of a forest of unoccupied chairs and useless music-stands were less than a score of wind and percussion players, assembled to perform a resurrected Notturmo of Spohr, while left stage, to speak theatrically, in readiness for Henry Eichheim's "Java" and "Burma," an array of red tables, heaped with glittering gongs, bells and bars, suggested a deserted Oriental bazaar.

ELDERLY AND TINKLING

The music of Spohr, more than a hundred years old but new to the Symphony concerts, proved to be in the last degree tinkling and innocuous. No doubt it pleased our great-great grandparents, who looked upon Beethoven as a dangerous fellow, and for that matter it pleased yesterday's audience, though it is kindest to suppose the applause was intended for the performance rather than for the music itself. And it was good to hear, for once at least, a portion of the wind-choir in isolation. In this the strings habitually receive more than their share.

This week for a third time a pair of Symphony audiences is being regaled with the musical fruits of Mr. Eichheim's Oriental journeys. Beyond that of any other composer is his mastery of translating the music of the East into the musical language of the West.

Slightly Monotonous

In "Java," his latest score, and in "Burma," music derived from a ballet performed not many seasons ago in New York, Mr. Eichheim has done his translating almost too faithfully. By common consent the music of Eastern nations, however seductive and fascinating some may find it, is by our standards monotonous, and the charge of monotony may well be brought against this most recent music of Mr. Eichheim's. Atmosphere he does obtain, however, and "Java" and "Burma" offer in abundance rhythmic and percussive effects, now exhilarating, now entrancing, while here and there they disclose harmonic and orchestral sonorities of singular beauty.

Mr. Eichheim, who again conducted his own music, was liberally applauded by his fellow-townsmen.

Strauss' "Domestica"

After the penny-whistle tunes of Spohr and the intense exoticism of Eichheim, the audience was ready yesterday for music closer to the current norm, and they received it in lavish, almost too lavish, quantity, since the hour was late, in Strauss' "Symphonia Domestica," once maligned and ridiculed, but now an impressive contestant for first place among the Bavarian composer's symphonic poems. In "Till Eulenspiegel" of last week some felt that Dr. Koussevitzky missed in measure the characteristic humor, but of the warm humanity, the rich musical substance, the imposing architectural design of the "Domestica" not an iota escaped him.

The performance was, indeed, one of uncommon eloquence, and the audience showed itself sensible of that fact.

EICHHEIM CONDUCTS "BURMA" AND "JAVA"

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plauded at yesterday's Symphony concert, where he conducted as guest his musical impressions of the Orient entitled "Burma," and "Java," played for the first time in Boston. Dr Koussevitzky's share of the program included Spohr's Notturmo for wind instruments, and Richard Strauss' Symphonia Domestica.

Mr Eichheim, a violinist in the Boston Symphony from 1891 to 1912, has in recent years made several visits to the Orient, where he has studied the native music of Japan, China, Burma, Java, and India and collected native instruments. His "Oriental Impressions," and "Chinese Legend" have been played by the Boston Symphony in recent seasons.

"Burma" is a symphonic poem made by Mr Eichheim out of the incidental music he wrote for a play by Irene Lewisohn, produced in New York in 1926. It begins with music intended to portray a twilight scene before a temple at Rangoon. Then follows a set of three dances grouped into what in Burma would be called a "Pwe," or entertainment offered in honor of a special occasion. The piece is scored for a large orchestra, to which gongs and percussion instruments brought by the composer from Mandalay and Rangoon were added yesterday.

"Java" is the first movement of an unfinished trilogy. It has an introduction intended to suggest the music by Javanese women on a hollow log, six feet long, used for rice pounding. The sides and ends of the log are struck with heavy clubs in intricate rhythms. Several native themes, with the aid of variations on them, furnish the material for the rest of the piece. In this piece Javanese instruments are added to the orchestra. They do not, however, include one of these rice-logs.

Mr Eichheim, unlike such European writers of pseudo-Oriental music as Rimsky-Korsakov, is thoroughly familiar with actual Oriental music. His themes and his percussion instruments are genuinely Oriental. What is more

important, his imagination is saturated with the color and atmosphere of the Orient. No wonder then that his tone poems contain many passages that evoke that atmosphere even for listeners who have never been East of Suez. If they fail on the whole in blending the technique and the instruments of European music and those of the Orient the fault lies in the nature of things.

Suppose a patient and erudite native of Burma or Java, trained in the music of his own country, should come to America and hear the Boston Symphony, and Paul Whiteman's orchestra, then go home with a collection of saxophones, violins, trumpets, and so on, and try to write for a Javanese orchestra a set of musical impressions of such American scenes as the Harvard Stadium on a Saturday in November, or Park-st Subway at 5 p m. adding to his own orchestra his collection of European instruments. Would not the result be an imperfectly fused musical amalgam?

Spohr's Nocturne for wind instruments, probably written in 1812, was commissioned by a rich and presumably eccentric manufacturer. Dr Koussevitzky's revival of it was suggested by Richard Strauss, who called the piece to his attention last Summer. It served yesterday to test the virtuosity of the wood wind and brass players in the Boston Symphony. The suave and spineless character of the music, with its flabby themes and saccharine harmonies, showed clearly enough for Spohr's numerous operas, oratorios, cantatas and symphonies are now never played in public. Only the concert violinists keep his memory green by an occasional revival of one of his concertos, which, after all, are quite as good as the bulk of the violin virtuoso repertory.

Vallantly as Dr Koussevitzky and the orchestra labored yesterday with Strauss' Symphonia Domestica, one could not but feel that it was too long, too elaborate, too pedantic a working out of musical material without profound significance. It is curious that this should be the sort of thing done in the 1900s by the man who in the 1890s could write music so vital, so splendidly dramatic as "Don Juan" and "Till Eulenspiegel." Strauss' music was badly placed on yesterday's program, after the long and exacting novelties by Eichheim and the dull show piece by Spohr.

So elaborate a work should be placed first on a program, even if late-comers had to be excluded for a long time. In New York and Philadelphia late-comers at orchestral concerts are not admitted until there is an intermission. Why are they in Boston permitted to troop into the hall midway in a piece, as they did yesterday during the Spohr, disturbing the 99 percent of the audience which had arrived on time?

P. R.

Old and New, East, West, and Spohr Besides

Strauss of "The Domestica,"
Eichheim of The Orient,
At Symphony Hall

Trans. Nov. 16, 1929

THE STRANGENESS of the stage to the incoming eye, yesterday afternoon at Symphony Hall, matched the subsequent strangeness to the ear of Mr. Eichheim's tone-poems of the Orient. In both "Java" and "Burma" he employed native instruments that he had himself collected—gongs, metal bars and tubs, bells, other means to fine and novel resonance. From front to rear, they filled the right-hand corner of the stage, where usually the harps rise in gilded state. The interlopers were yet more golden; while upon brightly painted or lacquered stands most were disposed. Were the sun permitted to enter the concert room and had it fallen upon what one wit named "the Eichheim Collection," gongs, tubs and tables would have flashed back a manifold radiance. As it was, they gleamed uncommonly bright through the neutral atmosphere of Symphony Hall on a wet November afternoon as though this shimmer was counterpart to their light or gently dissonant tinkle.

To swell this strangeness Dr. Koussevitzky began the afternoon with the Nocturne that Richard Strauss suggested to him as worthy of resurrection from Spohr. It was played upon twenty-odd instruments, woodwind, brass, percussion, clustered and set well back in the center of the stage; while the empty chairs and desks of the string choir yawned about them. Indeed, not until the intermission had cleared the stage of Oriental spoil, did it resume its normal aspect, with the full orchestra of Strauss for the "Symphonia Domestica"—a mere 108—in customary place.

Spohr's Nocturne occupied the listeners, and need occupy the reviewer, only briefly. Taking second thought, Dr. Koussevitzky prudently reduced the six numbers to four, excising an Adagio and a Polonaise, retaining a March, a

(with variations)

as it was, before it ran course, the undiversified choir began to eat little, tame literature not too well. If Spohr began temporary of Beethoven calling as contemporary. Now and again it seemed that it caught, and felicity in uses of the wind, a modicum of interest, lation. Why, for overlook the flutes, st, or his virtuoso, Variations—to the

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an speech and he as conveyance for escaped, another example, unfolds and noted there or a. From them Mr. eries of variations. come to pass, he aterial. The hearer ing only for the t metal, in gong or by bright-colored, ma" suffers less by se it is briefer and more impressionis- to an outsider, less e motifs.

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Cocoa at Lowest Level

New York, Nov. 16.—Cocoa the severest decline at the New York Cocoa the past week and dropped 39 to 51 points levels of the past four cents a pound, off a sharp downward trend partially in sympathy with the stock market; in part to the heavy interest in buying ket; and by a bearish heavy shipments from the Coast.

Members of the trade, that the last feature a bearish outlook at the year. When the huge A is moving the trade w consume the large vol able of the buying at the ing the past week was ers attracted by what cheap cocoa.

Sees Advance in Wheat Price

In its Nov. 15 review of situation the Department comments as follows on The outlook for wheat price advance within the next The world crop is about bushels short of last year the average of the past five total supply of wheat average season is about 360,000,000 of last year. Relief from pressure appears to be in ing a slackening of shipping gentina and Danube countries slackening of marketings United States and Canada.

Wheat Gluts British Market

London, Nov. 16 (Canadian Press)—A great wheat glut is beginning in the British market.

Minuet, an Andante (with variations) and the Finale. As it was, before these "selections" had run course, the relatively narrow, and here undiversified, timbre of the wind choir began to cloy; while Spohr's neat little, tame little, melodic ideas endured not too well his elegant expansions. If Spohr began music-making as contemporary of Beethoven, he ended that calling as contemporary of Mendelssohn. Now and again the ear caught, or fancied that it caught, a Mendelssohnian finesse and felicity in the elder composer's uses of the wind choir and there was modicum of interest, pleasure—and speculation. Why, for example, did Spohr overlook the flutes and give all his best, or his virtuoso, measures—as in the Variations—to the clarinets or the oboes? At moments also he was ingenious when the bass-drum padded lightly along in the background or the horns deepened a shallow music.

Spohr wrote the Nocturne for the entertainment of a rich man of business in Vienna; evidently believed him easily entertained; utilized, seemingly, whatever matter came slipping off his pen. To him the treatment was everything, and throughout the Nocturne is apt and neat. Yet Mozart, in his house-music for the great and rich of Salzburg, has many times the better of it. The kindly disposed made a mental note of "quaint" against this first item of the afternoon; the more irritable or austere demurred impatiently. One guardian of the temple—and frequenter of the theater—even declared that if she must hear "this sort of thing" at Symphony Hall, then Kern did it better than Spohr. Strauss, however, who brought about the resurrection, always was a connoisseur of wind instruments. "I like to listen to them," he told a friend when he was conductor at the Royal Opera at Berlin and was plodding on a sultry evening through "Lohengrin."

Mr. Eichheim's new tone-poems out of Java and Burma, measurably renewed the illusion, wonder and delight of his first "Oriental Impressions," seven years back. Then he, and we listeners with him, were discoverers of musical sounds touching the ear with strange softness and sweetness, caressing it with subtle dissonance, jangling upon it swiftly and suddenly, by all three holding imagination spelled. Both the new pieces are fresher, more original, graphic and poetized than the "Chinese Legend" of 1925. As occidental composer, Mr. Eichheim tends to a Debussyan idiom. It were not too persuasively the Chinese trappings in which he would then dress it. In "Burma" and "Java" is relatively little

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Composer Applauded at
Symphony Concert

Henry Eichheim was warmly and

Mr. Elchhelm, a violinist in the Boston Symphony from 1891 to 1912, has in recent years made several visits to the Orient, where he has studied the native music of Japan, China, Burma, Java, and India and collected native instruments. His "Oriental Impressions," and "Chinese Legend" have been played by the Boston Symphony in recent seasons.

"Java" is the first movement of an unfinished trilogy. It has an introduction intended to suggest the music by Javanese women on a hollow log, six feet long, used for rice pounding. The sides and ends of the log are struck with heavy clubs in intricate rhythms. Several native themes, with the aid of variations on them, furnish the material for the rest of the piece. In this piece Javanese instruments are added to the orchestra. They do not, however, include one of these rice-logs.

important, his imagination is saturated with the color and atmosphere of the Orient. No wonder then that his tone poems contain many passages that evoke that atmosphere even for listeners who have never been East of Suez. If they fall on the whole in blending the technique and the instruments of European music and those of the Orient the fault lies in the nature of things.

Spohr's Nocturne for wind instruments, probably written in 1812, was commissioned by a rich and presumably eccentric manufacturer. Dr Koussevitzky's revival of it was suggested by Richard Strauss, who called the piece to his attention last Summer. It served yesterday to test the virtuosity of the wood wind and brass players in the Boston Symphony. The suave and spineless character of the music, with its flabby themes and saccharine harmonies, showed clearly enough for Spohr's numerous operas, oratorios, cantatas and symphonies are now never played in public. Only the concert violinists keep his memory green by an occasional revival of one of his concertos, which, after all, are quite as good as the bulk of the violin virtuoso repertory.

So elaborate a work should be first on a program, even if comers had to be excluded for a time. In New York and Philadelphia-comers at orchestral concert not admitted until there is an mission. Why are they in Boston to troop into the hall in a piece, as they did yesterday the Spohr, disturbing the 99 cent of the audience which have arrived on time?

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Friday, Nov. 15, 1929.

Thursday, Nov. 14, 1929

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Saturday, Nov. 9, 1929.

Loss for the week....

Recent Trend—

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Closed, Dec. 31, 1914

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Rose, June 9, 1923, to
Fell, Oct. 27, 1923, to
Rose, Dec. 8, 1923, to
Fell, Dec. 18, 1923, to
Closed, Dec. 31, 1923

Rose, Feb. 6, 1924, to
Fell, Apr. 22, 1924, to
Rose, May 7, 1924, to
Fell, May 20, 1924, to
Rose, Aug. 18, 1924, to
Fell, Sept. 6, 1924, to
Rose, Sept. 24, 1924, to
Fell, Oct. 14, 1924, to
Closed, Dec. 31, 1924.

Rose, Jan. 3, 1925, to
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trace of that Parisian speech and he resorts to it, primarily, as conveyance for his Oriental discoveries.

Beyond this pitfall escaped, another opens. "Java," for example, unfolds from motifs heard and noted there or elsewhere in Malaysia. From them Mr. Eichheim draws a series of variations. Before they have all come to pass, he has exhausted his material. The hearer catches himself listening only for the strange resonances of metal, in gong or tub or bar, struck by bright-colored, padded sticks. "Burma" suffers less by this limitation—because it is briefer and pithier, because it is more impressionistic and, as it seemed to an outsider, less dependent upon native motifs.

"Burma," moreover, was plentiful in a new interest—of rhythm. Two of the four short divisions are dances: grotesque for the Councillors; sinuous and spiralling for the Maids of Honor; while a third—of the Prince and the Princess—goes in stately motion with ritual-like flourishes. Now these rhythms are novel and piquant to Occidental ears, giving to the music a new beat, to fancy a new compulsion. They renew the strangeness that the first "Oriental Impressions" diffused. Again comes the notion that in this Oriental music is not a little that Occidental composers have yet to discover, employ and impart to audiences. At the outset of "Java" is similar rhythmic surprise. We listen to rice-pounders, and the swirling rhythmic patterns of their blows are intricate and singular.

Elsewhere, "Java" more gains the ear by the concord or the discord, the color and suggestion of novel, subtle timbres. A gong is tapped and the answering note is strangely bright, light, clear and sweet. From a bar and the bamboo resonator beneath proceeds as rare and as musical a sound. Other of these native instruments are touched, contrasted, blended. The notes fall super-subtle, super-shaded; lend a strange, soft glitter to the customary instrumental and harmonic vesture, upon which they are sewn like little stars. There are resonances and radiances in these Javanese timbres that as yet our ears hardly perceive; yet even so are surprise to the imagination. Mr. Eichheim discovers, adjusts, reveals; thereby enlarges less the bounds, than the sensibilities of music. He renews the adventure on a larger, bolder scale in the introduction to "Burma" and listening ears are filled with new resonances, dissonances and suggested mood.

Re-playing, for the second part of a long concert, the "Sinfonia Domestica," Dr. Koussevitzky renewed for Strauss the fine, true discriminating service

that he did last month for Chalkovsky in the "Pathetic Symphony." It is easy to deride the tone-poem, when as yesterday, that picturing of Dr. and Mrs. Strauss, of Jacquingasse, 10, Vienna III., follows close upon such musical exoticism as "Burma" and "Java." It is equally easy to emphasize what some call the jocular, and others the vulgar, aspects of "The Domestica." There are German analysts who harp upon "drastic tone-picturing"; English, as well, who profess to know how, when and where the child is bathed and put to bed or husband and wife fall to querulous disputing. There are conductors, no less, who take cue for a similar reading; turn the final fugue into rude din and dissonance; set the clock to striking as though it were alarm for a lumbermen's camp; lard out the songful middle measures thick and greasy; with dull wits and heavy hands, begin and persist turgidly. From such performance the hearer departs ready to agree with the first detractor who happens to flaunt in his face the megalomania, the coarse humor, the tasteless egotism of the composer of "Ein Heldenleben" and this same "Sinfonia Domestica."

Such analysts, commentators and conductors read the tone-poem without the divination which is the only reason for their respective callings. Return to the final fugue and consider it as happy expansion of an awakening, morning mood, to be taken with animation, even exuberance, yet lightly, wittily, fancifully. Open the middle pages and find in them the zest and the passion of living when the artist creates or the man within him loves. Then release these ardent, full-freighted staves. Hark back to the unfolding of husband, wife and child in the motifs of the beginning. They are not semi-literal definitions, but the composer's fancy playing about his imagined household. Follow the course of the succeeding Scherzo and here is no obtrusive fiddle-faddle about "the baby's bath," but Strauss's fantasy upon homely happiness, as dreamful in its way as the sleep-chasings, so called, that link the middle ecstasies to the gay elation of the end. So to read "The Domestica" is to read it for the poetry implicit and discoverable within.

Yesterday, in Symphony Hall, Dr. Koussevitzky opened out such a tone-poem; while the orchestra was its manifold voice. As from one who writes musically, the individualizing themes took shape and substance. Under the conductor's light pace, rhythm and tone, the Scherzo was idyllic. Cleansed of thick-ness and heaviness, distilled into cumu-

prices was downward. The season was quiet and easy because of a holiday in Brazil tendency since Thursday phase of unsteady trend. The gone up, in accordance with financial aid for the Brazilian try, and down between times. Today, the New York market heavy net declines for the Rio December was 8.50 cents a week ago; March 8.30 vs. 25 vs. 8.98. In Santos Decem-

week's program at Symphony Hall stand

his latest works, "Burma," originally composed as music for a play by Lewisohn at the Neighborhood House in New York in 1926, later and played by the Chicago, Los Angeles, and Philadelphia orchestras; entirely new, which the composer acted for the first time at Philadelphia on Friday, Saturday and Monday. In them Mr. Eichheim uses the instruments of the Gamelang or Javanese orchestra—the bonang, made of twelve metal tubes; the saron, seven heavy bars on a resonator; the demong, bronze bars each under its own atar; the gender, thirteen metal strung over bamboo resonators; the mba; five tuned gongs. These, by of mouth from Mr. Eichheim, are authentic and used by the natives of Java. They were brought from Samar and Solokarta. In playing them the es sit on the floor." There are also these instruments, "brought from oon and Mandalay." Together these groups of instruments fill most of space where usually the last desks of have place; from there to back of the orchestral platform. To them there will be nine percussionists, drawn from various choirs of orchestra.

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second movement, "Angkor," depicting masses of great temples in Cambodia, dedicated to Dr. Koussevitzky. This Indian architecture includes the impressively beautiful temples in which Indo-China. The building left the Khmers are a fruitful field for artist to dream and think in. The at night of this dead grandeur was towering and fantastic in the expanse and a strange contrast to Chinese as for example the Temple of in Peiping.

The finale of this Symphony, "Ball," is on the brilliant and scintillating of this people. It will be dedicated to Stokowski. Bali is a delightful island sixty by ninety miles in size, six hours by steamer directly east of Java. Its inhabitants are the handsomest, most lovable people on earth. They are all peasants—farmers first of then artists: goldsmiths and silver-smiths, weavers, architects, painters, accompanists, wood-carvers. Their music is of extravagantly brilliant intensity. They use the same instruments as the Javanese, but strike them with harder blows, while the Javanese use softer blows. Hence the brilliance of their music. Javanese music, in contrast, is

and golden, the most beautiful in the world. There are in it no joints; it is an unending flowing sound. One never hears a pack of hammers, is never aware of that the music is being made; it is like lovely streams that flow over rocks—coming from nowhere, going where; simply existing as a thing of ceaseless beauty. Intricate rhythmic patterns follow one another with perfect logic. They are a basic principle for this refined, highly organized, art. For this art is the result of tropically warm inspiration of a highly talented race.

On my last trip of mine," continued Mr. Eichheim, "I took me 1500 miles up the Macassar River. While I was there the broke out. More than one bullet from a Mauser rifle passed through my hat on the river-boat. One day, about a hundred miles from nowhere, I read upon the artistic beauty of an inscription in Chinese characters on the wall of a river-bank. What was my surprise when I learned that these characters which I had been admiring spelled 'Kill the foreigners.' I go on my trips, by the way, not as a musician but as a lover of Oriental architecture. Then I hear music; it may be of a village, it may be the song of peasants at work, or of vendors selling their wares on the streets. But when I hear music I make note of them. So this last trip added me about four hundred exam-

On the island of Java I attended a wedding of five princesses at Djokjarta. The beautiful young brides were covered with priceless jewels, in robes of medieval gorgeousness. The ceremony was of great dignity and importance, and ended only when the brides were carried away in their palanquins. Forty days after the wedding was an elaborate ceremonial celebration by a three-day festival, lasting from six in the morning until midnight. There were plays founded on Hindu classics. There were dances and the ceremonial music. As this golden music at its finest, by one of the three best Javanese musicians in the world. Through these hours the orchestra was playing intently, leaving a never-to-be-forgotten impression upon the mind of the Occidental musician.

"Java" begins with the music of gamelans; a hollow log six or seven feet long, used for threshing rice, is played by six women with heavy clubs. The clanging sounds have caused it to be used as a musical instrument. The gamelan are of astonishing intensity and the players weave intricate rhythmic

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Spoils From The East for Western Ears

To Symphony Hall Eichheim,
Returned Anew, Brings
"Java" and "Burma"

Trans. — Nov. 14, 1929.

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Henry Eichheim will be remembered by some for his "Oriental Impressions" and his "Chinese Legend," played here respectively in 1922 and 1925; by others from the fact that he belonged to the first violins of the Boston Symphony Orchestra from 1890 to 1912. He is now a world-traveller, though his legal residence is in Santa Barbara, California. As a composer he devotes his energies to the music of the Orient. Upon this

week's program at Symphony Hall stand two of his latest works, "Burma," originally composed as music for a play by Irene Lewisohn at the Neighborhood Playhouse in New York in 1926, later enlarged and played by the Chicago, Los Angeles, and Philadelphia orchestras; "Java," entirely new, which the composer conducted for the first time at Philadelphia on Friday, Saturday and Monday last. In them Mr. Eichheim uses the instruments of the Gamelang or Javanese orchestra,—the bonang, made of twelve small metal tubes; the saron, seven heavy bronze bars on a resonator; the demong, seven bronze bars each under its own resonator; the gender, thirteen metal bars strung over bamboo resonators; a marimba; five tuned gongs. These, by word of mouth from Mr. Eichheim, are "all authentic and used by the natives of Java. They were brought from Samarang and Solokarta. In playing them the natives sit on the floor." There are also Burmese instruments, "brought from Rangoon and Mandalay." Together these two groups of instruments fill most of the space where usually the last desks of violas have place; from there to back-center of the orchestral platform. To play them there will be nine percussion-players, drawn from various choirs of the orchestra.

"Java" said Mr. Eichheim yesterday, "is the result of my last trip (1927-28) to the Orient, and is the first movement of an Oriental Symphony which I am writing. It is dedicated to my wife. The second movement, 'Angkor,' depicting the masses of great temples in Cambodia, is dedicated to Dr. Koussevitzky. This Cambodian architecture includes the most impressively beautiful temples in French Indo-China. The building left by the Khmers are a fruitful field for an artist to dream and think in. The effect at night of this dead grandeur was overpowering and fantastic in the extreme and a strange contrast to Chinese ruins, as for example the Temple of Heaven in Peiping.

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liquid and golden, the most beautiful music in the world. There are in it no edges or joints; it is an unending flow of entrancing sound. One never hears the impact of hammers, is never aware of the fact that the music is being made; rather is it like lovely streams that flow out of rocks—coming from nowhere, going nowhere; simply existing as a thing of sourceless beauty. Intricate rhythmic patterns follow one another with extreme logic. They are a basic principle for this refined, highly organized, perfected art. For this art is the result of the tropically warm inspiration of a profoundly talented race.

"This last trip of mine," continued Mr. Eichheim, "took me 1500 miles up the Yangtze River. While I was there the war broke out. More than one bullet from a Mauser rifle passed through my cabin on the river-boat. One day, about five hundred miles from nowhere, I remarked upon the artistic beauty of an inscription in Chinese characters on the grass of a river-bank. What was my surprise when I learned that these characters which I had been admiring spelled the words, 'Kill the foreigners.' I go on these trips, by the way, not as a musician, but as a lover of Oriental architecture: Then I hear music; it may be of orchestras, it may be the song of peasants at work, or of vendors selling their wares on the streets. But when I hear them I make note of them. So this last trip yielded me about four hundred examples."

On the island of Java I attended a royal wedding of five princesses at Djok-jakarta. The beautiful young brides were covered with priceless jewels, in costumes of medieval gorgeousness. The ceremony was of great dignity and impressiveness, and ended only when the grooms carried the brides away in their arms. Forty days after the wedding there was an elaborate ceremonial celebrated by a three-day festival, lasting each day from six in the morning until ten at night. There were plays founded on the Hindu classics. There were dancing and the ceremonial music. Here was this golden music at its finest, played by one of the three best Javanese orchestras in the world. Through these long hours the orchestra was playing incessantly, leaving a never-to-be-forgotten impression upon the mind of the Occidental musician.

"My 'Java' begins with the music of rice-pounders; a hollow log six or seven feet long, used for threshing rice, is struck by six women with heavy clubs. The resulting sounds have caused it to be used as a musical instrument. The sounds are of astonishing intensity and the players weave intricate rhythmic

patterns of asymmetric design. I use four of these rhythms in the introduction. Then after a transition there is a melody of five notes which I heard in the theater at Djokjakarta, which is the basis of the entire piece. There are also two counter-melodies heard in the courts of Djokjakarta. 'Java' ends with a section depicting the calm of early morning at the Borobudur, the largest Buddhist shrine in the world."

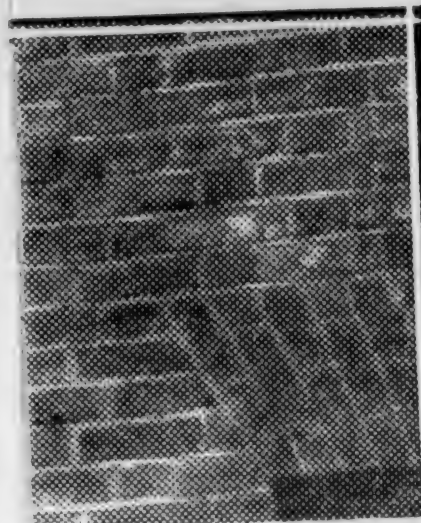
"Burma" is divided into two main parts: (1) Twilight at the Shwe Dagon; (2) a Pwé. A Pwé consists of three dances: I. The prince and princess, personages taken from the Hindu classics and appearing as principal figures in Burmese and Javanese stage plays. II. Grotesquerie. Grotesque figures which are part of all theatrical performances in Java and Burma. They relieve the tension of tragedy with their clowning add contrast. III. A final dance of the maids of honor. Said Mr. Eichheim: "The beginning of 'Burma' pictures twilight on the platform of the Shwe Dagon, the most beautiful Buddhist shrine in Burma, a huge golden spire. This twilight mood brings the peasants, the priests, the musicians, the boys playing ball, the water-carriers, the aged and the young, into the sacred precincts of this holy shrine. This teeming life is soon engulfed in the night and ends with the tinkling of the little bells that are suspended from the pagoda, swayed by the wind. The second part is composed of three dances and is called a Pwé. It is a form of entertainment common throughout Burma in which musicians and dancers and singers play their grotesque or serious music on platforms before a newly opened store, or at the house of a merchant who is celebrating the birth of a son, or some other festive occasion in Burmese life." A. H. M.

Introduction for New-Old Composer

Dr. Koussevitzky Presents
Herr Ludwig Spohr to
Audiences of 1929

THE third novel number on the program for the Symphony Concerts this week—the other two are described elsewhere on these pages—is a piece for wind choir by Ludwig Spohr, composer once often heard at these concerts. In the days of Henschel, Gericke, Nikisch and Pauer, the Overture to his opera, "Jessonda," was played seven times; the eighth Violin-Concerto, thirteen times, the ninth, nine times. Eight

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tween the old and new romantic schools" in German music. Like Schubert he had a taste for harmonic color. Chromatic modulations, often (to modern ears, at least) sweetish in flavor, abound in his works. This first definite step in the direction of chromaticism was, of course, eventually to result in a "Tristan." But his style was prolix and amiable, circumlocutory and excessively mellifluous. Perhaps Schumann's dictum—"As he looks at everything as though through tears, his figures run into each other like formless, ethereal shapes, for which we can scarcely find a name"—would make him, also an unconscious prophet of modern impressionism!

Upon the title-page of the piece to be played tomorrow stand these words: "Notturno für Harmonie-und Janitscharen-Musik; Sr. Durchlaucht Herrn Gunthera Friedrich Carl, regierenden Fürsten zu Schwarzburg-Sonderhausen, unterthänigst zugeeignet von Louis Spohr." An obviously literal translation of this title would be, "Nocturne for Harmony-and Janissary-Music," etc. Symphony Hall has translated it "Nocturne for Woodwinds and Turkish Music." A little research will be to the point. Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians, under Janissary, says, "See Turkish music"; and under that caption writes, "(Turkish of Janitscharen-Musik)—term which was once used to describe the percussion instruments in the orchestra, base-drum, cymbals and triangle. The band of the Janissaries, abolished in 1825, is said to have comprised a piccolo and oboes in addition to the percussion instruments named." So far, so good. Spohr first heard "Janissary" music at a popular festival held in honor of the birthday of his prince. There was dancing. He writes in his autobiography: "In answer to my question as to where so many musicians would be found, I learned that the 'Janitscharen-Musik' would play for the peasants . . ."

To Spohr then, in agreement with Grove above, "Janitscharen-Musik" was a kind of band rather than a type of composition. Final confirmation of this view comes from Meyer's [German] Lexikon, which under Janitscharen-Musik refers to Militär-Musik and there writes: "A type of music, or a reference to the kind of orchestra which accompanies troops. One distinguishes: Infantry (Harmonie-formerly Janissary-) Music, consisting of woodwinds, brass, percussion, also glockenspiel; Hunting (horn-) Music, consisting entirely of brass, with doubled French horns; Cavalry (trumpet-) Music, in which woodwinds are lacking, alto-horns replace French horns, trumpets stand in the foreground and drums are added. Each of these types has its peculiar tone-color. Infantry-music with its high woodwinds is suitable for modern music; Hunting music

is well for song-like cantabile melody; for Cavalry music with its piercing trumpets and resounding drums these are most effective." From which it is apparent that Spohr's Nocturne might well be entitled in English, "Nocturne for military band." Dr. Koussevitzky in Berlin last year recommended the Nocturne. It is divided into six divisions—march, minuet, waltz, polonaise, a polonaise, and a finale. The score calls for a trill, bass drum and cymbals, piccolo, oboes, clarinets horns, trumpets, double-bassoon and trombone. The polonaise adds a "corno di posta."

Nov 23, 1929
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ON Thursday and Saturday last, Dr. Koussevitzky and the Boston Orchestra were heard for the first time this season in New York. On the evening program stood Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel." In The Sun Mr. Henderson praised the performance warmly, saying:

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All was luminous and vivid, vital and yet touched with that strain of tenderness without which any reading of "Till Eulenspiegel" must fall short of the composer's intent. In short, it was a masterly presentation of a composition which has often been played admirably, sometimes superlatively, but assuredly never with a more sweeping gamut of orchestral splendors, never with a firmer outlining of its design, than last evening. The Boston Symphony Orchestra not only returned to town but to its golden era.

And Ravel

For his part, Mr. Thompson of The Evening Post was more pleased with Dr. Koussevitzky's version of Ravel's "Mother-Goose" pieces: "If it's modern music—that is, modern French music—or, to be more

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Herr Ludwig Spohr
Audiences of 192

THE third novel number on gram for the Symphony was a pioneer. This week—the other two numbers mount to nearly one hundred piece for wind choir by Ludwig and fifty. Best known among them was composer once often heard at a symphony with title, "The Consecration of Tones"; the opera, "Jessonda"; Nikisch and Pauer, the Overture the oratorio, "The Last Judgment"; the opera, "Jessonda," was played eighth Violin-Concerto. Historically he times; the eighth Violin-Concerto stands in the van-guard of romanticists. Indeed he has been called a "link be-

of his compositions had distinct place in the repertory—four of them violin-concertos, two overtures, two symphonies. The last Spohr performance occurred Oct. 20, 1906, when Willy Hess played the ninth Violin-Concerto and Dr. Muck conducted at his second pair of concerts in America. More recently, if memory does not slip, Albert Spalding, the violinist, has played pieces by Spohr in recital, possibly in Boston. In his time and long after there was no doubting his vogue.

Spohr was a contemporary of Beethoven for no less than forty-three years. For Spohr's birth occurred in 1784, Beethoven's death not until 1827. But the two men did not meet until late in Beethoven's life. It is said that Spohr never fully understood or appreciated either Beethoven or Weber. But he was among the first to champion the cause of Wagner, giving early performances of "The Flying Dutchman" and "Tannhäuser" against much opposition. He was also greatly interested in Schumann.

Spohr himself was violinist, conductor, composer of powers in his day considered extraordinary. As violinist he played one of his own duos concertante with Paganini in Rome; was the teacher of many of the noted violinists of the succeeding generation; wrote a "violin-school" which long remained a classic in pedagogical literature. As a conductor he was famous all over Europe. Like Haydn before him, he was once guest of the London Philharmonic Orchestra. "It was at that time still the custom there," according to his autobiography, "that when symphonies and overtures were performed, the pianist had the score before him, not exactly to conduct from it, but only to read after and to play in with the orchestra at pleasure, which when it was heard [nota bene!] had a very bad effect. The real conductor was the first violin, who gave the tempi, and now and then when the orchestra began to falter, gave the beat with the bow of his violin." This was the state of orchestral performance only a hundred years ago. There was actual conducting only "when the orchestra began to falter"! It was with some difficulty that Spohr persuaded the directors of the Philharmonic Society to allow him to conduct with a baton, in which method of conducting he was a pioneer.

Spohr composed in all forms. His opus numbers mount to nearly one hundred and fifty. Best known among them was a symphony with title, "The Consecration of Tones"; the opera, "Jessonda"; the oratorio, "The Last Judgment"; the eighth Violin-Concerto. Historically he stands in the van-guard of romanticists. Indeed he has been called a "link be-

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Herr Doktor Richard Strauss, encoun- tering Dr. Koussevitzky in Berlin last June, recommended the Nocturne. It falls into six divisions—march, minuet, andante with variations, a polonaise, an adagio, finale. The score calls for a tri- angle, bass drum and cymbals, piccolo, flutes, oboes, clarinets horns, trumpets, bassoons, double-bassoon and trombone. The polonaise adds a "corno di posta." The square-cut eight-and-sixteen-measure rhythms of most of these movements pre- clude, of course, the meandering style which has been charged against Spohr as his worst fault. Per contra, except in the variations and adagio he does not rise above the style of military band music. The Nocturne was popular in Spohr's day. In Boston, the Andante with variations was played in 1859 by the Mendelssohn Quintet.

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Henry Eichheim is the son of Meinhard Eichheim, the leading violoncellist in Chicago thirty-five years ago, and a member of Theodore Thomas's Orchestra. A student of Carl Becker and of S. E. Jacobsohn at the Chicago Musical College, the son received the first prize for violin playing and appeared as soloist at the commencement concert of that institution, June 24, 1890. He also studied with Leopold Lichtenberg. For a year he was a member of Theodore Thomas's Orchestra in New York, but in 1890-91 he was one of the first violins of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Eichheim left this orchestra at the end of the season of 1911-12 to devote himself to composition, concert playing, teaching and conducting. For four years he was conductor of the Winchester (Mass.) Symphony Orchestra. In 1915 Mr. Eichheim visited Japan and other Eastern countries, returning to Japan in 1919. He remained in that country more than a year, making a careful study of Oriental music. Another visit was made to the Orient in 1922, and in 1927-28 he visited Java, Bali, and Angkor in Indo-China, and made a journey 1,500 miles up the Yangtze-Kiang, collecting musical material and adding to his large collection of Oriental instruments.

specific, the music of Maurice Ravel—provided the particular Ravel work is none other than 'Ma Mere l'Oye'—give us the Boston Symphony conducted by Serg Koussevitzky, just as we had it in the first of the ten concerts Boston is contributing to the welfare of those who congregate in Carnegie Hall. Momentarily, we may not be quite so sure about Beethoven, and even less certain about Richard Strauss.

"But when Mr. Koussevitzky was fairly into the 'Pavane of the Sleeping Beauty,' that is the first of the 'Mother-Goose' pieces, there was never a doubt with us as to the pre-eminence of the Bostonians in this music. Perhaps it is not the most difficult music in the world to play. But such gossamer delicacy as that which whispered the spell about 'La Belle au Bois Dormant' is certainly not easy of attainment, or it would not be such a rarity in the concert-halls. It is permissible to be a little weary of 'The Conversations of Beauty and the Beast,' but 'Le Jardin Féerique' regained a charm that, for us, had all but vanished from it until the Boston conductor waved his thaumaturgic wand and bade it return."

Also Beethoven

The concert ended with Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. Hearing it, Mr. Perkins of The Tribune Herald was quick with praise. In preceding concerts [he writes] Mr. Koussevitzky showed that he could avoid the risk of treating Beethoven's Fifth Sym-

phony as a matter of course, and did so again in a vigorous, fresh performance of marked color and no lack of brilliance. There was much contrast, with assertive climaxes and, occasionally, a touch of stridency, but it was a vivid interpretation, suggesting that the Russian conductor and his musicians were offering this Symphony owing to their interest in it, rather than from a sense of duty.

But Hardly Gruenberg

On Saturday afternoon, Mr. Grünberg's tone-poem, "The Enchanted Isle"—the one novel number at the two concerts—had none too good a press. Only The Times thought highly of the piece. The other reviewers of a Sunday were lukewarm—as witnesses this paragraph from The Herald Tribune: "Listening to Mr. Grünberg's work one could not but fancy that his enchanted island had been visited before he arrived there. One has heard accounts suspiciously like that of Mr. Grünberg concerning an enchanted island known to Ravel and to Debussy. But this is not to be wondered at. As a great philosopher once observed, 'our new thoughts have thrilled dead bosoms.' Mr. Grünberg's thoughts, as expressed in this music, are often beautiful and poetic and are set forth by an orchestra that knows how to make the sense of enchantment audible and persuasive. Mr. Grünberg is an able craftsman and his instruments obviously tell us what he wished them to say to us. Mr. Koussevitzky gave the work a devoted and eloquent performance, and at its conclusion he summoned the composer to the stage to share with him the plaudits of the audience."

Sixth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, NOVEMBER 29, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 30, at 8.15 o'clock

RICHARD BURGIN will conduct these concerts

Rimsky-Korsakov . . . Suite from "Le Coq d'Or"

- I. King Dodon in his Palace.
- II. King Dodon with the Queen of Shemakha.
- III. Wedding March and Lamentable End of King Dodon.

Borodin . . . Symphony in B minor No. 2, Op. 5

- I. Allegro moderato.
- II. Molto vivo.
- III. Andante.
- IV. Allegro.

Saint-Saëns . . . Concerto in B minor for Violin and Orchestra, No. 3, Op. 61

- I. Allegro non troppo.
- II. Andantino quasi allegretto.
- III. Molto moderato e maestoso: Allegro non troppo.

Wetzler . . . Symphonic Dance in Basque Style from "The Basque Venus," Opera (after Prosper Mérimée), Op. 14

Fandango—Zortziko—Espatadantza—Ariñ-Ariñ

(First time in Boston)

SOLOIST

JACQUES THIBAUD

There will be an intermission after the symphony

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert

Henry Eichheim is the son of Meinhard Eichheim, the leading violoncellist in Chicago thirty-five years ago, and a member of Theodore Thomas's Orchestra. A student of Carl Becker and of S. E. Jacobsohn at the Chicago Musical College, the son received the first prize for violin playing and appeared as soloist at the commencement concert of that institution, June 24, 1890. He also studied with Leopold Lichtenberg. For a year he was a member of Theodore Thomas's Orchestra in New York, but in 1890-91 he was one of the first violins of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Eichheim left this orchestra at the end of the season of 1911-12 to devote himself to composition, concert playing, teaching and conducting. For four years he was conductor of the Winchester (Mass.) Symphony Orchestra. In 1915 Mr. Eichheim visited Japan and other Eastern countries, returning to Japan in 1919. He remained in that country more than a year, making a careful study of Oriental music. Another visit was made to the Orient in 1922, and in 1927-28 he visited Java, Bali, and Angkor in Indo-China, and made a journey 1,500 miles up the Yangtze-Kiang, collecting musical material and adding to his large collection of Oriental instruments.

specific, the music of Maurice Ravel—provided the particular Ravel work is none other than 'Ma Mere l'Oye'—give us the Boston Symphony conducted by Serg Koussevitzky, just as we had it in the first of the ten concerts Boston is contributing to the welfare of those who congregate in Carnegie Hall. Momentarily, we may not be quite so sure about Beethoven, and even less certain about Richard Strauss.

"But when Mr. Koussevitzky was fairly into the 'Pavane of the Sleeping Beauty,' that is the first of the 'Mother-Goose' pieces, there was never a doubt with us as to the pre-eminence of the Bostonians in this music. Perhaps it is not the most difficult music in the world to play. But such gossamer delicacy as that which whispered the spell about 'La Belle au Bois Dormant' is certainly not easy of attainment, or it would not be such a rarity in the concert-halls. It is permissible to be a little weary of 'The Conversations of Beauty and the Beast,' but 'Le Jardin Féerique' regained a charm that, for us, had all but vanished from it until the Boston conductor waved his thaumaturgic wand and bade it return."

Also Beethoven

The concert ended with Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. Hearing it, Mr Perkins of The Tribune Herald was quick with praise. In preceding concerts [he writes] Mr. Koussevitzky showed that he could avoid the risk of treating Beethoven's Fifth Sym-

phony as a matter of course, and did so again in a vigorous, fresh performance of marked color and no lack of brilliance. There was much contrast, with assertive climaxes and, occasionally, a touch of stridency, but it was a vivid interpretation, suggesting that the Russian conductor and his musicians were offering this Symphony owing to their interest in it, rather than from a sense of duty.

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JACQUES THIBAUD

Herald Nov. 30, 1924
SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave the sixth concert of its 49th season yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Richard Burgin, the concert master, conducted. Jacques Thibaud was the solo violinist. The program was as follows: Rimsky-Korsakov, suite from "Le Coq d'Or"; Borodin, Symphony, B minor, No. 2; Saint-Saens, Violin Concerto No. 3, B minor; Wetzler, Symphonic Dance in Basque style from "The Basque Venus," an opera based on a story by Merimee. (First time in Boston.)

Some dismiss Borodin as an amateur in music; accomplished in his own profession; no doubt "fond of music", but far inferior to the other members of the "Big Five". Thus they do him gross injustice, as Handel unjustly slighted Gluck, saying that his own cook knew more about counterpoint. Borodin had not the academic training of Balakirev and Rimsky-Korsakov, but he wrote songs of exquisite beauty; there is the symphony played yesterday; there are pages of "Prince Igor"; there is a charming string quartet. No doubt in all these works, except the songs, a learned professor could point out some technical flaws, shortcomings and so on, but Borodin had musical ideas, imaginative, poetic; he was not slavishly bound to the theory that extreme nationalism is all-important; he knew and was proud of his country's history; he realized the value of Russian and Asiatic folk-songs; but he knew that music to endure for a time must pass national boundaries; that oriental flavoring must be for orthodox forms to please western ears; for nothing in music so quickly palls on the so-called civilized world as extreme and obstinate exoticism. Take the symphony in B minor, for example, of which The Finale is the least important section.

Only a composer of a poetic nature, a lover of the beautiful which includes fancy, could have written the Scherzo, the Andante, and much of the opening Allegro. In these pages there are fine harmonic and instrumental expressions that are Borodin's, not another's. The Suite from "Le Coq d'Or" preceded, delightful music in large part, but chiefly so by reason of piquant instrumentation. The difference does not lie in the fact that Rimsky-Korsakov's music is for the opera house; Borodin's for the concert hall; it lies in the musical nature of the two men. Borodin while he was writing his symphony was also at work on his opera. It is not sur-

prising that there are measures in the symphony that recall the Polovtsian dances with chorus in "Prince Igor"; but there is nothing in the symphony that can be called strictly operatic; nor is Rimsky-Korsakov in his happiest mood when he attempts in any one of his works to be strictly symphonic, although he put himself under a rigorous course of counterpoint, when he found out that he needed this instruction.

Mr. Wetzler, knowing that the scene of Merimee's "La Venus d'Ille" is not far from the Basque country, helped himself reasonably to Biscayan rhythms. He chose the Fandango, though it is especially a Spanish dance; the Zortzico, a complicated dance in which many join toward the end; Espatadantz, a Basque sword dance that admits pantomime; and for a Finale the Arin-Arin, the last figure of the Zortzico.

The suite derived from the opera was first performed at Hamburg under Dr. Muck's leadership. The Chicago orchestra gave the first performance in this country last February. The opera itself was produced at Leipsic last November.

As is the case with most suites when the dances are not in strong contrast, the earlier pages of Mr. Wetzler's symphonic dance are the most striking, the most musically interesting. When he comes to the furious pages of the Finale, there is chiefly a monstrous din in which distinctive rhythms are lost. The Fandango and the Zortziko are those portions of the work which are the most pleasing to the hearer; those which are most creditable to the composer. How closely this music expresses the Biscayan spirit and emotions is not for a New Englander who knows that land only through tales of travellers and novelists, and through illustrated print, to say. Ten years ago last April Mr. Laparra's "Basque Sunday" was performed here at a symphony concert. The composer was the pianist. The Scherzo was suggested by the game of Pelote. In the last movement there were allusion to the "Arin-Arin" and the "Espatadantza," but Mr. Laparra said that his aim was not so much to reconstitute the rhythms as to express the musical sentiment evoked in him by certain Biscayan aspects and customs. In Pierne's suites from his music for Coti's "Ramuntcho," selections played at a symphony concert early in 1922—"Rhapsody" was first performed here by the Boston Orchestra Club as early as 1910—there are Biscayan dance rhythms. Laparra's music is picturesque, worthy of the man that wrote the opera, "La Habanera." But the simple measure in which Azucena, when she is dragged by Ferrando before the Count di Luna, sings of her homeland bring Biscay nearer to us.

Saint-Saëns is held in slight repute by the young lions who today roar their opinions about music, but he wrote an effective violin concerto, three piano concertos out of his five that are worth hearing, chamber music of excellent quality, a witty opera "Phryne" and other music that is not negligible. His third violin concerto still gives pleasure especially when it is played by Mr. Thibaud, the most aristocratic of violinists now before our public. Yesterday he was recalled many times.

Mr. Burgin had firm control of the orchestra. He conducted tastefully, with spirit, with authority. The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week will be as follows: Bach, Brandenburg Concerto No. 3 for strings, Fairchild, "Chants Negres" (first time in Boston), Ravel, Bolero (first time in Boston), Schumann, Symphony, C major, No. 2.

THIBAUD SYMPHONY SOLOIST

Wetzler's "Basque Venus" an Orchestral
Treat

Post Nov. 30, 1929
BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

To set forth facts, the Symphony concert of yesterday afternoon brought in Richard Burgin, concert master and assistant conductor, the first leader thus far to replace Dr. Koussevitzky this season, and in Jacques Thibaud, eminent French violinist, the first soloist to be heard in this first quarter of the 24 pairs of Symphony concerts. And to express an opinion, it also brought, in the symphonic dance from Hermann Hans Wetzler's opera, "The Basque Venus," the most arresting new piece of the year.

ENTHUSIASM IN AUDIENCE

Mr. Burgin's task in the pair of concerts he annually conducts is a difficult one. Audience and orchestra alike are more easily impressed by an "outsider" when it comes to the filling of Dr. Koussevitzky's shoes. Yet Mr. Burgin came through yesterday with flying colors. His programme, which, in addition to Wetzler's piece, listed the suite from Rimsky-Korsakov's opera, "Le Coq d'Or," Borodin's Second Symphony and Saint-Saëns' Third Violin Concerto, was shrewdly chosen. From first to last the orchestra responded nobly to his efforts, and the audience, as it chanced, was more consistently enthusiastic than it has been at more than one of the preceding concerts.

A goodly portion of this applause went, of course, to Mr. Thibaud, playing with familiar artistry, elegance, taste, musicianship and technical skill, the adroitly fashioned, superficially attractive music of him who has been called the French Mendelssohn.

Wetzler's Group Liked

But there was applause aplenty at the end of the concert for Wetzler's group of dances, a masterly symphonic development in the Straussian manner of tunes from the Basque country. After this brilliant, formidably difficult composition, most brilliantly played, Mr. Burgin, more than once recalled to the stage, bade his fellow musicians rise and share in the plaudits.

Cordial, too, was the reception accorded the suite in which, with Mr. Burgin as his spokesman, the grave-faced, bearded and be-spectacled Professor Rimsky narrated with the skill peculiarly his own these portions of a fable out of Russian legend, displaying to his enraptured listeners the magical and manifold tints of his orchestral palette.

Borodin's Symphony

Indeed, it was in a way no kindness to Borodin to put his symphony of Russian chivalry after the music of his more accomplished, more resourceful and musically more erudite confrere. Heard with that of Rimsky fresh in the ear, Borodin's instrumentation sounded opaque, seemed lacking in contrasts, while there is in the score little symphonic manipulation of the themes, striking enough in themselves. Only the Andante, with its haunting song of the old troubadours, harp-accompanied, today holds fast the attention.

The Russian Five were not meant to write symphonies. In the opera, the symphonic poem, the orchestral suite and the song lay the fields for their talents.

Matinee Of Thibaud And Lesser Lights

A Master-Violinist, A Lacking
Conductor, New Piece
Mishandled

UNMISTAKABLY it was Mr. Thibaud's concert at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. While the audience was cordial to Mr. Burgin, conducting as Dr. Koussevitzky's deputy, it was doubly warm toward the violinist. He was the first "assisting artist" of the season, and for such, though Dr. Koussevitzky usually banishes them, many still hanker. The Parisian, moreover, was remembered figure. Nearly every one recognized the tall, gaunt, life-worn presence when he came unobtrusively to his place beside the conductor's stand. In Saint-Saëns's Concerto in B minor—the chosen piece—the violin enters immediately. Mr. Thibaud had not played twenty measures before the familiar fineness of tone, the musical sensibility, the clear exposition, pleased and absorbed the hearer. At each pause the applause was eager; at the end long and hearty; while in it the string choir—audience of connoisseurs—quickly joined. The merciless program-book recorded the violinist as in his fiftieth year. Yet ear and hand on the one side, musical susceptibility and stylistic felicity on the other gave no sign of waning. Unlike many a violinist at middle age, Mr. Thibaud neither overdoes nor underdoes. At the golden mean he still sits in Gallic poise.

At first thought, the choice of concerto seemed disappointing. Three years ago, in Symphony Hall, Brahms's Concerto engaged Mr. Thibaud; five years back, Lalo's "Spanish Symphony"; in 1921 a Concerto of Mozart. Now he was returning to the Concerto of Saint-Saëns, in which he made his début at the Symphony Concerts, ten years since. And in these days Saint-Saëns is a demodé composer, not too often heard in his own Paris. Readers of the program-book may have smiled doubtfully when it quoted some nineteenth-century German about the "stormy" or the "intensified

here and there in this Concerto minor. At the end of the nineties neither passion nor deep—as the cited Teuton also imprecisely the quality to be in Saint-Saëns's music. Yet other lasting traits still animate this Violin-Concerto.

Saint-Saëns's hand the orthom is plant not cribbing design. After measure, page after page, forward, never faltering, never. The musical content may not be able or impressive, but economical means, astute the workman. Here a scholarly detail pleases; an agreeable fancy; yet again an adroit turn or an adroit euphony. The violin shines out of the first; in the second, moves the velvet background of the finale, gives the command to the whole orchestra; there is not; but through sentiment, tempered elegance, sense of style.

Saint-Saëns put to music-paper Thibaud called to life in the concert. His tone is fine-textured, and there rough measure in the whole. His ear and hand are quick to euphonies; on Saint-Saëns's pages bound. He shades and accents sensibility and a subtlety alert to imposer's every exercise in fancy or His clearness of mind—and tone mirror to substance, shape, sentiment expanding and diversified. He the composer's economy and apt. Where Saint-Saëns writes the just Mr. Thibaud plays it with as just imposer's precision and elegance; makes both less bloodless, since in e, as so much musical sound, there giving beauty, a gently radiant measure now worn or that progression now run. And brittle never.

A better days of the Comédie-Française when a tragedy of Racine was acted, the golden mean he still sits in Gallic poise.

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other numbers of the afternoon as fortunate. There was the new

"Symphonic Dance," for example, Wetzler's opera, "The Basque," current show-piece in many concert halls. Dr. Muck's audience in Hamburg to cheer it. Mr. Toscanini's in New York to cheer it. A showman, however, requires showmanship, who projects it—minor quality, eminences as the German or the conductor, present and serviceable, the less. It is altogether lacking in Burgin, intelligent, capable, symphonic conductor that he proved himself companionable with Saint-Saëns Thibaud.

In Basque dances, Wetzler for motifs; and they are vivid, modernist energy, he whipped the rhythm to rhythm; diversified the measures to suggest the spell, fatal, irresistible, of Venus the Peacock. He dressed these motifs, repeated, developed, in the multifarious of the modern orchestra. He polished that development in progressions, biting harmonies, discords, flicking timbres, nerve climaxes. The outcome is undoubted show-piece, but also current sense, half the concert-halls of Europe and America. We Bostonians deserved our excitement, but Mr. Burgin could not dance no displayful, nervous, vibrating will. A laggard orchestra played unjustly to composer and to audience whole went for naught.

Like misfortune overtook the personal movement from the Suite of Rimsky-Korsakov's opera, "The Cockerel." The composer flings rhythms; sets instrumental colors for the more incisiveness, glare and the better. The showman's hand is essential and, for fault or merit, Mr. Burgin can not ply it. Therefore the dancing March came tamely off, while the orchestra inertia sat plain. Near the music was the deputy conductor's version of the drowsy scene in Dodon's courtyard, broken now and by distant sounds of war. Rimsky-Korsakov was master, at will, of drum harmonies, lazy rhythms, somnolent bres. He could perfume measures the heavy scents, the thick senseness, the languorous dalliance of Orient. In such music he clothes the slumbrous noontide court, dresses the queen of Shemakha, and Mr. Burgin a viable notion of it.

Again with Borodin's Second Symphony much depends upon the conductor. It was no master of symphonic development. Visions of a primitive, feudal, oriental, Russia floated in his imagination, sounded in his ears, saw boyards in concourse and at

heard the chants of minstrels above the throbbing guzzli. An opera, a ballet, even a symphonic suite, might contain and unfold this dreaming. Borodin preferred a symphony, repeating the chosen motifs; making heavy-handed play with them; depending for a motion, body, surface, suggestion, upon emphatic rhythms, changing harmonies and timbres. By reiterated beat, by diversified color he would prevail. Now Borodin, with all his passionate conceiving, is no Rimsky and no Ravel at such imaginative, resourceful workmanship. He remains half-articulate and muscle-bound. The conductor must release the voice, set free the movement, disperse the monotones. In their time Dr. Muck and Dr. Koussevitzky have done what man may with this Second Symphony of Borodin. Mr. Burgin, intelligent and able musician though he is, lacks the vitalizing force, the projecting imagination to impose such a laboring music upon orchestra and audience. His error throughout the afternoon—the Concerto only excepted—was to play conductors', not composers', music.

H. T. P.

BURGIN CONDUCTS SYMPHONY CONCERT

Thibaud Applauded in
Saint-Saëns Concerto

Globe — Nov. 30, 1929

Richard Burgin, concert master of the Boston Symphony, conducted yesterday's Symphony concert, making what has come to be his annual appearance in that capacity. In January, Eugene Goossens, and the Russian composer Glazunov will, it is reported, each conduct a pair of Symphony concerts as guest leaders. Dr. Koussevitzky's contract is reported to permit him to entrust not more than three of the 24 pairs of concerts to other leaders.

Yesterday the appearance as soloist of the distinguished French violinist, Jacques Thibaud, offered some compensation for the absence of Dr. Koussevitzky to those who think of concerts in terms of the notable personalities to be seen and heard. To those for whom the music is the chief thing at a concert, the admirable playing by the great orchestra under Mr. Burgin's unassuming yet thoroughly competent leadership of an interesting pro-

gram was wholly satisfactory. One noted with interest, however, that a very large number of Friday subscribers had given their tickets to friends.

Mr. Thibaud's interpretation of Saint-Saëns' B minor concerto was warmly applauded. The violinist played with the type of sentiment and the suavity of style this music, essentially a salon piece, demands. For its technical exactions he was, of course, more than adequate. But Mr. Thibaud's playing of Beethoven and Brahms on former occasions, has, however, roused more heartfelt admiration in the listener.

A suite of dances from Wetzler's opera "The Basque Venus" the novelty of the afternoon proved to be effective treatments of Spanish rhythms, scored for large modern orchestra, and given a highly spiced modern harmonic flavor. The composer, who was long a resident of New York, has not heretofore been represented on Boston Symphony programs.

The dances heard yesterday are drawn from an opera based on Merimee's story "The Venus of Ille." They may well take their place in the repertory with the many pseudo-Spanish works such as Rimsky-Korsakov's "Spanish Caprice," Chabrier's "España," and Bizet's "Carmen" whose vivid rhythms and coloristic orchestration so delight audiences. Genuine Spanish music, from Vittoria to de Falla, is curiously somber and serious in tone compared to the non-Spanish composer's notions of what Spanish music should be like.

Yesterday's concert began with a suite from Rimsky-Korsakov's "Le Coq d'Or," which made one that the Chicago Civic Opera, once more possessed of a number of ballet, would produce this work, very agreeably remembered her those who saw the single performance of it given by the Metropolitan more than a decade ago. This and the "Scheherezade" suite are to prove the most enduring of Rimsky-Korsakov's many works. Mr. Burgin had the orchestra play with admirable deftness and clarity, especially in the march, which became turgid moments.

The symphony of the afternoon, Borodin's Second, is said to bear witness of Rimsky-Korsakov's talents at the work of his gifted but amateurish friends among the Russian nationalist composers. Some have in years condemned Rimsky's editing of Musorgsky's "Boris" as tasteless academic, yet, however superior original version, now published at last, may seem to the one long known in our opera houses; it is certainly to

Rimsky's editing that "Boris" was the hearings that have given it worldwide fame.

Perhaps if Borodin had been able to speak for himself in the symphony heard yesterday, without the score passing as it did through the editorial hands of Rimsky and of Glazunov, his music might have had a harsher, more crabbed, more genuinely Slavic originality. As it stands, much of this symphony could easily be the work of Tchaikovsky, whom it was for a long time fashionable to run down as insufficiently Russian. Its qualities are his qualities, its defects, repetitiousness, failure to build up an imposing musical structure, and lapses into the commonplace, are his defects. The much talked of "Five" are less national than writers just before the War made them cut to be, and far less significant.

The real trouble with this Borodin symphony is that it no longer holds the listener's attention. Its theme, once piquant and exotic, is hardly startling to ears accustomed to Stravinsky and Prokofiev. Its musical ideas are not sufficiently pregnant and powerful to compel attention of themselves.

The program announced for next week includes Bach's Third "Brandenburg" Concerto; Blair Fairchild's "Chants Negres;" Ravel's much-discussed "Bolero," and Schumann's Second Symphony. Dr. Koussevitzky will conduct.

P. 7

Letters to the Editor

AS CURTAIN RAISERS

To the Editor of the Transcript:

I wonder if Dr. Koussevitzky would feel inclined to give us, now and then, a good old-fashioned overture as a curtain raiser instead of so many excerpts of ballet music? There are beautiful overtures which are rarely, almost never, heard. Take, for instance, Mendelssohn's "Fingel's Cave"; "The Midsummer Night's Dream"; Schumann's "Manfred," "Genoveva"; Weber's "Euryanthe"; "Der Freischütz"; "Oberon"; Mozart's "Figaro"; Beethoven's "Coriolan"—and in the more modern, Goldmark's "Sakuntala" and Smetana's "Bartered Bride," all beautiful, any of which would be a starter on any program. An overture is like a plate of soup, while ballet music is like a sweet which may be taken as dessert.

CLAYTON JOHNS

Boston, Dec. 2.

"Symphonic Dance," for example, Wetzler's opera, "The Basque," current show-piece in many concert halls. Dr. Muck's audience in Hamburg to cheer it. Mr. Toscanini's in New York to reverberant air. A show, however, requires showmanship who projects it—minor quality eminences as the German or the conductor, present and serviceable the less. It is altogether lacking in Burgin, intelligent, capable, symphonic conductor that he proved himself companionable with Saint-Saëns Thibaud.

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Again with Borodin's Second Symphony much depends upon the conductor. Dr. Muck was no master of symphonic development. Visions of a primitive, feudal, oriental, Russia floated in his imagination, sounded in his ears, saw boyards in concourse and at

heard the chants of minstrels above the throbbing guzzl. An opera, a ballet, even a symphonic suite, might contain and unfold this dreaming. Borodin preferred a symphony, repeating the chosen motives; making heavy-handed play with them; depending for a motion, body, surface, suggestion, upon emphatic rhythms, changing harmonies and timbres. By reiterated beat, by diversified color he would prevail. Now Borodin, with all his passionate conceiving, is no Rimsky and no Ravel at such imaginative, resourceful workmanship. He remains half-articulate and muscle-bound. The conductor must release the voice, set free the movement, disperse the monotonies. In their time Dr. Muck and Dr. Koussevitzky have done what man may with this Second Symphony of Borodin. Mr. Burgin, intelligent and able musician though he is, lacks the vitalizing force, the projecting imagination to impose such a laboring music upon orchestra and audience. His error throughout the afternoon—the Concerto only excepted—was to play conductors', not composers', music.

H. T. P.

BURGIN CONDUCTS SYMPHONY CONCERT

Thibaud Applauded in
Saint-Saens Concerto

Globe — Nov. 30, 1929

Richard Burgin, concert master of the Boston Symphony, conducted yesterday's Symphony concert, making what has come to be his annual appearance in that capacity. In January, Eugene Goossens, and the Russian composer Glazunov will, it is reported, each conduct a pair of Symphony concerts as guest leaders. Dr. Koussevitzky's contract is reported to permit him to entrust not more than three of the 24 pairs of concerts to other leaders.

Yesterday the appearance as soloist of the distinguished French violinist, Jacques Thibaud, offered some compensation for the absence of Dr. Koussevitzky to those who think of concerts in terms of the notable personalities to be seen and heard. To those for whom the music is the chief thing at a concert, the admirable playing by the great orchestra under Mr. Burgin's unassuming yet thoroughly competent leadership of an interesting pro-

gram was wholly satisfactory. One noted with interest, however, that a very large number of Friday subscribers had given their tickets to friends.

Mr. Thibaud's interpretation of Saint-Saens' B minor concerto was warmly applauded. The violinist played with the type of sentiment and the suavity of style this music, essentially a salon piece, demands. For its technical exactions he was, of course, more than adequate. But Mr. Thibaud's playing of Beethoven and Brahms on former occasions, has, however, roused more heartfelt admiration in the listener.

A suite of dances from Wetzler's opera "The Basque Venus" the novelty of the afternoon proved to be effective treatments of Spanish rhythms, scored for large modern orchestra, and given a highly spiced modern harmonic flavor. The composer, who was long a resident of New York, has not heretofore been represented on Boston Symphony programs.

The dances heard yesterday are drawn from an opera based on Merimee's story "The Venus of Ille." They may well take their place in the repertory with the many pseudo-Spanish works such as Rimsky-Korsakov's "Spanish Caprice," Chabrier's "España," and Bizet's "Carmen" whose vivid rhythms and coloristic orchestration so delight audiences. Genuine Spanish music, from Vittoria to de Falla, is curiously somber and serious in tone compared to the non-Spanish composer's notions of what Spain in music should be like.

Yesterday's concert began with a suite from Rimsky-Korsakov's opera "Le Coq d'Or," which made one wish that the Chicago Civic Opera, now once more possessed of a numerous ballet, would produce this work, still very agreeably remembered here by those who saw the single performance of it given by the Metropolitan Opera more than a decade ago. This opera and the "Scheherazade" suite are likely to prove the most enduring of Rimsky-Korsakov's many works. Mr. Burgin had the orchestra play with an admirable deftness and clarity, except in the march, which became turgid at moments.

The symphony of the afternoon, Borodin's Second, is said to bear marks of Rimsky-Korsakov's talents at editing the work of his gifted but amateurish friends among the Russian nationalist composers. Some have in recent years condemned Rimsky's editing of Musorgsky's "Boris" as tasteless and academic, yet, however superior the original version, now published at last, may seem to the one long known in our opera houses; it is certainly to

Rimsky's editing that "Boris" was the hearings that have given it world-wide fame.

Perhaps if Borodin had been able to speak for himself in the symphony heard yesterday, without the score passing as it did through the editorial hands of Rimsky and of Glazunov, his music might have had a harsher, more crabbed, more genuinely Slavic originality. As it stands, much of this symphony could easily be the work of Tchaikovsky, whom it was for a long time fashionable to run down as insufficiently Russian. Its qualities are his qualities, its defects, repetitiousness, failure to build up an imposing musical structure, and lapses into the commonplace, are his defects. The much talked of "Five" are less national than writers just before the War made them cut to be, and far less significant.

The real trouble with this Borodin symphony is that it no longer holds the listener's attention. Its lion, once piquant and exotic, is hardly startling to ears accustomed to Stravinsky and Prokofieff. Its musical ideas are not sufficiently pregnant and powerful to compel attention of themselves.

The program announced for next week includes Bach's Third "Brandenburg" Concerto; Blair Fairchild's "Chants Negres;" Ravel's much-discussed "Bolero," and Schumann's Second Symphony. Dr. Koussevitzky will conduct.

P. 7.

To the Editor

STAIN RAISERS

of the Transcript:

Dr. Koussevitzky would give us, now and then, an overture as a curtain of so many excerpts of There are beautiful overtures rarely, almost never, for instance, Mendelssohn's "The Midsummer Night's Dream," "Manfred," "Genoa," "Euryanthe," "Der Freischütz"; Mozart's "Figaro"; "Don Giovanni"—and in the more mark's "Sakuntala" and "The Merry Widow," all beautiful which would be a starter on An overture is like a plate of ballet music is like a sweet taken as dessert.

CLAYTON JOHNS

2.

Jazz and the Symphony Orchestra

By ERWIN STEIN

Monitor, Nov. 30. Vienna
FEW institutions are as conservative as the Symphony Orchestra. For a century and more its composition has remained, generally speaking, unaltered. Of course the number of players has been increased, the technique of playing has in many cases improved. But on the other hand, the number of new instruments admitted has been very small indeed; and the new instruments are all similar to instruments which it included previously. Such is the case with the cor anglais, which is similar to the oboe, and with the bass clarinet.

The circumstances owing to which this conservative tendency came into being and endured are of various orders. To begin with, the orchestra, as it stood, corresponded with the ideals of composers in the matter of both quality and volume of tone. It commanded a wealth of colors, included instruments representing every region of pitch, every dynamic degree, every conceivable kind of musical character. It included mobile, nimble instruments and heavy instruments; instruments suited for melody and instruments suited to rhythmic pulsation; similar instruments and strongly contrasting instruments. In short, it seemed as though anything and everything could be expressed in the medium which it constituted.

Progress of Instrumentation

In proportion as styles changed from the time of Beethoven onward, the art of instrumentation progressed. The instruments which Mozart had used, re-arranged according to Wagner's conception of scoring, form the setting of the "Meistersinger." The jolly horn of "Till Eulenspiegel" sounds far different from the romantic horn in Weber's "Freischütz"; and again the impressionist horns in Debussy's music are quite another thing. Since instruments, taken singly, provide such a wide range of possibilities, it is natural that the possibilities of the orchestra as a whole should appear inexhaustible.

In spite of the great variations of style observable in the music of the past 150 years, there is one idiosyncrasy which must be acknowledged as common to all stages of evolution during that period: all the voices and timbres of the orchestra were conceived by composers as working in co-operation, and treated so as to merge, for the listeners' ear, into one "tone-compound." What listeners heard was, in the last resort, one melody with one background of chords or of harmonic accompanying patterns. Contrapuntal designs occurred as exceptions only. For the purposes of this harmonic music, the smooth balance of the traditional orchestra provided an altogether ideal medium. It not only held contrasts of tone within it, but the very way in which it was constituted made it possible to reduce all these contrasts to a unity of some kind.

A New Ideal

But nowadays it seems as though, gradually, a new ideal were asserting itself in the matter of tone-manipulation, and exercising a definite influence upon the hitherto conservative symphony orchestra. And in this respect, we must take into account the appearance on the one hand of the chamber orchestra, which tends to emphasize not harmonic tone, but melodic lines; and on the other hand of the jazz band, in which the fundamental is rhythm.

It is the same composer, Arnold Schönberg, who in the year 1900 in his "Gurrelieder" increased the old orchestra to the number of 140 players (including eight flutes and seven trombones) and who six years later instituted, in his "Chamber Symphony" for 15 solo instruments (10 wind and five blow instruments) the type of the modern chamber orchestra. But another 15 years were to elapse before this type came into favor.

The chamber orchestra is not endowed with as smooth a balance as the full orchestra. But it corresponds to a music in which all parts move far more independently than in the older type of setting, which was in the main purely homophonic. In the

old orchestra, a good many of the instruments had nothing to play but accompaniment patterns: but in the chamber orchestra, every single instrument is, as a rule, intrusted with a melodic design. The music written for it is not conceived as a whole whose parts have to merge into a unity. Quite on the contrary, each part must stand out, distinguishable from every other part, so that the ear may perceive them simultaneously yet separately.

In order to achieve this end, it was necessary to decide upon this restriction of the number of instruments used—and, first and foremost, upon the number of the bow instruments: for if the setting comprises many of these, their tone will unavoidably tend to blend and to blur the tone of the wind instruments.

The Effect of Jazz

And there are other idiosyncrasies in the full orchestra which tend to produce similar results and for this reason must be done away with in the chamber orchestra. For instance, the use of several instruments of the same kind. It is indeed quite natural that one individual should stand out more clearly among other individuals than one pair stands out among other pairs. And in the chamber orchestra, sharpness of design is the first requirement.

But all this does not mean that there is a fear lest the chamber orchestra may do away with the full orchestra. All the possibilities of the small orchestra are included in the full orchestra; and at any time a composer, even within the bounds of one work, is free, according to his requirements, to detach from the main body a chamber orchestra of any dimension he pleases and to use this in contrast with the full orchestra—as, in fact, Alban Berg has done in his "Wozzek." Moreover, by resorting to the chamber orchestra, composers have mastered the fundamental idea which small settings embody, and have learned to impart independence to the individual parts of the full orchestra.

It is extremely probable that jazz and the technique of jazz will affect the constitution of the symphony orchestra more and more. It is impossible to deny that jazz draws upon many components which the evolution of European music does not tend

to exclude. When Anton Webern heard a jazz band for the first time, he exclaimed: "Fine! very fine! But I started scoring in this very way 15 years ago." He was referring to the use of the muffled tone of the muted trumpet and trombone, and to the treatment of each part as an independent solo part.

The Saxophone

And even in Mahler's music all sorts of things that make us think of jazz are to be encountered: for instance the treatment of the percussion instruments. I am convinced that in many respects jazz music and jazz technique will lead to a lasting enrichment of the orchestra. It has turned the unwieldy brass instruments into instruments capable of agility and of giving out melodies, because it has led to their size being reduced. The ensuing disadvantage is that they no longer provide the volume of tone which the big brasses of Wagner's orchestra provided. But there is ample compensation in the fact that their general usefulness is greatly increased.

The saxophone is a most valuable acquisition for the orchestra, for it is beautiful in quality, easy to play, and extraordinarily useful. It appears in the setting of most of the operas and of any symphonic works written of late years; and recently Schönberg, Alban Berg and Franz Schreker have used it. It is likely that in a very few years it will have become part and parcel of the symphony orchestra.

In my opinion, another feature of jazz technique, the compulsory change from one instrument to another, is particularly important. If every player had to be capable of handling various instruments and of passing from the one to the other in the course of the performance of one piece, it stands to reason that composers would find the problem of laying out their scores far easier to solve.

There are, it is true, temporary difficulties in the way. The instrumentalists of our present symphony orchestras could hardly start learning the technique of instruments new to them. But in schools of music, the attempt could certainly be made to instruct pupils, from the outset, in the playing of several instruments.

Mr. JOSEPH JACQUES THIBAUD, violinist, was born at Bordeaux, France, on September 27, 1880. Until he was thirteen years old, he was taught by his father. Entering the Paris Conservatory he took lessons of Martin Marsick, and in 1896 was awarded a first prize. (First prizes were also awarded that year to Messrs. Sechiari and Monteux, pupils of Berthelier, and Soudant, pupil of Lefort.) Thibaud's brother, Joseph Charles, born at Bordeaux on February 25, 1875, took a first prize at the Paris Conservatory for piano-playing in 1892. Another brother, Henri Bernard, a violoncellist, and a student at the Paris Conservatory, was born at Bordeaux on July 8, 1877.

In his twelfth year, Mr. Thibaud had played in public at Angers. In Paris he had become known by his brilliant solos at the Café Rouge in the rue de Tournon, frequented by Conservatory pupils, who were in the habit of playing there in ensemble and as soloists. He joined Colonne's orchestra in 1897 and in 1898 became the solo violinist of that orchestra. In 1899-1900 he appeared as a virtuoso in towns of France, and at Brussels, Mannheim, and Geneva; in 1901 at Berlin, Amsterdam, Lisbon; in 1902-03 in Russia, the Scandinavian countries, Roumania, Italy, Spain.

His first appearance in Boston was on November 7, 1903, when he played César Franck's sonata with André Benôist, and pieces by Bach, Saint-Saëns, Vieuxtemps, Marsick, and Wieniawski. A second visit to this country was made in 1913-14 and on December 28, 1913, Mr. Thibaud gave a concert with Mr. Bauer in Symphony Hall. He gave a concert with Carlos Salzedo, harpist, in Jordan Hall, January 31, 1914.

When the war broke out, he went into active service. Late in 1916 he was given leave of absence from the French Army on account of injuries received while on duty in the trenches. He played in Boston with George Copeland in a concert at Symphony Hall, December 24, 1916. On April 2, 1917, he gave a concert with Mr. Bauer in Jordan Hall.

He gave other concerts later with Mme. Novaes, Mr. Bauer, Mr. Cortot. He has played at concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Boston:

- 1919. April 4, Saint-Saën's Concerto, B minor, No. 3.
- 1921. February 18, Mozart's Concerto, E-flat major.
- 1924. February 15, Lalo's Symphonie Espagnole.
- 1926. January 15, Brahms's violin concerto.

DEC 6, 1929 Tue
For Cantabrigians

LAST evening the Boston Symphony Orchestra again journeyed to Cambridge to give a concert in Sanders Theater at Harvard. Then and there it played two pieces from the orchestral repertory of the past two months, two pieces also which stand upon the Boston programs of today and tomorrow—Bach's "Brandenburg" concerto No. 3 for strings, Schumann's symphony in C major, Ravel's "Mother Goose" suite, Strauss's rondo, "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks."

For beginning Dr. Koussevitzky grouped strings around him in a great half-circle for the playing of Bach's hearty concerto. Two movements there are, both in rapid tempi. The second proceeds at greater speed, more fleetly, than the first. To hear Bach thus employing strings is to marvel at the mountains of sonority which it is possible to draw from this single orchestral choir, at the kaleidoscopic variety of tonal

quality which it yields. A limited palette, but what a multitude of glistening, sparkling tints! Again, to hear Bach with this concerto is not to witness a juggler playing with a bag of contrapuntal tricks, but to hear a master of an elaborate language speaking that language with ease, with fluency, with eloquent resourcefulness. Finally, to hear Dr. Koussevitzky and his men with this music is to experience again the joys of living as expressed by this master of a by-gone day.

Schumann's symphony in C major comes to the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra as relative novelty. Not since the second year of Mr. Monteux's regime has it been heard. One singles out particularly vivacious scherzo, exceedingly characteristic of one aspect of Schumann's writing; an Adagio which in its expressive principal theme is epitome of Schumann the romanticist. Further it is hardly to the point to anticipate the performance and the review of the concerts of today and tomorrow.

As always, Ravel's suite of "My Mother the Goose," as the French will have it, gave pleasure. "Five Children's Pieces" is sub-title. Whether the children which Ravel has in mind are too sophisticated to be real children, as is sometimes said, is beside the point. Any child will enjoy the squeaking little voice of "Hop o' My Thumb," or the exotic jangle and the hearty tune of the Empress of the Pagodas, or the objectively pictured conversations of Beauty and the Beast, or the splendors of the Fairy Garden. But mostly, children are not called upon to hear these pieces. And for us adults they are unalloyed delight. At least as we hear them from the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Dr. Koussevitzky's version of "Till Eulenspiegel" is a masterpiece of interpretative characterization. Strauss's humors are many and various in this tone poem. Not one of them is clouded, not one of them vague or pointless as we hear them in this season of 1929-30. And the hearer who does not chuckle or at least feel inward amusement is dull or listless hearer indeed. The bright gleam on many a face in this Cantabrigian audience gave sufficient proof that such hearers are in the minority in the university city. A. H. M.

FORTY-NINTH SEASON, NINETEEN HUNDRED TWENTY-NINE AND THIRTY

Seventh Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, DECEMBER 6, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 7, at 8.15 o'clock

J. S. Bach Brandenburg Concerto No. 3 in G major,
for String Orchestra

- I. Allegro moderato.
- II. Allegro.

Fairchild "Chants Nègres"
Vivo, ma non troppo—Molto Andante—Allegro—Teneroso—
Lento—Vivo, ma non troppo
(First performance)

Ravel "Bolero"
(First performance in Boston)

Schumann Symphony No. 2 in C major, Op. 61

- I. Sostenuto assai; Allegro ma non troppo.
- II. Scherzo; Allegro vivace: Trio (1), Trio (2).
- III. Adagio espressivo.
- IV. Allegro molto vivace.

STEINWAY PIANO USED

There will be an intermission before the symphony

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert

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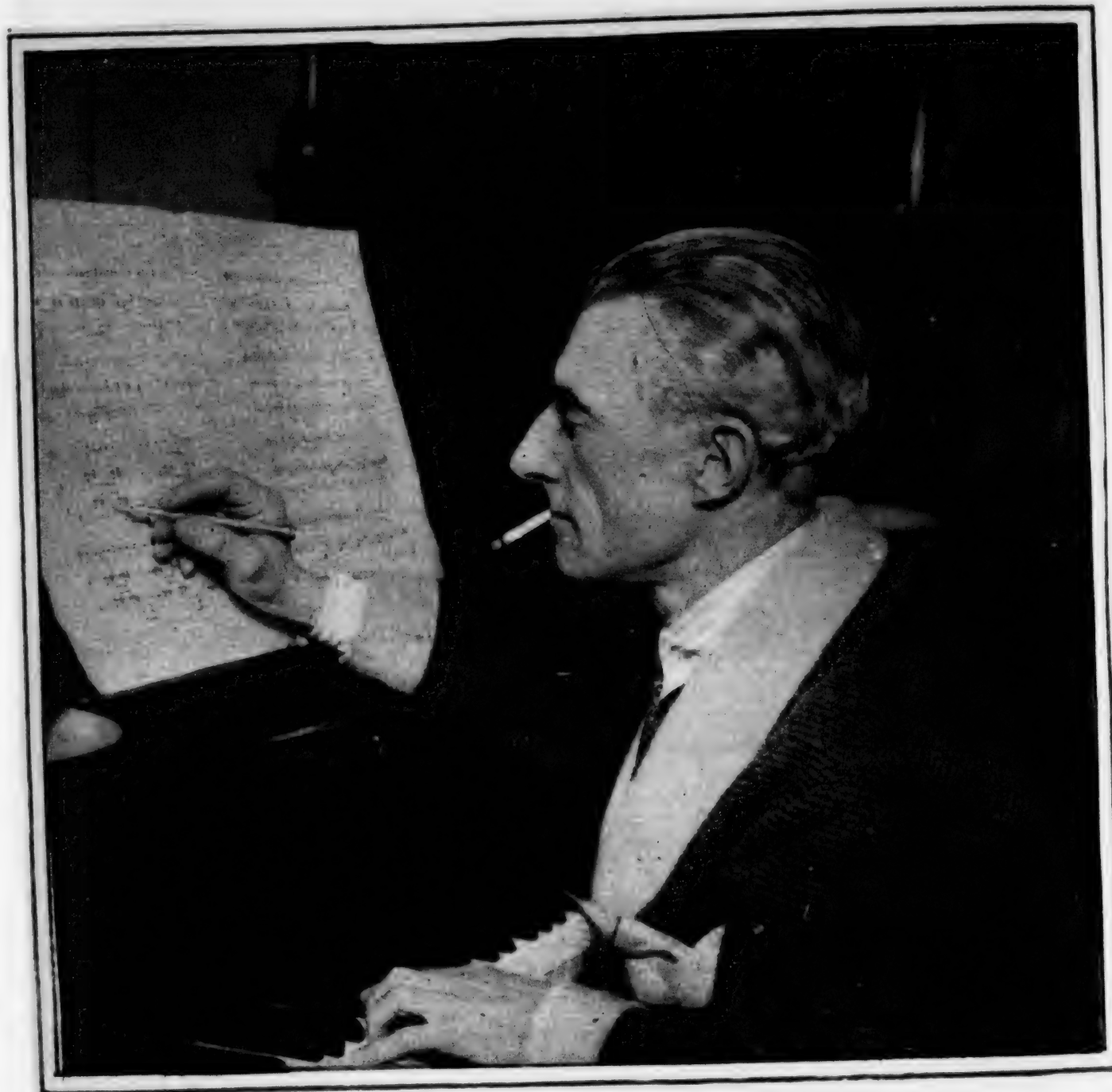
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Maurice Ravel, dean of the moderns in French musical composition, busy in Chicago, where he arrived to conduct the Chicago Symphony Orchestra in a program of his orchestral compositions.

(Underwood & Underwood)

SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

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Mr. Fairchild's "Chants Negres" was originally a piano piece. Orchestrated, it is not a favorable example of a class of musical compositions thought by purists to be ignoble, or at least unworthy of a place on the program of a symphony concert. It all depends on whether these compositions are musically interesting even when they are rhythmically exciting. Mr. Fairchild took some old airs—he cannot remember the titles of the songs nor were they all familiar to the audience yesterday—took them, exposed them in a row and dressed them more or less fantastically but without conspicuous skill in harmonic or orchestral invention, though he once in a sentimental section obtained a pleasing effect by the use of the lower notes of flutes. The composer apparently wished to be aggressively modern. His work is episodic—perhaps he intended it to be. The songs might have been bound together by more interesting measures, and have had a more rhapsodic setting. The technical crudeness, the lack of coherency in the planning and the ineffectual straining after effect were all too evident. Yet Mr. Fairchild wrote a bravura cadenza for clarinet which gave Mr. Hamelin an opportunity to show his skill, and for that one was grateful.

Ravel's "Bolero" is an amazing tour de force with a stroke of genius, viz., the unexpected fortissimo modulation near the end. The side drum at the beginning gives the rhythm and maintains it through the long crescendo. Is the theme, repeated endlessly in the same key (until the modulation) Ravel's, or was he indebted to some Spanish or Biscayan tune? It is not one of special significance; it cannot be called strikingly piquant or sensuous at the first hearing; but after solo instruments follow the flute in playing it, after it is heard from groups of instruments and finally from the whole orchestra, one finds Ravel's use of it as extraordinarily effective as it is ingenious. Monotony when it serves a master is exciting. Even the endless repetition

of a folk tune, especially an oriental one, or the constant rhythm given out by a percussion instrument, as drums in Africa which have so strongly affected travellers; or the steady beating of the drum in the trio of the "Pathetic" symphony's second movement, or dripping of water at regular intervals—all these play on the nerves and more or less excite. A long crescendo of music in one and the same key was employed by composers long before Ravel was born. Rossini, before him Jomelli (they say), knew the power of a long crescendo; Rossini used the same form of it indifferently for Don Basilio expatiating on the growth and spread of a slanderous report, and for the entrance of Othello bent on murdering the fair Desdemona. But no one has so cunningly directed the march of a crescendo, so varied and ornamented a simple figure as Ravel in this "Bolero." It would be idle to ask whether this dance has great musical value. It certainly excites and in a genuinely and uncommonly musical manner. This was proved yesterday when a roar of applause followed the final chord and was long continued; when the audience, not content with furious clapping of hands, stamped on the floor. One would not have been surprised to hear shrill whistling in approval or noisy squeals of joy from floor and balconies.

Dr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra thus triumphed gloriously in the production of the "Bolero." A loftier, a more purely musical triumph was the incomparable performance of Schumann's second symphony, which as often interpreted without poetic feeling and played perfunctorily in the past, seemed the least interesting, the least inspired of Schumann's four. Yesterday there was a revelation. The strings in years past would not have had the crispness, the clearness, the swiftness in expression that yesterday characterized the Scherzo, nor had the Adagio been sung with such tenderness, beauty, eloquence as it was under Dr. Koussevitzky's direction. And so there was fresh life and strength given to the other movements that are not to be ranked with those already mentioned. The familiar concerto of Bach was played with tonal sturdiness alternating with a sparkling lightness; played in a spirit of enthusiasm that still cared for clarity and contrast in details.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week will be as follows: Weber, Overture to "Euryanthe." Arnold Bax, Symphony No. 2 (first performance). Liszt, Piano concerto, No. 1 (Jose Iturbi, pianist). Respighi, "The Pines of Rome."



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Dr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra thus triumphed gloriously in the production of the "Bolero." A loftier, a more purely musical triumph was the incomparable performance of Schumann's second symphony, which as often interpreted without poetic feeling and played perfunctorily in the past, seemed the least interesting, the least inspired of Schumann's four. Yesterday there was a revelation. The strings in years past would not have had the crispness, the clearness, the swiftness in expression that yesterday characterized the Scherzo, nor had the Adagio been sung with such tenderness, beauty, eloquence as it was under Dr. Koussevitzky's direction. And so there was fresh life and strength given to the other movements that are not to be ranked with those already mentioned. The familiar concerto of Bach was played with tonal sturdiness alternating with a sparkling lightness; played in a spirit of enthusiasm that still cared for clarity and contrast in details.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week will be as follows: Weber, Overture to "Euryanthe." Arnold Bax, Symphony No. 2 (first performance). Liszt, Piano concerto, No. 1 (Jose Iturbi, pianist). Respighi, "The Pines of Rome."

CHEERS HEARD AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Ravel's New Bolero Makes
a Sensation

Conservative Audience Stirred by
Modernist Piece of Music

Ravel's new Bolero, the latest work of the celebrated French modernist composer, played at yesterday's Symphony concert for the first time in Boston, caused a demonstration such as no piece of music, new or old, has hitherto elicited from the Friday subscribers. They clapped it loud and long. Many in the audience banged their seats up and down. There were even a few cheers. The only comparable incident in the past 20 years, and perhaps in the whole history of these concerts, now in their 49th season, was the great demonstration two years ago at the Boston debut of the pianist Horowitz.

Those familiar with the atmosphere at these Friday afternoon concerts, which are attended for the most part by socially prominent women, will realize how very extraordinary an event yesterday's demonstration was. An audience in which white-haired women are in a majority, where mild and decorous handclapping is the only usual method of showing enthusiasm, actually tried to behave like a football crowd, and over what?

Why, over one of those modernist pieces about which Dr. Koussevitzky and the management of the orchestra are said to receive hundreds of protests from outraged subscribers whenever the conductor puts one on a program. One turns for a parallel to memories of the amazing events of Nov. 11, 1918, when, for instance, a little group of these same women were observed marching up West st in Boston each beating lustily on a tin dishpan.

The piece that loosed this strange tumult of approval was written two years ago for the noted dancer, Ida Rubinstein, and enthusiastically received by her Parisian audiences. The concert version of it heard yesterday made a similar sensation in the audience the other day in New York, when Mr. Toscanini conducted it at a concert of the New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra.

A bolero is, of course, a Spanish dance, with a characteristic, strongly

marked simple rhythm. Ravel's bolero, according to an able technical analysis of the score made by A. H. Meyer, is built up of two musical sentences, each composed of an eight-measure phrase and a nine-measure phrase, with a single measure of interlude between the sentences. These sentences are built up into a musical paragraph containing 72 measures, which is repeated four times with increasingly intense and sonorous orchestration, leading up to a brief and brilliant closing climax. The construction and workmanship of this bolero are masterly. No more cleverly written piece of music exists.

The whole piece is one long crescendo. Its foundation is a constantly beating rhythm in the drums, which of itself would almost, as the drum in O'Neill's play, "The Emperor Jones," does, sustain the mood of suspense and nervous tension. Over this are heard monotonous snatches of melody from different instruments. At a first hearing one almost overlooks the contrasting themes revealed by study of the score, so overwhelming is the cumulative effect of the numerous repetitions.

The piece is an assault on the nervous system of the listener, subtle and brutal. It depends for its effect chiefly on the fact, a commonplace of musical psychology, that the ear is peculiarly sensitive to emphatic repetitions of strong, simply grouped stresses. The third movement of Tchaikowsky's "Pathetic Symphony" and the drum beat underlying the middle section of the second movement of that symphony are well-known musical examples of the same psychological phenomenon. But Ravel is a subtler musician than Tchaikowsky, and possessed of a more fastidious taste. He is also a better musical craftsman.

For an analogy to this piece let us turn to Poe's tales of horror, which still affect strongly even a reader familiar with Poe's cold-blooded explanation of just how he set about getting his effects. This sort of thing succeeds in being thrilling, but can hardly be deemed the highest form of art.

Dr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra made the most of the remarkable opportunity Ravel's musical tour de force afforded them.

The other novelty of the afternoon, Blair Fairchild's orchestral arrangement of his "Chants Negres," written for the piano, was eclipsed by the Ravel. It is, however, well written and interesting, if wholly artificial, music in the modern manner.

Bach's Third Brandenburg Concerto, which began the concert, has a vitality, a rhythmic urge, more profoundly and permanently moving than the cleverly calculated musical thriller of Ravel. Schumann's Second Symphony, the other number on the program, was given an eloquent if not always wholly accurate performance.

P. R.

Pleasures from The Symphonic Day and Scene

Return of Dr. Koussevitzky,
Ravel's "Bolero" Stirs
Excitements

IN Carnegie Hall, when Mr. Toscanini and his orchestra played Ravel's "Bolero" for the first time in New York, some, excited beyond restraint, rose and shouted. In Symphony Hall, yesterday afternoon, when Dr. Koussevitzky and his orchestra played the piece for the first time in Boston, as many, similarly excited, sat and stamped. In New York, keen ears detected a few hisses interposed; in Boston, if there were any, none pierced the circumambient din. Since the Friday of Horowitz's debut as pianist, no such torrents of applause have swept over Symphony Hall, to toss up orchestra and conductor as on the crest of a wave. More interesting to watch and feel was the mounting tension through the audience, as Ravel reiterated his Bolero-rhythm above a changeless chord; repeated his twofold dance-melody unvaried in intervals, key and pitch; dressed it in vividder and vividder instrumental colors, ever ampler or more diverse; drove and measured it up an unbroken crescendo twenty minutes long, until the concert-hall throbbed with that Spanish tune and with it all the air was pungent. A glance—and some were sitting with rigid bodies. Another glance—and some were clenching hands as though the sounds irresistibly tautened them. A third—and a few seemed nervously trying to break through a spell no longer to be endured. Then—is it eleven measures from the end?—the snapping of the tension by a stroke of imagination that also may be stroke of genius—a modulation into the flaming key of E major; a final blazing tumult; the instant's pause before the floodgate of release is opened. For once, in Symphony Hall on a Friday, a scene for description.

By this time, everyone who keeps pace with the world knows the story of "Bolero," how Ida Rubinstein, the Parisian mime and dancer, commissioned

pieces for an impending tour from Parisian composers, Ravel in; how he wrote his dance and held his tongue, as did hers in preparation and rehearsal; how on an evening vember of last year at the Opéra slipped to silence and then to an audience all unaware; how rang with that experience, and after European city after European now New York took up the running now Boston joins the hue and cry. It better or worse brought to voice mphony Hall than in other celebrated concert-rooms? If worse, then illous must have been performed elsewhere.

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Not a detail escaped Dr. Koussevitzky or such ears as chose to hear. He beat the rhythm hard, bright, tense, unmitigated. He flung the sinuous dance-melody into high relief, yet without variation or shadow of turning. On the instant he made a new timbre flash; a new group flesh the unescapable tune. Ravel's bassoon, Ravel's insidious clarinet, Ravel's insolent saxophones, darted at the ear. From power to power, the crescendo ascended unrelaxed, suspensive, clamant. At the modulation, with a great sweep of his arms, like a magician smashing his potent crystal into a hundred glittering fragments, the conductor released the final whirl. . . . The smoky room was cleared; the woman no longer danced upon the table; from hands to hands the men had ceased to toss her. They had even sheathed their knives.

Triple—from composer, conductor, orchestra—proceeded this magical tour de force. For no other phrase so nearly fits it. Spell-like it plays upon hearers; holds them under a magic of the changeful and the changeless; in magnanimous frenzy cuts them free. It tingles upon the aural nerves; produces physical as well as mental sensation. It is the spell, if one likes, of a mechanized age. But is a composer to be reproached because he is of his own time and can ply his particular magic? Consider also the magician's skill, to stabilize the melody—shape, substance, course; to subtilize a seeming rhythmic directness; to choose, place and adjust the ever-changing instrumental vesture upon that crescendo in ceaseless motion; to find and set alight the breaking point. Not skill merely, or only resource; but imagination edging close to genius, dry, and narrow, again if one likes, all wit and all style, but genius none the less. This age in a Spanish dance-tune and a miracle of craft, with Ravel at five-and-fifty to put it there. Merlin is precedent for elderly necromancers.

Since the opening concerts of the season, with Pick-Mangliagalli's Fugue, Dr. Koussevitzky has not had so fortunate a day with novel pieces. One, possibly, two, to each pair of concerts and with reason. Shall we not hear the music of our own time, as we read its books, look upon its pictures, seek out its plays? The concert-hall is no moated grange of masterpieces. The new matter, the new methods and manners, have come to stay the while, however restlessly and barrenly we now use them. And Mr. Blair Fairchild's "Negro Songs" were neither savorless nor sterile. No dilettante, which is the customary reproach to his music, wrote them—possibly because he remembered, rather than tried to invent, his musical matter. Scraps of negro songs, the titles even long forgotten, floated and fused across his mind—five in sum, one syncopated and shrill; another jazzily irregular; a third with a clarinet hollow-voiced through a "blues"; this plaintive; that simpler and flowing. And all restated tersely; some sharp-voiced, some gentle; both with the rhythms, harmonies, timbres of these days of dissonance. By this time even a matinee audience at Symphony Hall agrees to them, applauding Mr. Fairchild's orchestral songs because in them ran interest and pleasure. Call them, not modernistic subtleties, but modernistic incisiveness, to homely flavor adapted.

An old master began, a romantic master ended, the afternoon. So scant is the symphonic baggage of Bach, who hardly foresaw the twentieth-century concert-hall from the salons of Cöthen or the organ-loft of St. Thomas's, that the conductor must return again and again to the Brandenburg pieces. Yesterday it was the Third Concerto, in G major, for strings only; in two divisions with no slow song, outside two middle measures, to part them. A high-spirited and a quick-fingered Bach wrote this music, dividing and sub-dividing his groups—the trick is by no means a modern one; giving them subjects to play with and figures to toss about; pulling them up with chords and unisons and tuttis; sending them racing off again. The juggling game of counterpoint played to the hilt by a Bach who, for once, is more of his time than of the ages, whom nobody could possibly "revere" as he takes his tonal pastime. The zest of living ran in him as he wrote this Concerto in a whirl of subjects, figures, accents. And now the manifold volume and color that a conductor, like Dr. Koussevitzky, draws from his string choir enhances and diversifies him. It is doubtful whether the "private band" of his royal highness, the Margrave of Brandenburg, could match them. Hitherto the conductor has been for-

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How Iturbi to Honor to Spain

Hearing the Pianist re and Gleaming omplishments

DAY afternoon at the Statler Boston heard for the first at new star in the firm- ists, Jose Iturbi. Out of the comes, a Spain which now rs has been contributing its the life of the musical world. rs have achieved a vogue, more, considerable genuine since the days of Albeniz. rs and artists include the Casals and Arbos, the recent egovia and the Agullars, and For Jose Iturbi is beyond musician of the very first in technical equipment and iting musicianship. benefit of the Denison House cital given. The audience luded many of the socially should not have been one even in the face of the driv- ayhouse which made the coming Miss sore than uncomfortable. But Miss was large enough so that e and the heartiness of the ort Co share of those who would iss Cla ed the empty chairs was d.

Iturbi's program ranged widely among composers; as a sign of the times, some would say, Beethoven was absent but Mozart, with the delicate and graceful Sonata in A major was present. The Romanticists were heard variously—Schumann, Chopin, Brahms. The first with the gossamer Arabesque; the second with a waltz (G-flat), and a polonaise (A-flat); the last with the pianist's own shortened version of the "Variations on a Theme by Paganini." By a single item

French music was represented, Ravel's grave "Pavane for a Dead Child." Then the pianist turned to that music which his hearers were probably waiting to hear above all else. The music of Spain. Of this Mr. Iturbi chose "The Dance of Terror" from de Falla's ballet, "Love the Sycamore of a Brahms had been called in. Sorcerer"; Albeniz's "Corpus-Christi at Seville," at once stately and brilliant; finally Granados's scintillating musical version of the Basque game "Pelele."

It borders on presumption to write of the technic of such an artist as Iturbi. A sentence or two tells the story. What- ever is necessary technically he has in his possession, and that abundantly, be it passage work, staccati, chords or any of the various forms of "bravura." And the best. The full flat tone of an older generation one seldom meets in Iturbi. Neither does one hear the hard, knock- ing tone which passes here and there as an example of "modern" piano playing. Rather is his tone a thing of aristocratic beauty, slender in its proportions, elegant in its shadings, a tone which always strikes the ear pleasantly. His tone alone would make him an ideal Mozart player. Add to it the fineness of nuance, the distinctiveness of his phrasing, the innate grace and abounding charm of his every inflection and one begins to see the picture of the Mozart of yesterday afternoon. Continue to think of Mozart the polished courtier; Mozart the melodist who dips deep into the sunny contours of Italian song; Mozart who is master translator in tone of the rich ornamentation of Viennese life near the passing of the eighteenth century, and one has the feeling of Iturbi's Mozart. Not a fortissimo stepped out of this frame. Not a turn of brilliance was allowed to be too hard for it. For once from a pianist ideal Mozart.

And thanks to Mr. Iturbi for the Arabesque of Schumann. In the modern vein he held it. Its thrice-repeated main portion might have been a fluid "impressionism"; its more melodic contrasting themes were not given over to late-nineteenth century sentimentality. Schumann, if he is not the Schumann of two or three thread-bare war-horses, fits well into such scheme. At least he gave not a little pleasure yesterday afternoon.

if one had thought oneself in the be of technical feats before the ni-Brahms variations one heard in em all previous abilities eclipsed. again, this technique was neither nor dry brilliance, every note of it, passage, every difficulty had a al reason for being. Thanks to Mr. for display, mere shallow virtuoso- had not been chosen. The higher at s to Iturbi's Brahms; this technical ly relieved that composer once the charge of dry-as-dust acade- Virtuosity and musicianship, dis- a warmth that touched the at last the much awaited Spanish rs from this authoritative Span- Wisely Mr. Iturbi chose not the sly rhythmed, tambourine jangling, cornered dances, which after all ly represent nothing more signifi- Spanish culture than do foxtrots own. Instead came the stark, ating measures of de Falla's of Terror"; the ascending cli- and the bursts of majestic song the advancing procession of the Feast pus Christi, pictured by Albéniz; shing and sparkling play of games ing to Granados. With great con- Mr. Iturbi played his music. And lience felt itself drawn nearer to a obvious Spain than is often the case. means let us hear more Spanish from José Iturbi. A. H. M.

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tunate in his choosings from Schumann. He has put by the pieces faded and thinned under time and change, like the overtures to "Manfred" or "Genève"; revived the vernal warmth, exuberant or musing, of the Symphony in B-flat; released the lyric, dreamful, cherishing voice of the connubial phony; given "The Rhenish" moments of sonorous state. The singing, sentimental, rhapsodizing quality in Schumann sets Dr. Koussevitzky aglow. These sympathetic heats melt orchestral thickness, smooth away instrumental clumsiness. So sounded, yesterday, the slow and ardent song, deep-felt, of the Symphony in C major; the lusty, upspringing, forward-thrusting Finale. Even Dr. Koussevitzky, outpouring himself, might not resuscitate the first two movements. The melancholy Schumann at Dresden took thought of Mendelssohn shining afar; forgot his song, was fain to write counterpoint. To it time has not been kind. . . . Dr. Koussevitzky returned and the Symphony Concerts alive again.

H. T. P.

And Now Iturbi to Do Honor to Spain For First Hearing the Pianist Of Rare and Gleaming Accomplishments

YESTERDAY afternoon at the Statler Hotel Boston heard for the first time that new star in the firmament of pianists, Jose Iturbi. Out of the new Spain he comes, a Spain which now for some years has been contributing its full share to the life of the musical world. Its composers have achieved a vogue, and what is more, considerable genuine distinction, since the days of Albéniz. Its conductors and artists include the well-known Casals and Arbos, the recent sensations, Segovia and the Aguilars, and now Iturbi. For Jose Iturbi is beyond any doubt a musician of the very first rank, both in technical equipment and in discriminating musicianship.

For the benefit of the Denison House was this recital given. The audience therefore included many of the socially elect. There should not have been one empty seat, even in the face of the driving snowstorm which made the coming and going more than uncomfortable. But the audience was large enough so that in the volume and the heartiness of the applause the share of those who would have occupied the empty chairs was hardly missed.

Iturbi's program ranged widely among composers; as a sign of the times, some would say. Beethoven was absent but Mozart, with the delicate and graceful Sonata in A major was present. The Romanticists were heard variously—Schumann, Chopin, Brahms. The first with the gossamer Arabesque; the second with a waltz (G-flat), and a polonaise (A-flat); the last with the pianist's own shortened version of the "Variations on a Theme by Paganini." By a single item

if one had thought oneself in the presence of technical feats before the pianist turned to that music which shortened version of the "Variations on a Theme by Paganini." By a single item French music was represented, Ravel's grave "Pavane for a Dead Child." Then the pianist turned to that music which his hearers were probably waiting to hear above all else. The music of Spain. Out of this Mr. Iturbi chose "The Dance of Terror" from de Falla's ballet, "Love the city of a Brahms had been called in. Sorcerer"; Albéniz's "Corpus-Christi at Seville," at once stately and brilliant; finally Granados's scintillating musical version of the Basque game "Peleele."

It borders on presumption to write of the technic of such an artist as Iturbi. A sentence or two tells the story. What ever is necessary technically he has in his possession, and that abundantly, his passage work, staccati, chords or any of the various forms of "bravura." And best. The full flat tone of an older generation one seldom meets in Iturbi. Neither does one hear the hard, knocking tone which passes here and there as an example of "modern" piano playing. Rather is his tone a thing of aristocratic beauty, slender in its proportions, elegant in its shadings, a tone which always strikes the ear pleasantly. His tone alone would make him an ideal Mozart player. Add to it the fineness of nuance, the distinctiveness of his phrasing, the innate grace and abounding charm of his every inflection and one begins to see the picture of the Mozart of yesterday afternoon. Continue to think of Mozart the polished courtier; Mozart a melodist who dips deep into the sunny contours of Italian song; Mozart who is master translator in tone of the rich ornamentation of Viennese life near the passing of the eighteenth century, and one has the feeling of Iturbi's Mozart. Not a fortissimo stepped out of this frame. Not a turn of brilliance was allowed to be too hard for it. For once from a pianist ideal Mozart.

And thanks to Mr. Iturbi for the Arabesque of Schumann. In the modern vein he held it. Its thrice-repeated main portion might have been a fluid "impressionism"; its more melodic contrasting themes were not given over to late-nineteenth century sentimentality. Schumann, if he is not the Schumann of two or three thread-bare war-horses, fits well into such a scheme. At least he gave not a little pleasure yesterday afternoon.

rising it was then, to hear Chopin's use as a magnificent tonal panorama rather than as a firmly rhythmed lance. It summoned technical feats were astounding. It indulged in painting which one would travel equal. Romantic through modern it was. Court processional it was. . . . if one had thought oneself in the presence of technical feats before the pianist turned to that music which his hearers were probably waiting to hear above all else. The music of Spain. Out of this Mr. Iturbi chose "The Dance of Terror" from de Falla's ballet, "Love the city of a Brahms had been called in. Sorcerer"; Albéniz's "Corpus-Christi at Seville," at once stately and brilliant; finally Granados's scintillating musical version of the Basque game "Peleele." . . . Virtuosity and musicianship, displayed in a warmth that touched the the technic of such an artist as Iturbi. for once went hand in hand. . . . Ravel's Pavane Mr. Iturbi found ever is necessary technically he has in the right note. The somber melody his possession, and that abundantly, be occasional rich harmonies, the re- it passage work, staccati, chords or any ts struck a mood which one seldom of the various forms of "bravura." And outside of Ravel and which the play- tone is of the modern variety—at its Ravel none too often fathom. . . . at last the much awaited Spanish eration one seldom meets in Iturbi. rs from this authoritative Span- Neither does one hear the hard, knock- Wisely Mr. Iturbi chose not the ing tone which passes here and there as sly rhythmed, tambourine jangling, an example of "modern" piano playing. cornered dances, which after all Rather is his tone a thing of aristocratic ly represent nothing more signifi- beauty, slender in its proportions, ele- Spanish culture than do foxtrots gant in its shadings, a tone which al- own. Instead came the stark, ways strikes the ear pleasantly. His tone ating measures of de Falla's alone would make him an ideal Mozart e of Terror"; the ascending cli- player. Add to it the fineness of nuance, and the bursts of majestic song the distinctiveness of his phrasing, the advancing procession of the Feast innate grace and abounding charm of pus Christi, pictured by Albéniz; his every inflection and one begins to shing and sparkling play of games see the picture of the Mozart of yester- ing to Granados. With great con- day afternoon. Continue to think of Mo- Mr. Iturbi played his music. And zart the polished courtier; Mozart the lence felt itself drawn nearer to a obvious Spain than is often the case. means let us hear more Spanish from José Iturbi. A. H. M.

Since the opening concerts of the season, with Pick-Mangiagalli's Fugue, Koussevitzky has not had so fort a day with novel pieces. One, pos two, to each pair of concerts and reason. Shall we not hear the mu our own time, as we read its books upon its pictures, seek out its masterpieces. The new matter, the methods and manners, have come to the while, however restlessly and renly we now use them. And Mr. Fairchild's "Negro Songs" were n savorless nor sterile. No dilett which is the customary reproach t music, wrote them—possibly becau remembered, rather than tried to in his musical matter. Scraps of negro s the titles even long forgotten, floated fused across his mind—five in sum, syncopated and shrill; another jazz regular; a third with a clarinet ho voiced through a "blues"; this plain that simpler and flowing. And al stated tersely; some sharp-voiced, gentle; both with the rhythms, ha nles, timbres of these days of disson. By this time even a matinée audien Symphony Hall agrees to them, app ing Mr. Fairchild's orchestral song cause in them ran interest and plea Call them, not modernistic subtleties modernistic incisiveness, to homely vor adapted.

An old master began, a romantic ter ended, the afternoon. So sca the symphonic baggage of Bach, hardly foresaw the twentieth-century cert-hall from the salons of Cöthe the organ-loft of St. Thomas's, that conductor must return again and a to the Brandenburg pieces. Yesterd was the Third Concerto, in G major strings only; in two divisions wtl slow song, outside two middle meas to part them. A high-spirited an quick-fingered Bach wrote this m dividing and sub-dividing his groups trick is by no means a modern one; ing them subjects to play with and ures to toss about; pulling them up chords and unisons and tuttis; sen them racing off again. The juggling of counterpoint played to the hilt Bach who, for once, is more of his than of the ages, whom nobody could sibly "revere" as he takes his tonal time. The zest of living ran in hi he wrote this Concerto in a whirl of jets, figures, accents. And now manifold volume and color that a ductor, like Dr. Koussevitzky, draws his string choir enhances and divers him. It is doubtful whether the "pri band" of his royal highness, the grave of Brandenburg, could match t Hitherto the conductor has been

fortunate in his choosings from Schumann. He has put by the pieces faded and thinned under time and change, like the overtures to "Manfred" or "Genoveva"; revived the vernal warmth, exuberant or musing, of the Symphony in B-flat; released the lyric, dreamful, cherishing voice of the connubial Symphony; given "The Rhenish" moments of sonorous state. The singing, sentimental, rhapsodizing quality in Schumann sets Dr. Koussevitzky aglow. These sympathetic heats melt orchestral thickness, smooth away instrumental clumsiness. So sounded, yesterday, the slow and ardent song, deep-felt, of the Symphony in C major; the lusty, upspringing, forward-thrusting Finale. Even Dr. Koussevitzky, outpouring himself, might not resuscitate the first two movements. The melancholy Schumann at Dresden took thought of Mendelssohn shining afar; forgot his song, was fain to write counterpoint. To it time has not been kind. . . . Dr. Koussevitzky returned and the Symphony Concerts alive again. H. T. P.

And Now Iturbi to Do Honor to Spain For First Hearing the Pianist Of Rare and Gleaming Accomplishments

YESTERDAY afternoon at the Statler Hotel Boston heard for the first time that new star in the firmament of pianists, Jose Iturbi. Out of the new Spain he comes, a Spain which now for some years has been contributing its full share to the life of the musical world. Its composers have achieved a vogue, and what is more, considerable genuine distinction, since the days of Albéniz. Its conductors and artists include the well-known Casals and Arbos, the recent sensations, Segovia and the Aguilars, and now Iturbi. For Jose Iturbi is beyond any doubt a musician of the very first rank, both in technical equipment and in discriminating musicianship. For the benefit of the Denison House was this recital given. The audience therefore included many of the socially elect. There should not have been one empty seat, even in the face of the driving snowstorm which made the coming and going more than uncomfortable. But the audience was large enough so that in the volume and the heartiness of the applause the share of those who would have occupied the empty chairs was hardly missed.

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the Brearle lege. Mr. the Middle Harvard L Law School as a secon clubs inclu Tennis of Club of Ha law firm o fellow.

Surprising it was then, to hear Chopin's polonaise as a magnificent tonal panorama rather than as a firmly rhythmed court dance. It summoned technical feats that were astounding. It indulged in tonal painting which one would travel far to equal. Romantic through modern eyes, it was. Court processional it was not.

And if one had thought oneself in the presence of technical feats before the Paganini-Brahms variations one heard in this item all previous abilities eclipsed. And again, this technique was neither hard nor dry brilliance, every note of it, every passage, every difficulty had a musical reason for being. Thanks to Mr. Iturbi, for display, mere shallow virtuoso-music had not been chosen. The higher virtuosity of a Brahms had been called in. Thanks to Iturbi's Brahms, this technical wizardry relieved that composer once again of the charge of dry-as-dust academicism. Virtuosity and musicianship, display and a warmth that touched the heart, for once went hand in hand.

So for Ravel's Pavane Mr. Iturbi found exactly the right note. The somber melody, the occasional rich harmonies, the restraints struck a mood which one seldom finds outside of Ravel and which the players of Ravel none too often fathom.

And at last the much awaited Spanish numbers from this authoritative Spaniard. Wisely Mr. Iturbi chose not the obviously rhythmed, tambourine jangling, square cornered dances, which after all probably represent nothing more significant in Spanish culture than do foxtrots in our own. Instead came the stark, stimulating measures of de Falla's "Dance of Terror"; the ascending climaxes and the bursts of majestic song of the advancing procession of the Feast of Corpus Christi, pictured by Albéniz; the flashing and sparkling play of games according to Granados. With great conviction Mr. Iturbi played his music. And an audience felt itself drawn nearer to a less obvious Spain than is often the case. By all means let us hear more Spanish music from José Iturbi. A. H. M.

Bach and "Bolero"

Reflections for The Hour On Sensation Versus Permanence

PERHAPS nothing is more significant of the times than that the novelty which created the liveliest stir of any new symphonic work since "Le Sacre du Printemps" was first heard in New York—Ravel's bitingly sardonic "Bolero"—is a tour de force that can boast of only the scantiest material, and this theme in itself utterly commonplace and banal.

Time was when the basic thematic ideas of any work were quite as important as the manner in which they were presented. All that is most remarkable about this astonishing "Bolero" has to do with making bricks with a very minimum of straw.

An almost maddening reiteration of a single idea over a period of about twenty minutes achieves its exciting effect by reason of the legerdemain with which this theme is intensified as it is bandied from instrument to instrument, the while a crescendo is built under it by augmentation of the instruments supplying a pulsatile and pizzicato background. Virtuoso technique is here exalted to its highest power. It transcends the ordinary showmanship of the Strauss epigone because this technical wizardry is not used for its own glorification but to produce an end that is not of itself a matter of technical display.

Ravel does not swing a sledge as Stravinsky does in parts of the "Sacre." But he has transcended himself in the stark vigor of this work, which is a long way removed from the ironic precosities of, let us say, the pseudo-Spanish music of "L'Heure Espagnole." There are those who will continue to regard "Daphnis and Chloe," with its irisated scoring and its altogether Ravelesque thematic material, as his most notable score. It has beauty where the "Bolero" has impudence; its appeal is to the finer sensibilities, whereas the new work goes unashamedly about its business of creating a sensation. That the "Bolero" does this with so little except a dazzling mastery of effect on which to build is to the ever-lasting credit of Ravel's art; but the very thing which is most remarkable in the achievement—the absence of any musical idea the world would have been one whit the poorer without—is the weakness that seems to predict speedy oblivion for this work.

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Much as there is present reason to admire the Ravel "Bolero" we would not care to hear it played just passably well after the stunning performance given it at its first American performance by Toscanini. That, after all, may be a very just test of its intrinsic merit and of its enduring qualities. The Ravel work is too distinguished in its workmanship to be dismissed with various other showpieces of recent years, including the highly energized and considerably inflated Wetzler work which created more than a ripple of its own on this same Toscanini program, but its first triumph is likely to remain its greatest, with a steady diminuendo hereafter.

OSCAR THOMPSON

[Reprinted from the New York Evening Post]

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Cheers and Stamps at End of Ravel's "Bolero"

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Excitement reigned at the Symphony concert of yesterday afternoon. Staid dowagers stamped their feet and cheered, behaved as people generally behave only at athletic contests and political rallies. And all for a piece of music, a piece of slender content and obvious design

but contrived with an almost devilish ingenuity: the new "Bolero" of Maurice Ravel.

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Written for Ida Rubinstein and first danced by her in Paris in November, 1928, this "Bolero" had its American premiere as concert-piece in New York last month at the hands of M. Toscanini and the Philharmonic-Symphony, and a scene similar to that described above was then enacted in Carnegie Hall.

So much for the effect of "Bolero," as Ravel simply names it. And the piece itself? That story is soon told. From the snare drum is heard the bolero rhythm that, once begun, is never dropped: dum - diddilly-dum-dum-dum-dum, dum - diddilly-iddilly-iddilly-dum-dum. A flute begins the tune, commonplace enough of itself. Repetitions follow, 16 in all, with fuller and fuller instrumentations, until the full force of the orchestra is attained. Save for a brief and startling lapse into E-major near the close the piece runs all in the key of C. Essentially the music does not change, it merely swells and expands, but by the time it is done the reiterated rhythm and the subtly planned crescendo has aroused the listeners, or at least the more impressionable among them, to such a pitch that, once the goading, maddening sound has ceased, they must shout their release. No more than a musical showman's trick, perhaps, but what other composer living or dead could have turned it so well?

There was another new piece yesterday, and in its first performance anywhere: "Chants Negres," by Blair Fairchild, formerly of Boston, now of Paris and New York. In the excitement over Ravel, Mr. Fairchild was forgotten—but he would have been forgotten almost as speedily under any circumstances, for his composition is of negligible interest and value. A few "popular" melodies of Negroid type are strung together without development, harmonized and orchestrated in accordance with contemporary formulae but with scant distinction.

There were classics, too: Bach's Third Brandenburg Concerto for the beginning and Schumann's Second Symphony for the close. Not before had Mr. Koussevitzky conducted here this most substantial if not most rewarding of the Schumann four. A piece of moments in this C major Symphony, with dull stretches between, though of these moments—the glib play of the Scherzo, the soaring violins of the Adagio and the lusty energies of the Finale oddly forecasting Brahms—Dr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra made the most.

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Time was when the basic ideas of any work were quite as important as the manner in which they were presented. All that is most remarkable about this astonishing "Bolero" is that it is made with making bricks with a very little straw.

An almost maddening reiteration of a single idea over a period of about ten minutes achieves its exciting effect on something that would withstand the wear and tear of time. It is not necessary to see the theme as intensified as it is in this music; the actual assault and defense of the fortress that Charles Sanford Terry so vividly pictures in the high-ly literary analysis printed in the Friends of Music program book. Bach can get along quite as well without any such imaginative word panoramas as Huneker devised for the battle in Strauss's "Heldenleben." But on the purely musical side there is nothing in contemporaneous technique more eminently worth pausing to marvel over than this chorus which Mr. Bodanzky was conducting in Mecca Temple at almost the same moment Mr. Toscanini was repeating the Ravel "Bolero."

Here the form of the Chorale prelude has been carried to its highest vocal manifestation. The colossal resources which Bach had been a lifetime in acquiring are drawn on to give an overwhelming vitality to the fugal entrance of the voices, anticipatory to the stirring intoning of the hymn by the instruments; first by the trumpets and oboes, then the answer in canon, line by line, by the basses at the opposite end of the scale. Once launched upon this program, as Hubert Parry has pointed out, Bach might conceivably have found that although the first phrases permitted of a canonic treatment, the latter part of the chorale would not. But Bach, Parry observes, "achieves the apparently impossible without taking the smallest trouble about it. Every phrase of the chorale predict speedy oblivion for this work.

The tour de force is as old as the musical art. Each successive generation of composers beggars the virtuosity of the last. Only where material in itself worth the potter has been united with astounding technique has the pristine force of the latter survived after other masters have found new ways of creating amazement.

Today the first chorus of Bach's "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott," the cantata sung by the Friends of Music recently, is a more amazing technical achievement in that any one may have recognized in Bach's time. Bach has here written what there is every reason to pronounce a tour de force, save that the noble old Reformation hymn provides a basis so solid and of such earnest purport as to make the term seem unnecessarily belittling. To compare such an achievement with Ravel's in the "Bolero" is to court absurdity because of the utterly antithetical aims and purposes of the works as well as their very different mediums and numberless considerations separating one period and one public from another.

But Bach's music persists for the reason that Ravel's is least likely to persist. He expended his mature mastery on something that would withstand the wear and tear of time. It is not necessary to see the theme as intensified as it is in this music; the actual assault and defense of the fortress that Charles Sanford Terry so vividly pictures in the high-ly literary analysis printed in the Friends of Music program book. Bach can get along quite as well without any such imaginative word panoramas as Huneker devised for the battle in Strauss's "Heldenleben." But on the purely musical side there is nothing in contemporaneous technique more eminently worth pausing to marvel over than this chorus which Mr. Bodanzky was conducting in Mecca Temple at almost the same moment Mr. Toscanini was repeating the Ravel "Bolero."

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Modernist Boston Classic New York

Koussevitzky's Programs and Toscanini's Ingeniously Compared

WHILE the Philharmonic Society is pursuing its highly successful career abroad [writes Francis D. Perkins, the insatiable statistician of music], the Boston Symphony Orchestra completed its season (which ran into the first week of May), and dispatched us the last of the brown-covered pamphlets containing the program-notes and the customary summary of the orchestra's activities. In this connection it may be interesting to compare the musical fare offered by the two orchestras in their principal series—the Philharmonic's Thursday evening series in Carnegie Hall and the Bostonian's Friday-Saturday series in Symphony Hall. The Philharmonic gave twenty-six Thursday-evening concerts; fifteen under Toscanini, seven under Mengelberg and four under Molinari. The Boston Symphony had twenty-four Friday-afternoon concerts, repeated on Saturday evening: twenty-one under Dr. Koussevitzky and one each under Richard Burgin, Glazunov and Goossens. The composers, Henry Eichheim, Samuel Gardner and Walter Piston conducted their own works in three programs otherwise under Dr. Koussevitzky. Forty-seven composers were represented in each series under discussion. The Philharmonic played 103 works in this particular series; the Bostonians, in the corresponding series, eighty-eight works. Of the 176 on both lists only fifteen were common to both series; of the sixty-nine composers twenty-five. Whereby it can be deduced that the conductors followed different lines in the program-making. Of the composers represented in the Philharmonic's Thursday evenings, Wagner leads the list with eleven works or excerpts. Beethoven follows with ten; Brahms with seven; Mozart and Strauss with six each; Bach, Debussy, Handel, Mendelssohn, Respighi with three each; Haydn, Honegger, Ravel, Rossini, Schumann, Stravinsky and Chaikovsky with two each. Of the composers represented in the Boston Symphony's Friday after-

noon series Beethoven leads with six works, followed by Strauss with five; Brahms, Ravel, and Sibelius with four; Debussy, Glazunov with three; de Falla, Eichheim, Gruenberg, Prokofiev, Respighi, Rimsky-Korsakov, Saint-Saëns, Schumann, Stravinsky, Chaikovsky, Wagner and Weber with two each.

The Philharmonic, offering fourteen works than the Boston Symphony series including two more concerts, much more attention to Wagner considerably more to Beethoven. The Bostonians waxed more modern, playing five works by twenty-seven living composers, as compared with the thirty-two works by twenty-two living composers given by the Philharmonic. A large difference appears in the matter of novelties offered in the two series, ten new to New York and twenty-five to Boston.

American composers, as has been repeated before, found little favor with the Philharmonic this last season—two, Koussevitzky and Wagenaar, achieving reputation with one work each. But Dr. Koussevitzky and his colleagues played ten works by eleven American composers. In the case of Italian composers the two series, the case is nearly an exact reverse; Philharmonic, twelve composers, fifteen works; Boston Symphony, three composers, four works. In general, we can consider excellent chances of classic and romantic music as the feature of the Philharmonic, especially of that part of it under Toscanini's direction, but must look to the Boston Symphony's visit for the interesting novelties.

A reason why American composers are better with the Boston Symphony than with our Philharmonic may well be that Dr. Koussevitzky devotes all his time to the Boston Orchestra, abandoning last year even the spring concerts he hitherto conducted in Paris. Presumably he has more time to examine grown scores. Mr. Mengelberg, who has given us American works every season, although not often, divided his time between the Philharmonic and the Amsterdam Concertgebouw; Molinari's season is shared by several. Mr. Toscanini is concentrating his activities on the Philharmonic, but his season was only the first not shared with La Scala. It is reported that American scores will be among the works he considers for 1930-'31. [New York Tribune]

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Koussevitzky's Toscanini's Comp

WHILE the Philharmonic is pursuing its home reer abroad [edge of ac music], the Boston S completed its season the first week of May) the last of the brown containing the progr customary summary activities. In this col interesting to compar offered by the tw their principal series— Thursday evening seri and the Bostonian's series in Symphony I monic gave twenty-six concerts; fifteen under Mengelberg and nari. The Boston Sy ty-four Friday-afterno ed on Saturday ev under Dr. Koussevitz under Richard Burg Goossens. The comp helm, Samuel Gardner conducted their own v grams otherwise unde Forty-seven compos ed in each series und Philharmonic played particular series; the corresponding series. Of the 176 on both lis common to both serie composers twenty-five be deduced that the different lines in th Of the composers rep harmonic's Thursday leads the list with e cerpts. Beethoven Brahms with seven; with six each; Bach Mendelssohn, Respig Haydn, Honegger, F mann, Stravinsky a two each. Of the co in the Boston Symp

Beethoven leads with six works, wed by Strauss with five; Brahms, art, Ravel and Sibelius with four; Ea. i., Debussy, Glazunov with three; Bax, de Falla, Eichheim, Gruenberg, Haydn, Prokofiev, Respighi, Rimsky-Korsakov, Saint-Saëns, Schumann, Stravinsky, Chaikovsky, Wagner and Weber with two each.

The Philharmonic, offering fourteen more works than the Boston Symphony in a series including two more concerts, gave much more attention to Wagner and considerably more to Beethoven. The Bostonians waxed more modern, playing forty-five works by twenty-seven living composers, as compared with the thirty-three works by twenty-two living composers given by the Philharmonic. A similar difference appears in the matter of novelties offered in the two series, ten works new to New York and twenty-five new to Boston.

American composers, as has been remarked before, found little favor with the Philharmonic this last season—two, Loeffler and Wagenaar, achieving representation with one work each. But Dr. Koussevitzky and his colleagues played thirteen works by eleven American composers. In the case of Italian composers in the two series, the case is nearly an exact reverse; Philharmonic, twelve composers, fifteen works; Boston Symphony, three composers, four works. In general, we can consider excellent performances of classic and romantic works as the feature of the Philharmonic season, especially of that part of it under Mr. Toscanini's direction, but must look to the Boston Symphony's visit for the most interesting novelties.

One reason why American composers fare better with the Boston Symphony than with our Philharmonic may well be that Dr. Koussevitzky devotes all his activities to the Boston Orchestra, abandoning last year even the spring concerts he had hitherto conducted in Paris. Presumably he has more time to examine home-grown scores. Mr. Mengelberg, who has given us American works every now and then, although not often, divided his active season between the Philharmonic and the Amsterdam Concertgebouw; Mr. Molinari's season is shared by several cities. Mr. Toscanini is concentrating his activities on the Philharmonic, but last season was only the first not shared with La Scala. It is reported that American scores will be among the works he will consider for 1930-'31. [New York Herald Tribune

FORTY-NINTH SEASON, NINETEEN HUNDRED TWENTY-NINE AND THIRTY

Eighth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, DECEMBER 13, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 14, at 8.15 o'clock

Weber Overture to "Euryanthe"

Bax Symphony No. 2 in E minor and C
 I. Allegro moderato.
 II. Andante.
 III. Allegro feroce.
 (First performance)

Liszt Concerto for Pianoforte in E-flat, No. 1

Respighi Symphonic Poem, "The Pines of Rome"
 I. The Pines of the Villa Borghese.
 II. The Pines near a Catacomb.
 III. The Pines of the Janiculum.
 IV. The Pines of the Appian Way.

SOLOIST
 JOSÉ ITURBI

BALDWIN PIANO USED
 Orthophonic Victrola furnished by M. Steinert & Sons

There will be an intermission after the symphony

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection
 of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert



JOSE ITURBI

SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The eighth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was conducted by Dr. Koussevitzky. Jose Iturbi, pianist, played for the first time at these concerts. The program was as follows: Weber, Overture to "Euryanthe." Bax, symphony No. 2 in E minor and C. Liszt, piano concerto, No. 1. Respighi, "The Pines of Rome." The new symphony by Arnold Bax was performed for the first time anywhere. Although it was written in 1924-1925, he reserved the production for Dr. Koussevitzky, to whom the score is dedicated, feeling confident, as he said in a letter, that conducted by him and played by this orchestra the symphony "will receive a finer first performance than any previous work of mine." His confidence was not misplaced. He honored conductor and players by it; the superb performance justified it. In another letter, dated London, Dec. 3, Mr. Bax says: "There is absolutely no communicable 'program' associated with the music which is entirely, severely 'absolute' as a classical work." He calls attention to the cyclic character of the form and to the persistence in all the three movements of a three-note figure.

"Severely", "absolute" music — but the symphony is charged with emotion and with contending emotions. By reason of contents, its musical ideas, its treatment of them, the technical workmanship, the strain of mysticism alternating with human warmth, the melodic beauty. The boldness, never experimental, of the harmonic schemes, the ingenuity and the taste displayed in the orchestral dress, this symphony is by far the most important work that has come from England for many years; one of the most important that has come from Europe.

When the symphonic poems by Bax were played by this orchestra the charge of occasional diffuseness, if not vagueness, was urged against him, while full justice was done to the fine, poetic qualities. It might have been said that he was then lulled at too great length by the enchanting airs he heard in the Faery Hills and in the Garden of Fand. In this symphony even more than in his first symphony played two years ago, there is still, especially in the second movement, the Celtic feeling that is characteristic of many of his works; there are themes, there are harmonies of tender, wistful beauty, not free from a pleasing melancholy, but these pages only relieve and enhance the heroic character of the work as a whole, the defiant pages or those of doubt and questioning until there is at the end submission to the inevitable, if not a

lasting peace. These final pages, artfully simple, leading to silence, are among the most eloquent and impressive in the symphony.

That the audience realizes the strength and the beauty, the originality of invention and expression was shown by the manner in which the symphony was received. Seldom, if ever, has the first performance of a new symphony been so heartily and honestly applauded.

Mr. Iturbi, whose playing of concertos by the Mozart and Beethoven aroused enthusiasm in Philadelphia and New York, chose for Boston the "Triangle" concerto by Liszt that had not been placed on a program of these concerts since 1913. His performance was one of dazzling brilliance; nor is this all that is to be said. The concerto itself is much more than a parade piece; it is shrewdly, musically planned, and not only for the glory of a virtuoso; there are pages of genuine and haunting charm that test the soul as well as the fingers of a pianist. The delicacy and poetry of Mr. Iturbi's interpretation of these passages were as conspicuous as his triumphant bravura. Yes, when played as Mr. Iturbi played it, this concerto is exciting; but it is more than an appeal to the nerves. It was a pleasure to find that Mr. Iturbi is not a "specialist," for a specialist in music is a fearsome wild fowl. To excel in the playing of Mozart's music stamps one as a thorough musician of knowledge, taste and charm. This one is indeed, an artist. To excel also in this music of Liszt's awakens further admiration and respect. As remarkable as the piano playing was the orchestral accompaniment. Mr. Iturbi was recalled many times; Dr. Koussevitzky was greeted most warmly when he came on the platform to conduct "The Pines of Rome." Of Respighi's four movements, the second, "The Pines Near a Catacomb," has the most enduring musical and emotional value. The first movement is conspicuous for its orchestration; the third movement does not gain by the introduction of a gramophone-nightingale; the march of victorious Romans in the Appian way owes its effect only to steadily increasing dynamic force and the anticipation of a thundering climax.

As an introduction to one of the most interesting concerts of several seasons, Weber's overture was performed in an appropriately dramatic manner with due regard to the singing of the suave second theme and the unearthliness of the mysterious episode for strings.

The concert will be repeated tonight. Next week's program will comprise Roussel's "Petite Suite." Tournier's "Feerie" prelude and dance for harp (Mr. Zighera) and orchestra; the second suite from Ravel's "Daphnis and Chloe," and Dvorak's "From the New World" symphony.

Music in Boston

Koussevitzky Offers New Symphony by Bax

Arnold Bax's Symphony No. 2, dedicated to Serge Koussevitzky, had its first performance in Symphony Hall, Boston, on the afternoon of Dec. 13, as the principal item in the eighth program of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

For some reason, possibly to make it harder, Bax describes this symphony as written "in E minor and C major"; a novel designation which has served to rouse a deal of discussion already. The fact seems to be that the composer has hesitated between the two keys. E minor has rather the edge in the first movement, but C major wins out in the end.

The symphony, for full orchestra, is in three movements, an Allegro Moderato, an Andante and an Allegro Feroce. The first movement is the most impressive. It abounds in thematic material and is marked by the atmospheric quality that inheres in all Bax's music. The form is roughly regular, with diversions ad lib which nevertheless are fused into unity. There are of course evidences of the influence of Rimsky, Debussy, Wagner, Strauss; but there is nothing that could be called imitative. This music is characteristic. Faërie rules, but this imaginative world nevertheless is substantial. If you tried to demolish it, you would find it necessary to use mechanical drills, as they do in taking apart the old Federal Building in Boston.

The Andante falls off in invention and in treatment, though no doubt it heard without the preceding movement it would strike us as charming. The Finale starts off ferociously enough, to conclude with a pianissimo. Shall Bax be accused of writing an English "Pathetic"? He himself has said that the end "should be very broad indeed, with a kind of oppressive catastrophic mood." That "oppressive" sense, a sense of strug-

gle, pervades in fact the whole work. But we are glad the composer has not provided us with an elaborate program. His music is interesting and impressive as music.

The composer also had expressed confidence that this work would receive "a finer first performance than any previous work of mine." Without making comparisons, it may be said that one cannot imagine a finer performance than it received. The orchestra played brilliantly in this, as it had played in Weber's "Euryanthe" Overture, which opened the concert—a highly dramatized reading of a highly dramatic piece of music.

When Arturo Toscanini led his orchestra from La Scala in a triumphal tour of the United States, in the season of 1920-21, the visitors felt, according to the Italian conductor's biographer, Tobia Nicotra, that with all their successes elsewhere, they had not won the accolade until the approval of the Boston public had been bestowed upon them. This flattering opinion evidently is not shared by José Iturbi and Dr. Koussevitzky. For this Spanish pianist, acclaimed a master-interpreter of Mozart, was presented to the Boston Symphony audience in the Liszt E-flat Concerto.

He had an ovation, it is true, with handclapping starting before the final notes and with "Bravos" resounding; but what conservatory graduate cannot win an ovation with this sort of music? It is true that he displayed a wondrous technique; but wondrous technique runs in the streets. It is true that he employed an unexpected delicacy of touch and purity of phrasing, as they say Joseffy used to do; but it is also true that he used an exaggerated rubato.

A pity, that a great orchestra and a (by report) great pianist should be thus thrown away.

The final item listed on the program was Respighi's "Pines of Rome," but whether the nightingale was in good voice you will never learn from this reporter. L. A. S.

Full Afternoon, New Symphony, New Virtuoso

Bax Running High and Rich, Iturbi for Fineness, Romantic Moods

A WEEK ago Ravel's devil's dance taught the matinee audience at Symphony Hall to stamp out its pleasure—with feet, upon the floor. Such response may have suited "Bolero"; but the assembled matrons and juniors (as the advertisements have it) learned their lesson too well. Mr. Iturbi, playing Liszt's Concerto in E-flat (1855) with the Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon was as far as might be from that orchestra whipping out Ravel's tour de force (1928). A bolero happens to be Spanish dance; Mr. Iturbi happens to be Spanish pianist. Therewith ends any conceivable bond between the two. The matinee audience, taking pleasure in the newcomer, stamped out two recalls for him after as many more bestowed by hands. Every mother of a family knows her reactions when the baby does a "cute" thing for the first time, when subsequently it has become a habit. It is needless to press that analogy.

Speculative bystanders, having little to occupy their minds while the succeeding "Pines of Rome" belabored their ears, fell to wondering how much of the applause wreathed around Mr. Iturbi belonged also to Liszt's once hackneyed, now neglected, Concerto. A fat paragraph of pianists played it at the Symphony Concerts between 1885 and 1913. Since that time, the venerable "program-ist" waited nearly seventeen years before he could reprint favorite pages about "the concerto with a triangle" and to the greater glory of its tinkle. Nobody nowadays excites himself about that instrument. Indeed it is rather hard to descry or to hear when a modernist brings up, like a general of artillery, whole batteries of percussion. Much more in the Concerto precludes any excitement over it in December, 1929. Elderly men like to tell how "the great genera-

of romantic pianists ended it in a h of dazzling bravura but in lordly of tone and motion, slowly expanding. Once upon a time it was accounted marvel of difficult exaction, whereat Toch, handing his newest Concerto to Sanromá, would probably smile his shoulder. The books tell with stately breadth the opening measured to unfold upon sympathetic how the Scherzo struck sparks, not from the triangle; how the whole passed for a tour de force of power brilliance, a romantic fantasia in to-disguise.

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43 3/4	4
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85	77
144 7/8	144
120	114
107 1/4	104
88 1/8	80
85 1/2	8
24 3/4	21
114	110
86 3/8	79
49 1/8	38
54	54
72	71
22 1/4	18
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70	70
36 1/2	33
31	12
46 3/4	40
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53	47
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5 1/2	8
32	28
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125 1/8	11
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107	106
31 1/2	29
76 1/2	76
105 1/2	105
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29 3/4	28
22 1/2	19
49 1/4	46
43 3/4	36
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109 1/2	107
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The outcome was a performance remarkable for clarity of outline, vivacity of pace and rhythm, charm of tone, melting euphonies with the orchestral part, glittering ornament, light and poised energy. It was as though Mr. Iturbi held the faded Concerto in his hand; turned it this way and that until every facet had caught the light; while Dr. Koussevitzky raised or lowered the curtain of the accompaniment to brighten or temper the shimmer. You never can tell when a pianist as technically adroit and as musically sensitive as Mr. Iturbi takes down a museum-piece. His new way with Liszt seemed much more desirable than the stalking ghost—all that anyone can now summon—of the old. To listen was at least to find a new sensation and to experience a pleasing thrill. Yet in the lobby-talk as the audience dispersed, one and another said that as long ago as the eighties Joseffy took the selfsame way with "Liszt in E-flat" and also in A.

Throughout, indeed, the concert was rather a romantics' afternoon. It began with a music in which they are still alive

and speaking—Weber's Overture to his opera "Euryanthe." It is a good old piece, a stock-piece as the orchestra evidently believed when it scrabbled audibly through the first dozen pages before the conductor reined it into stride. Schumann sits, dreams and makes romantic music. Liszt writes it as though it were "theater" and he no inconsiderable actor. Berlioz strips it to a quivering nerve as in his melodies; or fleshes it with something nowadays very like bombast. Out of Weber it foams impetuously—say at the beginning of this Overture to "Euryanthe." To this day there is no resisting such an ardent torrent. He stays it for the muted, mysterious Largo as one who would concentrate and breathe soft his intensities; but not for long. He whips up a fugato until it sounds operatic; ends with a jubilant and triumphant flourish. He flings out the overture as though he were brimming with a dozen others; it is full of hot blood and gusto. Willy-nilly, the listener hears and believes. It is the compulsion of the romantics, in most others now withered. And for Weber the orchestra was vivid as a sunset, alive as a wind.

Count Respighi, who ended the concert with "Pines of Rome," among the twentieth-century romantics. He sees children at play under the trees of the Villa Borghese and magnifies them into the little darting monsters of the shifting temple, broken rhythms, abrupt phrases of his first division—the modern way with a romantic impression. He wanders near catacombs and hears a mysterious hymn echoing from them. Berlioz or Liszt might have done as much and confided it to nearly the same instruments. He hears the nightingale singing from the pines of the Janiculum—notorious romantic pastime after dark. Berlioz's Harold, Liszt's Tasso, might have kept him company. They, however, would have relied upon the wind choir for the bird-voice, as at first Respighi makes shift to do. Then he glances up at the calendar on the wall of his work-room. "Dio mio! it is 1924," and forthwith shuts it up in a gramophone-record. From which—to tell the truth—it sounded yesterday rather throaty. To end, the legionaries pounding up the Apian Way. By this time we have learned a trick or two about high-rhythmed tonal masses in crescendo; while Respighi, as everyone knows, is as absorbent as a sponge. . . . It is not necessary, though possibly easy, to agree with the listener who trusted that as soon as the legion had got its breath, a centurion would be dispatched to wring the neck of the gramophoned nightingale. If not, what is Caesar Augustus—or il Signore Mussolini—for?

her romanticism, how-cending Respighi's so-alive to this day, ever-long as the sons of men passionately: would also passion. It fills Bax's ny, played for the first after strenuous rehearsal and truth and life by Dr. and the orchestra. (The evidence was the strag- of the Overture to Of the two keys with xceptionally labelled the earned and acute colleague scoured in these columns. and the fertility of the the, the manipulative readi- and imagination—for it is that further distinguish phony. For the moment r salient matters. many say, this is the day things. Composers choose ns; busy themselves with ; expand them prudently; conomically. Bax, to the etches spacious canvas writes full and ardent. his Symphony nobly: ily; achieved it in un- ion of mind and heart and ntention, the tumult, the ght, the descents of tonal burthened restlessness, nly to thrust forth—all he long first movement are ase of deep and welling it, if the hearer likes, the souls for their own ex- tlement enemies and fates. was pro-vement, lyrical, insistent, ers out-d calm. Yet this measure require- is bitter-edged, repining. These final division begins in a t stocks, for the conflict; presses it antici-ung theme; wages it it here and there as if in ends less exhausted than nless the burden that may not be of Eng- that will not change. A e up to ic, if the hearer likes— ear, giv-'s bitter, angry First ey condi-ence and deepening, less adverse mystical comfort. Yet ng Hatr-usic of passion and ex- during with a sardonic time, eld of conflict to the or better, unashamed to speak increased, he soul. new year nphony of uncommon doubt, op-y of straitened music. are de- bear forty minutes of arer coal- ease on the part of a individual object that Bax over- however, id. Possibly there are ally cheap second movement that urd than deepen in-

sistence. On the other hand, recall those abounding and usually significant themes, diverse in profile, diverse in substance and implication. Consider again a musical development and emotional progress both seldom flagging. Note no less the multifarious texture, the intensified harmonic and instrumental color, the rhythmic energy of all these pages.

Observe again not only the ingenuity but the imagination with which a score of devices, intrinsically modernistic and of a prosaic music of dissonance, are wrought into a music essentially romantic, underlyingly songful; are not only transfused but vitalized to new purpose. Here indeed in first fruition is the issue out of present tonal incoherence which many have visioned—the incorporation of the new means into the old substance, there to generate a more plangent speech of music, a more piercing speech of emotion. . . . A Symphony nobly conceived, loftily planned; passionately released, sustained at intensity and exaltation; full-freighted, deep-fleshed. Rarely are they written in this day and year. Rarely do they conquer us who live within it. An exception, as it seemed yesterday, might be Arnold Bax—in two keys. Maybe, the creatrix of "The Constant Nymph," with her triumphant Symphony—likewise in two keys—was his sub-conscious prophet.

H. T. P.

ITURBI SOLOIST AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Spanish Pianist Is Given an Ovation

Arnold Bax' Second Symphony Played for First Time

Jose Iturbi, the noted Spanish pianist, now making his first American tour, was given an ovation at yesterday's Symphony concert for his remarkably brilliant playing of Liszt's Concerto in E flat. Applause was loud and long, many stamped their feet as well as clapped their hands, recalls were numerous.

Iturbi, who impressed those who heard his Boston debut the other day

at a charity concert as an artist of the first rank, is now well on the way to wide and lasting popularity in Boston.

A second recital by him, to be held preferably at Symphony Hall, would, if now arranged for, undoubtedly draw a large audience. No new solo performer since Horowitz has been so cordially, so demonstratively received by a Boston audience as Iturbi was yesterday. The chief item on Dr Koussevitzky's program was a new symphony by Arnold Bax, favorably received by the audience.

Mr Iturbi was born at Valencia, Spain, in 1895, and received in 1913 a first prize for pianoforte playing from the Paris Conservatoire. From 1919 to 1923 he was head of the piano department of the Geneva Conservatoire, a position he held until 1923. He has in recent years toured Europe and South America with marked success as a concert pianist. He made his American debut Oct 11, 1929, as soloist with the Philadelphia Orchestra in Philadelphia.

He has neither the long hair nor the affected mannerisms the 19th century expected of celebrated pianists. Yesterday's audience saw a quiet and business-like young man, serious and intent on his task, yet obviously certain of his ability to carry it through. The one trait betokening what press agents describe as "personality" was a remarkably ingratiating smile, which, however, appeared only when the concerto was over and the remarkable, almost unprecedented, demonstration from the audience well under way.

Sureness of Taste

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and speaking—Weber's Overture opera "Euryanthe." It is a good old stock-piece as the orchestra evidently believed when it scabbled a through the first dozen pages before conductor reined it into stride. Mann sits, dreams and makes romantic music. Liszt writes it as though it "theater" and he no inconsiderable Berlioz strips it to a quivering nerve in his melodies; or fleshes it with thing nowadays very like bombast of Weber it foams impetuously—the beginning of this Overture to ryanthe." To this day there is no ing such an ardent torrent. He stands for the muted, mysterious Largo a who would concentrate and breathe his intensities; but not for long. He up a fugato until it sounds operatic with a jubilant and triumphant flourish. He flings out the overture as though were brimming with a dozen others; full of hot blood and gusto. Willy—the listener hears and believes. It is compulsion of the romantics, in mosters now withered. And for Weber orchestra was vivid as a sunset, alive wind.

Count Respighi, who ended the century with "Pines of Rome," among the twentieth-century romantics. He sees child at play under the trees of the Villa ghesse and magnifies them into the darting monsters of the shifting broken rhythms, abrupt phrases of first division—the modern way with mantic impression. He wanders near combs and hears a mysterious echoing from them. Berlioz or might have done as much and come it to nearly the same instruments; hears the nightingale singing from pines of the Janiculum—notorious romantic pastime after dark. Berlioz's Liszt's Tasso, might have kept him pany. They, however, would have lled upon the wind choir for the voice, as at first Respighi makes sh do. Then he glances up at the calendar on the wall of his work-room. "Did it is 1924," and forthwith shuts it up gramophone-record. From which—the truth—it sounded yesterday throaty. To end, the legionaries p ing up the Appian Way. By this we have learned a trick or two high-rhythmed tonal masses in crescendo while Respighi, as everyone knows as absorbent as a sponge. . . . It is necessary, though possibly easy, to with the listener who trusted that soon as the legion had got its breac centurion would be dispatched to the neck of the gramophone night If not, what is Caesar Augustus—or more Mussolini—for?

There is another romanticism, however, far transcending Respighi's sonorous surfaces, alive to this day, everlastingly alive so long as the sons of men think and feel passionately: would also release their passion. It fills Bax's Second Symphony, played for the first time anywhere, after strenuous rehearsal and in manifold truth and life by Dr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra. (The circumstantial evidence was the straggling beginning of the Overture to "Euryanthe.") Of the two keys with which Bax exceptionally labelled the Symphony a learned and acute colleague has already discoursed in these columns. He also exposed the fertility of the thematic invention, the manipulative readiness, resource and imagination—for it is nothing less—that further distinguish this new Symphony. For the moment there are other salient matters.

Musically, as many say, this is the day of small, lean things. Composers choose the lesser forms; busy themselves with minute motifs; expand them prudently; clothe them economically. Bax, to the contrary, stretches spacious canvas; fills it richly writes his Symphony nobly: He conceived his Symphony nobly: planned it loftily; achieved it in unfeigned exaltation of mind and heart and hand. The contention, the tumult, the rifts of tonal light, the descents of tonal shadow, the burthened restlessness, thrust back only to thrust forth—all these through the long first movement are passionate release of deep and welling emotion. Call it, if the hearer likes, the battle of men's souls for their own existence against enemies and fates.

The second movement, lyrical, insistent, would soothe and calm. Yet this measure and that period, is bitter-edged, repining. The third and final division begins in a new marshalling for the conflict; presses it again in a far-flung theme; wages it fiercely; lightens it here and there as if in brave defiance; ends less exhausted than oppressed—the burden that may not be lifted, the omens that will not change. A pessimistic music, if the hearer likes—sequence to Bax's bitter, angry First Symphony, sequence and deepening, less touched with mystical comfort. Yet throughout a music of passion and exaltation, at odds with a sardonic time, preferring the field of conflict to the seat of mockery, unashamed to speak nobly of and to the soul.

Second, a Symphony of uncommon richness in a day of straitened music. Those who cannot bear forty minutes of a passionate self-release on the part of a composer, will object that Bax overwrites and is turgid. Possibly there are measures in the second movement that less move forward than deepen in-

sistence. On the other hand, recall those abounding and usually significant themes, diverse in profile, diverse in substance and implication. Consider again a musical development and emotional progress both seldom flagging. Note no less the multifarious texture, the intensified harmonic and instrumental color, the rhythmic energy of all these pages.

Observe again not only the ingenuity but the imagination with which a score of devices, intrinsically modernistic and of a prosaic music of dissonance, are wrought into a music essentially romantic, underlyingly songful; are not only transfused but vitalized to new purpose. Here indeed in first fruition is the issue out of present tonal incoherence which many have visioned—the incorporation of the new means into the old substance, there to generate a more plangent speech of music, a more piercing speech of emotion. . . . A Symphony nobly conceived, loftily planned; passionately released, sustained at intensity and exaltation; full-fledged, deep-fleshed. Rarely are they written in this day and year. Rarely do they conquer us who live within it. An exception, as it seemed yesterday, might be Arnold Bax—in two keys. Maybe, the creatrix of "The Constant Nymph," with her triumphant Symphony—likewise in two keys—was his sub-conscious prophet.

H. T. P.

ITURBI SOLOIST AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Spanish Pianist Is Given an Ovation

Arnold Bax' Second Symphony Played for First Time

Jose Iturbi, the noted Spanish pianist, now making his first American tour, was given an ovation at yesterday's Symphony concert for his remarkably brilliant playing of Liszt's Concerto in E flat. Applause was loud and long, many stamped their feet as well as clapped their hands, recalls were numerous.

Iturbi, who impressed those who heard his Boston debut the other day

at a charity concert as an artist of the first rank, is now well on the way to wide and lasting popularity in Boston.

A second recital by him, to be held preferably at Symphony Hall, would, if now arranged for, undoubtedly draw a large audience. No new solo performer since Horowitz has been so cordially, so demonstratively received by a Boston audience as Iturbi was yesterday. The chief item on Dr. Koussevitzky's program was a new symphony by Arnold Bax, favorably received by the audience.

Mr Iturbi was born at Valencia, Spain, in 1895, and received in 1913 a first prize for pianoforte playing from the Paris Conservatoire. From 1919 to 1923 he was head of the piano department of the Geneva Conservatoire, a position he held until 1923. He has in recent years toured Europe and South America with marked success as a concert pianist. He made his American debut Oct 11, 1929, as soloist with the Philadelphia Orchestra in Philadelphia.

He has neither the long hair nor the affected mannerisms the 19th century expected of celebrated pianists. Yesterday's audience saw a quiet and business-like young man, serious and intent on his task, yet obviously certain of his ability to carry it through. The one trait betokening what press agents describe as "personality" was a remarkably ingratiating smile, which, however, appeared only when the concerto was over and the remarkable, almost unprecedented, demonstration from the audience well under way.

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Bax's Second Symphony, dedicated to Serge Koussevitzky and published in 1929, was yesterday played for the first time in public. Its composer, a Londoner by birth and residence, is known here for a number of impressionistic pieces for orchestra and for pianoforte, associated with Irish, or as he would doubtless prefer to say, with "Keltic" subjects. His first symphony was played at these concerts Dec 16, 1927, but the present writer did not hear it.

The symphony heard yesterday is interesting chiefly for several of its episodic passages. It contains some salient musical ideas, none of which are developed. The piece is overlong, and far too rhapsodic to deserve its title. Bax could have made better use of these ideas in short impressionistic tone poems. His style is incurably diffuse, with no trace of either desire or ability to create musical structures on a large scale. The numerous climaxes the work contains, some of which employ the full power of orchestra and organ, grow wearisome because they are not prepared far in advance, or fitted into a carefully-planned musical scheme. There are also numerous reminiscences of the work of other and greater composers. The performance was painstakingly eloquent, and the work was more cordially received than is that of most living writers represented on Boston Symphony programs.

Romantic Music

The other members were Weber's "Euryanthe" overture and Respighi's "Pines of Rome," so that the program as a whole had an admirable artistic unity. Dr Koussevitzky conducted with his characteristic dramatic fervor, oversteering most of the points he wished to make, but certainly driving them home to the average listener. Restraint, poise, balance are qualities less obviously but none the less certainly demanded of an interpreter of romantic music than they are of a performer of the classics.

The program announced for next week includes a new suite by Roussel, a piece for harp by Tournier, with Mr Zighera, first harpist of the orchestra, as soloist; the second suite from Ravel's "Daphnis et Chloe," and Dvorak's "New World" Symphony.

P. R.

THEODOR SEYDEL MUSICIAN, DIES

Was Member of Symphony Orchestra for 33 Years

Theodor Seydel, a member of the Boston Symphony orchestra for 33 years and distinguished master of the double bass, died yesterday morning at Forest Hills Hospital from the results of a shock which he suffered last May.

Mr. Seydel made his home at 15 Warwick road, Brookline, where his widow, Mrs. Emetie Buettel Seydel, now lives. He is also survived by two daughters, Irma and Olga.

Mme. Irma Seydel, taught for many years by her own father, is now known internationally as a violinist of genius. She is at present on tour as concertmaster of Miss Ethel Leginska's Women's Symphony. Mrs. Olga Seydel Stiles is society editor of The Boston Herald.

Born in 1867 in Saxony, Germany, Mr. Seydel journeyed to this country after completing his musical studies at the Leipzig Royal Conservatory of Music. For one year, he played with the Chicago Symphony orchestra, and then, for 33 years, filled an important post in the symphony orchestra here until last year, when he joined the ranks of the St. Louis Symphony orchestra.

Beside his orchestral work, Mr. Seydel was also widely known as a teacher of both double bass and violin, and as a conductor. He was a member of the Euclid lodge, A. F. and A. M., and the Steuben Society.

Funeral services will be held on Monday afternoon at Forest Hills chapel.

Funeral of Symphony Player Is Held at Forest Hills

Trans. Dec. 16, 1929
With music by a quartet from the Musicians' Protective Association and by Francis W. Snow, organist of Trinity Church, the funeral of Theodor Seydel of 15 Warwick road, Brookline, a member of the Boston Symphony Orchestra for thirty-three years, was held at the Forest Hills Crematory Chapel this afternoon.

Rev. George A. Mark, pastor of the First Church in Somerville (Unitarian), officiated. Mr. Snow played a choral prelude of Karg-Elert and another of Bach, and Karg-Elert's "O, Thou That Breakest Bands." The place of burial has not been determined.

SYMPHONY AUDIENCE RESPONDS

Iturbi, Pianist, Makes
Sensation in Liszt's
1st Concerto

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

The Friday afternoon Symphony Concerts are losing their traditional air of sobriety. Last week it was Ravel's "Bolero" of the protracted crescendo that launched a furore of excitement. Yesterday it was the newly arrived Spanish pianist, Jose Iturbi, bringing to electrifying performance that much-ridden war-horse, Liszt's Concerto in E-flat.

A MASTER OF ELEGANCE

The present musical years, so lean in some respects, are happily not falling behind their predecessors in the production of remarkable pianists. Two seasons ago it was the tornadic Horowitz that inflamed a pair of Symphony audiences; now comes Mr. Iturbi to create yet another sensation.

That the Russian and the Spaniard should be so alike in their power to arouse their listeners and so unlike their methods of doing it is renewed proof of the range and scope of musical performance. The one is dynamic, a super-technician inclined, as his latest Symphony Hall recital suggested, to let his volcanic energies lead him into inartistic excesses. The other, singularly poised and self-controlled, is a supreme master of musical elegance, of rhythmic verve, of clear-cut, crystalline tone.

In Temper of the Day

There is in his playing rare fineness and precision that yet escapes any hint of aridity. Other performances of Liszt's Concerto in Symphony Hall, for example that of Mr. Rosenthal several seasons ago, have had a breadth, a sweep, an overpowering force that was not in Mr. Iturbi's highly polished and sensitive version of yesterday. But the Spaniard's way with the music is more in accord with the temper of our own day, and one more likely to freshen and reanimate a romantic and rhetorical music. Mr. Iturbi, who played a short time ago at the Hotel Statler, is certain sooner or later to give a recital in Symphony Hall, and when he does he should pack that auditorium to the doors.

Besides the stimulating Iturbi, yesterday's concert offered the first performance anywhere of the Second Symphony of Arnold Bax, dedicated to Dr. Koussevitzky, together with Weber's Overture to "Euryanthe," in a performance so inflated, exaggerated and over-contrived that, as may sometimes happen, it fell in consequence quite flat, and finally, in a most eloquent performance, Respighi's now popular "Pines of Rome" of the shrilling children, the gloomy catacombs, the phonograph nightingale and the cataclysmic march of Caesar's legions.

In Uncongenial Field

Though his Symphony proved a work of uneven interest and unequal value, Bax is not a composer to be lightly dismissed. Yet it is possible to feel that in his two symphonies, of which the first is the more significant, he is laboring in an uncongenial field.

A moody, poetic, essentially subjective composer, this Celt seems more at home in the symphonic poem than in the symphony, where logic of design the severer, more abstract domain of design and continuity of thought are prime essentials.

**Mr. Iturbi for New Pianist,
New Symphony by Bax
In Two Keys**

is very much on the musical map these days, and it has not, happily, been backward in sending us proof of the fact. We have lately welcomed its necromantic guitarist, Segovia; its admirable conductor, Fernandez Arbos, and its remarkable quartet of lutenists, the Aguillars. As for the incomparable Casals, he is, of course, an old friend of music-loving Americans. Now we have the pleasure of greeting the newest of Spain's musical exports, to this market, the eminent pianist, Jose Iturbi, a native of Valencia who, in the course of his thirty-four years, has made himself one of the most distinguished of European virtuosos. He has already been heard in Philadelphia and [at recital] in Boston.

New: From Bax

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In Two Keys

The last movement, before the final recapitulation, contains the same passage, literally, note for note. This time, however, one emerges in C major, the key of the finale. Bax thus seems to have in mind a common source from which the two keys proceed. Further, at the very end, while strings grow quieter and quieter upon a sub-dominant "six-four" in C major, bassoons gently hint at both keys, by following the dominant E with the tonic of C. Still further: at least one theme (or rather the second half of the main theme of the first movement) without indulging in the usual crude superposition of two keys so often practised by polytonalists, is built of progressions subtly suggesting both C major and E minor. . . . Of which technical matters let the general reader be wearied no further. It is the musician's only answer to a highly technical question.

The Wealth of It

the movement; the conventional label "Angels in their own right," which is too ferocious."

y and ingeniously. The first section is a second movement, melodic, lyrical and 'cello solo, is stated and developed. The introduction of a new theme says that it is not so affording relief, but with the already heard. The last section, "if you will, exposition," but in reference to the introduction, the movement, to the fanfare of a new development. Finally, it states the main theme with its

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Symphony Concert Fully Furnished

Mr. Iturbi for New Piano New Symphony by Bax In Two Keys

HUMAN nature in the concert is changeless. Therefore to meet the event at the Symphony Concert tomorrow and Saturday is the first advance, in Boston and with orchestra Jose Iturbi. Seemingly, he is the distinguished pianist to descend these shores this season. Mr. G. writing in *The Herald Tribune* début in New York last week, did to his Spanish origins and international reputation. "Spain, he wrote, is very much on the musical scene these days, and it has not, happily, been backward in sending us proof of the fact. We have lately come to its necromantic guitar, Segovia; its admirable conductor, Fernandez Arbos, and its remarkable quartet of lutenists, the Aguirres. As for the incomparable Casals, he is, of course, an old friend and music-loving American. Now we have the pleasure of greeting the newest of Spain's musical exports to this market, the eminent pianist Jose Iturbi, a native of Valencia, who, in the course of his thirty-four years, has made himself one of the most distinguished of European musicians. He has already been heard in Philadelphia and [at recital] in London.

At Symphony Hall, Mr. Iturbi will give Liszt's Concerto in E-flat, so unknown to "these concerts" that it is the word in place. He played the piece in New York last Sunday with the Harmonic Society, and the review dwelt upon his technical skill, precision and polish; his justice to the measures, his virtuosity in ornamentation. They missed, however, "the sweep and swank" which they counted appropriate to the Concerto. The inference is that Mr. Iturbi plays the piece as Josef Hofmann years ago and exceptionally, played aristocratically, as a music of few brilliant. The more interesting, should be his version.

New: From Bax

To the pianist now add a composer. For, in the strict musical sense, the event of the concert is the production of a new Symphony by the Englishman, Arnold Bax. He has ventured—writes A. H. M.—upon what none before him has dared.

He has named the symphony as being in two keys. Upon the title-page, dedication (as is customary) first, stand these words: "To Serge Koussevitzky, Second Symphony, in E minor and C, for orchestra, by Arnold Bax." Literary men have sometimes toyed with the idea of a symphony in two keys. Composers, notably Milhaud, have practiced systematic polytonality. None has given (so far as memory and available records serve) a double key-designation to a piece of music. For the fearsome, be it said that the symphony is not by any means in two keys throughout. They will not be treated to an overdose of polytonality, nor even to any considerable amount of polytonality. Of which more later.

Arnold Bax has been represented at the Symphony Concerts by his first Symphony, heard originally on a visit of the Cleveland Orchestra; by the tone-poems, "In Fairy Hills," "November Woods," "The Garden of Fand." He will be remembered as a composer of strongly Celtic leanings, with a sense of beauty at once developed and refined, a composer withal expansive and fertile. If one must classify him one would probably call him a modern romantic. He shuns neither the evanescent shimmerings of Debussy nor the far-flung melodies of Strauss nor the atonal wanderings of Schönberg. Yet it would be mistaken to call him either Debussyan, Straussian or Schönbergian. He is ardent and pregnant melodist, resourceful harmonic colorist with an eye and ear for beauty, a skillful orchestrator. Modern aesthetic theorizings do not seem to lure him, unless from them he can extract something that will serve his ideal. And that ideal is the romantic ideal of tonal splendor in melodies, harmonies, orchestra. In short, he is Arnold Bax, and no other—Englishman, Celt.

Bax is prolific in invention. "When in doubt, write a new theme," seems to cry to you from one of his larger scores. And for him the theme is always at hand. A complete list of the themes of one of his symphonies looks like a German commentator busy with a Strauss tone-poem. The size of his works is proportionate. One counts four hundred and twenty-eight measures in the first movement of this Second Symphony; two hundred and seven in the second; two hundred and twenty in the third. Considering that this last movement is in faster tempo than the second, he is thus moving toward increasing conciseness.

The Symphony in E minor and C is scored for large modern orchestra; three flutes, two oboes and English horn, three clarinets and bass clarinet, two bassoons and double bassoon; four horns, three trumpets, two tenor trombones and one bass trombone, a tenor tuba and a bass tuba; kettledrums, bass drum, side-

drum, tambourine, cymbals, glockenspiel, xylophone, tam-tam, gong; celesta, piano, two harps, organ; and the usual strings. It was published in the summer of the present year.

In Two Keys

The first thing that is certain to occupy even a casual analyst is the unusual key-designation. A first glance reveals nothing beyond the fact that the first movement is predominantly in E minor, the second in B major, the third in C major. He might thus ask, not without show of reason, "Well, why not call it in E minor, B, and C?" The introduction begins on the open fifth G-D, suggesting the key of C major. Very shortly, however, there are discordant chords in trombones and bassoons, gloomy but of a grave richness, which for the moment destroy all sense of key. There are vague suggestions of C major, hints of the key of A-flat, which stands mid-way between E and C, chords common to both keys, but as yet no commitment. Near the middle of the introduction one comes to a passage upon an atonal chord with a shifting chromatic bass. From it one emerges eventually in the key of E minor, the key of the first movement.

The last movement, before the final recapitulation, contains the same passage, literally, note for note. This time, however, one emerges in C major, the key of the finale. Bax thus seems to have in mind a common source from which the two keys proceed. Further, at the very end, while strings grow quieter and quieter upon a sub-dominant "six-four" in C major, bassoons gently hint at both keys, by following the dominant E with the tonic of C. Still further: at least one theme (or rather the second half of the main theme of the first movement) without indulging in the usual crude superposition of two keys so often practiced by polytonalists, is built of progressions subtly suggesting both C major and E minor. . . . Of which technical matters let the general reader be wearied no further. It is the musician's only answer to a highly technical question.

The Wealth of It

Can that implied promise to the general reader be kept? To describe the course of this complex symphony in words without musical illustrations, whether those words be technical or non-technical, will in the very nature of the case tax the resources of language. There are three movements. The first proceeds through an introduction "Molto moderato" to an "Allegro moderato" main theme with its

original second part the movement; the conventional label "Allegro moderato," which is its own brief ingamante," which is pro feroce."

cludes (1) the dark, mies already mentioned theme "declamato" clarinet, much used in the last movements.

this theme, a heavy rush of notes in the basses and cellos yields two motifs throughout the piece notes pizzicato, B-flat, form a material for all the first. There is more of the frag-

(4) Close upon comes a theme in which is again useful work. This exposition, there follows a passage discussed in the introduction. A fanfare of ridge which eventually "Allegro moderato." This "Allegro moderato" is hmed with incisive rds. As these sub-

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To the pianist now add a composer. For, in the strict musical sense, the chief feature of the concerts is the production of a Symphony by the Englishman, Arthur Bax. He has ventured—writes A. H. Noyes—upon what none before him has da

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Arnold Bax has been represented by the Symphony Concerts by the Symphony, heard originally on the Cleveland Orchestra; by poems, "In Fairy Hills," "Woods," "The Garden of Fa," will be remembered as a cor, strongly Celtic leanings, with beauty at once developed and composer withal expansive. If one must classify him, probably call him a modern. He shuns neither the evanescent merings of Debussy nor the melodies of Strauss nor the at derings of Schönberg. Yet it mistaken to call him either Straussian or Schönbergian. He is a poet, a melodist, a harmonic colorist with an ear for beauty, a skillful orchestrator, a modern æsthetic theorizings do lure him, unless from them extract something that will sell. And that ideal is the romantic splendor in melodies, orchestra. In short, he is and no other—Englishman, Englishman.

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J. Walter Lambert, chaplain

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The annual Christmas Boston Teachers' Club was Twentieth Century Club, gram was put on, during w of more than one hundred Christmas carols. Miss Miss Catherine Coveney, M mins and Miss Julia E. St the committee.

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Form Round-Table

which is the body of the movement; the second bears the conventional label "Andante"; the third has its own brief introduction, "Poco largamente," which is followed by an "Allegro feroce."

The introduction includes (1) the dark, rich, gloomy harmonies already mentioned. (2) Soon a theme "declamato" by English horn and clarinet, much used in the first and also the last movements. (3) Immediately after this theme, a heavily accented, upward rush of notes in violas, 'cellos, bassoons and other low wood-winds, 'cellos, asoons and other low notes "pizzicato" in basses and 'cellos doubled by tubas, yields two motifs which are of importance throughout the symphony. The three notes pizzicato, an ascending A, E-flat, B-flat, form a motif which furnishes material for all three of the movements. (4) Close upon the heels of this motif comes a theme in flutes and trumpets which is again useful throughout the entire work. This exposition of material concluded, there follows the vague dual passage discussed in the previous paragraph. A fanfare of trumpets form the bridge which eventually leads into the "Allegro moderato".

The beginning of this "Allegro moderato" is sharply rhythmized with incisive accompanimental chords. As these subside, two clarinets sing the main theme of the movement, also charmingly rhythmical. Immediately the complement to this theme (or the second half of it?) is heard—the duo-harmonic theme previously referred to, derived from the flute-and-trumpet theme of the introduction. This double theme is repeated. Then comes the first subsidiary theme, introduced by recitativ-like violas, itself an energetic theme for violins, horns and English horn. It also is heard variously, with some reversion to the main theme. The sharply rhythmized chords of the beginning usher in what earlier composers would have made the development.

Bax develops fully and ingeniously. Near the end of this section is a second subsidiary theme, simple, melodic, lyrical. It enters for flute and 'cello solo, is in itself much repeated and developed. Unorthodox is the introduction of a new theme here. Who can say that it is not a stroke of genius, affording relief, before proceeding again with the already much-worked material? The last section, call it "recapitulation" if you will, follows largely the "exposition," but in reverse order. After reference to the opening harmonies of the introduction, to the main theme of the movement, to the "declamatory theme," to the fanfare of the introduction, and a new development of the second subsidiary, it states the two portions of the main theme with its

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A. H. M

Symphony Concert Fully Furnished

Mr. Iturbi for New Piano
New Symphony by Bax
In Two Keys

HUMAN nature in the concert is changeless. Therefore to meet the event at the Symphony Concert tomorrow and Saturday is the first advance, in Boston and with orchestra, in Jose Iturbi. Seemingly, he is the distinguished pianist to descend these shores this season. Mr. G. writing in The Herald Tribune debut in New York last week, did to his Spanish origins and international reputation. "Spain, he wrote, is very much on the musical air these days, and it has not, happily, been backward in sending us proof of the fact. We have lately come its necromantic guitar Segovia; its admirable conductor Fernandez Arbos, and its remarkable quartet of lutenists, the Agars. As for the incomparable Cashe is, of course, an old friend music-loving Americans. Now have the pleasure of greeting the newest of Spain's musical exports to this market, the eminent pianist Jose Iturbi, a native of Valencia who, in the course of his thirty-four years, has made himself one of the most distinguished of European virtuosos. He has already been heard in Philadelphia and [at recital] in London.

At Symphony Hall, Mr. Iturbi will give Liszt's Concerto in E-flat, so unknown to "these concerts" that it is the word in place. He played the in New York last Sunday with the harmonic Society, and the review dwelt upon his technical skill, precision and polish; his justice to the treasures, his virtuosity in ornamentation. They missed, however, "the sweep and swank" which they counted appropriate to the Concerto. The inference is Mr. Iturbi plays the piece as Jose years ago and exceptionally, played aristocratically, as a music of jewel brilliance. The more interesting, should be his version.

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Form Round-Table Group

Frances M. Heath, president of the Social Table Discussion, is responsible for the Table Discussion, which is a mere skeleton outline of Bax's four hundred and twenty-eight measures. There are other "themelets" besides the ones indicated.

To Conclude
The Andante is far simpler. After some delicious playing with slightly Debussian chords, basses and cellos, frequently reinforced by horns, develop a theme out of the pizzicato motto of the introduction. Then there is a "cantabile" theme for violins, simple, lyrical, direct. After a time violas with an octave-leap introduce the chief contrast—on the list. The theme, also lyrical, but more rhythmically active than the first. There is some development, more of the fragmentary contrasting themes, and briefer statement and redevelopment of the two lyrical themes with some appearances of the "motto" for coda.

President L Harvard

The quietness of the introduction occupies itself chiefly with the motto. Then that motto yields the most important theme it has yet generated. The eight measures remind one somewhat of the extended flights of Strauss. Not only in range is there resemblance. The new eight-measure theme is pregnant with many motifs for development as though Strauss had written it. These are in turn freely and energetically developed, until strings, brass and woodwinds all join in a subsidiary theme, "molto feroce" of large sweep and breadth. There is more development of motives from the main theme. After week-ends of his subsides there are many repeated Preparations in strings, in varied rhythms, which soon serve as accompaniment for a "cello cantabile." There is still College Hall. Further development of the main theme, after which the ambiguous passage from the introduction to the first movement, as already described. Which, after restatement of the initial "declamato" theme, and a final plucking of the "motto," leads to the mysterious close faintly suggesting the two keys of the symphony.

A. H. M.

ard '30





OTTORINO RESPIGHI

CONDUCTOR — COMPOSER — PIANIST

FORTY-NINTH SEASON, NINETEEN HUNDRED TWENTY-NINE AND THIRTY

Ninth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, DECEMBER 20, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 21, at 8.15 o'clock

Moussorgsky Prelude to the Opera, "Khovánstchina"

Rimsky-Korsakov "Sadko," a Musical Picture, Op. 5

Tournier "Féerie," Prelude and Dance,
for Harp with Orchestra
(First performance with Orchestra)

Ravel Orchestral Excerpts from "Daphnis et Chloé,"
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Lever du Jour — Pantomime — Danse Générale

Dvořák Symphony No. 5 in E minor,
"From the New World," Op. 95

- I. Adagio; Allegro molto.
- II. Largo.
- III. Scherzo.
- IV. Allegro con fuoco.

SOLOIST

BERNARD ZIGHERA

There will be an intermission before the symphony

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection
of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert



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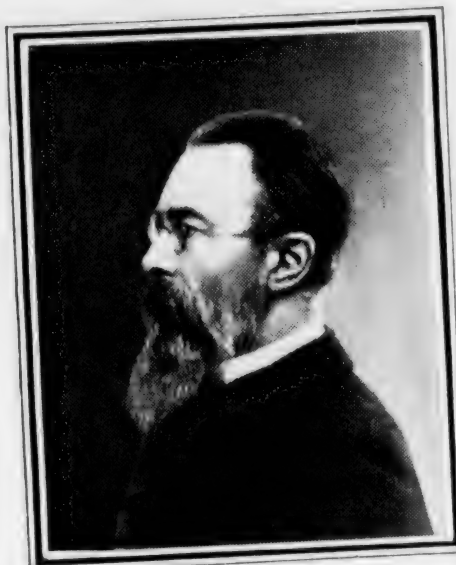
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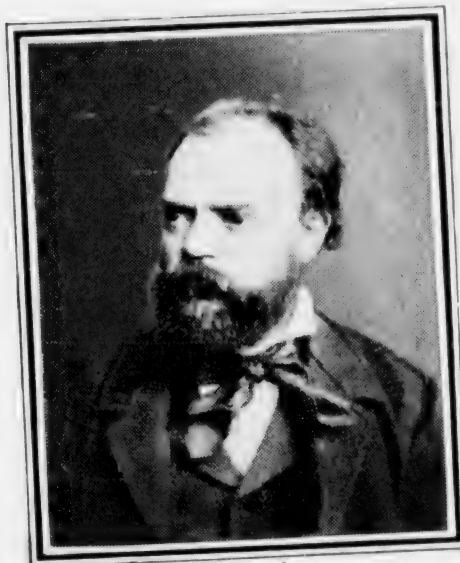
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Rimsky-Korsakov



Dvořák

MUSIC

SYMPHONY CONCERT

Herald By PHILIP HALE, Dec. 21, 1920

The program of the ninth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky, conductor, which took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall, was as follows: Moussorgsky, prelude to the opera, "Khovanstchina," Rimsky-Korsakov, "Sadko" Tournier, "Ferie"—prelude and dance for harp and orchestra (first performance with orchestra). Ravel, second suite from "Daphnis and Chloe." Dvorak, symphony No. 5, "From the New World."

Without doubt Rimsky-Korsakov, editing Moussorgsky's score left unfinished at his death, rewriting, adding, cutting, turned this prelude into a thing of beauty chiefly by the charm of his instrumentation. It would be interesting to see Moussorgsky's sketch for this Prelude as it would be to hear Rimsky-Korsakov's original version of "Sadko"—which was composed as early as 1867. The revision was in 1891 and the reviser had learned much in the years between. Yesterday the Prelude stirred the imagination of the hearer and not only because it is associated with a scene in the Kremlin's Red Square. One not knowing the opera might be curious concerning the significance of solemn strains that stand out from a purely pictorial background. Kremlin or no Kremlin, the music was a pleasure to ear and mind, and Philistines would not be alone in saying: "That's what music is for." Down went Sadko like McGinty to the bottom of the sea. He played for the dancers there. The music is picturesque, though it does not show Rimsky at his best.

Ravel's Suite is if it had been planned with the express purpose of displaying the euphony, sonority, brilliance and elasticity of the remarkable orchestra conducted by Dr. Koussevitzky. One can easily think that led by a respectable but prosaic man of routine experience the music itself might occasionally seem purposeless, if not trite, especially as it does not in the concert hall accompany action in an appropriate stage setting. As played under the conditions stated—a virtuoso orchestra with an understanding, poetic, magnetic conductor in full sympathy with the composer—the music has kaleidoscopic beauty, the performance is incomparable. One might ask whether in this instance a conductor and his men do not with the material produce such glowing effects that Ravel, if he were listening, might say to himself: "Did I

really write this music? Did I expect it to be so beautiful in the actual performance?"

David played the harp until Saul threw a javelin at him, but David probably improvised. Some of us remember the dreary compositions that skilled harpists were obliged to play, for composers of high standing wrote little for them, and the harpists themselves when they were forced to compose thought first of their own technical ability and shaped their music accordingly. The instrument was favored in drawing rooms at a time when a woman with sculptural arms, a neck of dazzling whiteness—blonde harpists were preferred—strummed the wires and sang, not always tunefully, "Love not, ye hapless sons of clay"—and attentive swains would in sugared compliments beg another song—"Touch the harp gently, my pretty Louise." But composers today take the harp seriously and write seriously for it, especially as an orchestral instrument. A harpist is now expected to be a musician as well as a master of his instrument. Tournier's "Ferie" is written by a musician, who is also a harpist and a teacher of the harp. He may well be proud of his pupil, Mr. Zighera, whose musical proficiency and technical skill were warmly and justly applauded yesterday.

Dvorak's symphony, which once excited controversy, had not been played here by the Symphony Orchestra since March, 1920. Today there is little or no talk about its origin, which at the time the symphony was first performed was misunderstood especially by those who shouted its praise, screaming: "It's 100 per cent. American." The symphony is popular. The tunes are obvious. Some of them can be hummed and whistled as one is leaving the hall. There are otherwise interesting pages in the work. But when Dvorak was on his native soil, he rose to a greater height as a composer, than when he composed an oratorio for England and a symphony for the United States. The performance yesterday was all that could be asked, and the audience was greatly pleased.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week is thus announced: Mozart, overture to "The Magic Flute"; Beethoven, symphony No. 4, B flat major; Bloch, "Schelomo" (Solomon) Hebrew rhapsody for violoncello (Felix Salmond), and orchestra; Gliere, "The Saporotchky Cossacks"; symphonic tone picture-ballet (first time here).

A Matinee Of Bon-Bons and Sweet Sounds

Dr. Koussevitzky with Mr.
Zighera and His Harp
To Assist

WHAT an afternoon of bon-bons. . . It was a stray remark from the corridors after yesterday's concert at Symphony Hall. Which corridors are to the observant a treasure house of reactions, a mine of points of view. And if one of the observant perchance has the pleasant duty of making "copy" of programs and performances, companies of hearers and responses from those hearers, those same corridors may become for him a veritable Bible of texts. And thus for the day a "text" has been chosen.

Bon-bons—confections; let us see. In the course of the afternoon twice the rising dawn was evoked; once the surface of a gentle sea yielded its picture; lovers made sport to the tones of a liquid flute; while other beings, product of romantic imaginings, held court at the bottom of the sea; a shining harp was brought to stand beside the conductor for all to see and hear; and lately, a string of "tunes" was made by clever hands into a symphony. Or, for the prosaic record—the rising dawn once was prelude to Musorgsky's opera, "Khovantschina"; again it was first of the excerpts from Ravel's ballet, "Daphnis and Chloe," which also yielded the silver flute and the pastoral dancers; the sea and the goings-on beneath the sea were Rimsky-Korsakov's "musical picture," "Sadko"; upon the golden harp Mr. Zighera ably played Monsieur Tournier's "Féerie"; and the symphony which was also "tunes," was Dr. Antonin Dvorak's symphony, No. 5 in E minor, better known as the "New World Symphony."

Thus ran a pleasant afternoon, with not a thing to disturb the most timid. Yes, there were climaxes; no music can proceed without its periodic ebb and flow, its heights and depths. But these heights were not the towering Rockies with bold crags and gouged canyons; these were the

peaks eroded and the wash from the to change violently to homely simile, caused a tempest rather the natural nometer on a calm y—brought indoors

pause a bit. Why year of 1929 thus itself of its smug le or two, a mere wo, have wrought nt back only two decade and Boston Daphnis and Chloe," ing on needles and straightening their for in 1918 it was

of the "advanced"; decade farther and ght dissension be- oducer, Ravel and deed! Or go back years, within the who sit before the less who sit there ther of these "bon- tion. The pro- was full of reflec- against pen. The discover whether ak had used negro of an "Ameri- ng in the back- tant question of . in the very na- "American" mu- Negroid melodies Which dissen- d to rest in peace. within the easy this symphony is more an issue latest problem- a Honegger or a one have to go eties for such will roar to be from the ranks thus delivered the last meas- The end comes ear-devastating of lost souls." Symphony hall vitzky, in the a was but ex- y in program- vn during his may be exer- e component rious. While another is

painfully lacerated; while one smilingly remembers the good old days, another is lulled to sleep. Both may be satisfied by placing numbers of both kinds on a single program. Or, some programs may be for the one group while others are for the other. The present generation places possibly undue emphasis upon suspense and excitement; it has often had its day in Symphony Hall. An older generation prefers wistfulness, and memories, and pleasant sounds; it had its day yesterday. Certainly one in ten years (it was last played in 1920) the "New World Symphony" deserves hearing. And how best frame it than with music of not too great disparity with it? That the afternoon was enjoyed was evident from the hand-clapping at the end. For while suburbanites and modernists (what a combination!) were rushing to the doors a large company ardently recalled conductor time after time until he bade the orchestra rise to its feet. In a well appointed day (or year) there is a place for "bon-bons."

Dr. Koussevitzky's way with Mussorgsky, Rimsky-Korsakov or Ravel is well known. Be they writing of the shining sea or the rising dawn, he polishes and makes bright and effulgent their tonal surfaces. Light is reflected from them. They shine. Is the dawn rising, they grow in splendor, as with the clear-skied Musorgsky; or, they radiate more and more warmth (not heat, be it remembered) as in the unfolding measures of Ravel. Is there sudden change of scene, as in "Sadko," a drum-beat quickly whisks one from undulating surfaces into realms of magic. And the new mood is as suddenly upon one as if by a stroke of legerdemain. Is there dancing, as of nymphs and shepherds and bacchantes, Dr. Koussevitzky, even as Ravel, furnishes stimulus, rises with the dancers to the tumult of joy.

Marcel Tournier is, of course, virtuoso composer, very much virtuoso-composer. He knows his harp and, disdaining the vaudeville tricks with which others seem to find it necessary to deck it out, writes pleasingly and effectively for it. His piece fits into the afternoon's program. And Mr. Zighera, who for some years has labored in semi-obscurity behind violas and near bass drums is for once heard as able virtuoso on his own account. By no means small was his portion of the applause.

What would Dr. Koussevitzky do with Dr. Dvorak's symphony, it was asked. First of all, he gave it performance remarkable for its clarity, for excellent proportioning of parts to each other, to the whole. Straightforward, virile, was

theme of ascending and descending. The succeeding one, in G, might as well have been Oriental. Or do our ears still hear as anything of a certain type of exotic, regardless of its origin? A "go" which has become the stock-in-trade of all sorts and conditions of musical and near-musicians (perhaps a little opposite, far-musicians, would be a truthful word), came with exquisite taste. The English horn of Mr. Zighera, gently guided by the hand of the conductor, avoided both pitfalls; it was over-sentimentalized by too slow, nor lost one whit of its melancholy. And with succeeding themes Dr. Koussevitzky was equally apt, even though the incongruous ballet-like airs which serve to introduce a new piece to the main theme of the symphony, and through it to the English solo.

the scherzo proved, of all the movements most akin to our own age. The living in a scherzo-day. Probably the day of Dvorak, not the day and day of any of his most ardent admirers (and he was a great lion himself, the time) could summon so well herzo-mood as did Dr. Koussevitzky to the modernists in the audience it have been like a breath of fresh air did the perfumes emanating from—the "bon-bons." And in the last movement, almost Chaikovskian, resounding proclamation which is its chief

Less slender than the other movements, it gave Dr. Koussevitzky opportunity for real climax with this symphony.

While the youngsters who at Dvorak's "old hat," but who are young to have heard him in the absence of these ten years, must have surprised eyes and ears at the return of earlier themes in the later movements, and perhaps at the simultaneous appearance of two themes, recall of the once new clash of harmonies which the professor found "devastating."

A. H. M.

's Day

PARING a light program for the Symphony Concerts of Friday and Saturday, Dr. Koussevitzky began it with "Little Suite" by Roussel. Hearing it, he found it unsuited to his purpose and deferred it to a later pair of days. For it he substitutes two familiar Russian numbers—the Prelude to Rimsky-Korsakov's opera, "Khovantschina," and Rimsky-Korsakov's tone-poem, "Sadko." In the first piece there remains only Tournier's "Féerie," with subtitle, "Prelude for Harp." It will be played—by the orchestra assisting—by Mr. Zighera, familiar figure "at these concerts" with either harp or piano.

A Matinee Of Bon-Bons and Sweet Soups

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To Assist

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older Alleghenies, with peaks eroded and valleys filled in with the wash from the mountain-tops. Or, to change violently the figure and resort to homely simile, these climaxes scarce caused a tempest in a teapot, they were rather the natural rise and fall of a thermometer on a calm fleckless summer's day—brought indoors in mid-December.

And yet—one should pause a bit. Why should this little old year of 1929 thus complacently deliver itself of its smug assurances? A decade or two, a mere score of years or two, have wrought mighty change. Count back only two years more than a decade and Boston was first hearing its "Daphnis and Chloe," and oldsters were sitting on needles and youngsters were straightening their spines at its audacities, for in 1918 it was in the very vanguard of the "advanced"; and count back a half-decade farther and this same ballet brought dissension between composer and producer, Ravel and Diaghilev. Bon-bon indeed! Or go back less than two score of years, within the easy memory of many who sit before the orchestra on Fridays (less who sit there on Saturdays), and another of these "bon-bons" is a bone of contention. The program-book yesterday was full of reflections of the battle of pen against pen. The learned were trying to discover whether the Bohemian Dr. Dvorak had used negro tunes for the making of an "American" symphony; leaving in the background the more important question of whether a Bohemian can, in the very nature of the case, write "American" music, and to what extent Negro melodies are indeed "American." Which dissensions may well be allowed to rest in peace. The point being that within the easy span of a single lifetime this symphony was as much and perhaps more an issue than is at present the latest problem-work of a Stravinsky or a Honegger or a Schoenberg. Nor does one have to go back to the eighteen-nineties for such opinion. Our young lions will roar to be reminded that not later than 1918 one of the best of commentators from the ranks of the teaching fraternity thus delivered himself on the subject of the last measures of this symphony: "The end comes with the savagest, most ear-devastating harmonies, like the cries of lost souls." And now the corridors of Symphony Hall call it a "bon-bon."

Truth to tell, Dr. Koussevitzky, in the assembling of this program was but exercising the same catholicity in program-making which he has shown during his entire stay in Boston. It may be exercised in many ways. The component parts of an audience are various. While one is agreeably stimulated, another is

painfully lacerated; while one smilingly remembers the good old days, another is lulled to sleep. Both may be satisfied by placing numbers of both kinds on a single program. Or, some programs may be for the one group while others are for the other. The present generation places possibly undue emphasis upon suspense and excitement; it has often had its day in Symphony Hall. An older generation prefers wistfulness, and memories, and pleasant sounds; it had its day yesterday. Certainly one in ten years (it was last played in 1920) the "New World Symphony" deserves hearing. And how best frame it than with music of not too great disparity with it? That the afternoon was enjoyed was evident from the hand-clapping at the end. For while suburbanites and modernists (what a combination!) were rushing to the doors a large company ardently recalled conductor time after time until he bade the orchestra rise to its feet. In a well appointed day (or year) there is a place for "bon-bons."

Dr. Koussevitzky's way with Mussorgsky, Rimsky-Korsakov or Ravel is well known. Be they writing of the shining sea or the rising dawn, he polishes and makes bright and effulgent their tonal surfaces. Light is reflected from them. They shine. Is the dawn rising, they grow in splendor, as with the clear-skied Musorgsky; or, they radiate more and more warmth (not heat, be it remembered) as in the unfolding measures of Ravel. Is there sudden change of scene, as in "Sadko," a drum-beat quickly whisks one from undulating surfaces into realms of magic. And the new mood is as suddenly upon one as if by a stroke of legerdemain. Is there dancing, as of nymphs and shepherds and bacchantes, Dr. Koussevitzky, even as Ravel, furnishes stimulus, rises with the dancers to the tumult of joy.

Marcel Tournier is, of course, virtuoso composer, very much virtuoso-composer. He knows his harp and, disdaining the vaudeville tricks with which others seem to find it necessary to deck it out, writes pleasingly and effectively for it. His piece fits into the afternoon's program. And Mr. Zighera, who for some years has labored in semi-obscurity behind violas and near bass drums is for once heard as able virtuoso on his own account. By no means small was his portion of the applause.

What would Dr. Koussevitzky do with Dr. Dvorak's symphony, it was asked. First of all, he gave it performance remarkable for its clarity, for excellent proportioning of parts to each other, to the whole. Straightforward, virile, was

theme of ascending and descending. The succeeding one, in G major, might as well have been Oriental. Or do our ears still hear as "exotic," regardless of its origin? A "bon-bon" which has become the stock-in-trade of all sorts and conditions of musical and near-musicians (perhaps a far opposite, far-musicians, would be a truthful word), came with exquisite taste. The English horn of Mr. Zighera, gently guided by the hand of the conductor, avoided both pitfalls; it was not over-sentimentalized by too slow nor lost one whit of its melan- And with succeeding themes Koussevitzky was equally apt, even though the incongruous ballet-like airs which serve to introduce a new piece to the main theme of the symphony, and through it to the English horn solo.

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While the youngsters who at Dvorak's "old hat," but who are young to have heard him in the ab- of these ten years, must have surprised eyes and ears at the evolution of earlier themes in the later movements, and perhaps at the simultaneous appearance of two themes, recall of the once new clash of harmonies which the professor found "devastating."

A. H. M.

It's Day

PARING a light program for the Symphony Concerts of Friday and Saturday, Dr. Koussevitzky began it with "Little Suite" by Roussel. Hearing it, he found it unsuited to his purpose and deferred it to a later pair of programs. For it he substitutes two familiar Russian numbers—the Prelude to Rimsky's opera, "Khovantschina," and Rimsky-Korsakov's tone-poem, "Sadko." In place of these remains only Tournier's "Féerie," with subtitle, "Prelude for Harp." It will be played—by the orchestra assisting—by Dr. Zighera, familiar figure "at these concerts" with either harp or piano.

A Matinee Of Bon-Bons and Sweet Soups

Dr. Koussevitzky with
Zighera and His Harp
To Assist

WHAT an afternoon of bon-bons. It was a remark from the conductor after yesterday's concert at the Symphony Hall. Which corridors the observant a treasure house of actions, a mine of points of view if one of the observant perch at the pleasant duty of making "corrections" and responses from the hearers, those same corridors may for him a veritable Bible of texts; thus for the day a "text" has been Bon-bons—confections; let us see the course of the afternoon twice the dawn was evoked; once the of a gentle sea yielded its picture made sport to the tones of a liquid while other beings, product of imagination, held court at the bottom of the sea; a shining harp was brot stand beside the conductor for all and hear; and lately, a string of was made by clever hands into phony. Or, for the prosaic record—ing dawn once was prelude to Muso opera, "Khovantschina"; again first of the excerpts from Ravel's "Daphnis and Chloe," which also the silver flute and the pastoral d the sea and the goings-on beneath sea were Rimsky-Korsakov's "n picture," "Sadko"; upon the golden Mr. Zighera ably played Monsieur nier's "Féerie"; and the symphony was also "tunes," was Dr. A Dvorak's symphony, No. 5 in E better known as the "New World phony."

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Harpist's Day

PREPARING a light program for the Symphony Concerts of Friday and Saturday, Dr. Koussevitzky began it with a "Little Suite" by Roussel. Hearing the piece, he found it unsuited to his purpose and deferred it to a later pair of concerts. For it he substitutes two familiar Russian numbers—the Prelude to Musorgsky's opera, "Khovantschina," Rimsky-Korsakov's tone-poem, "Sadko." For new piece there remains only Tournier's "Faerie," with subtitle, "Prelude and Dance for Harp." It will be played—the strings of the orchestra assisting—by Bernard Zighera, familiar figure "at these concerts" with either harp or piano.

About "Faerie," A. H. M. sends his customary note: Marcel Tournier, one of whose chamber-pieces was played last month in Boston at a Flute-Players' concert, is professor of the harp in the Conservatory at Paris. He was born in 1879; received a "first prize" at the Conservatory in 1899; won the "Prix de Rome" in 1909, and succeeded Hasselmans as professor in 1912. He writes extensively and pleasingly for his chosen instrument. . . . The chief interest of "Faerie" lies in the solo-part. The orchestral score is slight. The harmonies, to the present-day ear, are only mildly dissonant, as becomes a piece written well before the late war. After introductory measures a very simple melody forms the basis of many harp figurations, arpeggios, broken chords, devices which sound well and are the natural language of the instrument. One becomes aware that "harp-style," as it is called, has much in common with "prelude-style" as laid down by many a master since the days of Sebastian Bach. The Prelude runs through a "Très modéré," the dance begins with an "Allegretto scherzando." There are measures of obvious dance-accompaniment, and a sprightly dance-figure emerges, the chief theme of the dance. Several times the music broadens to lyric utterance. Each time the dance-theme returns. Once, such broadening, rising to greater heights than before, carries the significant direction "Chaleureux." At the close there are again the characteristic harp arpeggios, a moment of pianissimo, and then a steady crescendo to climax and end.

MUSIC

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The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, submitted the ninth program of the Friday afternoon series of concerts at Symphony Hall, Boston, on the afternoon of Dec. 20. Two Russian pieces inaugurated the afternoon. The Prelude to Moussorgsky's "Khovantchina" and Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Sadko." Then came two samples of French writing. Tournier's "Féerie," Prelude and Dance for Harp with Orchestra, given its first performance with orchestra yesterday (Bernard Zighera, member of the orchestra, was the soloist) and the Second Suite from Ravel's "Daphnis et Chloé." For larger work, the audience heard Dvorak's Symphony in E minor, "From the New World."

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his players into ardors which doubtless lend this music its most popular appeal, but which some few find a little tiresome. Yet there is no gainsaying the appeal of this music to many, especially when players of such skill and a conductor of such finesse traverse its measures. Yesterday's program book pointed out that the old controversies which waged about this symphony have fortunately subsided, and that now the work may be regarded simply as music, and not as a work with or without spirituals or plantation songs, or, for that matter, songs of Brittany. As music, per se, it does not own the acidity of challenge.

C. S. B.

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"New World" Symphony

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Mr Zighera, as those who have listened to his playing in the orchestra will not need be told, is a fine harpist. Tournier in the little prelude and dance entitled "Feerie" has written music agreeable enough to listen to if lacking in musical distinction. It goes without saying that the performer is given ample opportunity to display his virtuosity. There were many recalls from a pleased and demonstrative audience.

The general public is unquestionably delighted at the chance to listen to an occasional harp solo. Yet one cannot but feel the harp to be a monotonous instrument when brought into prominence throughout a piece, effective as it is in its usual subordinate place in the orchestra. One had as lief hear a solo on the contrabassoon as a harp solo.

The prelude to "Khovantchina," which depicts dawn in the Kremlin at Moscow, is music which gives Dr Koussevitzky full scope for his remarkable gift of dramatic and pictorial interpretation. The listener, however skeptical he may be about the possibility of tone painting, cannot but be impressed by a reading as eloquent as yesterday's. That Dr Koussevitzky fully believes in the possibility of evoking pictures and stories in the minds of listeners to music seems certain. Such pieces as this prelude almost invariably show him at his best.

Yesterday's program was, as more than one of Dr Koussevitzky's programs this season have been, apparently chosen with a view to artistic unity. This way of planning a concert with a view to its total effect on the listener, instead of grouping pieces on a program haphazard, is commendable. Slavic composers of the last quarter of the 19th century occupied the whole concert, save for the brief and musically not highly significant harp solo.

Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Sadko," an attempt to make music tell an elaborate Russian legend about a shipwrecked mariner, sounded yesterday curiously old fashioned. Not all Dr Koussevitzky's eloquence and fervor could make one think of the legend that suggested the piece and ignore its defects as music, its meaningless repetition of themes which lack the intrinsic interest of those in "Scheherazade," its relatively colorless orchestration.

Dvorak's "New World" Symphony, about which commentators discoursed so learnedly and so lengthily when it was an epoch-making novelty, back in the 1890s, also sounded very old-fashioned yesterday. Its composer, a Czech peasant, had an apparent inexhaustible, but wholly naive and uncritical musical gift. For this symphony he used themes which, though wholly his own inventions, suggest at times the American Negro tunes he heard during his sojourn in the United States. Many of them are sufficiently ingratiating to have won for this symphony wide popularity. Its slow movement has become what some publishers would call "a popular classic." The orchestration, though simple, is also highly effective. But again the tendency to meaningless repetition, and the lack of elaborate musical

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Mr. Koussevitzky's program, as he outlined it yesterday, was not the most stimulating combination of music imaginable. "Sadko" had been heard quite recently. The music from "Khovantchina," for all its barbaric splendor and deep, gaunt effectiveness, is by no means unfamiliar fare. Yet, accustomed or not, these Russians proved good to listen to. How Mr. Koussevitzky revels in the grandeur, the stern magnificence of the Prelude! And how he sweeps his men through the swiftly changing pictures of "Sadko"! The instruments etch in the rumbling, charging waves of the music with sureness and power. And there is something of the glamour of the ancient folk tale, with its colorful elaborations of musical detail.

In Tournier's "Féerie" one found a contrast to the Russian music, a contrast of delicacy and grace and swirling lightness. If there was no startling exhibition of originality or any particular indication of the stature of genius in this piece, it did nevertheless suggest the charm and graciousness of the finished technician. The composer is professor of the harp at the Conservatory in Paris and was the teacher of Mr. Zighera, yesterday's soloist. His music is characteristically conceived for the solo instrument and the instrumentation is well handled. A pleasant and dexterous bit, without any pretensions to greatness, it held a creditable place on the program.

Mr. Koussevitzky brings to Ravel's music a warmth and a brilliance which to many listeners is his most interesting manner. He finds all the rhythmic patterns and sets them forth incisively and sharply. He contrasts these rhythms one against another until all the intricate lines merge into one exposition. He accents melodies skillfully. And never does he verge into sentimental ruts, since Ravel's music simply refuses to lend itself thereto. Perhaps the innate irony combined with the sparkling abilities of the composer are Mr. Koussevitzky's best spur. At any rate, few writers route him to similar effectiveness.

With the Dvořákian music, the anticipated came to pass. For here were the Slavic warmth, the melancholic songs, the lush sweetness, which so tempt the conductor. Here he drove

his players into ardors which doubtless lend this music its most popular appeal, but which some few find a little tiresome. Yet there is no gainsaying the appeal of this music to many, especially when players of such skill and a conductor of such finesse traverse its measures. Yesterday's program book pointed out that the old controversies which waged about this symphony have fortunately subsided, and that now the work may be regarded simply as music, and not as a work with or without spirituals or plantation songs, or, for that matter, songs of Brittany. As music, per se, it does not own the acidity of challenge.

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structure that are the universal defects of Slavic music have now become painfully obvious.

Compare this symphony with one of Haydn's. Haydn was also of peasant origin, and, as Sir Henry Hadow has shown, strongly influenced by Croatian folk tunes. Haydn's music seems like Dvorak's to have been written with effortless ease. But Haydn had a far subtler and finer musical gift than Dvorak. He could not merely invent lovely themes, he could build from them admirable and by no means naive musical structures. Haydn is still a genuine classic, which merely means that his music can be heard repeatedly with permanent and increasing delight. But Dvorak and Rimsky have begun already to pall on many musical listeners, so that their music may not last.

Dr Koussevitzky had his own notions, as usual, about tempi and dynamics. He made of all these pieces something eloquent, something impressive, something persuasive, but sometimes did it by violating the letter and spirit of the printed texts. He claims for the interpreter a greater and more prominent role than one persuaded that nothing should stand between composer and listener is willing to grant him.

The program announced for next week includes Mozart's "Magic Flute" overture, Beethoven's Fourth Symphony, Bloch's "Solomon" for cello and orchestra, and Gllere's "Saporotchy Cossacks." The soloist is to be Felix Salmond.

P. R.

Zighera, Harpist, as Soloist, Delights Hearers

Post Dec. 21, 1931
BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

At the Symphony Concert of yesterday afternoon a programme of music predominantly light, brilliant, cheerful and familiar suited well the holiday season. There was a touch of relative novelty, too, in the appearance of Bernard Zighera, accomplished first harpist of the orchestra, by the little known French lude and dance for harp with orchestra by the little known French composer, Marcel Tournier.

MOUSSORGSKY'S PRELUDE

In detail this amiable list assembled Moussorgsky's prelude to the opera "Khovantchina." Rimsky-Korsakov's musical picture, "Sadko," the piece by Tournier aforementioned, the second suite from Ravel's ballet "Daphnis and Chloe," and lastly Dvorak's Symphony "From the New World," hitherto absent from the Symphony programmes since the coming of Dr. Koussevitzky. Music, all of this, in which conductor and orchestra naturally excel, and played yesterday with remarkable brilliance and finish. That the audience received some of it rather coolly may be attributed in part to a lack of contrast and diversity of appeal.

Viewed in retrospect, the most vital piece of the afternoon was Moussorgsky's prelude. Notable composers each were Modest Petrovitch Moussorgsky and Nicolai Andreievitch Rimsky-Korsakov, but in combination they surpassed in certain respects their separate selves. Let Moussorgsky furnish the musical ideas and Rimsky-Korsakov the instrumentation, as in this prelude to "Khovantchina" or in "Boris," and there emerges a work of which neither would have been capable single-handed. "Sadko" is, of course, not a composition by which Rimsky-Korsakov may fairly be judged. As the first Russian symphonic poem it is of greater historic than actual importance, despite much in the score that is undeniably attractive. The essential Rimsky was to come later.

Monsieur Tournier's piece, to continue, is of itself of little interest, but it afforded Mr. Zighera a chance to display his undoubted prowess in the full glare of the spotlight, and the audience, which always welcomes a soloist, applauded him heartily.

The performance yesterday of Ravel's Suite was one of extraordinary virtuosity, of glowing and effulgent tone. Yet it fell upon ears relatively indifferent. Is it not possible that Ravel's music in general and "Daphnis and Chloe" in particular, has of late years been played over-frequently in Symphony Hall?

The New World Again

Finally, to exemplify the tragic mortality of music, there came Dvorak with a symphony once admired, not only in the new world which inspired it, but likewise in the old, and that after but 26 years has become scarcely more than an exaltation of the trite and obvious.

In justice to the composer as well as to the performance, however, it must be added that a portion of yesterday's audience found such pleasure in this symphony that it recalled the conductor to the stage and prevailed upon him to bring the players to their feet.

FORTY-NINTH SEASON, NINETEEN HUNDRED TWENTY-NINE AND THIRTY

Tenth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, DECEMBER 27, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 28, at 8.15 o'clock

Mozart Overture to "The Magic Flute"

Beethoven Symphony No. 4 in B-flat Major, Op. 60

- I. Adagio; Allegro vivace.
- II. Adagio.
- III. Allegro vivace. Trio: Un poco meno allegro.
- IV. Finale: Allegro, ma non troppo.

Bloch "Schelomo" ("Solomon")
Hebrew Rhapsody for Violoncello
and Orchestra

Tchaikovsky Ouverture Solennelle, "1812," Op. 49

SOLOIST

FELIX SALMOND

There will be an intermission after the symphony

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert

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BLOCH'S RHAPSODY

Herald By PHILIP HALE Dec. 12, 1925
The Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr.

Koussevitzky conductor, gave its 10th concert of the 49th season yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Mozart, overture to "The Magic Flute;" Beethoven, symphony No. 4; Bloch, "Schelomo" ("Solomon"); Hebrew rhapsody for violoncello (Felix Salmond) and orchestra; Tchaikovsky, overture, "1812."

Mr. Bloch is most inspired when he stands firmly and proudly on Jewish ground. The well equipped composer is seen in all that he writes, but his three Jewish poems for orchestra, his Psalms, for voice and orchestra, two of which have been sung here by Mme. Povla Frijsh and in a memorable manner; his "Schelomo" are far above his what might be called Gentile work, even above his concerto, not to mention the cycloramic "America." As he has written in an account of himself and his artistic beliefs, it is the Jewish soul that interests him; "the complex, glowing, agitated soul" that he feels vibrating through the Bible. No wonder that the despair of the Preacher in Jerusalem and the splendor of Solomon alike appealed to him; the monarch in all his glory; the Preacher, who when he looked on all the works that his hands had wrought and on the labor that he had labored to do, could only exclaim: "And behold, all was vanity, and vexation of spirit, and there was no profit under the Sun." And so Mr. Bloch might have taken as a motto for this Hebrew rhapsody the lines of Rueckert:

"Solomon! Where is thy throne? It is gone in the wind.
* * * * *

Say, what is pleasure? A phantom, a mask undefined;

Science? An almond, whereof we can pierce but the rind;

Honor and Affluence? Firmans that Fortune hath signed

Only to glitter and pass on the wings of the wind."

Other composers have taken Solomon for their hero; as Handel in his oratorio; Goldmark, representing him as mighty and jealous in "The Queen of Sheba"; Gounod in the opera similarly entitled, based on the wildly fantastic tale of Gerard de Nerval; there are older operas, but all, or nearly all, are concerned with the "Grande Turke," the Sultan of the Ottomans. It was left for Mr. Bloch to express in music the magnificence and the pessimistic, despairing philosophy of the ruler to whom is falsely attributed the book, Ecclesiastes.

Here is music that does not brook conventional analysis: music that is now purely lyrical, now dramatic, now pictorial; music that rises to gorgeous heights and sinks to the depths; with a conclusion that is not of the Preacher, the pious admonition after summing up the whole matter; but a conclusion voiced by the violoncello: "There is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave, whither thou goest." Here is no Solomon, lord of all creatures, at whose name Afrites and evil jinn trembled, the Solomon of the "Thousand Nights and a Night"; here is the monarch that having known power and all pleasures, enumerating them—even to "the delights of the sons of men, as musical instruments, and that of all sorts"—reasoned that everything was futile; that all was vanity.

One might therefore infer that this Rhapsody is distressingly sombre, for nothing is more wearisome than a long drawn-out complaint. The inference would be wrong, for Mr. Bloch has imagined in tones, in superbly exultant measures the pomp and sumptuousness of the King enthroned. There are orchestral bursts of glorification; between them are recitatives and lyric reflections for the jaded voluptuary, the embittered philosopher. The ingenuity displayed is as remarkable as the individuality, the originality shown by the composer stirred in his soul not only by the story of Solomon; moved mightily by the thought of ancient days, the succeeding trials and persecution of his race. More than once in the Rhapsody, if there is a suggestion of Solomon's court and Temple, there is also the suggestion of the Wailing Wall.

The performance by Mr. Salmond, whose musicianship and art were already known in Boston, and by the orchestra was of the utmost eloquence. A violoncellist, seeking only for applause, would have chosen a concerto that would inevitably by its obvious tunefulness, have won him easy recognition. Bloch's rhapsody is not a parade piece for a virtuoso regarding the orchestra only as a necessary appendage. The Rhapsody is orchestral with violoncello obligato. Without an orchestra like the one heard yesterday; without Dr. Koussevitzky, imbued with the spirit of the composition, appreciating the interpretation of the soloist, the Rhapsody might have seemed enigmatical to many. There were yesterday three interpreters, all in aesthetic rivalry. One tribute was paid to them by the audience. The enthusiasm was genuine.

The concert was otherwise of a high standard; even Tchaikovsky's overture,

written for an occasion, music that should be heard out-of-doors if possible, gained a certain dignity by the dramatic rendering. For once there was music, not merely bustle and noise. Mozart's overture, ever fresh and sparkling; Beethoven's symphony—they were performed in a vital, necessarily romantic manner; the symphony in the poetically grand style—not with the perfunctory respect paid to a name that is often supposed to guarantee a performance, though it be pedestrian and boresome.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week is as follows: Walton, overture "Portsmouth Point," Bax, Symphony No. 2. Loeffler, "Cantum Fratris Solis" (after St. Francis of Assisi) for voice (Povla Frijs) and orchestra (first time here). Ravel, "Bolero."

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"1812" and Audi-
ence Likes It

Post Dec. 28, 1929
BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Like the Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady of Kipling's poem, the subscribers to the Friday afternoon Symphony Concerts and those denied that cultural advantage are, musically speaking, sisters under their skins. For final number at the Symphony Concert of yesterday afternoon, wrested from the Pops, came that

clap-trap in excelsis, Tchaikovsky's "1812." And when the last resounding note had ceased did the assembled dowagers, debutantes and those between lift a supercilious eyebrow? Emphatically they did not. They went, as the expression goes, quite wild with delight.

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There was variety aplenty in yesterday's list, and in the presentation of it. To Mozart's Overture to "The Magic Flute," with which the concert began, Dr. Koussevitzky would impart the qualities of a sonorous, dramatic, brilliant theatrically effective curtain-raiser; but in the process the essential Mozartean spirit, as precious as it is indefinable, evaporated. There was brilliance, but there was hardly the requisite lucidity in the weaving of the voices, the euphony, the formal beauty.

On the other hand, Beethoven's Fourth Symphony that followed was nobly played. This performance might be described as Beethovenish, in the fullest, truest, most flattering sense of the term. Not in long recollection, even at Dr. Koussevitzky's own hands, has this symphony, admittedly one of the lesser ones, proved so engrossing in Symphony Hall, seemed so worthy of its fellowship in the immortal nine.

And if Dr. Koussevitzky was yesterday eloquent with Beethoven, he was nothing less than inspired in his conducting of Ernest Bloch's "Schelemo" (Solomon), Hebrew Rhapsody for violoncello and orchestra, in which Felix Salmond, notable cellist, but newcomer to the Symphony Concerts, bore the solo part.

It was good yesterday to hear Mr. Salmond, who played with his customary full and firm yet beautifully modulated tone, with a fervor and poetry and a feeling for the savage magnificence of the music, its epic voice and stride, that matched Dr. Koussevitzky's own. It was good, too, after two performances last season of the pot-boiler "America," to be reminded again of the greater, the essential Bloch.

This Swiss Jew, who now honors this country with his residence, is not only the unequalled tonal prophet of his race; he is, and the fact becomes clearer with each succeeding year, one of the foremost figures in contemporary musical life.

Elder Masters, A Nondescript, And A Genius

Substitution and an Incident,
Mozart, Bloch, Beethoven,
At Symphony Hall

Trans.

Dec. 28, 1929

THE PRIGS were severe and withering. The cynics were wry and sneering. Perhaps it was wisest to be mildly amused at the ordinary courses of human nature in public assembled. . . . Dr. Koussevitzky had persuaded himself, or been persuaded, that a "symphonic tone-picture ballet"—whatever such a triple-headed curiosity may be—deserved performance at the Symphony Concerts. It was all about "The Saporoshhtzy Cosacks," who had a habit of defying Turkish Sultans in phrases that the Watch and Ward Society would surely find "objectionable." Having written them on fair white paper—if we are to believe the subtitles of the "symphonic tone-picture ballet"—they further released their feelings in laughter and the dance. One Glière, a workaday Russian composer, "now living in Moscow," civilly "musicked" them. . . . Well, as the clergymen say by way of clearing their throats, the oftener Dr. Koussevitzky read and rehearsed Glière's Muscovite masterpiece, the less worthy and desirable it seemed for performance in Symphony Hall. At last disinclination mounted to decision, and he tossed the score into the discard. Something must be substituted in the twinkling of an eye. Lo and behold, when the elect ladies of Friday afternoon opened program-books, the final number was the "Overture Solennelle" of Chaikovsky, more briefly known as "1812."

Now, "1812" is well enough in its way to light and air and fire—so swift, so well indeed that it has been played weekly at the Pop Concerts summers beyond recall. Year in and year out, it has landed near the top of the list when audiences were polled for a request night. Whether or not it had been heard before at a Symphony Concert, no man knoweth, since the conductor, like we others, found it irresistible.

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forming program-book gave it only one line of forty-odd letters. Long memories recollected it at a concert for the Pension Fund; while a wail and stray from Philadelphia said that it was "a great favorite" with Mr. Stokowski, his orchestra and his public. And all of us Bostonians (amongst whom she had the luck to settle) know what they are! . . . Anyhow, the "Ouverture Solennelle" was played—played as though Dr. Koussevitzky believed in it as, perhaps, he did. It generated a stirring motion and tuneful excitement as it proceeded, say with La Marseillaise in one hand and the Russian national hymn—Tsarist, not Soviétique—in the other. It ended with stringy whirrs and brazen clangors, high heaven-rending.

Then ensued the event of the afternoon. Bach, Beethoven and Brahms have been played at the Symphony Concerts. Schubert and Schumann, Mozart and Wagner, have sounded there—classics all, and twenty others with them. Debussy, Ravel, Strauss, Stravinsky, has each had his sonorous inning. Yet in a quarter-century at Symphony Hall, not one, for any masterpiece, has received more applause than yesterday belauded this "Ouverture Solennelle." There were shouts and murmurs; volleys of hand-clapping; eager recalls for the conductor. For once, the matinée audience was lingering to release its fervors of delight. It knew what it liked, received it and—blessings on it!—testified a hearty, honest elation. . . . So runs the world away and it is pleasant to watch it from the bank with a half-smile. "It is holiday time, you know," said a kindly mentor at Symphony Hall. Bien ça!, as the French have it. Or in the American vernacular, "You bet!"

One of the preliminaries to the "Ouverture Solennelle" was another overture, by Mozart set before his opera of "The Magic Flute." With the grave, mysterious chords still sounding retrospectively in our ears, some of us may crave permission to find them more sonorous, not to say solemn, than the subsequent Chaikovskian tumults. We may even lay our hands on our hearts and declare them close to grandeur: while as for the intervening measures, was there ever a music more akin to light and air and fire—so swift, so volatile, so bright? In the overture abides the effortless magic which Mozart distilled from what he liked to call his magic play—distilled and touched it, when he would, even with sublimity. Dr. Koussevitzky toiled over "1812"; but observe him winging Mozart's overture into inspired flight. It was as though the conductor, like we others, found it irresistible.

And in this Symphony, written only six years into the nineteenth century, hear Beethoven as the man of sentiment by the eighteenth bred. In the introduction, he is not quite sure of this new character; gropes amiably for the mood; finds it in the lively violins; runs through a first movement benign, gay, light-handed with themes and voices, ever in happy curve. In the slow movement, he is all for songful sentiment with the play of instruments for piquant sauce to sweetness. The light-footed finale, with nothing much to say but a mercurial animation in the saying, is neither more nor less than eighteenth-century leave-taking with an elegant, confident air. Call this Fourth, Beethoven's Symphony of sentiment and virtuosity, with the responsive Dr. Koussevitzky and his virtuoso-orchestra lying in wait for it. Granted this view, he did not refine too much on the golden melody of the slow-movement; while virtuoso after virtuoso had his turn to shade it with a little solo. Even the kettle-drum, beloved of Beethoven, took its chance.

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awa voice of Solomon and the tone-
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orchestra is both complement and fast, deepening sensuous lusters, four song as though it were the temple; answering proclamation with tribal tumults; turning and shadowed, brooding and fatal. The hand of power stretches wealth of resource fills it; imagination clothes it; racial ignates it; a very fire of creation. Voice against voice beat and the spiritual; splendor shadow while across it wisdom. Music of a power that American composers none but Bloch has conceived and achieved, our time. And Mr. Salmond, Dr. Koussevitzky, orchestra, enkindled rather shared and outspread.

H. T. P.

Almond Soloist in
New Rhapsody

Switzky's Interpretation of Tsky's "1812" Applauded

Dec. 12, 1929

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Mozart's "Magic Flute" overture, one of the most marvelous pure patterns in tone yet created, was gracefully and fluently played. Here Dr Koussevitzky had not Mozartian melody, with which he is out of sympathy, to baffle him in his endeavors for a sympathetic performance. He was, accordingly, more successful than he has yet been in Boston with any work by Mozart.

Beethoven's Fourth Symphony has from its first performances been more or less eclipsed in the minds and memories of musicians by the Third and Fifth Symphonies. Why, it is hard to explain. The music is original and in its way wholly delightful, but somehow neither the themes nor the working out of them have the intense creative energy felt by everyone in the "Eroica" and Fifth symphonies.

Dr Koussevitzky excelled yesterday in the slow introduction to the first movement, which he made sound more deeply significant than it usually has. Where he fell short was where he so often fails with the great classics. Again and again, in the slow movement, in the trio of the scherzo, with the second theme of the first allegro, he did not clearly grasp Beethoven's melodic line and reveal all its subtlety and purity of design. From the printed music he drew melody, to be sure, but a stickier, stodgier melody in slow passages, and a flimsier, more trivial melody in rapid passages, than Beethoven wrote.

It was a surprise to some to find Tchaikovsky's "1812" overture on the program of a pair of symphony concerts. In Boston that piece has for a good many years been relegated to the Pops and the movie houses. Many listeners, among them the present writer, dislike the "1812" overture intensely, not merely because it is now hopelessly hackneyed, but because of the over-emphasis of its final climax, one of the emptiest and noisiest in all music.

But even listeners thus prejudiced against the piece could not fail to be struck with the tremendous dramatic power of Dr Koussevitzky's interpretation and impressed by the ingenuity

After hearing Dvorak's "New World" symphony the other day and "1812" yesterday one is inclined to surmise that Dr Koussevitzky intends this season occasionally to regale the Boston Symphony audiences with "popular classics," with the sort of piece that is the mainstay of the Pops programs. By so doing he would undoubtedly please very many of the subscribers. If Grieg's "Peer Gynt" suite, and Victor Herbert's arrangement of "The Rosary" are played in due course, they will be heartily applauded, let the musical intelligentsia sneer, as it unquestionably will.

But, after all, is not the purpose of these Symphony concerts the performance, not of the most popular music in the world, but of the best? From Bach to Stravinsky the repertory of orchestral music is full of things that are not, and will probably never be popular in the sense that "1812" is popular. No audience large enough to fill Symphony Hall exists anywhere in the world, which is devoted only to the best music. In these matters the subscribers trust the conductor to maintain a standard most of them would not attempt to decide upon for themselves.

Next week, if the announced program is not altered, the audience will hear Bax' Second Symphony and Ravel's Bolero repeated, also Walton's "Portsmouth Point" and Mr Loeffler's new "Cantum fratris Solis," with Povla Frijsh as soloist.

Because of the postponed arrival of the Society of Ancient Instruments, Ernest Schelling proposes to feature the woodwinds instead of the string choir at his opening concert next Saturday morning at 11. The Society of Ancient Instruments will assist at the concert on Jan. 18.

The following pieces will be played on Saturday morning by a large orchestra from the Boston Symphony. As usual Mr. Schelling will talk. Lantern slides, notebooks and prizes add interest to the series.

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"L'Apprenti Sorcier" Dukas
"Silent Night, Holy Night"
"Berceuse" from "The Fire Bird" . . . polka
and galop from Second Suite . . . Stravinsky

There is something to be said, to even with the "Overture Solennelle" come after—for the Fourth Symphony of Beethoven. How well for example, accompanied the overture of Mozart, though nowhere does it rise to the grandeur of the Mozartean sonorities. Composers seem writing out of an awful readiness and abundance; both make a music akin to light; both their several instruments sounding fully in their ears. In the maturer phonic Beethoven bent choirs and individual voices to his will. In this Foh he often plays with them gracefully (him), even affectionately, as though cherished their quality and diversity would persuade and not drive to have their charm and not their power. Fancy runs free, alert and still through the unfolding and the upbuilding of the melodies, in the wreathing of ment, in the incessant animation of ginning and end, in the third movement that is neither minuet nor scherzo caprice playing over both.

In this Symphony, written

BLOCH'S 'SOLOMON' AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Felix Salmond Soloist in
Hebrew Rhapsody

Dr Koussevitzky's Interpretation of Tschaikowsky's "1812" Applauded

Globe — Dec. 18, 1929
Ernest Bloch's "Solomon," or
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violin and orchestra was the only

violinello and orchestra was the only modern piece on yesterday's Symphony concert program. The solo cellist was Felix Sammond, an Englishman, who has given several recitals in Boston. The other numbers were Mozart's "Magic Flute" overture, Beethoven's Fourth Symphony, and, instead of Gliere's "Saporotzy Cossacks," Tschalkowsky's "1812" overture.

"Solomon," first played at these concerts in 1923, with Mr Bedetti as soloist, is one of the finest of Bloch's compositions. Here his melodic and harmonic originality, his flair for distinctive tone color, his emotional intensity find full scope. Interested, as he has written, by "the Jewish soul

... the complex, glowing, agitated soul ... vibrating throughout the Bible," Bloch has not tried to be a musical archaeologist, or to base his music on more or less authentic Hebrew themes.

His creative power stimulated by thoughts of the magnificent sensualism and despair of the great king of Hebrew tradition, Bloch has written glowingly, rhapsodically, powerfully. Dr Koussevitzky's intense and dramatic interpretation of the purely orchestral measures made Mr Saimond's conception of the solo part seem tepid and tame.

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But even listeners thus prejudiced against the piece could not fail to be struck with the tremendous dramatic power of Dr Koussevitzky's interpretation and impressed by the ingenuity

with which he avoided wherever possible all suggestion of the commonplace of music. He made the "1812" overture sound much better than it has sounded before, and won rapturous applause from the audience.

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120

121

SYMPHONY HALL, BOSTON
SUNDAY AFTERNOON, DEC. 29, 1929, at 3.00

60th CONCERT IN AID OF THE ORCHESTRA'S

PENSION FUND

BY THE

BOSTON SYMPHONY
ORCHESTRA

Dr. SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, *Conductor*



FLORENCE AUSTRAL



Dr. SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY

PROGRAMME

Overture to "The Flying Dutchman"
Senta's Ballad. from "The Flying Dutchman"
Bacchanale, "The Hill of Venus" from "Tannhäuser"
Air of Elizabeth, "Dich, Theure Halle," from "Tannhäuser"
Introduction to Act III, "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg"
Ride of the Valkyries from "The Valkyrie"
Prelude and Love-Death from "Tristan and Isolde"

RICHARD
WAGNER

SOLOIST

FLORENCE AUSTRAL
THE GREAT DRAMATIC SOPRANO

TICKETS AT BOX OFFICE

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The Wagner That Boston Still Craves

Excerpts from His Operas
By Dr. Koussevitzky
Variously

FOR once in a way, may not the reviewer take his ease—not in the inn as the familiar quotation has it—but in the concert-hall? On twenty-odd occasions in the course of a musical year, here in Boston he sits before Dr. Koussevitzky and the Symphony Orchestra; listens under more or less tension to their playing; collects in print the residue of his impressions. To him they set forth works—as the trade-dialect names them—by composers. In duty to his calling, his readers and his own secret vanities, he tries to suggest in words the contents and the quality, knowing well how impossible with music is that self-imposed task. Warning to it nevertheless, he weaves backgrounds; arrays deductions; ventures opinions; on a brave day may even reason high—like Milton's fallen angels—on the art of music and the art of life. Usually, he has his labor for his pains. He does not, for example, share the prejudices of some of his readers, naturally preferring his own. Therefore, as their notes, usually anonymous, remind him, he is knave, fool, falsifier, oftenest all three. Satisfied once more that the world is, fundamentally, an amusing place, he persists in his calling; grows gray, if not ripe, within it.

Once and again, however, the reviewer pines for a concert at which he shall be listener like the rest; hear receptively, not analytically; store up less opinions for print than obiter dicta for his neighbor at the dinner-table. He shall gabble them as well, trying not at all to give them shape and shadings. Forthwith he looks about—especially at mid-season—for the occasion. Yesterday afternoon he believed he had found it—at the concert of the Symphony Orchestra for the increase of its Pension Fund. Considering its deserts, well may one and all hold their critical peace. The program assembled excerpts from the operas and the music-dramas of Wagner, all familiar.

THE FLYING MAN'S NEWSPAPER An Evening Transcript

Member of the Aeronautical



of Commerce of America, Inc.

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DAY IN THE TRANSCRIPT

IT PAGE EVERY MONDAY

Transcript by mail, one year, \$2
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Summary of 1929 Boston Air Event

Continued from Preceding Page

my airport head, visits Boston, home of the air.
Harold Moon to Rockland as Curtiss.
Bruce Stuart and Bugs Raymond (world's record) fly from Boston to Springfield.
Edward Fischer becomes airpilot.
Major General John F. O'Rourke, president of American Motorless Aviation, Robert Warren buys 300-acre airport for New England Aeronautical, Inc. Inspector O'Brien leads Y camp at Cape.
Count shows fifty-seven planes at airport, with a number about New Bedford.

Mrs. Clarence Shankle, former pilot, gets first Massachusetts pilot license. First glider school in America opened at Wellfleet. Towed glider meet on.

Transcripts flown to Bar Harbor. Amphibian. Gliders arrive in Boston from Gloucester.

Vermont bans all but native sport. East Coast opens Wright depot. Keystone Patrician goes home. Boston loses National Air Show. Rochford goes for a balloon ride. Mayflower, loaned to Tech for experimental purposes. Sport biplane of New England Aircraft Company of Hills Grove, R. I., visits port. Savola-Marchetti New York-Boston service opens. Frank Blunk, general manager of Gliders, Inc., of Orion, Mich., and Walker, manager of National Glider Club of Detroit, visit Cape Cod glider. Year-old woman taken up at Muller Cape traffic so heavy that two needed. East Coast builds new Muller Field. Flying grocery store lands at night.

the shorter curve wearily drooping, the intermediate measures breathless with suspense, the final mounting through Holde's monologue, the dissolution into ecstasy of an ineffable melody. Dr. Koussevitzky holds the line, intensifies the progress; sounds the tragic passion. Indescent is the orchestral tone; through the chromatic harmonies pierce and now. It is the whole music and nothing but the music—the conductor's superlative Wagner, comparable only to his version of the march of mourning and of memory that bears the dead Siegfried onward. And Miss Austral at last to music in which she could release all her voice and all her powers. . . . One of these listener's impressions of a full afternoon. A review could do no more than co-ordinate and turn them apely. H. T. P.

PENSION FUND CONCERT

Yesterday's concert in aid of the Symphony Orchestra's Pension Fund, the sixtieth, no less, for the purpose, proved an occasion of beauty and splendor, almost of solemnity. People knew it would be an event. They "sensed" as much in the air, forbidding and damp though it was, on the way to Symphony Hall; once in a way a happy presentiment of the sort does make itself felt, although nobody can quite tell why. Perhaps the press of cars at the corner, which raised crossing the street to the pitch of a perilous adventure, had a hand in spreading the right atmosphere abroad.

The right atmosphere, at all events, prevailed, inside the hall as well as out. An audience filling every seat sat mighty expectant, all looking for something apart. For the spell of Wagner still holds its power unless need by one iota. For real romance the world is still eager. But of course the romance must be genuine, not commonplace ragged out.

So wild a note of high romance Dr. Koussevitzky found in the "Flying

Dutchman" overture that he startled some of his hearers. He made the music sound not early Wagner, but at the least of it post-Ring. He also made it hard for Mme. Florence Austral, who sang Senta's ballad, to follow him to the same dizzy level of expression and picturesqueness.

With less of novelty but with a finer beauty Dr. Koussevitzky read the Bacchanale from the first act of "Tannhaeuser." Magnificently, in very truth, he blazoned forth this glorified ballet music. Leda's swan, satyrs and the three graces—not for one second were they missed. Also Mme. Austral, more at home with "Tannhaeuser" than with the Hollaender, gave of her beautiful voice successfully in Elizabeth's aria "Dich, Heurle Halle."

All this was lofty. But loftier followed when Dr. Koussevitzky played the prelude to the third act of "Die Meistersinger." Every exquisite melodious phrase, as it fell, rhythmically right and entrancingly sonorous, on the refreshed and satisfied ear, stirred memories of the blessed Sunday calm that the Hans Sachs of Emil Fischer, when the curtain rose on act three, personified.

Here was the solemnity of the afternoon, crowning perfect beauty. But there was a second solemn moment, when Dr. Koussevitzky, after the frenzy of applause that greeted the Valkyries' ride, motioned the orchestra to stand. This was a significant moment.

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The audience applauded Mme. Austral, Dr. Koussevitzky and the players with enthusiasm. R. R. G.

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Excerpts

By Dr

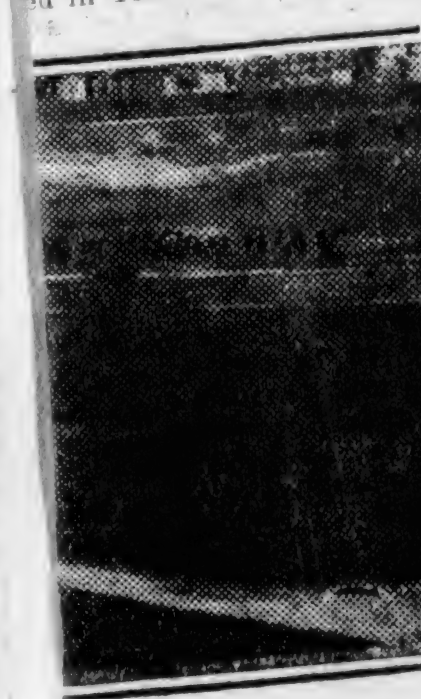
FOR once the reviewer has it—on twenty-odd years before Dr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra were on their mettle, as always at such concerts. How often in these stimulating conditions has he set down their praises! Miss Florence Austral was the assisting singer. Was it incumbent upon him to add one more leaf to her Wagnerian laurels? The audience filled Symphony Hall eager to hear, quick with response—for the sixtieth time in the count of these concerts.

In a word, the long-desired occasion in which the reviewer could be one more listener, with no malaise of conscience while he heard, and no disappointment to his readers when he confessed as much in print next day. Yet no sooner had he taken his seat than the Old Adam of his calling stirred in him. He surveyed the audience. Yes; outside the subscribers to the Symphony Concerts, there was an occasional public for the orchestra—intelligent, interested, not without proper pride in one of the chief Bostonian glories. Among others than those subscribers were the fame of Dr. Koussevitzky, and also curiosity over him, spread abroad. True, Wagner had helped to assemble this audience—Wagner in the concert-hall, whereas his natural and revealing seat is the opera house. By inference, not few prefer the musical to the scenic Wagner and willingly seek him stage-stripped. By inference again, many of us hear so little Wagner in an annual fortnight of opera—say four or five performances—that they would have the concert-hall for introduction or supplement. Boston is nearly operaless; yet craves excerpts from operas when it is assured of able performance. Quite so; some of his recollections. . . . Now if this were so . . . and usually anonymous that could be done . . . and in Germany, you know. . . .

The beginning of the concert recalls the reviewer from such wool-gathering. Dr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra are playing the Overture to "The Flying Dutchman." Has he ever ventured it before in Boston? Possibly not. Certainly he is in the vein. How well he is characterizing the measures of the Hollander and of Senta! How he and the orchestra toss up the sea-music! The middle turbulence is no "working out," as the analysts have it. There is drama in it and drama at climax and consummation when Senta's motif finally ascends and the outlaw by the "woman-soul" is saved. Thus early did the idea haunt Wagner. Thus early did he write it in terms of music-drama. And now Dr. Koussevitzky reads it out full and plain. Not all music-dramas of Wagner, all familiar.

Government license to fly. . . .
ant E. H. Under comes here to to
adets. Harvard Fly
of East Coast.
voloff buys Great Lake
shows air mail recor
July. Moth gets orde
for Curtiss Company.
General O'Ryan makes sol
Eight ships of General T
fleet visit Boston.
erkins qualifies in bas
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puts in speedboats for trans
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Angeles flies over New Eng

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alter S. Rogers and associ
Davis V-3. Volonial join
on for air package delivery.
e Davison, Army air secr
Terry Kenyon solos at Beverl
ays moves into new airport
Hinds boundary lights bein
t. Curtiss organizes women
Devereaux and Edward Reis
Devereaux fatally injured
as Cessna monoplane in Phila
Cleveland air races falls int
ain Mackie breaks world's re
outside loops at Cleveland ai
al Boston-New York serv
es.
ed in Tomorrow's Transcript)



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conductors of the old Overture are as fortunate. . . . Here is Miss Austral singing Senta's ballad, as she looks up at the Hollander's picture on Daland's wall. She does all she may for the music; but the ballad is early and ageing Wagner.

On, next, to "Tannhäuser" but with the reviewer resolute not to renew an old quarrel with the conductor over his version of the Bacchanale. To the reviewer's ear there is no bite in the sensual frenzy, no voluptuous dalliance in the long-drawn close. He has searched the score to find the wherewithal to reproach the conductor; finds it not; confesses himself beaten. Perhaps the frenzy is rushed and blurred; perhaps the dalliance is over-sentimentalized. Sensuous as is the tone of the orchestra, it may lack the ultimate operatic accent. Vanity of vanities! There is only to take cover in a personal impression: "My Bacchanale is not your Bacchanale." Yet there was a crumb of comfort. Least applauded of all the chosen numbers went this music of Venus's hill. For foil, the elate Elisabeth hailing the Hall of Song. Miss Austral's singing lacked nothing but tones of virginal timbre. But a youthful Elisabeth, like a youthful Gilda, finds the music too difficult.

Dr. Koussevitzky's Valkyrs ride the skies at a furious pace. They are Wotan's whirlwind daughters. No technician, flashing his theater-lightnings, could possibly keep pace with them. Yet the rhythms drive, the clang resounds; the clouds are cloven; upon their rock are the Valkyrs alighted. Out of the simplest means Wagner compasses his illusion of an heroic world. . . . The Parisians say that every non-French conductor takes Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun" too slowly, too seriously. By the same token we Bostonians may retort that every non-German conductor takes "Die Meistersinger" too intensely, too seriously. They are all for Hans Sachs the poet, who by chance, rather than by inclination, was shoemaker and burgher of Nuremberg. It was so with Mr. Toscanini; it is so with Dr. Koussevitzky.

His playing of the Introduction to the Third Act, in pace, in phrase, in tonal color, is the poetry of musical sound, grave and earnest and deep-wrought, but who would suspect that the curtain was about to rise on Hans Sachs in his shirt-sleeves reading in the morning light in his great book? The homely note is lacking.

To crown the concert and send these doubts and demurs down the wind, the Prelude and the Closing Scene from "Tristan." The haunting fate, the long ascending curve of sateless longing, and now Dr. Koussevitzky reads it out full and plain. Not all

the shorter curve wearily drooping, the intermediate measures breathless with suspense, the final mounting through Isolde's monologue, the dissolution into ecstasy of an ineffable melody. Dr. Koussevitzky holds the line, intensifies the progress; sounds the tragic passion. Incandescent is the orchestral tone; through it the chromatic harmonies pierce and glow. It is the whole music and nothing but the music—the conductor's superlative Wagner, comparable only to his version of the march of mourning and of memory that bears the dead Siegfried homeward. And Miss Austral at last to music in which she could release all her voice and all her powers. . . . One by one these listener's impressions of a full afternoon. A review could do no more than co-ordinate and turn them shapely.

H. T. P.

PENSION FUND CONCERT

Yesterday's concert in aid of the Symphony Orchestra's Pension Fund, the sixtieth, no less, for the purpose, proved an occasion of beauty and splendor, almost of solemnity. People knew it would be an event. They "sensed" as much in the air, forbidding and damp though it was, on the way to Symphony Hall; once in a way a happy presentiment of the sort does make itself felt, although nobody can quite tell why. Perhaps the press of cars at the corner, which raised crossing the street to the pitch of a perilous adventure, had a hand in spreading the right atmosphere abroad.

The right atmosphere, at all events, prevailed, inside the hall as well as out. An audience filling every seat sat mighty expectant, all looking for something apart. For the "spell" of Wagner still holds its power unless need by one iota. For real romance the world is still eager. But of course the romance must be genuine, not commonplace ragged out.

So wild a note of high romance Dr. Koussevitzky found in the "Flying

Dutchman" overture that he startled some of his hearers. He made the music sound not early Wagner, but at the least of it post-Ring. He also made it hard for Mme. Florence Austral, who sang Senta's ballad, to follow him to the same dizzy level of expression and picturesqueness.

With less of novelty but with a finer beauty Dr. Koussevitzky read the Bacchanale from the first act of "Tannhäuser." Magnificently, in very truth, he blazoned forth this glorified ballet music. Leda's swan, satyrs and the three graces—not for one second were they missed. Also Mme. Austral, more at home with "Tannhäuser" than with the Hollaender, gave of her beautiful voice successfully in Elizabeth's aria "Dich, Heure Halle."

All this was lofty. But loftier followed when Dr. Koussevitzky played the prelude to the third act of "Die Meistersinger." Every exquisite melodious phrase, as it fell, rhythmically right and entrancingly sonorous, on the refreshed and satisfied ear, stirred memories of the blessed Sunday calm that the Hans Sachs of Emil Fischer, when the curtain rose on act three, personified.

Here was the solemnity of the afternoon, crowning perfect beauty. But there was a second solemn moment, when Dr. Koussevitzky, after the frenzy of applause that greeted the Valkyries' ride, motioned the orchestra to stand. This was a significant moment.

It led to a thrillingly beautiful performance of the prelude to "Tristan," and the Love-Death in which Mme. Austral joined. For sheer musicianship surely Dr. Koussevitzky has never surpassed the high point he reached in this prelude. Since emotion held pace with musicianship, the performance, moving as well as beautiful, was one to be remembered this many a day.

The audience applauded Mme. Austral, Dr. Koussevitzky and the players with enthusiasm.

R. R. G.

The Pension Fund of the Symphony Orchestra is the larger by \$10,000—gift last Sunday of a friend and benefactor who prefers to go unnamed. Evidently he, or she, directs generosity wisely.

125

Eleventh Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, JANUARY 3, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, JANUARY 4, at 8.15 o'clock

Walton Overture, "Portsmouth Point"

Bax Symphony No. 2 in E minor and C
I. Allegro moderato.
II. Andante.
III. Allegro feroce.

Loeffler Canticum Fratris Solis (After St. Francis of Assisi)
for Voice and Orchestra
(First time in Boston)

Ravel "Bolero"

SOLOIST

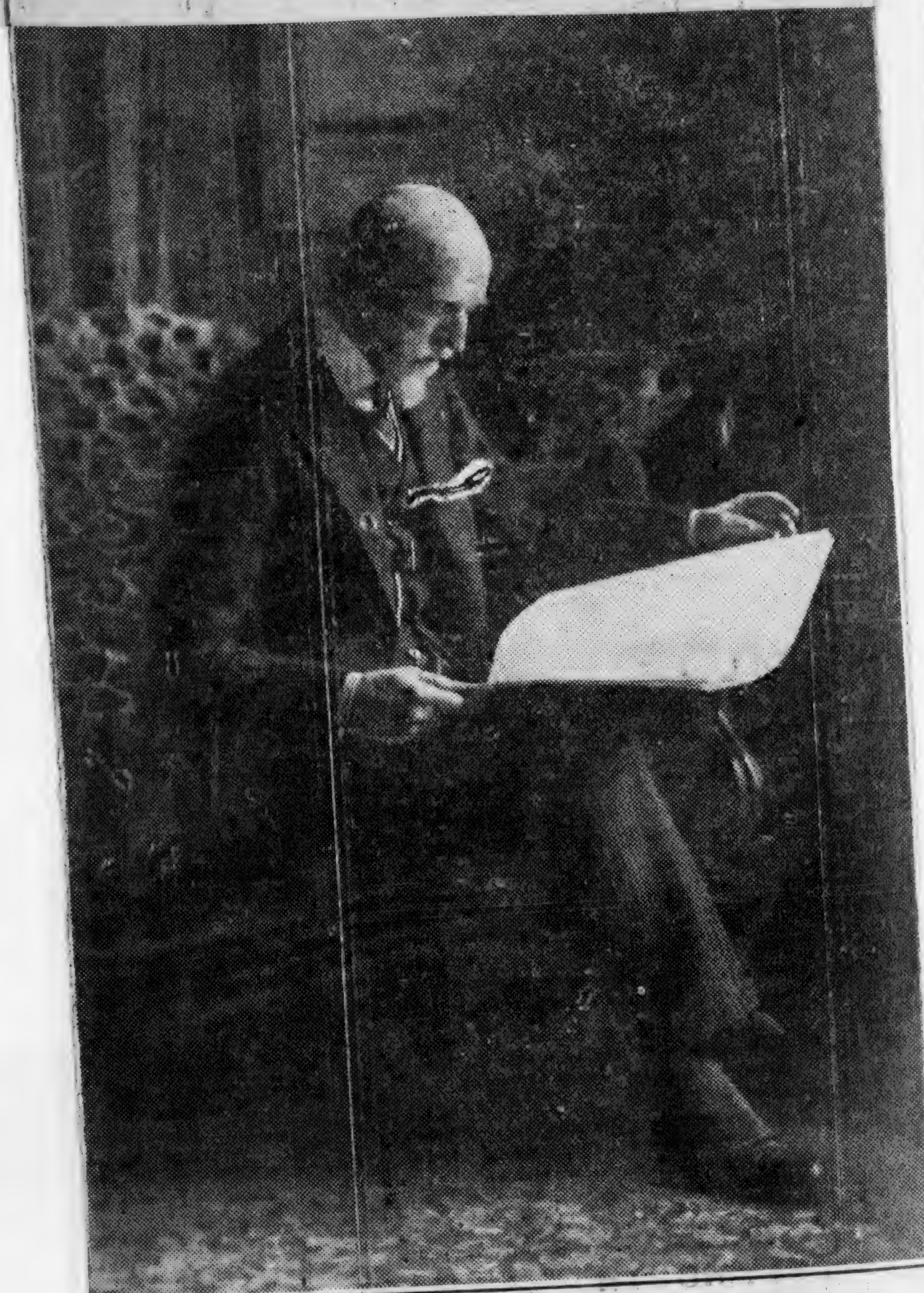
POVLA FRIJSH

STEINWAY PIANO USED

There will be an intermission after the symphony

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection
of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert

These Later Honored Years



Charles Martin Loeffler

Once More Returned to the Symphony Concerts

MUSIC

SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The program of the 11th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky, conductor, which took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall, was as follows:

Walton, overture, "Portsmouth Point." Bax, Symphony No. 2, E minor and C. Loeffler, Canticum Fratris Solis—after St. Francis of Assisi (first time in Boston; Povla Frijs, soprano). Ravel, Bolero.

Walton and Bax are together in the catalogue as British composers; Walton born in Lancashire; Bax in London. The two were educated musically in England. How different their musical natures as exemplified in the overture and the symphony heard yesterday.

Walton's music is of the hearty John Bull type; roast beef, flagons of ale, the England of Captain Marryatt, "Rule Britannia," "The British Grenadiers," "Down Among the Dead Men," "God Save the King." To music this overture is as the prints of Rowlandson to art—and Rowlandson found his musical translator in Walton. Or the Walton of this overture is to music as Daniel Defoe and William Cobbett to English literature. Music that is sturdy, self-reliant, not without a suggestion of insular arrogance. Walton wisely did not attempt an interlinear translation into tones of Rowlandson's print of a quayside in confusion; no sentimental passage for the officer farewelling his lady love; no grotesque dance for the wooden legged sailor. The composer strove to picture the hurry, the bustle, what one might call the fury of departure. He did not strive in vain.

Bax, on the other hand, has been known to us by his musical sojourn in fairy land. He dwelt in western Ireland for a time, nor was he a stranger among the artists and writers of Dublin. His visit to Russia did not affect him musically to any noticeable extent.

It was said of the pugilist Sir Daniel Donnelly that there were Iricisms in his style. In the music of Arnold Bax there are Celticisms: the romantic melancholy, the Donnybrook defiant outbursts, the fancy that has been nourished on Irish legends. He has seen "the good people"; he has visited the Faery Hills and sailed to the island of Pfand; he has listened to the men and women known to Synge; exchanged

mystical revelations with the poet Yeats, yet Bax is no idle dreamer of an empty lay; he dreams—even in this symphony—but here he is also a purposeful man of action. He is profoundly musical and feels no need of a program to fire his imagination. (The symphony is a highly imaginative work.) Mr. Edwin Evans is not extravagant in saying that Irish legends, landscapes and songs have contributed to the characteristic style by which one knows the music of Bax. His music is intensely emotional, but in an individual manner. To some this symphony is a stumbling block; even if they have emotions, they wish them to be aroused in a more familiar and genteel manner. They have ears, but they do not hear. There is nothing cryptic in the music. Everywhere is strength, even in the beauty of the work. Is anyone left unmoved by the Celtic sadness of the ending? Suppose Bax had ended with a roaring fortissimo, with the organ thundering, drums beating, cymbals crashing fanfares of trumpets in what is sometimes called "the apotheosis" would not some have then applauded tempestuously, and said as they went out: "I didn't get on to a good deal of the music, but I liked the ending."

A third hearing confirms one hearer in the impression made by the first; here is one of the most important musical works that have crossed the Atlantic for many years. The sympathetic, eloquent, superb performance yesterday turned impression into conviction.

Mr. Loeffler is a man of fine literary taste and wide reading as well as a singularly skilled composer of exquisite fancy. It is not surprising that this "Hymn of Brother Sun" appealed to him and led him to seek out the fitting music. The Hymn has attracted many composers. Some of them have written in heroic, bravura manner, singularly out of keeping with the text. There are lovely pages in Mr. Loeffler's work—charming melodic lines, an assisting not distracting, always pertinent use of liturgical motives, a poetic blending of instrumental timbres. Mme. Frijs, the one great interpreter of songs, now before the American public, did not fail to realize and express the sentiments of the Saint and the illuminating commentary of the composer. Mr. Loeffler, Mme. Frijs, Dr. Koussevitzky and the

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The punishment of cleverness is swift. Ravel's "Bolero," which on Dec. 6, 1929, shattered the decorum of a Friday afternoon Boston Symphony audience, all but fell flat on the afternoon of Jan. 3, 1930. No cheers, no stamping on the floor this time. Cordial enough applause, yes; but nothing to joggle the classic statues high on the walls of Symphony Hall. The trick worked once.

But the habit of stamping one's feet cannot be acquired with impunity. The Boston Symphony concerts for the last month have been so exciting that it would hardly do to see them slump into routine. Fortunately, at the latest concert, the audience found another occasion for pedal acclamation. This was provided by Charles Martin Loeffler's "Canticle of the Sun," after St. Francis of Assisi, for voice and orchestra, with Povla Frijsch for soloist. Mr. Loeffler, a native of Alsace, has long been a resident of Boston or its vicinity, and is a composer internationally admired. This work was written for Mrs. F. S. Coolidge and was first performed

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Working backward in this program, we arrive at the principal item which, like the "Bolero," was a repetition from a recent concert. But the result of a second hearing of Arnold Bax's Symphony in two keys (No. 2) was quite different. The re-examination served to strengthen our first impression of a poetically conceived and firmly knit work. If some of the material sounds familiar, its treatment is highly characteristic, and the total result is unified and impressive. This seems by all means the most considerable novelty introduced this season by Dr. Koussevitzky, who was well advised to repeat it within three weeks.

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IT is pleasure to announce that one of Mr. Loeffler's major and characteristic works, long overlooked at the Symphony Concerts will be heard there during the current season—his setting for orchestra and soprano voice of the Hymn to the Sun of St. Francis of Assisi. It was originally written for performance by small orchestra and Mme. Povla Frijsch at the first Festival of Chamber Music in the Library of Congress at Washington. It was subsequently heard at concerts of the Philadelphia Orchestra at home and in New York. More recently Messrs. Schirmer published the full score. At Symphony Hall, Mme. Frijsch will again be the singer.

Rarest Music Of Loeffler's Present Day

St. Francis's Canticle Heard At The Symphony Concert, Britons Besides

THE implacable program-book, which must print dates or perish, reminded the audience, yesterday afternoon at Symphony Hall, that Mr. Loeffler nears his seventieth year. His aspect does not alter; his capacity for work does not lessen. Yet, as mortality fates us, he cannot many more times receive the tribute of his fellow-townsmen when a piece from his hand is newly heard in Boston. The keener the pleasure, then, to hear him warmly acclaimed, on Friday, after the first performance hereabouts of his setting of St. Francis's "Hymn to the Sun." Summoned twice and thrice to the stage by hearers eager to do him honor, he would not keep these plaudits to himself, but bade his coadjutors—Mme. Frijsch, Dr. Koussevitzky and the Symphony Orchestra—share them. With quick and happy impulse, the conductor called the players to their feet; but already Mr. Loeffler had spoken congratulatory words to those nearest him. Not for nothing did he himself sit through many years in an orchestra, subsequently become his sympathetic mouth-piece.

This play of feeling was the more significant and treasurable, because it ensued upon a piece, come belatedly to Bostonian hearing and singularly characteristic of Mr. Loeffler's later days. He wrote his music to St. Francis's canticle early in 1925. In the autumn of that year it was heard for the first time in Washington at the Festival of Chamber-Music in the Congressional Library. In the following January Mr. Stokowski, the Philadelphia Orchestra and the indispensable Mme. Frijsch repeated it at home and in New York. Forthwith it passed into that state of suspended animation customarily following first performances. Last autumn, doubtless after the revision that Mr. Loeffler seldom denies himself, the score was published by

Schirmer. Once more it caught the ear of conductors and Dr. Stokowski quickly fastened upon it. Nothing else in the composer's work has waited so long for hearing and dwelling-place.

Nothing that Mr. Loeffler has in recent years is so finely and himself. ("Memories of Childhood," comparison, skims surfaces; a jazz-piece for Mr. Reismann's spirit.) Long before he rears Coolidge's and Mr. Engel's son, he had been minded to set St. Francis's hymn. He approached it as a composer ordinarily approaches his subject-matter. For him, to write verses was not merely to enfold fertile material for music. To be in mind and heart, to ponder consciously or sub-consciously, was his way to find his musical and creative enkindled. Mr. Loeffler is not only a son of the church of St. Francis; he is perdurable glory, he is the faith of that saint and seer and poet, who loved God and mankind and loved the world that therein is, so long as it be alive. It is neither sentimentality nor wishfulness to write that in Mr. Loeffler abides something of that spirit which in his last days St. Francis shed upon his disciples and the world these seven centuries to endure. He is he stranger to those mystical fuses into devout and songful passion of the soul, an imagery rare, an exaltation unfaltering death itself.

Death itself, spiritual ardors, distilled and fused into musical creation, into being this setting of the holy canticle; from first measure to the last. Released as they were by the actor and a singer (though Mme. Frijsch has been in freer voice) who can the works of another's imagination imposed themselves upon hearers. Some among them are of another temperament. Yet they find minds and hearts to this act of music prevailing. The memory of St. Francis's canticle, once faded before the radiance of another beauty and another power. Upon the "La Bonne Chanson" of a most Christian poet he saw the rising sun on the earth, of his sensuous music. Now he stands beside the sun on the brown Umbrian hills and finds tones for the vision of a sun in humility, sung in transfiguration—the outer sight, the inner vision. Scarcely another living composer may compass this two-fold vision.

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Rarest Investment Of Life Pittcock

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Certainly nothing that Mr. Loeffler has written in recent years is so finely and deeply of himself. ("Memories of Childhood," in comparison, skims surfaces; while the jazz-piece for Mr. Reismann is jeu d'esprit.) Long before he received Mrs. Coolidge's and Mr. Engel's commission, he had been minded to set St. Francis's hymn. He approached it not as a composer ordinarily approaches stimulating subject-matter. For him, to read the verses was not merely to encounter fertile material for music. To carry them in mind and heart, to ponder them consciously or sub-consciously, was not merely to find his musical and creative imagination enkindled. Mr. Loeffler is sincerely religious and truly devout. He is not only a son of the church of which Francis is perdurable glory, he shares also the faith of that saint and sage, that seer and poet, who loved God and loved mankind and loved the world and all that therein is, so long as it be not sinful. It is neither sentimentality nor priggishness to write that in Mr. Loeffler abides something of that spiritual emotion which in his last days St. Francis shed upon his disciples and the folk, these seven centuries to endure. No more is he stranger to those mystical moods that fuse into devout and songful ecstasy a passion of the soul, an imagery of nature, an exaltation unfaltering before Death itself.

Such spiritual ardors, distilled and concentrated into musical creation, brought into being this setting of the holy Francis's canticle; from first measure to last inform it. Released as they were by a conductor and a singer (though Mme. Frijsch has been in freer voice) who can project the works of another's imagination, they imposed themselves upon sensitive hearers. Some among them are of quite another temperament. Yet they yielded minds and hearts to this act of faith out of music prevailing. The memory of pagan spells by Mr. Loeffler once evoked faded before the radiance of another beauty and another power. Upon a time in "La Bonne Chanson" of a most un-Christian poet he saw the rising sun rekindling the earth, of his sensations made music. Now he stands beside St. Francis on the brown Umbrian hillside and finds tones for the vision of a world seen in humility, sung in transfiguring emotion—the outer sight, the inner illumination. Scarcely another living composer may compass this two-fold illusion. Almost none would it possess; almost none could thrust all else out of the listening.

For the composition of such music the later Loeffler is full-furnished. He is quick with the suggestion that springs out of the page, is caught as quickly into it, yet leaves instant mark behind. The waters, the winds, the fire, the stars, the moon, sound or shine from their several measures; forthwith are blent into the on-sweeping hymn of all-enfolding praise. Francis, the holy man to be thereafter sainted, was of the mediæval age. Mr. Loeffler has long been assimilating student of its churchly "modes"; has so mastered them that into the texture of a music written in the nineteen-twenties he can wind them. Give him an orchestra as sensitive and fine-toned as that which yesterday served him, and not one of these felicities of suggestion or of scholarship passes unheard or fails to contribute to illusion. Mr. Loeffler is long-standing master of the harmonic and instrumental devices that generate tonal radiance. Upon the hymn, he employs them to suffuse, brighter and brighter, the prelude, to sublimate the outburst of the end.

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less he would have Mr. Walton the ex-ception that proves the rule. A draw-ling of Rowlandson—scene and folk of a rowdy landing place in the sea-going England of 1814—stirred the composer to his music-making. His motifs are robust and free-footed. Soon the orchestra is tossing them lustily from hand to mouth. They shape into gusts of melody; race away into tumults of rhythm; pause for breath and sentimental turn; send them-selves and the sounding orchestra into the listener's bursting head. Beef and beer, gayety and gusto, a youthful com-poser unashamed to kick out his heels yet plainly enough with a mind to guide them. Englishry gone modernist and musical, with an old print and a gamin-spirit for spur.

The repeated piece was the Symphony of Mr. Bax produced "at these concerts" three weeks ago, gaining under this second or third hearing. The composer is of the middle English generation; but in him is no specific Englishry. What-ever his birth, breeding and present en-vironment, so against any background might he have written. Mr. Loeffler him-self has not kept more solitary and individual course. In Mr. Bax, likewise, it has flowered in a salient, significant music. The new Symphony, renewing under repetition every distinctive trait, spreads a spacious canvas, amply fills it. The design unfolds largely, boldly, vari-ously. Interplay of motifs, expanding musical content, the upspringing of mood and emotion, one from another, hold it both firm and plastic. Movement, ad-vance, ascent, cumulation vitalize it. The musical invention is rich, forceful, characterized; the development, multifold; the progress ardent. Here is ascent from tonal darkness and conflict into tonal light and freedom; the pause of contemplative mood, by sentiment un-tarnished. Shadows fall; the conflict storms anew. The close is less end than descending silence. No program shaped the Symphony, affirms Mr. Bax; the course, the significance, are wholly musi-cal. Yet clearly here is a music of pas-sion not mathematics; of imagination, not formula, of wealth unskimping. The undying romantic vein, and Mr. Bax unashamed to open it.

Another repetition—of Ravel's "Bolero"—ended a remarkable concert and wrote the symphonic jazz of his "Rio Gits own moral. However many the Now Dr. Koussevitzky remembe quests, there is no repeating a tour de liam Walton, Lambert's friend, force, after only a month's interval, and vives his Overture, "Portsmouth renewing the primal sensation. The by the conductor fathered in audience soon remembers. Memory three years back. None that hea strangles suspense. In recollection say that the modernists are a d drowns surprise. H. T. P. ened, incessantly cerebrating bre



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LOEFFLER'S LATEST BY SYMPHONY

Mme. Frijsh in Voice
Part of "Canticle of
the Sun"

Post — Jan. 4, 1930

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Four contemporary composers; two Londoners, a Parisian and a Bostonian (by long residence), shared the programme of yesterday afternoon's Symphony concert. And it is a pleasure to be able to record, as an impartial and unprejudiced opinion, that for sheer musical quality the composition of last-named had much the best of it.

POVLA FRIJSH, SOLOIST

In detail these composers, representative of four periods and phases of modern music, were William Walton, Arnold Bax, Maurice Ravel and Charles Martin Loeffler, and their pieces were, respectively, the overture, "Portsmouth Point," the Symphony No. 2 in E minor and C, the "Bolero" of recent sensation in Symphony Hall, and the "Canticle of the Sun" (after St. Francis of Assisi) for voice and orchestra. The singer in Mr. Loeffler's piece, which was heard yesterday for the first time in Boston, was Povla Frijsh, who also sang it on the occasion of its first performance anywhere, at the Library of Congress Festival of Chamber Music, in the fall of 1925.

The Canticle of St. Francis, a rhapsody in praise of God and nature, is a poetic outburst that not only cried aloud for a musical setting but that also was ideally suited to the peculiar genius of Mr. Loeffler. That his tonal investment of the lines would have the mystical rapture, the poignant beauty, the soaring eloquence, the charm of instrumental color yesterday disclosed, was almost a foregone conclusion. In Mme. Frijsh, in Dr. Koussevitzky and his orchestra, this "Canticum Fratris Solis" found yesterday fitting interpreters, and at the conclusion of the performance all concerned received an ovation.

Bax Heard Again

The overture of the youthful Walton, first played here three seasons ago, deserved at least one re-hearing. There is in the piece a bluff English quality, a rearing vigor, a disdain of tonal politeness that is in a way exhilarating and refreshing. Of actual thematic substance the music has but little.

That Dr. Koussevitzky should have repeated the Symphony of Bax, dedicated to himself and played for the first times at the symphony concerts of three weeks ago, was altogether fitting. A piece of symphonic dimensions from the hand of so gifted a composer as Bax deserves such consideration. That a second hearing of the symphony revealed in it attributes of greatness undiscovered at first may, however, not be said. Bax says his say often gracefully, movingly and even impressively, but most of what he says has been uttered before in one form or another.

Not only is this music of Bax in the last analysis unoriginal, it is at times disconcertingly reminiscent of other composers.

"Bolero" Falls to Excite

Finally Ravel's "Bolero," which provoked a demonstration of historic vehemence at the Friday afternoon Symphony concert of Dec. 6, last, was received by the audience yesterday with relative apathy. There was applause at the end, to be sure, but no untoward excitement.

A good story should be told once, and once only. "Bolero" depends for its effect on a mere musical trick, though executed with infinite cleverness. Heard a second time the constantly repeated tune (uninteresting of itself), the reiterated rhythm, the long crescendo, the sudden modulation near the end, all fail greatly to stir and excite the listener.

FRIJSH SOLOIST AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Loeffler's "Canticle of the
Sun" Performed

gave — Jan. 4, 1930
Ravel's Bolero and Bax' Symphony

Repeated From Previous Programs

Charles Martin Loeffler's "Canticle of the Sun," a setting for soprano and orchestra of verses attributed to St. Francis of Assisi, was performed for the first time in Boston at yesterday's Symphony concert, with Povla Frijsh as soloist. There was hearty and prolonged applause for composer, soloist and conductor, when they came out to bow at the end of the piece. Finally the orchestra was bidden to rise and share the plaudits.

Ravel's Bolero and Bax' "Second Symphony," repeated from previous programs of the current season; and Walton's "Portsmouth Point" were the other numbers on a program drawn wholly from the work of living composers.

Mr. Loeffler wrote his "Canticle of the Sun" in 1925 at the request of Mrs. F. S. Coolidge for the first of her Washington festival concerts of chamber music. He set for soprano and chamber orchestra a modernized Italian version of the hymn said to have been written by St. Francis, prepared for his use by Gino Perera of Boston. Mr. Loeffler's music has been performed at concerts of the Philadelphia Orchestra, as well as at the Washington festival in 1925. Mme. Frijsh has sung the soprano solo at each performance.

The hymn, a naive medieval rhapsody, demands of a modern composer the evocation of a mood wholly alien to his own day and age. Mr. Loeffler has used modal harmonies, and woven into the texture of his music many liturgical motives. He succeeds as well as anyone now could in creating the atmosphere of St. Francis' rhapsody. One listens to his music in the spirit of a modern tourist in Assisi. But, as some modern visitors there have done, one feels a certain monotony, a certain barrenness, a lack of enduring vitality.

Try as one may to view the middle ages reverently, one cannot but recall at times the mockery of Anatole France in such pages as the famous one in his "Penguin Island" about the paintings of Margaritone of Arezzo. Mr. Loeffler has done in this Canticle all that taste and skill can do to recreate something vanished, something even more alien to us than Periclean Athens, or than the Scythians whom those other modern composers, Stravinsky and Prokofieff have evoked for us (from the pages of Herodotus), with such astonishing power.

Mme. Frijsh has long been admired here as an interpreter of music. Her tact and intuition are remarkable. Not so her voice, however. Yesterday she made very skilful use of her vocal resources, but in so large a hall neither the quality nor the volume of tone were wholly adequate. Furthermore she was unable to convey the nuances she wished, and would certainly have made in a smaller room.

Mr. Walton's "Portsmouth Point" was suggested by a print by Rowlandson, published in 1814, depicting a scene on which Fanny Price, when temporarily banished from Mansfield Park must often have looked with eyes quite other than those of the celebrated caricaturist, either Miss Austen nor her heroine would have approved of Mr. Walton's music. To them gusto, youthful high spirits noisily happy, were only to be condemned. Yet it is this same gusto which makes Mr. Walton's hastily written and not profoundly original overture not merely endurable but enjoyable, though scarcely memorable. This piece was first heard here in 1926. Its composer is an Englishman born in 1902.

Ravel's Bolero made nothing like the same effect on the audience yesterday that it made at the recent first performances here. There were no cheers, no stamping of feet, only about the usual amount of handclapping. A second hearing made one admire even more than before the cleverness with which the piece has been contrived. But hearing it twice in quick succession is like rereading a detective story before you have forgotten any of its plot. The artistic value of this Bolero is about that of the general run of detective stories.

Mr. Bax says that his Second Symphony, also repeated yesterday, is written in cyclic form. It certainly makes considerable use of the motto theme, but, as at the first performance, one was unable to feel that the structure of the music is sound. The piece is an overlong rhapsody with some fine moments, such as the simple melody, surprising in a modern work,

near the opening of the slow movement. Its ceaseless modulations, and ever shifting rhythmic figures grow monotonous. As a whole this symphony does not compel one's attention. The music is at once too fragmentary and too monotonous. To it one is tempted to apply at least part of Gounod's well-known sneer at the Franck Symphony, "incompetence elevated into a dogma." Franck did not deserve this taunt from the composer of "Faust."

Perhaps Bax does not wholly deserve it either, but his symphony heard twice in close succession becomes boresome.

There are no symphony concerts in the regular series here next week, as the orchestra goes on tour. Jan 17 and 18 the Russian composer Glazunov will conduct as guest a program of his own works. P. R.

Concert-Chronicle

Jan. 2, 1930
St. Francis at Symphony Hall

UPON the program of the Symphony Concerts tomorrow and Saturday Dr. Koussevitzky has placed a notable work by a composer dwelling in the environs of Boston; for the performance has called in the singer from the outset associated with it. The work is Mr. Charles Martin Loeffler's "Canticum Fratris Solis" or "Song of Brother Sun," more often called "The Canticle of the Sun"; the singer is that intelligent musician, Mme. Povla Frijsch. The "Canticle of the Sun" is one of the last great hymns of St. Francis of Assisi. Mr. Loeffler's musical setting was written on commission for the first festival of chamber music in the Library of Congress, to which institution upon her own "foundation," Mrs. Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge had confided the perpetuation of her annual rites at Pittsfield. At Washington, on Oct. 28, 1925, the new "Canticle" was heard for the first time from Mme. Frijsch and a chamber-orchestra of about thirty players, with Mr. Frederick Stock of Chicago as conductor.

When in 1224, at the age of forty-four, the gentle Francis, broken in body, sore in heart at the crudities of a world so completely the opposite of himself, gave vent to his feelings, it was not to utter lamentations or complaints, but to raise a hymn of praise. For all the material and elemental blessings of life he lauded "the good Lord God." When the surgeons of the day administered treatment which nowadays seems brutal, when there was no relief in sight, he added significantly the verse in praise of "our sister, the death of the body." And, since he considered the sun the crown of creation, since he recalled that "in Scripture the

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solo-voice. Each verse has its own characterizing music, be the source of the characterization an appropriate Gregorian motif from the church liturgy or the free, delineative imaginings of the composers's own spirit. Mr. Loeffler does not write a music of ascetic mysticism. More deeply does he penetrate into the heart of the saint. His setting is, rather, a music of great spiritual radiance, of rapt, inward exultation. And in this place no technical labels shall be applied to it.

Since the poem is a hymn of praise, it is fitting that the first verse (after some preluding) should sound the music of the "Deo gratias"; that in the final exulting climax about "our brother, the sun," the same motif should again gloriously recur. Writes Mr. Gilman: "Here the music of Loeffler is irradiated from within, as horns and organ, and finally the whole orchestra, join in a superb outburst on the 'Deo gratias.'" Further, one hears undulating harps in praise of "our sister water" in the third verse; tremulous and sighing harps, strings and winds, for "our brother the wind" of the fourth verse; the flickering of celesta, piano, harps and winds for "our brother fire" of the fifth verse. Then follows the verse in praise of "our sister, the death of the body." Mr. Loeffler prefaces it with music in which the introit "Ressurexit" occurs: accompanies it with an English horn singing the penitential "Kyrie eleison." After which a quickening of tempo, a music growing more and more radiant, bring us to tones of ineffable light in the apostrophe to the stars of the eighth verse. After which the climax as already described.

When New York heard Mr. Loeffler's "Canticle of the Sun" (from Madame Frijsch, Dr. Stokowski and his Philadelphians on Jan. 5, 1926) reviewers gave it warm praise. Mr. Downes wrote of it as a music of "grave and constrained nobility and of simple exaltation." And Mr. Gilman thus expressed himself: "The matchless words of Saint Francis have evidently stirred Loeffler very deeply. We recall no music of his since 'Hora Mystica' which has seemed to us so searching in its beauty and intensity. It is rare music, exalted, unsullied, rapt. It is worthy of the poem."

A. H. M.

Koussevitzky to Bax

Telegrams from Conductor to Composer About a Current Symphony

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cently at a Saturday evening performance of the Boston Symphony orchestra I was amazed! In front of me a man who chewed gum the entire half; and a woman two seats behind me, who was frantically knitting played Christmas gift, no doubt. a music of "grave and constrained nobility and of simple exaltation." And Mr. Gilman thus expressed himself: "The matchless words of Saint Francis have evidently stirred Loeffler very deeply. We recall no music of his since 'Hora Mystica' which has seemed to us so searching in its beauty and intensity. It is rare music, exalted, unsullied, rapt. It is worthy of the poem."

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Concert-Chronic

St. Francis at Symphony Hall

When in 1224, at the age of forty, the gentle Francis, broken in body and heart at the crudities of a world completely the opposite of himself, vent to his feelings, it was not in lamentations or complaints, but in a hymn of praise. For all the material and elemental blessings of life he called "the good Lord God." When the dragons of the day administered to him which nowadays seems brutal, when there was no relief in sight, he added to the verse in praise of "our Father" the death of the body." And, since he considered the sun the crown of the world, since he recalled that "in Scripture

Lord Himself is called 'The Sun of Righteousness' he gave to his verses for name, "The Song of Brother Sun."

Francis of Assisi (he was not then, of course, a saint) characteristically disdained the use of pompous Latin for his poem. Instead, he used the Umbrian dialect of his day—and scholars have given him credit as a founder of Italian religious poetry. For his setting Mr. Loeffler has used a modern Italian version furnished him by Mr. Gino Perera. Program books have carried an English translation by Matthew Arnold, as fol-

"O most high, almighty, good Lord
God, to thee belong praise, glory,
honor, and all blessing!

"Praised be my Lord for our mother the earth, the which doth sustain us and keep us, and bringeth forth divers fruits, and flowers of many colors, and grass.

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"Praised be my Lord for our sister
water, who is very serviceable unto
us, and humble, and precious, and
clean.

"Praised be my Lord for our brother
the wind, and for air and cloud, calms
and all weather. by which thou up-
holdest in life all creatures.

"Praised be my Lord for our brother
fire, through whom thou givest us
light in the darkness; and he is bright,
and pleasant, and very mighty, and
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"Praised be my Lord for our sister, the death of the body, from whom no man escapeth. Woe to him who dieth in mortal sin! Blessed are they who are found walking by the most holy will, for the second death shall have no power to do them harm.

“Praised be my Lord for all those who pardon one another for his love's sake, and who endure weakness and tribulation; blessed are they who peaceably shall endure, for thou, O most High, shalt give them a crown!”

"Praised be my Lord for our sister
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"Praise ye, and bless ye the Lord,
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Mr. Loeffler wrote his score late in the "our winter and in the spring and summer of '25; scored it for three flutes, English horn, two horns, celesta, piano, two harps, cello and strings, and, of course, the

solo-voice. Each versè has its own characterizing music, be the source of the characterization an appropriate Gregorian motif from the church liturgy or the free, delineative imaginings of the composers's own spirit. Mr. Loeffler does not write a music of ascetic mysticism. More deeply does he penetrate into the heart of the saint. His setting is, rather, a music of great spiritual radiance, of rapt, inward exultation. And in this place no technical labels shall be applied to it.

Since the poem is a hymn of praise, it is fitting that the first verse (after some preluding) should sound the music of the "Deo gratias"; that in the final exulting climax about "our brother, the sun," the same motif should again gloriously recur. Writes Mr. Gilman: "Here the music of Loeffler is irradiated from within, as horns and organ, and finally the whole orchestra, join in a superb outburst on the 'Deo gratias.'" Further, one hears undulating harps in praise of "our sister water" in the third verse; tremulous and sighing harps, strings and winds, for "our brother the wind" of the fourth verse: the flickering of celesta, piano, harps and winds for "our brother fire" of the fifth verse. Then follows the verse in praise of "our sister, the death of the body." Mr. Loeffler prefaces it with music in which the introit "Ressurexit" occurs: accompanies it with an English horn singing the penitential "Kyrie eleison." After which a quickening of tempo, a music growing more and more radiant, bring us to tones of ineffable light in the apostrophe to the stars of the eighth verse. After which the climax as already described.

When New York heard Mr. Loeffler's "Canticle of the Sun" (from Madame Frijsh, Dr. Stokowski and his Philadelphians on Jan. 5, 1926) reviewers gave it warm praise. Mr. Downes wrote of it as a music of "grave and constrained nobility and of simple exaltation." And Mr. Gilman thus expressed himself; "The matchless words of Saint Francis have evidently stirred Loeffler very deeply. We recall no music of his since "Hora Mystica" which has seemed to us so searching in its beauty and intensity. It is rare music, exalted, unsullied, rapt. It is worthy of the poem." A. H. M.

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near the opening of the slow movement. Its ceaseless modulations, and shifting rhythmic figures grow monotonous. As a whole this symphony does not compel one's attention. It is at once too fragmentary and monotonous. To it one is tempted to apply at least part of Gounod's known sneer at the Franck Symphony: "incompetence elevated into a masterpiece." Franck did not deserve this from the composer of "Faust's Song of the Sun."

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Concert-Chronic

Jan. 2
St. Francis at Symphony Hall

UPON the program of the Symphony Concerts tomorrow and Sunday Dr. Koussevitzky has placed a notable work by a composer dwelling in the environs of Boston; for the performance has called in the singer the outset associated with it. This is Mr. Charles Martin Loeffler's "Canticum Fratris Solis" or "Song of the Sun," more often called "The Sun of the Sun"; the singer is that gentle musician, Mme. Povla Frijsh. "Canticum of the Sun" is one of the great hymns of St. Francis of Assisi. Mr. Loeffler's musical setting was written on commission for the first of chamber music in the Library of Congress, to which institution upon "foundation," Mrs. Elizabeth Coolidge had confided the perpetuation of her annual rites at Pittsfield, Washington, on Oct. 28, 1925. "Canticum" was heard for the first time from Mme. Frijsh and a chamber orchestra of about thirty players, under the baton of Frederick Stock of Chicago as conductor.

When in 1224, at the age of forty, the gentle Francis, broken in body and heart at the crudities of a winter completely the opposite of himself, vent to his feelings, it was not lamentations or complaints, but a hymn of praise. For all the elemental blessings of life he gave thanks to the good Lord God. When the preachers of the day administered to him which nowadays seems brutal, when there was no relief in sight, he added to the verse in praise of "our brother the death of the body." And, since he recalled that "in Scripture God is called 'The Sun of Righteousness'," he gave to his verses for a name, "The Song of Brother Sun."

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"O most high, almighty, good Lord God, to thee belong praise, glory, honor, and all blessing!"

"Praised be my Lord for our mother the earth, the which doth sustain us and keep us, and bringeth forth divers fruits, and flowers of many colors, and grass."

"Praised be my Lord for our sister water, who is very serviceable unto us, and humble, and precious, and clean."

"Praised be my Lord for our brother the wind, and for air and cloud, calms and all weather, by which thou upholdest in life all creatures."

"Praised be my Lord for our brother fire, through whom thou givest us light in the darkness; and he is bright, and pleasant, and very mighty, and strong."

"Praised be my Lord for our sister, the death of the body, from whom no man escapeth. Woe to him who dieth in mortal sin! Blessed are they who are found walking by the most holy will, for the second death shall have no power to do them harm."

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"Praise ye, and bless ye the Lord, and give thanks unto Him, and serve Him with great humility."

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Top o' the Morning:

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Concert-Chronicle

Three for Luck Jan 8, 1930

NO less than three printed programs were spread before the concert-goer at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. First (in the sense of being oldest) was the program of Mr. Hale's notes. But fine print above those notes gave information, "The program was changed too late to make a corresponding change in the notes." One turned to the front page, on which the numbers are listed—found program number two, with Schumann's "Manfred" overture replacing Schubert's "Rosamunde" music of the original program. And then there was an insert, the third program, reciting simply: "The program has been changed as follows": And this time Siegfried's funereal music out of Wagner's "Götterdämmerung" had been removed to make place for the same composer's "Ride of the Valkyries." From all of which one suspects that Dr. Koussevitzky's program-complex had been even more active than usual. And the result was that the hearers were given a Schumann-Wagner afternoon.

To begin, the hearer who may have been drowsing in his place on an unseasonably warm winter's afternoon, was startled out of his day dreaming by the three vigorous introductory chords of the "Manfred" overture. Few there are who could charge, as if with electricity, such simple matter as does Dr. Koussevitzky. There could be no more drowsing after those chords. In due time followed the sombre but restlessly melancholy theme of Manfred, and in its turn the plaintive tender melody of Astarte. Of the two is this overture compounded. The subject matter is such as to appeal to the romanticist who was Schumann. He characterizes his hero, his heroine, sets emotional background for them, brings to climax their music, at end in summing up, writes his quiet epilogue—which tendency toward "epilogues" commentators have called Schumannesque. And to Byron and to Schumann, that other romanticist who is Koussevitzky, yesterday was perfect counterpart.

Came next the same composer's Symphony in C major. Both in Cambridge and in Boston has the conductor played it. Now he brings it to his "series of classics" which is the Tuesday concerts. Once again we heard the simple motto which "unifies" (as the phrase goes) the movements; once again lived through alternately the fun and the romance which are the first movement; the lively play, only briefly interrupted by quasi-seriousness, which is the scherzo—remembered that here Schumann is in highly characteristic vein; the long, lyric melody which is the Adagio, and which is also one of the "famous" passages in all

Schumann; the solidities and the dignities, the pomp and the impelling onward rush which is the finale. By the way we noted this or that figure which seemed essentially "modern." Above all we were impressed with Dr. Koussevitzky's way with Schumann. For some years it has seemed as if neglect were to be Schumann's portion. He is not "in tune" with the tendencies of the present day. His ardent, passionate romanticism is at the opposite pole from present "mechanistic" practices. Into this present Dr. Koussevitzky brings Schumann, rekindles the flame that is in him, gives persuasive and eloquent voice to his idealism, better than most others minimize his faults, and behold, the "hard-as-tack" contemporary world (which, however, beneath the surface still clings to not a little of its romanticism) finds this Schumann good. Of a truth, not far behind the conductor's illuminating way with Brahms is his revitalizing of Schumann. After an intermission, the Wagner of "Lohengrin" with its prelude; of "The Valkyrie" with its "Ride"; of "The Mastersingers" with preludes to the third act, to the opera as a whole. Another type of romanticist is this; Wagner, who is continually scaling the heavens, who would wrest from the gods their secrets—but who could stoop also to write of a

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FORTY-NINTH SEASON, NINETEEN HUNDRED TWENTY-NINE AND THIRTY

Next week the orchestra will give concerts in New York and Brooklyn. The next regular pair of concerts will take place on January seventeenth and January eighteenth

Twelfth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, JANUARY 17, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, JANUARY 18, at 8.15 o'clock

ALEXANDER GLAZOUNOW will conduct these concerts

Glazounow Symphony No. 6, in C minor, Op. 58

- I. Adagio—allegro
- II. Tema con variazioni
- III. Intermezzo
- IV. Finale

Glazounow Concerto for Violin, Op. 82

- I. Moderato
- II. Andante
- III. Allegro

Glazounow "Stenka Razin," Symphonic Poem, Op. 13

SOLOIST

BENNO RABINOFF

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ALEXANDER GLAZOUNOV

GLAZOUNOV. Herald By PHILIP HALE Jan. 14/1930

Alexander Glazounov conducted yesterday, as a guest, the 12th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra. The program comprized his Sixth Symphony; violin concerta (Benno Rabinoff, violinist); Symphonic Poem, "Stenka Razin."

Those who are fond of dividing a composer's musical life into periods will note that there was an interval of 11 years between the symphonic poem written when Glazounov was 20 years old, and about 10 years between the composition of the symphony (1896) and the violin concerto (1905). "Stenka Razin" is among the works that one might call pictorial-descriptive, suggested by Nature, or historical and legendary. To say that such works, as "Stenka Razin," "The Kremlin," "The Forest," "The Sea" are "romantic" while the symphony and the concerto are "classic," would be wrong; classical compositions may be romantic, not dryly academic. A wildly romantic work, romantic in the judgment of those hearing its early performances often becomes in later years acknowledged as "classic." Thus the foolish think to pay it honor, though the musical contents have remained the same. The symphony performed yesterday is as romantic and as imaginative as the symphonic poem. The former has no "program"; the latter is an illustration in tones of a legendary historical event; but the latter does not depend for enjoyment wholly on the fantastic tale. As for the concerto, it is a romantic piece for a virtuoso performance; but not written for the empty and vainglorious display of an accomplished violinist; not primarily planned as an applause trap; in fact the cadenza in which the violinist is expected to shine and "bring down the house" is the least interesting portion of the work, except possibly to violinists regarding first of all technical ingenuity on the part of the composer and technical proficiency on the part of the player.

Glazounov was congratulated by some of his Russian co-mates for abandoning pictorial and descriptive music and devoting himself to what they called "classic form." Whether they accepted his gorgeously orchestrated ballets is not known to us. His love of the ballet is hinted at in the Intermezzo of the Sixth symphony and even in the finale; but not in a too light, flippant and "popular" manner for symphonic dignity. This symphony is as conspicuous for melodic wealth as for contrapuntal skill, and cunning of instrumentation. The melodic lines are frank and appealing, as is the theme for the variations in the

second movement; melodic material, which, often simple in itself, is developed by one well-versed in composition, who does not allow knowledge to choke beauty. When a man reads "Theme With Variations" on a program he trembles; he is prepared for the worst and steels himself not to express boredom, but keep a facial showing of reasonable interest and intelligence. Even when Vincent d'Indy's "Istar" is performed, one finds oneself wondering how long it will be before the whole theme will be revealed in its splendid nudity. These variations by Glazounov are a delight from first to last; truly varied, admirably contrasted; orchestrated in a surprising and fascinating manner; the technical skill displayed serves only to enhance the euphonious and poetic charm. The first movement, with its mysterious opening arouses anticipation for a tragic, or heroic mood, which is interrupted only by the suavity and tenderness of the expressive song theme. And here as in the Variations and the following pages with the changing tempi and rhythmic devices is the abundant reason for the reputation that Glazounov enjoys of being a master of his art.

From a purely technical standpoint, the pedant might justly say that "Stenka Razin" is not to be ranked with the symphony or the concerto; but who would have this musical story of the Volga's savage ruler, the Persian Princess and Stenka's supreme sacrifice told differently? Here we have the wild irregularity that Bacon, discussing "Beauty," found necessary.

Mr. Rabinoff of New York played the concerto, introduced here by Mr. Zimbalist 18 years ago, and revived by Mr. Burgin early in 1927. The youth of the violinist, the honesty of his performance with an emotional quality that was within the bounds of the concerto, and the music itself, won instant and hearty recognition.

Mr. Glazounov conducted simply and modestly but none the less effectively. The orchestra responded affectionately, not merely respectfully, to his directions. It was a pleasure to see on the platform of Symphony hall a man interested in his music, but not parading it; appreciating the desire of the orchestra to further his wishes; apparently unconscious of the fact that his name and his works have been honored for many years in the whole world of music.

The concert will be repeated tonight. Eugene Goossens, as a guest, will conduct the concert of next week. Wagner, a "Faust" overture. Schumann, Symphony B flat major, No. 1. Goossens, Concertino for double String-Orchestra (1st time in Boston). Respighi, Roman Festivals (1st time in Boston).

GLAZOUNOV CONDUCTS SYMPHONY

Distinguished Russian
Composer Plays
Own Pieces

Past Jan. 18, 1930
BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Twenty times since 1897, the name of Alexander Glazounov had appeared upon the programmes of the Symphony Concerts, and by 14 pieces was it thus represented. Yesterday afternoon three of these pieces were repeated, and under the direction of the composer himself, now on his first visit to the United States.

LINK WITH GREAT PAST

To many in yesterday's audience Glazounov, the man, was more interesting, at least for the moment, than Glazounov, the musician. Here was a composer in his 65th year whose career has extended over nearly half a century—for Glazounov was uncommonly precocious—who had won for himself an honorable place in music and who, above all, is a living link with a great past. For Glazounov, though much younger than Balakirev, Cui, Borodin and Rimsky-Korsakov, was first their protegee and then their colleague. In particular did he work shoulder to shoulder with Borodin and Rimsky; and when the former died, leaving behind him uncompleted his "Prince Igor," it was Glazounov who wrote down from memory the overture and who, with Rimsky-Korsakov, completed the orchestration of that opera.

Throughout his useful life Glazounov has lived in the former capital of Russia. During the years of privation following the revolution it was reported that with many other artists he was in sore straits. It was even said that so wasted of body had he become that he could wrap his overcoat twice around him.

Economical of Gesture

No such emaciation, however, was observable in the man who yesterday walked forth upon the stage of Symphony Hall to face an orchestra standing in his honor and an applauding, though (for the most part) seated, audience. Indeed, the Glazounov of today is a portly figure, and his movements recall the old saying, "Large bodies move slowly." In conducting Mr. Glazounov proved singularly economical of movement and gesture, though the lethargy that characterizes his walk was absent from his beat. That was sufficiently clear-cut and decided. And if in directing he did not inspire the players to untoward exertions, at least, in the language of the orchestral musician, "he knows what he wants."

The development of Glazounov, the composer, has been curious. Some might even call it a retrogression. Beginning under the influence of the Russian "Five" he, too, wrote as a "nationalist"; witness the tone poem "Stenka Razin," a product of his 21st year, with which yesterday's concert closed.

More German Than Russian

But in time he seems to have felt this musical dialect, half slavie, half near-eastern, too confining. He yearned, it would appear, to become cosmopolitan, universal, in his speech. And the later Glazounov is far more German than Russian; witness the Sixth Symphony and the Violin Concerto that made the rest of yesterday's programme. In them is displayed abundant mastery of the resources of composition. As a musical scholar Glazounov has surpassed all of the five, save Rimsky, and even Rimsky had not the younger man's ability to fill a large canvas to sustain himself through a symphony without losing his sense of direction.

But the music of the later Glazounov, well made, well sounding (if at times skirting the edge of the superficial), has little distinctive voice, either racial or personal. It is sonorous, it is melodious, it is brilliantly orchestrated, it shows the hand of a master contrapuntist, but at the most it leaves the listener feeling comfortable and secure. It does not thrill or excite. It fails to quicken the deeper emotions.

"Stenka Razin" Lives

Report has it that Mr. Glazounov now holds "Stenka Razin," vivid musical picture of the River Volga and of the Cossack bandit that ravaged its shores, in small esteem. Yet it were kinder of him to respect the piece, for the signs are not wanting that it will remain his monument.

In conclusion a word should be said regarding the excellent playing of Benno Rabinoff, who, as solo violinist in the Concerto, made yesterday his first appearance in Boston. He was deservedly applauded. And it need hardly be added that the audience from first to last received both the distinguished guest and his music with genuine cordiality.

GLAZUNOV CONDUCTS SYMPHONY CONCERT

Russian Composer Leads
Program of His Works

Sixth Symphony, Violin Concerto,
and "Stenka Razin" Heard
yesterday Jan. 18, 1930

Alexander Glazounov, the noted Russian composer, conducted a program of his own works at yesterday's Boston Symphony concert. Dr. Koussevitzky is taking his annual midseason vacation of two weeks. Next week the guest leader will be Eugene Goossens, the English composer and conductor now head of the Eastman School of Music at Rochester, N. Y.

Mr Glazounov's program included his Sixth Symphony, opus 58; his Concerto for violin, opus 82, and his symphonic poem, "Stenka Razin," opus 13, all of them previously performed at these concerts.

The soloist in the concerto was Benno Rabinoff, son of Max Rabinoff, remembered here as manager of the "Boston-National Opera Company," which purchased the settings and costumes of the Boston Opera and engaged some of its singers to tour the country the season after the resident company here was given up. Benno Rabinoff gave a Jordan Hall recital Jan 23, 1928. He is a pupil of Auer.

Mr Glazounov's program included his as are all Russian names when translated into our alphabet, in half a

dozen different ways, of which the simplest is here followed), is, since 1922, director of the Leningrad Conservatory of Music, a position he had held from 1909-12, before the revolution. An account of his long and distinguished career as composer and teacher was printed in last Sunday's Globe. He is now making his first visit to this country, and has already appeared as guest conductor in Chicago, Detroit and New York.

Few Gestures

Yesterday's audience saw a tall, heavily built man, quiet and dignified in manner, who conducts with the fewest possible gestures, and never makes an unnecessary motion. Only his slow and rather hesitant gait betrays the fact that he is in his 65th year, and recovering from an illness which caused him to cancel an engagement in Cleveland the other day. He was quick to share the hearty applause which greeted his music with the orchestra, and with the young and almost unknown soloist.

In the 1890's the musical conservatives denounced Glazounov as a modernist composer, but a comparison of his works with those his contemporaries, Debussy and Richard Strauss, produced between 1880 and 1905, since which date Glazounov has published almost nothing, proves the essentially conservative and academic character of Glazounov's music.

The sixth of his eight symphonies was published in 1897. It is well written music, with fluent melody and interesting rhythmic effects. The themes were apparently chosen with a view to the artistic unity of the work, so marked are the resemblances between the chief melodic ideas. This symphony shows the influence on Glazounov of the more conservative and, in America, least known works of Rimsky Korsakov, whose pupil he was. But the side of Rimsky's genius which influenced so strongly the first notable work, "The Firebird," of his later pupil Stravinsky is apparently alien to Glazounov's musical imagination.

Glazounov is not, and has made no pretention of being, a virtuoso conductor. He is, however, competent to get from an orchestra the effects he wishes in his music, as the admirably clear and sanely balanced performance of this symphony yesterday proved. The audience obviously enjoyed the music. Its applause was no mere polite tribute to the composer's presence, but heartfelt.

Show Piece

The violin concerto, which has been played at these concerts by Zimbalist and by Richard Burgin, is a skillfully written and ingratiating show piece, offering a soloist ample opportunities to display his abilities. Mr Rabinoff

used a warm, rather too vibrant tone. His technique is considerable, though not sufficiently impeccable to save him from occasionally faulty information. He was very cordially applauded. One's impression of his musical gifts was distinctly more favorable yesterday than at his last Boston appearance, but he is not yet a mature and polished artist.

The other number on the program, "Stenka Razin," twice played here under Mr. Monteux, was written in 1885. It is a product of the movement for nationalism in Russian music begun by Borodin, Rimsky-Korsakov and their group, of whom Glazunov at 20 was the brilliant protege. It was suggested by a half-legendary, half-historical Cossack bandit. The first theme is the "Volga Boatman's Song," now thrice-familiar to audiences here, but still one of the best of Russian folk tunes. The scoring for orchestra is, as always with Glazunov, notably skillful, but the piece yesterday seemed immature and old-fashioned. The Sixth Symphony is more genuine and more interesting music.

Next week Mr. Goossens, as guest conductor, proposes a program including Wagner's "A Faust Overture," Schumann's First Symphony, his own Concertino, and Respighi's "Feste Romane," the latest issued of his now lengthy series of musical guide books to Rome. P. R.

Music in Boston

Monitor Jan. 18, 1936
Glazounoff in Boston

Alexander Glazounoff directed the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Symphony Hall, Boston, Jan. 17, as first of the guests chosen to occupy the dais for Dr. Koussevitzky's midwinter vacation of two weeks. The program was made up of three of the visitor's compositions: the Sixth Symphony, in C minor; the Violin Concerto, and the symphonic poem, "Stenka Razin." Benno Rabinoff was soloist.

It was a pleasure to welcome this distinguished Russian composer, a pupil of Rimsky-Korsakov and a link with the now almost legendary period during which the Russian "Five" flourished. Mr. Glazounoff brings to us the tradition of the great "Nationalist" group, whose members he knew.

Mr. Glazounoff was already well known to Boston audiences through his music. Many of his compositions had been performed at concerts of the Boston Orchestra, including those on the present program; but the

Sixth Symphony had not been heard in Boston for nearly 30 years, and hence came as a virtual novelty. If it is not so impressive as the Eighth Symphony, which Dr. Koussevitzky introduced several years ago, it nevertheless is an interesting score, which reveals the composer's characteristic abilities. The first movement is musically the most interesting of the four, but the Theme and Variations and the Intermezzo have a charming simplicity and the Finale makes effective use of typical themes and rhythms. The work shows the influence of other composers, notably Wagner and Brahms, but is nevertheless distinctly Russian. Mr. Glazounoff is clearly a master of musical form and of the orchestra, but his scores are surprisingly lacking in instrumental color for a pupil of Rimsky's. In this respect, and in a certain nostalgic quality, Mr. Glazounoff seems curiously closer to Tchaikovsky than to the "Nationalists" who waged open war upon that master.

The Concerto, which was played several seasons ago by Richard Burgin, concertmaster of the Boston Orchestra, offers not only the expected technical problems but a solid musical content as well. Mr. Rabinoff brought to its interpretation an adequate technique and a rather slender tone of a pale sweetness. It was necessary for the orchestra to suppress its voice radically in order to permit the soloist to be heard. One missed also in Mr. Rabinoff's playing the musicianship and the vitality which are both necessary, in addition to technical power, to bring this piece to life. He was applauded warmly by the audience.

"Stenka Razin," one of Mr. Glazounoff's earliest works, written indeed in his youth, still retains its appeal, not only for the charm of the Russian tunes which forms its material, but for the resourcefulness and imagination with which they are treated.

As a conductor Mr. Glazounoff is sparing of motions, but obviously he had the respect and co-operation of the players. He is as reserved and conservative in performance as in composition. He allows no exaggeration, keeps his brass down in proportion to his winds, displays a strong feeling for rhythm and for subtle nuance. He was most cordially and warmly received by audience and orchestra. L. A. S.

Glazunov for Conservative Elder Master

Trans. Jan. 18, 1936
The Eminent Russian Through
An Amiable Afternoon
At Symphony Hall

IT WAS mid-season yesterday at the Symphony Concerts. Since the beginning last October they have not generated so amiable an afternoon. Nor are they likely to produce another more amiable before the end next May. In historian-phrase "an era of good feeling" persisted through an hour and three-quarters. As the rural vernacular might put it, "a good time was had by all present." The occasion, almost needless to say, was the coming of Mr. Alexander Constantinovitch Glazunov, the distinguished and conservative Russian, to be guest of the orchestra, primarily as composer, incidentally as conductor in his own music. At Dr. Koussevitzky's winter holiday, each year of late has brought to Symphony Hall a guest-composer-conductor. Last January, it was Monsieur Honegger; twelve months earlier, Monsieur Ravel; in 1927, unless memory slips, Signor Respighi. Honegger is an able modernist, believing and practising, as the French phrase runs. There were those a year ago, who groaned in secret or cried aloud and openly under his ministrations. In modernistic waters Ravel has long dabbled with more than toe and finger-tips. Taking the apostle at his word, Respighi is wont to be a thing to all men—each with a plentiful gusto. Add Signor Glazunov, and the guest-composers at Symphony Hall under the Koussevitzkian régime, have tended to be musical modernists.

"Is it quite fair?" august ladies of conservative leanings have asked this concert-chronicler whose pleasure it is—with in his convictions—to be their comforter. He has agreed that it was not. The

ists were having considerably the of it. Now in the twinkling of an through no less than three cons the balance redressed. A more ative composer than Mr. Glazunows not breath within the present All his life, which now numbers t-sixty years, he has hewed to one ie line of musical orthodoxy. A more innocent than his of all isms has not been heard at the ony Concerts since the days in Goldmark's "Rustic Wedding" and inn's Serenade for Strings were d pieces. Though the extremists her wing believe it, the trustees reserve the Symphony Orchestra; nductor who rules over its con- the management, sitting at the of custom, do try to play fair in turn, from the loosest radical strictest constructionist, his inning. the variegated brood of Euterp. tful mother—may ultimately have in these concerts."

remove the final fly in the oint- it is true that Mr. Glazunov lives tedly as may be under the rule Union of Socialist Soviet Repub- at he serves that State as Director Conservatory in Leningrad, s not few of his former colleagues ill prefer voluntary exile—say aninov in New York or Stravin- Paris. To each of us his own after revolution; but it is possible that Mr. Glazunov chose to re- n Leningrad out of loyal regard ost and a work that he cherishes. decision does him credit, even At the least, his presence in a need stir no alarms in those nd amusing, ladies who, it is said, r a Communist behind every tem in the newspapers. In point concerts by Mr. Glazunov in New nd other cities of this diversified ve re-assembled Russian exiles and ally suggested a Tsarist "manifes-

It had signalled Alexander Constan- ch as a portly personage. Rather, a huge bulk of a man, seemingly g well over six feet; his broad rs little bent by years of unre- work; his sturdy body still firm- without a hint, as amongst us ans, of too many motor-cars, ele- oil-heaters and overlaid tables. trast, he walks with a singularly low, tentative step, not unlike the most of us when we thread the ss toward the commutator. As ducts, he also makes curiously light, angular gestures with a stick over a narrow radius, using hand hardly at all. Far indeed

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The other number on the program, "Stenka Razin," twice played here under Mr. Monteux, was written in 1885. It is a product of the movement for nationalism in Russian music begun by Borodin, Rimsky-Korsakov and their group, of whom Glazunov at 20 was the brilliant protege. It was suggested by a half-legendary, half-historical Cossack bandit. The first theme is the "Volga Boatman's Song," now thrice-familiar to audiences here, but still one of the best of Russian folk tunes. The scoring for orchestra is, as always with Glazunov, notably skillful, but the piece yesterday seemed immature and old-fashioned. The Sixth Symphony is more genuine and more interesting music.

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Music in Boston

Monitor Jan. 12, 1936
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To remove the final fly in the ointment, it is true that Mr. Glazunov lives as contentedly as may be under the rule of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics; that he serves that State as Director of the Conservatory in Leningrad, whereas not few of his former colleagues or pupils prefer voluntary exile—say Rakhmaninov in New York or Stravinsky in Paris. To each of us his own course after revolution; but it is possible to hear that Mr. Glazunov chose to remain in Leningrad out of loyal regard for a post and a work that he cherishes. Such decision does him credit, even honor. At the least, his presence in America need stir no alarms in those good, and amusing, ladies who, it is said, discover a Communist behind every tenth item in the newspapers. In point of fact concerts by Mr. Glazunov in New York and other cities of this diversified land, have re-assembled Russian exiles and occasionally suggested a Tsarist "manifestation."

Report had signalled Alexander Constantinovitch as a portly personage. Rather, he is a huge bulk of a man, seemingly standing well over six feet; his broad shoulders little bent by years of unremitting work; his sturdy body still firm-set, without a hint, as amongst us Americans, of too many motor-cars, elevators, oil-heaters and overlaid tables. In contrast, he walks with a singularly short, slow, tentative step, not unlike the gait of most of us when we thread the darkness toward the commutator. As he conducts, he also makes curiously short, light, angular gestures with a short stick over a narrow radius, using the left hand hardly at all. Far indeed

is he from the outswEEPing or the in-beckoning ardors of our own Serge Alexandrovitch or from the flappings and fannings, say, of Sir Thomas Beecham. Baronet. None the less Mr. Glazunov disclosed his wishes to the orchestra; imposed them, yesterday, upon it; had clearly won its good will. To a man it must have perceived that he is a composer "who also conducts"—in his own music, even as did Monsieur Ravel. It played, however, as though it "really cared" and in the degree and quality of the chosen pieces returned him better voice than it gave to the authoritative and practised Honegger.

By other tokens this cordiality was manifest. The orchestra rose eagerly to welcome Mr. Glazunov at his first entrance; while each man made whatever applause sound was easiest. The audience covered every place and each performance with warm and general plaudits. Quickly by a gesture the guest would transfer them to the standing musicians. They, however, declined to accept them; applauding in their turn, thrust them back upon the composer-conductor. His only recourse was to outstretch a grateful hand not only to Mr. Burgin as concert-master but to whom ever was in reach. To the end of the concert, these tokens of appreciation and good will were variously renewed. The matinee audience at Symphony Hall may be this, that or the other musically, but it is a courteous assemblage; while the Boston Orchestra is both quick-witted and well-bred. In no warmth bask the artists of the old régime who now serve the Soviets. The more welcome our American fervors to Mr. Glazunov, modestly receiving the remotest laurels of his long career.

Upon the music of the afternoon it is superfluous to descant. Each of the three pieces was as clear as the day; made instant and just impression. For the first time in thirty years Mr. Glazunov's Sixth Symphony, in C minor—familiarily heard during Gerlicke's second conductorship—was repeated "at these concerts." The remembered Concerto for Violin, last played at Symphony Hall by Mr. Burgin in 1927, was middle number. (This time the violinist was Mr. Benno Rabinov, personable, skilful, sensitive, but under this one test hardly distinctive, musician.) For ending, the symphonic poem, "Stenka Razin," from Russian legend about a Cossack chieftain and his host whose river was the Volga and whose beauteous leman was thrown as gift therein. Mr. Glazunov, precocious as he was, wrote the poem in his twentieth year and is currently

all store, nowadays, nonage. To glance of his compositions of the program such task, was to might better have allet-suites, for ex- unov's ballet-music sla; the Symphonic least a fascinating ed and richer-filled played under Dr. ars ago. As it is, much as it contains ell-worn "Song of sses for the best- in America of all

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Glazunov Makes Orchestral Bow Jan. 17. 30 — Trans. With Cambridge to Give First Warm Welcome to the Conductor-Composer

SINCE the annual Koussevitzkian vacation takes two weeks, and since it is preceded by a week-end in New York, it comes about that Cambridge each year hears one of the noted guests who fill those two weeks. And since the Cantabrigian concert falls on Thursday, it is the university audience which has the honor of first greeting the visitor. Last evening it was the Russian composer and educator, Alexander Glazunov. And the greeting which the university audience gave him, was one to warm the heart of any man. When he made his way slowly to the conductor's podium, the orchestra rose to a man. The audience, not to be outdone, quickly followed. Of course there was applause, long and hearty.

It is written that when the unorganized Israelites looked about them for a king, they chose Saul because he stood a head taller than all his brethren. One ventures that if conductors were chosen by the same process, Mr. Glazunov would have an excellent chance to become conductor of almost any group in which he might find himself. And what is more, if circumstance were to be taken into consideration, his chances would be increased several-fold. Looking upon the conductor-composer in his sixty-fifth year, one can discover from the reviewer's seat in Sanders Theater not a single gray hair upon his head. If advancing years have left any mark upon him, it is to retard a bit his pace as he walks to the conductor's stand. In his place before the orchestra he conducts with a minimum of effort. His beat is clear, firm, decisive. But it never describes a wide arc. The left hand is almost never brought into play except to indicate a cue here, a diminuendo there. But from the orchestra come energies, sharp rhythms, dynamic fervors which might have assumed a conductor willing his collar to the very roots.

course the program was entirely nov. With the sixth symphony it After the intermission it con- with the violin concerto, Opus 82, by Mr. Benno Rabinov. And it with the youthful symphonic "Stenka Razin." Mr. Glazunov is rful with his own works. Per- ely he leads one through an as- ng introduction, a well-charactered theme, a song of arresting melody second; through resourceful and rly development, more songful res, energetic conclusion. The va- ns of the second movement he out- each in its own mood, each with particular sonorities and timbres, gh fugue and nocturne, scherzo and tic finale, to mention only a few. hen came playful Intermezzo, full of wn especial charm. At last the

Of the Russian dance it reminds Energies are released, sonorities upon each other. A powerful move- and last evening powerfully played, which came the principal demon- on of the evening. Applause came antly. Mr. Glazunov shook hands Mr. Burgin; then with Mr. Theo- lcz. Still it continued. The or- a was asked to rise to its feet. And handshaking; through many of the the principals of the string choir. till the audience would not let the ser go. But the resources of wledge were at an end. And lazunov had to fall back upon sim- wing until the enthusiasm of the ice had spent itself.

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By other tokens this cordiality was manifest. The orchestra rose eagerly to welcome Mr. Glazunov at his first appearance; while each man made his own applause sound was easiest. The orchestra covered every piece and each performance with warm and general applause. Quickly by a gesture the conductor would transfer them to the standing audience. They, however, declined to do so; applauding in their own way, thrust them back upon the conductor. His only recourse was to stretch a grateful hand not only to Mr. Burgin as concert-master but to every one in reach. To the end of the concert, these tokens of appreciation and good will were variously renewed. The audience at Symphony Hall was this, that or the other musical; it is a courteous assemblage; while the Boston Orchestra is both quick and well-bred. In no warmth has the artists of the old régime who now the Soviets. The more welcome American fervors to Mr. Glazunov, especially receiving the remotest laurels of his long career.

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The Concerto for Violin is flowing, felicitous, light-fingered working of a form that too readily may become dry, awkward, mannered. For once a Concerto that prefers to be fanciful rather than scholarly, that woos—and displays—the violinist in songful artifice rather than in arbitrary feats. A Concerto, indeed, that smiles away its difficulties and remembers the violin as a singing instrument. No wonder the virtuosi keep it green. . . . In "Stenka Razin" there are folk-flavors pungent even to us Westerners; what is better, the youthful Glazunov quick with romantic imagination and suggestion. The more the pity that the vein subsequently withered in his composing, or that he resolutely choked it. And if in all these pieces the harmonic and the instrumental color seemed singularly innocent, the latest of them dated from 1896, while through the afternoon every one of us, from Mr. Glazunov downward, was sworn to amiable.

H. T. P.

Glazunov Makes Orchestral Bow Jan. 17-30 — Trans. With Cambridge to Give First Warm Welcome to the Conductor-Composer

SINCE the annual Koussevitzkian vacation takes two weeks, and since it is preceded by a week-end in New York, it comes about that Cambridge each year hears one of the noted guests who fill those two weeks. And since the Cantabrigian concert falls on Thursday, it is the university audience which has the honor of first greeting the visitor. Last evening it was the Russian composer and educator, Alexander Glazunov. And the greeting which the university audience gave him, was one to warm the heart of any man. When he made his way slowly to the conductor's podium, the orchestra rose to a man. The audience, not to be outdone, quickly followed. Of course there was applause, long and hearty.

It is written that when the unorganized Israelites looked about them for a king, they chose Saul because he stood a head taller than all his brethren. One ventures that if conductors were chosen by the same process, Mr. Glazunov would have an excellent chance to become conductor of almost any group in which he might find himself. And what is more, if circumstance were to be taken into consideration, his chances would be increased several-fold. Looking upon the conductor-composer in his sixty-fifth year, one can discover from the reviewer's seat in Sanders Theater not a single gray hair upon his head. If advancing years have left any mark upon him, it is to retard a bit his pace as he walks to the conductor's stand. In his place before the orchestra he conducts with a minimum of effort. His beat is clear, firm, decisive. But it never describes a wide arc. The left hand is almost never brought into play except to indicate a cue here, a diminuendo there. But from the orchestra come energies, sharp rhythms, dynamic fervors which might have assumed a conductor willing his collar to the very roots.

course the program was entirely nov. With the sixth symphony it After the intermission it continued with the violin concerto, Opus 82, by Mr. Benno Rabinov. And it with the youthful symphonic "Stenka Razin." Mr. Glazunov is careful with his own works. Particularly he leads one through an absorbing introduction, a well-characterized theme, a song of arresting melody second; through resourceful and truly development, more songful and energetic conclusion. The various of the second movement he outlines each in its own mood, each with particular sonorities and timbres, a fugue and nocturne, scherzo and a finale, to mention only a few. Then came playful intermezzo, full of its own especial charm. At last the

Of the Russian dance it reminds. Energies are released, sonorities upon each other. A powerful movement and last evening powerfully played, which came the principal demonstration of the evening. Applause came promptly. Mr. Glazunov shook hands with Mr. Burgin; then with Mr. Theodor. Still it continued. The orchestra was asked to rise to its feet. And handshaking; through many of the principals of the string choir. till the audience would not let the conductor go. But the resources of the orchestra were at an end. And Glazunov had to fall back upon something until the enthusiasm of the audience had spent itself.

The concerto is grateful piece for the instrument. Though it is played vigorously, it suggests the usual four elements. A long cadenza gives the conductor an especial opportunity. To it Mr. Glazunov and a hundred voices also gave characterizing voice. Though it is an early work, "Stenka Razin" must rank high among the works of Glazunov. The Cossack ruffian, nominal hero of the piece, but the hero is of course the River Volga, place before the orchestra he conducts furnishes the background for the characters. It is well known how the composer takes the familiar boat-song for unifying theme. Against this, and through it one hears the sharp rhythms, dynamic fervors which might have assumed a conductor willing his collar to the very roots. Vigorously and imaginatively it played last evening. A. H. M.

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H. T. P.

Glazunov M Orche Jan. 17. 30 With Cambridge Warm Welc Conductor-

SINCE the annual season takes two it is preceded by New York, it comes about each year hears one who fill those two weeks Cantabrigian concert it is the university the honor of first Last evening it was a poser and educator, And the greeting w audience gave him, v heart of any man. way slowly to the the orchestra rose t ence, not to be outdo Of course there was hearty.

It is written that ized Israelites look king, they chose S a head taller than a ventures that if cor by the same process have an excellent c ductor of almost ar might find himself. if circumference w consideration, his creased several-fold conductor-composer year, one can disc er's seat in Sande gle gray hair up vancing years hav him, it is to retar walks to the cond place before the with a minimum clear, firm, decis scribes a wide arc most never broug indicate a cue he But from the or sharp rhythms, might have asst ing his collar to

Herbert Hu

Of course the program was entirely Glazunov. With the sixth symphony it began. After the intermission it continued with the violin concerto, Opus 82, played by Mr. Benno Rabinov. And it ended with the youthful symphonic poem, "Stenka Razin." Mr. Glazunov is masterful with his own works. Persuasively he leads one through an ascending introduction, a well-charactered chief theme, a song of arresting melody as a second; through resourceful and scholarly development, more songful measures, energetic conclusion. The variations of the second movement he outlined, each in its own mood, each with its particular sonorities and timbres, through fugue and nocturne, scherzo and majestic finale, to mention only a few. And then came playful intermezzo, full of its own especial charm. At last the finale. Of the Russian dance it reminds one. Energies are released, sonorities piled upon each other. A powerful movement, and last evening powerfully played. After which came the principal demonstration of the evening. Applause came abundantly. Mr. Glazunov shook hands with Mr. Burgin; then with Mr. Theodorowicz. Still it continued. The orchestra was asked to rise to its feet. And more handshaking; through many of the rest of the principals of the string choir. And still the audience would not let the composer go. But the resources of acknowledgement were at an end. And Mr. Glazunov had to fall back upon simple bowing until the enthusiasm of the audience had spent itself.

The concerto is grateful piece for the solo instrument. Though it is played continuously, it suggests the usual four movements. A long cadenza gives the soloist especial opportunity. To it Mr. Rabinov and Mr. Glazunov and a hundred others also gave charactering voice.

Although it is an early work, "Stenka Razin" must rank high among the works of Mr. Glazunov. The Cossack ruffian is the nominal hero of the piece, but the real hero is of course the River Volga, which furnishes the background for the other characters. It is well known how the composer takes the familiar boatman's song for unifying theme. Against it one hears Stenka, one hears his Persian princess, and through it one hears the final tumult. Vigorous and imaginative it is. Vigorously and imaginatively it was played last evening.

A. H. M.

1460

Russian Composer Given Reception by Conservatory

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The director and faculty of the New England Conservatory of Music gave a reception in George W. Brown Hall in honor of Alexander Glazounow, Russian composer. Mr. Glazounow spoke about musical conditions in Europe. At the tea tables were Mrs. George W. Chadwick, Mrs. Ralph L. Flanders, Mrs. Wallace Goodrich, Mrs. Timothee Adamowski, Mrs. Albert Lothian and Miss Elizabeth I. Samuel. Many members of the faculty and many officers and members of the alumni association attended. Among invited guests were Mr. and Mrs. Robert W. Atkinson, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Binney, Mrs. de Menocal, Clarence W. Colburn, Emor H. Harding, Professor and Mrs. Edward B. Hill, Miss Mabel W. Daniels, Mrs. Chester B. Humphrey, Professor and Mrs. Walter R. Spalding, Mr. and Mrs. Henry B. Sawyer, Mr. and Mrs. Edward A. Taft, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Woodworth, Miss Mary E. Williams, Mrs. J. Lovell Little, E. Howard Gay, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur W. Wellington.

1417

Abbott, Gordon	Cabot, Frederick P.	Emery, Mr. and Mrs.	Homans, Miss Katharine A.	Lyman, Arthur	Remick, Mrs. Frank W.
Adams, Mrs. E. C.	Cabot, Mr. and Mrs. Henry B.	Frederick L.	Hopkins, Mrs. A. L.	Lyman, Herbert	Richardson, Nicholas
Adams, Mrs. Karl	Carter, Mrs. Albert P.	Endicott, S. C.	Hornblower, Henry	Lyon, Mrs. George Armstrong	Richardson, W. K.
Allen, Mrs. Thomas	Carter, Mrs. J. W.		Hornblower, Mrs. Henry		Robb, Mrs. Russell
Ames, Dr. and Mrs. John L.	Carter, Miss Nina	Farlow, Dr. and Mrs. John W.	Houghton, Miss Elizabeth G.	Machin, Joseph	Robinson, Miss Katherine
Anderson, Mrs. C. S.	Case, Miss Louise W.	Farnsworth, William	Houser, Mrs. H. M.	Mason, Miss Fanny P.	Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. Henry M.
Anthony, Miss Margaret	Champlin, Mrs. George P.	Fay, Mrs. D. B.	Howe, Henry S.	Merrill, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. S.	Rogers, Howard L.
Appleton, Miss Mary	Chapin, Horace D.	Fenollosa, William S.	Howe, Mrs. Henry S.	Miller, Miss Mildred A.	Rothwell, Bernard J.
Atherton, Percy L.	Chard, Mrs. Walter G.	Fish, Frederick P.	Howe, Mrs. J. Murray	Milliken, Arthur N.	Russell, Mr. and Mrs. H. B.
	Clark, Mrs. Myron H.	Fitch, Miss Carrie T.	Howe, M. A. DeWolfe	Moir, Mrs. John	
Babcock, Mrs. D. M.	Cochran, Mrs. Edwin Paul	Foote, Arthur	Hunnewell, Mrs. Henry S.	Moore, Mrs. Edward C.	Sachs, Prof. Paul J.
Bacon, Mr. and Mrs. Charles E.	New Haven, Conn.	Foote, George L.	Hunt, Mr. and Mrs. Albert W.	Moors, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur W.	Sampson, Mrs. Robert deW.
Bacon, William	Codman, Miss C. A.	Forbes, Edward W.		Morey, Mrs. Edwin	Sampson, Mrs. W. R.
Baker, G. B.	Codman, Mrs. Russell S.	French, Miss Katharine	Ivers, Miss Ella F.	Morison, Samuel Eliot	Sanger, Mrs. Charles R.
Bancroft, Mrs. Hugh	Colt, Mr. and Mrs. James D.	Frost, Mr. and Mrs. Donald		Morse, Miss J. G.	Saville, Mrs. William
Barlow, R. S.	Conant, Mrs. William C.	McKay	Jack, Dr. Edwin E.	Motley, Mrs. E. Preble	Sawyer, Mr. and Mrs. Henry B.
Barnard, Mrs. William L.	Converse, Miss Luna B.	Frothingham, Dr. and Mrs.	Jackson, Miss Annie H.	Mower, Penfield	Scott, Mrs. Arnold
Barnard, William L.	Woodstock, Vt.	Langdon	Jackson, Dr. Henry	Mumford, Mrs. George S.	Scranton, Mrs. Gilmore G.
Barnet, Mr. and Mrs. S. J.	Coolidge, Mrs. Algernon	Frothingham, Mrs. Louis A.	Jackson, Mrs. James	McCreary, Mrs. Lewis S.	Sears, Miss Annie L.
Barrett, Mrs. William E., Sr.	Coolidge, Miss Elsie W.		Jackson, Miss Margaret	McGinley, Mrs. Holden	Sears, Mrs. Francis B.
Bartlett, Mrs. Matthew	Coolidge, Mrs. J. G.	Gay, E. Howard	Jamieson, Mrs. J. B., Jr.	McKibbin, Miss Emily W.	Sears, Mr. and Mrs. Henry F.
Bartlett, Mrs. Nelson S.	Coolidge, Julian L.	Gilchrist, Miss Olive B.	Jaques, Miss H. L.		Sears, Richard D.
Beal, Mrs. Boylston A.	Coonley, Mr. and Mrs. Howard	Gilmore, Mrs. G. L.	Johnson, Arthur S.	Nash, F. H.	Sigourney, Miss Edith
Bearse, Mrs. Horace L.	Crehore, Miss Lucy C.	Ginn, Mrs. Edwin	Johnson, Mrs. E. J.	Nichols, Mrs. Henry G.	Silabee, Mrs. George S.
Beckwith, Mrs. Daniel	Cross, Mr. and Mrs. Grosvenor M.	Gray, Mrs. John Chipman	Johnson, Miss Edith Morse	Nickerson, William E.	Slattery, Mrs. Charles Lewis
Providence, R. I.	Cummings, Charles K.	Gray, Morris	Johnson, Mrs. Otis S.	Nourse, Miss Annie Endicott	Slocum, William H.
Beebe, Miss Sylenda	Cummings, Miss Margaret	Greene, Edwin Farnham			Slocum, Mrs. Winfield S.
Bell, Mrs. Jaffrey de Hauteville	Curtis, Charles P.	Greene, Mrs. Kathleen T.	Kaffenburgh, Mr. and Mrs.	Osgood, Miss Emily L.	Smith, Mr. and Mrs. F. Morton
Bemis, Mr. and Mrs. A. Farwell	Curtis, Miss Harriot S.	Greenslet, Ferris	Albert W.		Smith, Mrs. S. Abbot
Bemis, Frank B.	Curtis, Miss Louis	Grover, Mrs. Frances L.	Kaffenburgh, Mrs. Donald	Paine, Rev. George L.	Sonnabend, A. M.
Bird, Mrs. Frances A. M.	Cushing, Miss Sarah P.	Grozier, Mrs. E. A.	Kaufman, M. B.	Paine, R. T. 2d.	Spalding, Mr. and Mrs. Walter R.
Blake, Mrs. Arthur W.	Cushing, Mrs. W. E.		Keeler, Mrs. L. M.	Parker, Haven	Spaulding, Miss Emma F.
Bliss, Henry W.	Cutler, Miss Elisabeth A.	Hall, Gordon Rexford	Kent, Mrs. Edward L.	Parker, Mrs. Henry	Sprague, Mrs. Charles
Boydén, Charles	In Memory of C. S. D.	Hall, Mrs. H. S.	Kibrick, I. S.	Parkman, Mrs. Henry	Stackpole, Mrs. Frederick D.
Bradlee, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas S.		Hallowell, Mr. and N. Mrs.	King, Mrs. Henry P.	Patton, James E.	Stackpole, Mr. and Mrs.
Bradley, Mr. and Mrs. J.	Dabney, Mr. and Mrs. George B.	Penrose	King, The Misses	Peabody, Mrs. W. Rodman	Pierpont L.
Gardner	Daniels, Miss Mabel W.	Harmon, Miss Lilian	Kittredge, Edward H.	Perera, G. L.	Staniford, Mrs. Daniel
Brandegge, Mrs. E. D.	Davenport, Mr. and Mrs.	Hartwell, Miss Mary A.		Pickman, Dudley L.	Stanton, Miss Katharine
Bray, Robert C.	George H.	Harvey, Mrs. Elbert A.	Lamb, Miss Aimee	Pickman, Edward M.	Steinert, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander
Brewer, F. R.	Day, Mrs. Frank A.	Harwood, Mrs. John H.	Lane, Chester T.	Pierce, Mrs. Edgar	Stevens, Moses T.
Brewer, Robert	Dean, Paul Dudley	Haughton, Mrs. M. G.	Lang, Miss Margaret Ruthven	Pierce, Mrs. M. V.	Stevenson, Mrs. Robert H. Jr.
Briggs, Miss Helen S.	Derr, Thomas S.	Hawley, Mr. and Mrs. George	Laughlin, Henry A.	Pitman, Mrs. Harold	Stone, Mrs. Galen L.
Brigham, Mrs. D. S.	Dexter, Miss Rose L.	Hayden, Mrs. Harold B.	Lee, Mr. and Mrs. George C.	Post, Mrs. John R.	Streeter, Mrs. E. C.
Brook, Harry C., Hartford, Conn.	Donald, Mrs. Malcolm	Hayden, Sherman S.	Leland, Mrs. Lester	Pratt, Mrs. Walter M.	Sturgis, The Misses
Bullard, Miss Ellen T.	Duff, John	Herman, Mrs. Joseph M.	Leman, J. Howard	Prendergast, Miss Julia C.	Swain, Mrs. Howard T.
Bullard, Mrs. W. N.		Hicks, Mrs. John Jay	Lewis, Mrs. George	Putnam, Mrs. James J.	
Newport, R. I.	Eager, Miss Mabel T.	Higginson, Charles	Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. Leo Rich	Putnam, Miss Louisa H.	Taft, Edward A.
Burnham, Miss Helen C.	Eaton, Miss L. H.	Higginson, Mrs. F. L.	Little, Mrs. David M.	Putnam, Miss Marian C.	Taintor, Mrs. Charles W.
Burnham, Mrs. Henry D.	Edwards, Miss Grace M.	Higginson, F. L.	Longfellow, Estate Alice M.	Rackliffe, Mrs. John B.	Tapley, Miss Alice P.
Burnham, Miss M. C.	Edwards, Miss Hannah M.	Hill, Arthur D.	Lord, Mrs. W. H.	Rand, Mr. and Mrs. E. K.	Taussig, F. W.
Burnham, Mrs. W. A.	Edwards, Mrs. L. F.	Hill, Mrs. John F.	Loring, Miss Marjorie C.	Ranney, Miss Helen M.	Thomas, Mrs. Giles W.
Burr, I. Tucker	Ehrlich, Mrs. Henry	Holmes, Alice Marion	Lothrop, Mrs. Thornton K.	Rantoul, The Misses	Thorndike, Albert
Cabot, Miss Amy W.	Eisemann, Julius	Holmes, Mr. and Mrs. E. J.	Lothrop, Mrs. W. S. H.	Rantoul, Mrs. Neal	Thoron, Mr. and Mrs. Ward
Cabot, Mrs. Arthur T.	Ely, Miss Elizabeth B.	Holmes, Miss	Luce, Stephen B.	Ratshesky, Mr. and Mrs. A. C.	(Continued on following page)

The Orchestra can be carried on only by the generosity of those who believe it important in the life of Boston and are willing to help it financially. All such are invited to join in sustaining the Orchestra.

ALEXANDER CONSTANTINOVITCH GLAZOUNOV

Glazounov was born on August 10, 1865, at St. Petersburg, now Leningrad. His father was a prosperous publisher and bookseller; the grandfather had established the firm at Moscow in 1782. Alexander's mother was a pianist, a cultured musician, a friend of Balakirev. As a small boy, Alexander did not show any pronounced musical gift, but he had a taste for pictures. He liked to copy the designs of playing cards, and, after he began to take piano lessons, pictures of wind instrument players, puffing out their cheeks, delighted him. "He had," as Ossovsky informs us, "a great respect for the pictures of conductors holding the magic baton in uplifted hand."

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The annual expenses of the Boston Symphony Orchestra exceed its income. These concerts are made possible only by the generosity of the public in subscribing funds to meet the operating deficit. A list of those who have subscribed for the season 1929-30 follows:

Abbott, Gordon
Adams, Mrs. E. C.
Adams, Mrs. Karl
Allen, Mrs. Thomas
Ames, Dr. and Mrs. John L.
Anderson, Mrs. C. S.
Anthony, Miss Margaret
Appleton, Miss Mary
Atherton, Percy L.

Babcock, Mrs. D. M.
Bacon, Mr. and Mrs. Charles E.
Bacon, William
Baker, G. B.
Bancroft, Mrs. Hugh
Barlow, R. S.
Barnard, Mrs. William L.
Barnard, William L.
Barnet, Mr. and Mrs. S. J.
Barrett, Mrs. William E., Sr.
Bartlett, Mrs. Matthew
Bartlett, Mrs. Nelson S.
Beal, Mrs. Boylston A.
Bearse, Mrs. Horace L.
Beckwith, Mrs. Daniel
Providence, R. I.

Beebe, Miss Sylenda
Bell, Mrs. Jafirey de Hauteville
Bemis, Mr. and Mrs. A. Farwell
Bemis, Frank B.
Bird, Mrs. Frances A. M.
Blake, Mrs. Arthur W.
Bliss, Henry W.
Boyden, Charles
Bradlee, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas S.
Bradley, Mr. and Mrs. J. Gardner
Brandee, Mrs. E. D.
Bray, Robert C.
Brewer, F. R.
Brewer, Robert
Briggs, Miss Helen S.
Brigham, Mrs. D. S.
Brook, Harry C., Hartford, Conn.
Bullard, Miss Ellen T.
Bullard, Mrs. W. N.

Newport, R. I.
Burnham, Miss Helen C.
Burnham, Mrs. Henry D.
Burnham, Miss M. C.
Burnham, Mrs. W. A.
Burr, I. Tucker
Cabot, Miss Amy W.
Cabot, Mrs. Arthur T.

Cabot, Frederick P.
Cabot, Mr. and Mrs. Henry B.
Carter, Mrs. Albert P.
Carter, Mrs. J. W.
Carter, Miss Nina
Case, Miss Louise W.
Champlin, Mrs. George P.
Chapin, Horace D.
Chard, Mrs. Walter G.

Cochran, Mrs. Edwin Paul
New Haven, Conn.
Codman, Miss C. A.
Codman, Mrs. Russell S.
Colt, Mr. and Mrs. James D.
Conant, Mrs. William C.
Converse, Miss Luna B.
Woodstock, Vt.
Coolidge, Mrs. Algernon
Coolidge, Miss Elsie W.
Coolidge, Mrs. J. G.
Coolidge, Julian L.
Coonley, Mr. and Mrs. Howard
Crehore, Miss Lucy C.
Cross, Mr. and Mrs. Grosvenor M.
Cummings, Charles K.

Cummings, Miss Margaret
Curtis, Charles P.
Curtis, Miss Harriot S.
Curtis, Mrs. Louis
Cushing, Miss Sarah P.
Cushing, Mrs. W. E.
Cutler, Miss Elisabeth A.
In Memory of C. S. D.
Dabney, Mr. and Mrs. George B.
Daniels, Miss Mabel W.
Davenport, Mr. and Mrs.
George H.
Day, Mrs. Frank A.
Dean, Paul Dudley
Derr, Thomas S.
Dexter, Miss Rose L.
Donald, Mrs. Malcolm
Duff, John

Eager, Miss Mabel T.
Eaton, Miss L. H.
Edwards, Miss Grace M.
Edwards, Miss Hannah M.
Edwards, Mrs. L. F.
Ehrlich, Mrs. Henry
Eisemann, Julius
Ely, Miss Elizabeth B.

Emery, Mr. and Mrs.
Frederick L.
Endicott, S. C.

Farlow, Dr. and Mrs. John W.
Farnsworth, William
Fay, Mrs. D. B.
Fenollosa, William S.
Fish, Frederick P.
Fitch, Miss Carrie T.
Foote, Arthur
Foote, George L.
Forbes, Edward W.
French, Miss Katharine
Frost, Mr. and Mrs. Donald
McKay
Frothingham, Dr. and Mrs.
Langdon
Frothingham, Mrs. Louis A.

Gay, E. Howard
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rd Gilmore, Mrs. G. L.
Ginn, Mrs. Edwin
I. Gray, Mrs. John Chipman
Gray, Morris
Greene, Edwin Farnham
Greene, Mrs. Kathleen T.
Greenslet, Ferris
Grover, Mrs. Frances L.
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3. Penrose

Harmon, Miss Lilian
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Holmes, Miss

Homans, Miss Katharine A.
Hopkins, Mrs. A. L.
Hornblower, Henry
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Houghton, Miss Elizabeth G.
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Howe, Mrs. J. Murray
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Jackson, Mrs. James
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Jamieson, Mrs. J. B., Jr.
Jaques, Miss H. L.
Johnson, Arthur S.
Johnson, Mrs. E. J.
Johnson, Miss Edith Morse
Johnson, Mrs. Otis S.

Kaffenburgh, Mr. and Mrs.
 Albert W.
 Kaffenburgh, Mrs. Donald
 Kaufman, M. B.
 Keeler, Mrs. L. M.
 Kent, Mrs. Edward L.
 Kibrick, I. S.
 King, Mrs. Henry P.
 King, The Misses
 Kittredge, Edward H.

Lamb, Miss Aimee
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Lee, Mr. and Mrs. George C.
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 W. Moors, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur W.
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 Morison, Samuel Eliot
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 Motley, Mrs. E. Preble
 Mower, Penfield
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 McGinley, Mrs. Holden
 McKibbin, Miss Emily W.

Nash, F. H.
Nichols, Mrs. Henry G.
Nickerson, William E.
Nourse, Miss Annie Endicott

S. Osgood, Miss Emily L.

Paine, Rev. George L.
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Parkman, Mrs. Henry
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Pickman, Dudley L.
Pickman, Edward M.
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Ratshesky, Mr. and Mrs. A. C.

Remick, Mrs. Frank W.
Richardson, Nicholas
Richardson, W. K.
Robb, Mrs. Russell
Robinson, Miss Katherine
Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. Henry M.
Rogers, Howard L.
Rothwell, Bernard J.
Russell, Mr. and Mrs. H. B.

Sachs, Prof. Paul J.
Sampson, Mrs. Robert deW.
Sampson, Mrs. W. R.
Sanger, Mrs. Charles R.
Saville, Mrs. William
Sawyer, Mr. and Mrs. Henry B.
Scott, Mrs. Arnold
Scranton, Mrs. Gilmore G.
Sears, Miss Annie L.
Sears, Mrs. Francis B.
Sears, Mr. and Mrs. Henry F.
Sears, Richard D.

Sigourney, Miss Edith
Silsbee, Mrs. George S.
Slattery, Mrs. Charles Lewis
Slocum, William H.
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Smith, Mr. and Mrs. F. Morton
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Sonnabend, A. M.
Spalding, Mr. and Mrs. Walter R.
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Sprague, Mrs. Charles
Stackpole, Mrs. Frederick D.
Stackpole, Mr. and Mrs.
Pierpont L.

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Stanton, Miss Katharine
Steinert, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander
Stevens, Moses T.
Stevenson, Mrs. Robert H. Jr.
Stone, Mrs. Galen L.
Streeter, Mrs. E. C.
Sturgis, The Misses
Swain, Mrs. Howard T.

Taft, Edward A.
Taintor, Mrs. Charles W.
Tapley, Miss Alice P.
Taussig, F. W.
Thomas, Mrs. Giles W.
Thorndike, Albert
Thoron, Mr. and Mrs. Ward
C. (Continued on following page)

The Orchestra can be carried on only by the generosity of those who believe it important in the life of Boston and are willing to help it financially. All such are invited to join in sustaining the Orchestra.

ALEXANDER CONSTANTINOVITCH

Glazounov was born on August 10, 1865, at Leningrad. His father was a prosperous publisher; the grandfather had established the firm. Alexander's mother was a pianist, a cultured woman. Balakirev. As a small boy, Alexander did not have a musical gift, but he had a taste for pictures. He was fond of designs of playing cards, and, after he began to draw pictures of wind instrument players, puffing and smoking lighted him. "He had," as Ossovsky informs us, for the pictures of conductors holding the mace in their hand."

Russian Composer Given Reception by Conservatory

The director and faculty of the New England Conservatory of Music gave a reception in George W. Brown Hall in honor of Alexander Glazounov, composer. Mr. Glazounov spoke of the musical conditions in Europe. At the tables were Mrs. George W. Clapp, Mrs. Ralph L. Flanders, Mrs. Goodrich, Mrs. Timothee Adams, Mrs. Albert Lothian and Miss Ellen Samuel. Many members of the faculty and many officers and members of the alumni association attended. Among the invited guests were Mr. and Mrs. W. Atkinson, Mr. and Mrs. Honey, Mrs. de Menocal, Clarence Burn, Emor H. Harding, Professor Mrs. Edward B. Hill, Miss M. Daniels, Mrs. Chester B. Humphreys and Mrs. Walter R. Spalding and Mrs. Henry B. Sawyer, Mr. Edward A. Taft, Mr. and Mrs. Woodworth, Miss Mary E. Willis, J. Lovell Little, E. Howard Gay, Mrs. Arthur W. Wellington.

Thorp, Miss Alice A.
Thorp, J. G.
Tozzer, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred M.

Vaughan, Miss Bertha H.

Wadsworth, Eliot
Wallace, Charles F.
Ware, Henry
Warren, Bentley W.
Warren, Mrs. George E.
Watson, Mrs. Thomas R.
Webster, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin S.
Weeks, Mr. and Mrs. Robert S.

Weidhorn, Leo
Welch, Mr. and Mrs. E. Sohler
Weston, Charles H.
Wetherbee, Miss Martha
Wheelwright, Miss Mary C.
White, Miss Gertrude R.
Whitney, Mrs. Margaret F. G.
Wilder, Mrs. Edward F.
Williams, Moses
Willson, Donald B.
Winsor, Mrs. Frederick
Wolcott, Mrs. Roger
Woolley, Mrs. Edith Christiana
Wrenn, Philip W.

Subscribers to Endowment Fund for the season 1929-30

Bancroft, Mrs. Hugh
Fay, A. D.

Harding, Emor H.

Subscriptions to date for season of 1929-30	\$63,247.67
Endowment Fund	305,408.41
Endowment Fund, in memory of Henry L. Higginson	70,310.18
Endowment Fund, in memory of Richard C. and Ellen Sturgis Dixey	5,000.00
Endowment Fund, The Adele Wentworth Jones Trust	
Income dedicated to purposes other than running expenses	10,000.00

Subscriptions are applicable to deductions from the Federal Income Tax

Subscriptions to annual deficit and to the Endowment Fund should be sent to E. B. Dane, Treasurer, 6 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Thirteenth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, JANUARY 24, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, JANUARY 25, at 8.15 o'clock

EUGENE GOOSSENS will conduct these concerts

Wagner A Faust Overture

Schumann Symphony in B-flat major, No. 1, Op. 38
 I. Andante un poco maestoso; Allegro molto vivace.
 II. Larghetto.
 III. Scherzo: Molto vivace. Trio I: Molto più vivace; Trio II.
 IV. Allegro animato e grazioso.

Goossens Concertino for Double String-Orchestra
 (First time in Boston)

Respighi Feste Romane
 I. Circus Maximus.
 II. The Jubilee.
 III. The October Excursions.
 IV. Epiphany.
 (First time in Boston)

There will be an intermission after the symphony

A lecture on this programme will be given by Eugene Goossens, on Thursday, January 23, at 5.15 o'clock in the Lecture Hall, Boston Public Library.

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert



EUGENE GOOSSENS

SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

Eugene Goossens, as a guest, conducted the 13th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. His program was as follows: Wagner, A Faust Overture; Schumann, Symphony No. 1, B flat major; Goossens, Concertino for Double String Orchestra; Respighi, Roman Festivals. The Concertino and the Roman Festivals were played in Boston for the first time.

Mr. Goossens's Concertino was originally written in 1927 as a String Octet and as such was performed for the first time in London last March. The first performance of the work in its present shape was in New York at a concert of the Composers' League in December of last year. The Concertino is interesting: not only as showing the technical skill of the composer; the music is alive, with a vivacity that is not academically perfunctory; it is new and sparkling wine in bottles that have not been covered with dust in the bin of a poker-backed conservative. The modern spirit that enlivens certain harmonic schemes is not that coming from an experimenter relying on polytony or any other "tony" for effect, in the desire to be abreast, or a little ahead, of the times. While the work is, as Mr. Goossens says, somewhat in the style of the old Italian concertos—Vivaldi, for example—it might be by a Vivaldi writing today.

For the theme of the slow section Mr. Goossens invented a melody in folksong fashion, a charming melody without affectation of simplicity but as appealing as though it expressed the emotion of some unknown, humble singer moved to vocal expression of what was felt within him.

The Concertino was brilliantly performed by the incomparable string section of the orchestra. The melody in the slow section was beautifully sung by the first viola, Mr. Lefranc, whose full, rich tone was not allowed to degenerate into cloying sentimentalism or lacrymose wailing. The audience evidently and fully appreciated the music and the performance.

Respighi's "Roman Festivals" was a disappointment, not wholly unanticipated. In 1916 the "Fountains of Rome" appeared; eight years later the "Pines of Rome;" to form a trilogy, Mr. Respighi completed the "Roman Festivals" in 1928: "Visions and evocations of Roman fetes." Mr. Toscanini brought out the composition for the first time anywhere in New York from manuscript last February. Mr. Goossens was the first to conduct it in London (June 13, 1929).

Mr. Respighi glorifies Rome again by describing in tones: First, the martyrs in the Circus Maximus, singing cheerfully in spite of the fact that wild beasts are about to devour them. Though the crowd at first shouts: "Hail! Nero!" the calmness of the martyrs is disquieting, and the people rise from their seats as agitated as those about to die are unperturbed. The second section portrays praying pilgrims on the highway, finally reaching a height from which the holy city is seen. A hymn of praise—church bells ring in answer. An October Festival is the subject of the third section—tinkling of bells, songs of love, a serenade. In the fourth section it is the night before the Epiphany. Fanfares of trumpets, country tunes, a barrel-organ and the voice of a "barker" sounding from a booth—a frantically jovial populace; in fact a "whoop it up," with the full strength of the company.

The composer is quoted as saying that his instrumentation represents "the maximum of orchestral sonority and color." One might say "noise and gaudy coloring." The most musical, and at the same time truly descriptive pages are those in which the pilgrims on their march finally arrive at the summit of the hill. And in the fourth section the wild tune of a pleasing vulgarity with the cadence used by Mascagni in "Cavalleria Rusticana" has true character befitting the scene. But too often the instrumentation is thick, not allowing contrasting themes to work fully their will, nor are the musical contents, even for festival representation, as significant as those of the "Fountains" and the "Pines." Yet the spirited performance, the admirable conducting by Mr. Goossens, the final blare, crash and general hullabaloo excited the audience to stormy applause.

The ability of Mr. Goossens as a conductor, his musically intelligent interpretations, his authority and his excellent taste, added to an ingratiating presence and a magnetic personality were made known to the Symphony audiences when he was invited to conduct this orchestra four years ago last Wednesday. His fine qualities were again revealed in his masterly, romantically poetic interpretation of the overture, much of which has aged, and the ever fresh symphony by Schumann.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week will be as follows: Mozart, Eine Kleine Nachtmusik; Prokofieff, Scythian Suite; Prokofieff, piano concerto in G minor, No. 2 (first time in the United States, Mr. Prokofieff, pianist); Albeniz-Arbois, La Fete-Dieu a Seville and Triana (from "Iberia").

GOOSSENS CONDUCTS SYMPHONY

Concertino for Strings
From His Pen Proves
Agreeable

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

The annual mid-season vacat of Dr. Koussevitzky is an excellent institution. The conductor needs and deserves his holiday. It was a pleasure last week both to hear and to see so distinguished a musician as Mr. Glazounov. Eugene Goossens, who conducted yesterday afternoon and who leads the band again this evening, has his points as director. And when Dr. Koussevitzky returns to his post next week he will be more than ever appreciated.

LACKS DRAMATIC FORCE

An admirable interpreter of contemporary music, Mr. Goossens appears to have little feeling for the music of the romantic composers. Yet he delights to place it upon his programmes. Presumably, like many another artist, he does not recognize his limitations. Yesterday, for example, Mr. Goossens began with Wagner's "A Faust Overture," and followed that piece with Schumann's First Symphony. Of the passages in Wagner's early score in which the composer anticipates his later methods and procedures, such as the sombre and brooding introduction, Mr. Goossens made much. But he could not reanimate those pages

that have become relatively old-fashioned. Here and there is need of a transfiguring imagination, of a strong lyric and dramatic feeling. And Mr. Goossens lacks these things. Where Wagner most required help, he received it least.

And so with Schumann's symphony. Gone from yesterday's performance were the rapture, the ardor, the songful warmth that Dr. Koussevitzky brings to this often inept yet essentially rhapsodic and exuberant score. Mr. Goossens would revitalize the music by means of rhythmic energy and a general quickening of the pace, but his efforts were in vain. Lifeless the music hung on his hands. Indeed, to hear the symphony yesterday was to realize even more keenly the almost miraculous transformation wrought by Dr. Koussevitzky when he conducts it. The notes were played yesterday, but of themselves they will no longer serve.

Own Concertino Admirable

Of the second part of the programme there is a different tale to tell. Not only was Mr. Goossens's own Concertino for double string orchestra, heard for the first time here, excellently played, the music itself proved altogether agreeable. As composer Mr. Goossens has no very individual voice, but he can write effectively and with charm.

In the matter of performance the final number, Respighi's new "Feste Romana," also received, so far as might be gathered, its due. As to the value of the work itself, that is another matter. Respighi's music, in fact, seems to be undergoing a process of spiritual degeneration. Despite its obvious effectiveness, the "Pines of Rome" was a distinct fall-off from its predecessor, the "Fountains of Rome," and now this latest addition to Respighi's tonal guide-book or Musical Baedeker of the Eternal City, "Roman Festivals," is considerably lower in the aesthetic scale.

Of the four sections—"Circus Maximus," "The Jubilee," "The October Excursions" and "Epiphany"—the two middle ones have the most of musical quality. The first of all is mere movie-music; the last is best described as a "filthy din." Of course the audience liked it, and applauded it, and applauded piece, band and conductor to the echo. And had the music been even noisier and more blatantly vulgar the audience would have liked it even better.

It was long ago demonstrated that the worth of music is not to be gauged by the fervor with which the general public receives it. Even the subscribers to the Symphony Concerts are, after all, only human.

Early Wagner, Late Respighi, Another Guest

Eugene Goossens as Conductor
Through A Variegated
Symphony Concert

NOT until Monday does the master of the house return. Consequently on Friday the weekly shifting of the symphonic scene. To the stage across which the elderly Glazounov had lumbered, now loomed the relatively youthful Eugene Goossens. His slight, trim figure, from top to toe stamped Sackville Street, replaced, on the director's stand, the bulky presence of the local Russian. The conductor-composer from London, via Rochester which is in New York, swung a long stick through longer arcs, or pointing it now to floor, again to ceiling, beat the measure; whereas the professor from Leningrad plied a short baton in narrow radius. Inviting the orchestra to his will, Mr. Glazounov stood as firm as a rock; urging it to his purpose. Mr. Goossens whipped and tossed about pictorially. The all-father of musical Russia only incidentally a conductor, trusted his symphony, his concerto, his tone-poem to the band as one trusts a friend to the conveying ship or airplane. The busy Briton, who composes in the intervals of conducting, had an explicit notion of what he wished for Schumann, Wagner and Respighi, no less than for his own Concertino.

Mr. Glazounov's program, a week ago, was the choice of a composer setting thrice over, before a friendly audience, his characteristic work. Mr. Goossens assembled a list that ranged out of the middle nineteenth century into the early twentieth; gave diversified room for his prowess as conductor; accorded with the custom of these concerts. Only incidentally, as it seemed, was one of the chosen pieces—and the briefest—his own. With Wagner's "Faust Overture" he restored a long-neglected music to Symphony Hall. With Respighi's "Roman Festivals" he proffered to the audience the newest specimen of a composer whom it had often applauded. If with Schu-

man's "Spring Symphony," he poached one of Dr. Koussevitzky's happiest grounds, he wished plainly to the "Faust Overture" with an example of mid-nineteenth century eclecticism. In turn, the tone-picturing of Respighi descends in direct line to Berlioz and Liszt. Indeed, through fourths and more of the concert, Goossens might have been a conductor whose specialty was the romantic. Only in the Concertino for Strings did he disclose himself as the temperate artist he is. In form, the piece harks to the ancients; in substance, it is retained music of fine rather than of native music of color. In performance the composer-conductor measured his ground. For what child of the twentieth age does not feel his lip tight or sound of that benighted

"Roman Festivals" is orchestral sound and interjected tunes and pasted signs, signifying musically next to nothing for a season or two back Schumann's symphony in B-flat has become a time story at Symphony Hall that are to smile contentedly from our lips. Dr. Koussevitzky must tell in his own way. Mr. Goossens's Concertino proved interesting and pleasurable in a modest fashion. Of no consequence it be high point. Consequently the programme began at the peak with Wagner's "Faust Overture"; thereafter descended gradually toward the lush Italianate Wagner's Overture dates from 1855, though it had been in his head, and on his work-table through the years. When it was last heard at the Symphony Concerts escaped even the all-remembering editor of the programme. Some said in Mr. Montoux's time; as far back as Dr. Muck's. How many the years, it was fresh and pleasing to hear; while Mr. Goossens, forth as painstakingly, warmly, sympathetically, as though he were reading a piece.

There are many Wagners in the Overture; the Wagner who about this time wrote "Rienzi" and "The Flying Dutchman"; the Wagner who was to write "Tristan" and "The Twilight of the Gods"; the Wagner who in those days could put to paper as mechanical form-filling measures as any routine Wagner who could invent and melodies that still arrest the ear; who already had the instinct of finding the means to tonal color, and suggestion. Dismiss the thought that to the nineteenth-thirties exhibit the padding conventions of the nineteenth-fifties; put aside clear resemblances to the earliest operas and vague suggestions of the later music-dramas.

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Early V Late Ano

Eugene Goossens
Through
Symphony

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mann's "Spring Symphony," he poached upon one of Dr. Koussevitzky's happiest hunting-grounds, he wished plainly to follow the "Faust Overture" with another example of mid-nineteenth century romanticism. In turn, the tone-picturing of Signor Respighi descends in direct line from Berlioz and Liszt. Indeed, through three-fourths and more of the concert, Mr. Goossens might have been a conductor whose specialty was the romantics. Only in the Concertino for Strings did he disclose himself as the temperate modernist he is. In form, the piece harks back to the ancients; in substance, it is self-contained music of fine rather than suggestive music of color. In performance, the composer-conductor measured "expression." For what child of the Stravinskian age does not feel his lip curl at sight or sound of that benighted word?

"Roman Festivals" is orchestral sound and fury, interjected tunes and pasted labels, signifying musically next to nothing. For a season or two back Schumann's Symphony in B-flat has become a bedtime story at Symphony Hall that, if we are to smile contentedly from our cribs, Dr. Koussevitzky must tell in his inimitable way. Mr. Goossens's Concertino proved interesting and pleasurable in slender, modest fashion. Of no concert could it be high point. Consequently the matinee began at the peak with Wagner's "Faust Overture"; thereafter descended gradually toward the lush Italian bombast. Wagner's Overture dates from 1855, though it had been in his head, his letters and on his work-table through the forties. When it was last heard at the Symphony Concerts escaped even the all-remembering editor of the program-book. Some said in Mr. Montoux's time; others as far back as Dr. Muck's. However many the years, it was fresh and interesting to hear; while Mr. Goossens set it forth as painstakingly, warmly, sympathetically, as though he were reading a masterpiece.

There are many Wagners in the Overture—the Wagner who about this time had written "Rienzi" and "The Flying Dutchman"; the Wagner who was to write "Tristan" and "The Twilight of The Gods"; the Wagner who in those days could put to paper as mechanical and form-filling measures as any routine; the Wagner who could invent themes and melodies that still arrest the hearer; who already had the instinct and was finding the means to tonal color, atmosphere, suggestion. Dismiss the pages that to the nineteenth-thirties exhibit only the padding conventions of the eighteen-fifties; put aside clear resemblances to the earliest operas and vague anticipations of the later music-dramas.

Even so, a considerable residue remains. The motif of the brooding, despairing Faust, the motif of the longing that comforts and haunts him, are salient, defining, well imagined materia musica. Within the form Wagner treats them graphically, intensively, for themselves, in contrast, in conflict, in final ebb to weary silence.

Here unmistakably is music that evokes a figure, infuses it with emotion. Outside the padded or the mechanized pages, development and delineation go mated. Already Wagner feels his orchestra; uses it imaginatively; more than once, individually. The "Faust Overture" is romantic music according to the prescriptions of the time, yet uneasy and straining within them. If the hearer likes, it is as conventional of the eighteen-forties as many a page of "The Flying Dutchman" or "Tannhäuser"; yet quite as often and more compactly and insistently, it is foreshadowing of the mature Wagner. To many a listener, it was no curiosity that Mr. Goossens was upturning.

"I am a Roman citizen" said the loyal Respighi to himself, and first the fountains, then the pines, now the festivals of his city, stirred him to musical composition. The earliest impact was the most spontaneous. "Roman Fountains," expands in well-devised, well-conducted tonal and pictorial design; the music speaks agreeably for itself; enforced by program-claws, works pleasurable illusion. A kindling Italian warmth, an honest Italian liveliness, suffuse the tone-poem. "Roman Pines" would do it all again, self-consciously, calculatingly, laboriously. The children on the Pincian must play like little modernists; a phonograph-nightingale sing from the Janiculum; the legions stamp and clatter along the Appian Way. Swell your sensations, Citizen Respighi seems to believe, and there-with are they intensified. Sound and fury delight him but he still skirts the edge of bombast. With "Roman Festivals" into that pit he lurches and wallows.

At the Circus Maximus of the Emperors the tone-poem begins, but the song of the Christian martyrs is barely audible through the brazen clamors of the amphitheater—a truly circus-music. . . . The pilgrims climb the hill road; for the while reiterated accent and dun color suggest their weary, monotonous tread. (Il Signore fancies marching rhythms.) Afar they see the church that's goal and vision. A second brazen result of rejoicing, a-boom with bells, for no th engulfs them. . . . Out into the to

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155 8 w night-wanderers
361 2 w with a pretty sere-
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103 5 w e away the listen-
191 1 w he Piazza Navona
30 2 w at Epiphany. Be-
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25 2 w a hand-organ—the
27 2 w en him and Stra-
27 18 w "Petrushka"—sung
1 w
12 1 w his orchestra nigh
19 2 1/2 w
123 12 w an Festivals" con-
51 1.20 w ne, eclectic details
65 7 w ignore's habit, but
3 w pierce only to be
65 w Not sonority bu
35 1/2 w goal: like the toper
32 1/2 2.40 w ne that he drowned
43 w the composer per-
66 6 w The fountains have
30 2 w from the pines gone
55 4 w es may yet roar and
7 1/2 w With sonorities as
33 1/2 3 w re may be delusions
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H. T. P.

GOOSSENS CONDUCTS SYMPHONY CONCERT

Guest Leader Cordially
Applauded

First Performance in Boston of Respighi's New "Roman Festivals"

Eugene Goossens, the English conductor and composer now associated with the Eastman School of Music at Rochester, N. Y., appeared as guest conductor at yesterday's Boston Symphony concert. His program included Wagner's "A Faust Overture," Schumann's First Symphony, and the first Boston performances of his own Concertino, and of Respighi's new "Roman Festivals." Mr. Goossens was cordially applauded at every opportunity by orchestra and audience. He first appeared at these concerts as guest conductor Jan 22, 1926.

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Schumann's Symphony in B flat, after Wagner's overture, sounded like a greater masterpiece than one has been accustomed to deem it. Mr. Goossens, like Dr. Koussevitzky, seems thoroughly convinced of the eloquence and significance of this symphony. His reading of it gets full value from every melody and every rhythm, and manages to make the scoring for orchestra sound effective, despite the proverbial ineptitudes of Schumann's instrumentation. All that one missed was the dreamy romanticism, the essentially Teutonic emotionalism characteristic of Schumann. Mr. Goossens is too efficient, too deep in love with brilliance for its own sake, to get at the heart of Schumann's mystery. With a modesty and good judgment

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Respighi's latest addition to his series of musical guides to Rome is entitled "Roman Festivals," and its predecessors, "Fountains of Rome" and "Pines of Rome," Boston audiences have frequently applauded. Like all writers of "best sellers" who try to repeat themselves, Respighi has now exhausted this vein of inspiration. "Roman Festivals" is almost a "reductio ad absurdum" of his whole procedure in his earlier successes.

There is a program note explaining that the four sections of the piece depict (1) the "Circus Maximus" in the days of Nero, with Christians being thrown to the lions. (2) Pilgrims in the Middle Ages jubilant at their first glimpse of the holy city from Monte Mario. (3) A harvest festival in the country near Rome with "hunting" echoes, tinkling of bells, songs of love. Then in the tender evenfall arises a romantic serenade. (4) The night before Epiphany in the Piazza Navona. This last seems to be a Roman equivalent of the raucous Halloween of the old-fashioned American small town.

Respighi has chosen themes ranging from a German Easter hymn to the sort of popular Italianate tune ground out by old-fashioned hand organs. He has scored the piece for an orchestra to which almost every conceivable instrument from pipe organ to mandolin is added, always with a keen sense of sonority, and a megalomaniac frenzy to produce volume of tone as an end in itself. There is a sort of picture-postcard realism to the piece. The Pilgrim's hymn sounds like a pilgrim's hymn, the mandolin tune is just what one would expect of a mandolin player, the hand organ tune sounds like an amalgam of a dozen familiar specimens. But one passes in listening from amusement to boredom.

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Listen to such rambunctious and empty stuff. Then hark back to Mr. Goossens's own Concertino. Good to hear and to feel was a music that ran in long lean lines; that out of flowing, fanciful, skillful counterpoint wove them through the divided or the mated voices of the string choir; clothed them piquantly or pungently in its timbres; spiced in not too many or too obtrusive modernisms; passed from the discreet animation of the beginning to the discreet sentiment of the songful section; thence to the tempered gayety, once darkened, of the end. Mr. Goossens's Concertino is no masterpiece; but it is the poised and practised music of a fertile mind and an alert hand. There is science in it, which was more to be desired at the moment than Respighi's fistful of bombast.

Science is likely to deny the possessor the expansive and rapturous, the dreamful and the blissful, temperament. Mr. Goossens's Schumann of the "Spring Symphony" was as dry as November when he should have blossomed like May. In him were no songful ardors. Not once did he stride the hillsides or muse in the shade. The conductor rushed him whenever he quickened the pace; cooled and checked him, whenever he would sing. Even Mr. Boettcher's soulful horn and Mr. Laurent's trilling flute—in the Scherzo—could gain him no more than brief release. Hereabouts Dr. Koussevitzky, and no other, is Schumann's prophet.

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P. R.

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Goossens in Boston

For the second and last week of Dr. Koussevitzky's midwinter vacation, Eugene Goossens held his long baton over the Boston Symphony Orchestra. On the afternoon of Jan. 24, in Symphony Hall, Boston, he directed this program: Wagner's "Faust Overture," Schumann's B flat Symphony, Goossens's Concertino for double-string orchestra and Respighi's "Feste Romane." The two last-mentioned items were then heard for the first time in Boston.

Known to Bostonians through his music and through former visits, Mr. Goossens is always a welcome visitor. He was greeted warmly by audience and orchestra. An authoritative conductor, he has developed since his last sojourn in Boston a more vehement technique with his stick, which, however, did not interfere with enjoyment of the music he directs.

The constitution of his program puzzled us somewhat. Here was a man, conducting a single program in the season with one of the finest orchestras in the world, and he chose to open his list with an overture which is interesting chiefly for its forecasting of the great music-dramas, conspicuously "Tristan"; and to set down in the place of honor the "Spring" Symphony, which is one of Dr. Koussevitzky's favorite repertory pieces. His readings were meticulous, but they did not throw upon this music the dazzling light of revelation.

It is true that Mr. Goossens is not the only conductor to hesitate about venturing outside the safe sym-

phonic enclosure of Beethoven, Brahms and Schumann. But here was an opportunity. The Boston Orchestra has never played, for example, Vaughan Williams's "Pastoral" Symphony nor has it been heard for some years in the "London" Symphony. There is music of Bax and of Delius which would have been welcome, all without going outside the conductor's homeland; and symphonic music has been written in France, Russia, even Finland. Why Schumann?

For novelties, first, Mr. Goossens's Concertino, remade from a string octet and first performed in its present form at a concert of the League of Composers in New York last December. It is a well-formed, rhythmically lively piece, based as to its first and last movements on a not particularly salient figure. The slow movement, with a theme in folk song style, is the most appealing of the three. In it some charming effects are achieved with the divided strings.

Finally, what is said to be the concluding volume of Respighi's sesquipedalian Roman directory. This reporter heard the first performance of this work under Toscanini in New York a year ago, and so perhaps was too well prepared for it. With its cries of wild beasts, resounding church bells, barrel organs, guitar, and battery requiring 10 artillerymen, it caused on the present occasion some excited applause and a few shouts; but its essential meretriciousness cannot be concealed.

L. A. S.

Fourteenth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, JANUARY 31, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 1, at 8.15 o'clock

Mozart Eine Kleine Nachtmusik (K. No. 525)

- I. Allegro.
- II. Romanza: Andante.
- III. Menuetto: Allegretto.
- IV. Rondo: Allegro.

Prokofieff Scythian Suite, Op. 20

- I. The adoration of Veles and Ala.
 - II. The Enemy God and the Dance of the Black Spirits.
 - III. Night.
 - IV. The Glorious Departure of Lolly and the Procession of the Sun.
-

Prokofieff Second Piano Concerto, in G minor Op. 16

- I. Andantino; Allegretto.
- II. Scherzo.
- III. Intermezzo.
- IV. Finale.

(First time in Boston)

Albeniz "Iberia" (Arranged for Orchestra by F. Arbos)

- a. La Fête-Dieu à Séville.
 - b. Triana.
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SOLOIST
SERGE PROKOFIEFF

STEINWAY PIANO USED

There will be an intermission after Prokofieff's Scythian Suite

A lecture on this programme will be given on Thursday, January 30,
at 5.15 o'clock in the Lecture Hall, Boston Public Library.

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COMPOSED BY AVO

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On the contrary, he plays like a pianist.

The Eaglet of Russian Music Grows Into a Big Eagle



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COMPOSER PLAYS PIANO CONCERTO

Prokofieff Is Soloist at
Symphony Concert

Koussevitzky Conducts "Scythian
Suite, Mozart and De Falla

Globe Feb. 1, 1926

Serge Prokofieff, the noted Russian modernist composer, appeared as soloist in his own G minor concerto for piano at yesterday's Symphony concert. Dr Koussevitzky, returning after two weeks' absence, was warmly applauded. He conducted Mozart's "Kleine Nachtmusik," Prokofieff's "Scythian Suite," and three dances from de Falla's "Three-Cornered Hat" with his usual fervor.

Prokofieff played his third piano concerto at these concerts Jan 29, 1926. Dr Koussevitzky, a firm believer in Prokofieff's genius, has conducted a number of his works here in the past five seasons, notably the little "Classical Symphony," the "Sept, ils sont Sept," for tenor, chorus, and orchestra, and the "Scythian Suite," each of which has been much talked of.

The second piano concerto, played yesterday, is a rewritten version of an early work, using the same themes, but treating them in a more modernistic style. The themes date from 1913, the revision from 1923. This concerto has not previously been heard in the United States. It gives the soloist ample opportunity to display technique, but is not as interesting musically as Prokofieff's violin concerto.

The orchestral accompaniment, like the solo part, is intricate in texture, full of the acrid harmonies and strident rhythms characteristic of Prokofieff, yet one felt that the music had been first conceived in a far simpler and more conventional idiom and form. Its elaboration seemed a tour de force.

Prokofieff, like other modernist composers, thinks of the piano as primarily an instrument of percussion. This concerto makes no attempts at lyricism. There are no slow, sweet melodies, no grand, sonorous climaxes. Nothing, in short, at all after the style of Liszt or Rubinstein.

The piece makes great demands on the skill of the soloist. Nobody can crack at Prokofieff's expense the old

joke that "he plays like a composer." On the contrary, he plays like a pianist of very unusual ability. Were it not for his other works, one would think from this concerto that he was only interested in writing show pieces for piano to astonish audiences by his muscular energy and agility.

The "Scythian Suite," repeated yesterday in honor of the composer, sounded less startling and more intelligible than it did five years ago. One noted in the instrumentation details that have become common property in the past 15 years, so that such assimilative and eclectic writers as Respighi now use these once astonishing procedures in routine fashion. One discovered how much of the dissonance in Prokofieff's score is produced by carrying the use of the orthodox harmonic device of organ points to a perfectly logical extreme.

One's general impression of Prokofieff's music is that he is the Saint-Saens of our day, extremely able, with genuine originality in small works, but incapable of working on a big scale without borrowing from the inspiration of greater men.

Dr Koussevitzky reduced the size of the orchestra for Mozart's serenade, "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik," one of the most ingratiating of the lesser works of the composer of "Don Juan" and the G minor Symphony. This restored the original balance of tonal values in the orchestra, but made one regret the necessity of playing Mozart in so large a hall.

The chief defect of the performance was a failure to follow the graceful curves of Mozart's melodies. Dr Koussevitzky made them all rather stiff and angular, so that they sounded a bit too much like the tinkling tune Liadov entitled "The Musical Snuff Box."

The three familiar dances from Manuel de Falla's ballet, "The Three-Cornered Hat," were substituted for the announced arrangements by Arbos from Albeniz' piano music. This change was probably owing to the amount of rehearsal time demanded by Prokofieff's exacting concerto. De Falla's music, played with zest and rhythmic intensity, was again delightful. It sounded more spontaneous, simpler, and less studied, than before.

The orchestra goes on tour next week. The concerts of Feb 14 and 15 will bring the long anticipated performance of choral works by Debussy. His "Blessed Damsel," and his music from d'Annunzio's play "The Martyrdom of Saint Sebastian" will fill the program. The Radcliffe Choral Society and the Cecilia Society will assist. Mme Ritter-Ciampi, a Parisian opera singer, will be the soloist. P. R.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky, conductor, gave its 14th concert yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Mozart, Eine kleine Nachtmusik. Prokofieff, Scythian Suite. Prokofieff, Piano Concerto No. 2, G minor (Mr. Prokofieff, pianist. First performance in the United States). De Falla, Three Dances from the "Three Cornered Hat."

No doubt some in the audience yesterday were disconcerted by the splendid savagery of the "Scythian Suite." What would they have had? The Scythians were not a genteel folk, nor did they discuss philosophy in sacred groves. The men had bloody hands; they drank the blood of the first men they killed in battle; they cut off heads; they scalped and made themselves cloaks of scalps; sometimes they flayed the entire body of an enemy; they valued drinking cups made from skulls; they were cunning in the art of impalement. They strangled native men, to accompany a dead king, stuffed their bodies and mounted them on beautiful horses in a circle to guard the tomb.

If a composer chooses to take a Scythian legend for his subject—it would be interesting to know where Mr. Prokofieff found this legend—would the disgruntled have had him write suave music, mellifluous melodies, interwoven with academic precision, with familiar progressions and cadences, discreetly orchestrated, possibly with the introduction of a mandolin and a celesta for pretty tinkling and gum-drop effects, all in orthodox form?

How some amiable souls are frightened by music that departs in any way from a long-established order! How they delight in condemning individuality, originality; in finding the unfamiliar, or the unexpected disagreeable! "Let us dream again," they say at a concert; "waking would be pain." Mr. Prokofieff, selecting a barbaric legend, writing in superbly barbaric vein, awakens the sleepers and all those who demand sweet music as an aid to digestion, with occasional loud pages to permit conversation with those seated near them.

Is it possible that there were any in the audience yesterday who failed to appreciate the wild imagination of the composer, the originality of his thought and the musical expression of his thought; who were not thrilled and excited by the long and magnificent crescendo and climax depicting the rising of the sun; or by the demoniacal fury of the Evil-God and the pagan monsters dancing their delirious dance?

Mr. Prokofieff's second concerto written and performed in 1913 was remade

from sketches in 1923. The score left in his apartment when he first came to this country was lost when the Soviet Government took possession of his rooms. The concerto, as played by him yesterday, is an engrossing work, unusual in its construction, unusual in the musical ideas and the handling of them. There is the incredible cadenza in the first movement; the Scherzo with its perpetual movement, music for frenzied whirling dervishes. The one obviously melodic line is in the finale, a haunting theme suggestive of melancholy folk song, which is treated in a masterly manner. In this finale there is abundant evidence of technical skill, especially when two themes are united, but by no means in the perfunctory school-prize-composition manner for class-room admiration.

The piano is used chiefly as a percussion instrument; and there is great dependence, as in so many contemporaneous compositions for piano and orchestra, on percussion effects and rhythm. Farewell to the long cantilena, to the worship of sensuous sounds. Is this to be deplored? Music is for the most part an expression of the life and thought of its period. Long before the war Thomas Hardy wrote: "Gay prospects wed happily with gay times, but also, if times be not gay! . . . Haggard Egdon appealed to a subtler and scarier instinct, to a more recently learned emotion, than that which responds to the sort of beauty called charming. Indeed, it is a question if the exclusive reign of this orthodox beauty is not approaching its last quarter. The new vale of Tempe may be a gaunt waste in Thule."

Mr. Prokofieff played in the already well-known Prokofieff manner, brilliantly; yet as if he were playing for his own enjoyment, with little or no regard for what the audience might think; sure of himself but never in the flaming yet restless manner of a virtuoso speeding his way in the full expectation of thunderous applause and opera glasses glued to the eyes of palpitating dames. He played as a man and a musician considering his technical dexterity as taken for granted; busied in the revelation through sound of that which stirred him to composition. Not only was he loudly applauded by the audience; at the end the orchestra, standing, joined the conductor in doing him homage.

What is it that makes the music of Mozart a lasting joy? The perfect expression of pure beauty. Here is this little serenade, which simple as it seems demands the utmost sympathy and the keenest sense of loveliness for conveying its enchantment to men and women of the present generation. The performance yesterday was beyond all praise. And if Dr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra shone gloriously in the playing of Mozart's music, their in-

terpretation of the far different speech of Prokofieff and De Falla was equally resplendent.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The orchestra will be out of town next week. The program of Feb. 14 and 15 will comprise Debussy's "Blessed Damsel" and "The Martyrdom of Saint-Sebastian." The former has been performed at these concerts and at other concerts in Boston. "Saint-Sebastian" was performed in full at a concert by the Boston opera company, Andre Caplet, conductor, and orchestral excerpts from it have been played at a concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. At the concerts of the 14th and 15th Mme. Ritter-Ciampi, the Radcliffe Choral Society, and the Cecilia Chorus will assist.

CONDUCTOR RETURNS TO SYMPHONY

Prokofieff Plays Own
Piano Concerto With

Virtuosity

Post — Feb. 1, 1930

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

The annual interregnum at Symphony Hall is over. Dr. Koussevitzky has returned as conductor to the regular series of concerts. Yesterday's audience welcomed him with a fervor that allowed of but one interpretation, and the orchestra played as it has not played on a Friday afternoon since Dr. Koussevitzky began his holiday.

PROKOFIEFF AT PIANO

A silence the world over respond to personalities, and there were two yesterday in Symphony Hall, the returning conductor and the composer-soloist, Serge Prokofieff. The latter played his Second Piano Concerto, hitherto unheard in the United States, and, to-

gether with orchestra and conductor, acknowledged the long-protracted applause bestowed upon his Scythian Suite.

This, it may be remarked in passing, was not Mr. Prokofieff's initial appearance at these concerts. Four years ago he played at a pair of them his Third Concerto and since 1922 his name had appeared no less than 14 times on the symphony programmes, a substantial total for a modernist composer.

Similar to Suite

The Concerto of yesterday, played by Mr. Prokofieff with unassuming virtuosity, by no means compares in interest with its immediate successor. This earlier music, composed in 1913, when Mr. Prokofieff was but 23, is so similar in general character to the Scythian Suite, a product of the ensuing year, that it suffered by following the latter piece on yesterday's programme. There was a disturbing suggestion that the savage rites of the Scythian barbarians were over-long continued. To speak technically, there was too much of the principal musical ingredients of the young Prokofieff's style: His insistent quadruple rhythms; his persistent diatonic dissonance; his love of shrill, highly percussive orchestration.

Not before had the Scythian Suite been so brilliantly played here. And had the Concerto not come after it, there would have been no need for complaining. This Suite is a remarkable achievement, especially for so young a man, and it owes little to any other composer, even to Stravinsky.

All Too Brilliant

All in all, yesterday's was a brilliant, even a too brilliant concert, with the dances from De Falla's "The Three-Cornered Hat," more sharp rhythms and highly spiced if somewhat more sensuous orchestration, succeeding to Prokofieff's pieces.

Only Mozart's unpretending "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik" which, in a performance of rare grace and deftness by a portion of the string choir, began the concert, offered a note of genuine contrast.

CHORAL SYMPHONY

The Boston Symphony Orchestra will make its annual southern tour in the coming week, appearing in Richmond, Baltimore, Washington, New York and Brooklyn. The next regular pair of concerts in Symphony Hall will take place on Friday afternoon and Saturday evening, Feb. 14 and 15.

Two choruses will then join with the orchestra in Debussy's "Blessed Damsel" and "The Martyrdom of Saint Sebastian." In the "Blessed Damsel," the Radcliffe Choral Society will be heard, and in the Saint Sebastian, the Cecilia Society, which has been trained by Arthur Fiedler. Mme. Ritter-Ciampi, operatic soprano, will be the soloist.

Dr. Koussevitzky Also Returns, The "Scythian Suite" and A Masterly Concerto

SIDE by side, yesterday, Dr. Koussevitzky and Mr. Prokofiev shared the Symphony Concert. The conductor returned from his winter holiday; for three weeks his faithful audience had not looked upon him. Renewing annual custom, it clapped him, as he walked to his place, with general, hearty warmth. By exception the orchestra joined in this greeting, or so much of it as was on the stage—the string choir assembled for Mozart's "Eine kleine Nachtmusik." It rose, applauded, received the conductor's collective handclasp laid between Mr. Burgin's fingers. . . . The first turn of the guest came at the end of his "Scythian Suite." Dr. Koussevitzky had not only loosed its force, vividness and sweeps of savage power. He had also given just quality to its finer-strung, less overt pages. Applause mounted, quickly summoning Mr. Prokofiev from balcony to stage.

The "Scythian Suite" dates from 1914 and from the composer's twenty-third year. It is "early Prokofiev," as the chroniclers now reckon his work. The more minute even assign it to his "Stravinskian period." It was played in 1924 at the Symphony Concerts and carried all before it. Repeated in 1928, it seemed

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Mr. Prokofiev does not write piano-concertos as a composer who fears that he will fail to set hand to them, he would neglect his duty to his God, to man and to the art of music. By clear evidence of the Second heard yesterday, of the Third, heard four years ago, he writes them out of musical fecundity and inclination, not to say prepossession, for the form and the instrument. In these latter days, with many a composer, a piano-concerto seems a determined task at last accomplished. With Mr. Prokofiev, it is spontaneous self-expression. Moreover, he can design and fill a piano-concerto in the grand style—not the style of Liszt and the romantics; but rather of the lesser, half-forgotten virtuoso-composers at the middle of the last century who derived their piano-style from Beethoven and mixed it with Hummel. For musical paradox over the supper table, it is quite possible to argue that—virtuoso-display aside—this Second Concerto of Prokofiev is more akin to the symphonic concertos of Brahms than to either by Liszt.

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The familiar, anticipated Prokofiev sounds from the insistent duple rhythms, the short-breathed motifs, the simplified melody, the contrasts of diatonic and chromatic measures, with a recurring preference for the diatonic; the thin, monod and Washington and Baltimore shall also know the vallance and e of the orchestra with rhythm and And New York, hearing both serious and ballet-music, shall again be aware.

H. T. P.

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The Afternoon Of Prokofiev, Double Guest

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At the end of his second Concerto with the composer as pianist, the hour prolonged its plaudits. His upstanding figure had caught its eye; the like mannerism of little jerky bows pleased its fancy. Whether it liked or disliked the surface and the substance of the piece, its ears told it that it had listened to a remarkable music in as remarkable performance. Mr. Prokofiev claimed his lion's share, to conductor and orchestra, turning applause indeed intended for three. Upon this triple or quadruple exercise in good feeling silence finally descended and the concert came to a close with the three familiar dances from Falla's ballet, "The Three-Cornered Hat."

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Most of us recalled the "Scythian Suite" as a graphic, quasi-barbaric music. We remembered the frenzied invocation, at the beginning, "Allegro feroce," of the tribal sun-god; the malignant, distorted dance of the evil-god and his monsters; the race and clash of the finale into the sonorities and intensities of an orchestral sunrise. In our waiting ears was the rough, tense, reiterated beat of Prokofiev's rhythms; his harsh, dissonant, quasi-primitive harmony, now piercing, again puny; his hard, sharp, astringent use of the orchestra; his liking for quasi-metallic timbres; his writing of a colorless music, in the romantic sense of the words, that yet generated both pictorial and emotional effect. The performance of yesterday transmuted most of these memories into renewed and immediate sensations; took also another course.

Recollection is untrustworthy when it stretches over six years. Yet as it seemed yesterday, Dr. Koussevitzky was less vehement with the invocation, the dance, the combat and the sunrise, whereby all four gained in effect of stripped, savage, primeval power. The listener may have heard Prokofiev from a "Stravinskian period"; but was more inclined to hear him as one who had taken the same road under the same promptings—reaction from the romanticism and mysticism, the elaborating, refining and impressionizing of the last preceding musical time. For Prokofiev, the road led into the "Scythian Suite" and "They Are Seven"; for Stravinsky into "Le Sacre" and, ultimately, "Noces." Such work of the two composers marches side by side, rather than with Prokofiev in imitation of Stravinsky and competition with him.

The complement to these sensations was the new effect of other pages in the "Scythian Suite." To the invocation of the sun-god succeeds programatically the sacrifice to Ala, his daughter. There in Prokofiev sounds a music of simple melodic outline, softened rhythms, thin harmonies, sparse color. Yet from it proceeds an illusion of mysterious rites in a primitive world, when dreading tribes would pierce through the veils

upon the kindlier gods, and propitiate them. The dance of the monsters ended, the musical scene shifts to Ala in the moon-crossed darkness and the evil-god stealing upon her to do her "great harm." Again Prokofiev writes his simplified, thin-coated, dissonant, astringent music, but with an illusion at odds with the means. For this tonal scene of Ala and the evil-god is woven into ominous atmosphere; while through it goes bare, melancholy, bitter suggestion, sensuous, but far removed from romantic cast. Both are of no "Stravinskian period," but of Prokofiev's own imagination. In a word, less a repetition of the "Scythian Suite" than fresh revelation of the music and the composer.

Mr. Prokofiev does not write piano-concertos as a composer who fears that he did he fail to set hand to them, he would neglect his duty to his God, to man and to the art of music. By clear evidence, they will not have the piano and of the Second heard yesterday, of the Third, heard four years ago, he writes them out of musical fecundity and inclination, not to say prepossession, for the form and the instrument. In these latter days, with many a composer, a piano-concerto seems a determined task at last accomplished. With Mr. Prokofiev, it is spontaneous self-expression. Moreover, he can design and fill a piano-concerto in the grand style—not the style of Liszt and the romantics; but rather of the lesser, half-forgotten virtuoso-composers at the middle of the last century who derived their piano-style from Beethoven and mixed it with Hummel. For musical paradox over the supper table, it is quite possible to argue that—virtuoso-display aside—this Second Concerto of Prokofiev is more akin to the symphonic concertos of Brahms than to either by Liszt.

Be that as it may (as they wave aside troublesome matters in the musical plays), Mr. Prokofiev stretches a wide canvas in this Concerto in G minor and fills it full. There are four movements; none lengthy, but each abounding in appropriate matter. The piano and the pianist are displayed in a curious, intricate, teeming scherzo; again in the variations of the finale. The orchestra is not merely accompaniment, but intrinsic and distinctive part of a symphonic design. Neither it, the conductor nor the pianist may escape the incessant exactions. Mr. Prokofiev's seeming simplicities are sometimes more difficult than another composer's elaboration. (No wonder Dr. Koussevitzky judged the preparation of this Concerto, with a revival of the "Scythian Suite," quite enough for four days' rehearsal).

The familiar, anticipated Prokofiev sounds from the insistent duple rhythms, the short-breathed motifs, the simplified melody, the contrasts of diatonic and chromatic measures, with a recurring preference for the diatonic; the thin, harmonies, the sparing timbres; the fluency or the driving force of the sequence; even the wit of the finalissimo flourished out at the end, gamin taking leave around the and (probably) making the long, with both hands. Throughout also, "classical" Prokofiev. Under the and glitter of the scherzo, toccata—in the finale, canons. An Inter-moment—of formal pattern impeccable, first movement, first subject, second subject, passage-work, cadenza—all in the classic model descending from the oven rather than in the romantic incarnation in Liszt; yet with to spare for range and caprice, throughout a complex technique stripped than luxuriant.

course, there are those who care not for such a piano-concerto, or for neglect of piano-playing that makes it to the art of music. They will not have the piano and of percussion, of hammers and wires all compact with relatively vitalized by rhythm; that returns and again to the capricious play of s; that contents itself with a melody some label crude and others naive. prefer sentiment to sonorities; emotional austerities. They would have a lishing luxuriance caress them; not pulsive force to whip them forward. thrill to the technique that dazzles; sit stony before another that ers complexities. A colorless piano-tone, sublimating hammers and is vexation to their ears. They for the old richness and glamour; ave none of the new bareness and ness. There is no altering our tic prepossessions; to everyone his though they be changeless. But is a new-old way in which to compose piano-concertos and in this Second Concerto of Prokofiev it is exemplified, fulfilled. There is also a new-old way, high to play and disclose them, of yesterday, Mr. Prokofiev and Dr. Koussevitzky were imparting and pre-g masters. So runs the world away.

The afternoon began with the little serenade of Mozart, on next week's tour to pose the virtuoso graces of the string; its bright, transparent, fine-textured tone; its happy felicities, supplementing the conductor's, with a music which adept artifice ripples suave the one as spontaneous as the other. The afternoon ended with the es from "The Three-Cornered Hat." Mond and Washington and Baltimore shall also know the valiance and e of the orchestra with rhythm and And New York, hearing both serene and ballet-music, shall again be aware.

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rude harmonies, the sparing timbres; the swift fluency or the driving force of every sequence; even the wit of the final G fortissimo flourished out at the end, like a gamin taking leave around the corner and (probably) making the long nose with both hands. Throughout also, the "classical" Prokofiev. Under the rush and glitter of the scherzo, toccata-form; in the finale, canons. An Intermezzo—the nearest approach to a slow movement—of formal pattern impeccable. In the first movement, first subject, second subject, passage-work, cadenza—all on the classic model descending from Beethoven rather than in the romantic procedure incarnate in Liszt; yet with room to spare for range and caprice. And throughout a complex technique oftener stripped than luxuriant.

Of course, there are those who care not at all for such a piano-concerto, or for the sort of piano-playing that makes it sound. They will not have the piano an instrument of percussion, of hammers and wires all compact with relatively incidental pedals. It must be made to sing, if not to smear. They resent a music vitalized by rhythm; that returns again and again to the capricious play of figures; that contents itself with a melody that some label crude and others naive. They prefer sentiment to sonorities; emotion to austerities. They would have a languishing luxuriance caress them; not a propulsive force to whip them forward. They thrill to the technique that dazzles out bravura; sit stony before another that conquers complexities. A colorless piano-forte-tone, sublimating hammers and wires, is vexation to their ears. They pine for the old richness and glamour; will have none of the new bareness and directness. There is no altering our pianistic prepossessions; to everyone his own, though they be changeless. But there is a new-old way in which to compose piano-concertos and in this Second Concerto of Prokofiev it is exemplified and fulfilled. There is also a new-old way in which to play and disclose them, of which, yesterday, Mr. Prokofiev and Dr. Koussevitzky were imparting and prevailing masters. So runs the world away.

The afternoon began with the little serenade of Mozart, on next week's tour to disclose the virtuoso graces of the string choir; its bright, transparent, fine-textured tone; its happy felicities, supplementing the conductor's, with a music in which adept artifice ripples suave flow, the one as spontaneous as the other. The afternoon ended with the dances from "The Three-Cornered Hat." Richmond and Washington and Baltimore shall also know the valiance and range of the orchestra with rhythm and color. And New York, hearing both serenade and ballet-music, shall again be made aware.

H. T. P.

Monitor Feb 1, 1930.
Boston Symphony Orchestra

Serge Prokofiev was honored at the fourteenth pair of concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra by the placing of his "Scythian" Suite and his Second Piano Concerto, in G minor, on the program. The concerto had its first American performance on the afternoon of Jan. 31 in Symphony Hall, Boston, with the composer as soloist.

Mr. Prokofiev is of course well known to Boston audiences. He played his Third Piano Concerto in the same hall four years ago. His Violin Concerto had its first American performance by Richard Burgin, concertmaster of the Boston orchestra. Besides the "Scythian" Suite, Bostonians had also heard previously the "Classical" Symphony, the choral piece, "Sept, Ils sont Sept," and the suites from the opera, "The Love for Three Oranges," and from the ballets, "Chout" and "Le Pas d'Acier."

The Second Piano Concerto, Mr. Prokofiev says, is "really the fourth." By that he means that although it was composed in 1913, it was remade completely in 1923. This was because the orchestral parts were lost when his Leningrad apartment was confiscated by order of the Soviet Government. Sketches of the piano part were saved, and from these the composer reconstructed the present version, which differs greatly from the original.

The performance of the work was received with far more than ordinary enthusiasm, and the composer was recalled repeatedly, until he brought back Dr. Koussevitzky, who made the orchestra share in the ovation. The response of the audience was due in part no doubt to the virtuosity of Mr. Prokofiev as pianist—he tosses off astonishing technical feats without apparent effort; but it was no less a tribute to his talent as composer. The concerto speaks in an idiom at once Russian and individual. The four movements, built on classic models, utilize contemporary resources. The themes are salient, and their treatment is musicianly.

Rhythmic vigor marks the work throughout. There is liberal opportunity for display of pianistic abilities. Besides two cadenzas, there is a scherzo in the nature of a moto perpetuo, in sixteenth notes by the two hands in the interval of an octave. This was accomplished by the player with nonchalance and brilliance.

The "Scythian" Suite, written in 1914, when the composer was only 23, has a vitality that makes it seem extraordinarily fresh today. It received a scintillant publication at the hands of Dr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra. Another compelling utterance was that of Three Dances from De Falla's "Three-Cornered Hat," which closed the program.

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Feb 12, 1930 - Man
"The New York Manner"

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Fifteenth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 14, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 15, at 8.15 o'clock

Debussy "La Dame à la Lueur"
(Lyric Poem after Dante Gabriel Rossetti)

RADCLIFFE CHORAL SOCIETY (G. WALLACE WOODWORTH, Conductor)

Soprano Solo: Mme. RITTER-CIAMPI

Contralto Solo: JEAN MACDONALD

Debussy "Le Martyre de Saint Sebastien"
(Mystery Play of Gabrielle d'Annunzio)

- I. The Court of Lilies.
- II. The Magic Chamber.
- III. The Council of the False Gods.
- IV. The Broken Laurel.
- V. Paradise.

(First time as a whole at these concerts)

THE CECILIA SOCIETY (ARTHUR FIEDLER, Conductor)

Soprano Solo: Mme. RITTER-CIAMPI

There will be an intermission after the "La Dame à la Lueur"

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Gabrielle Ritter-Ciampi

Afternoon of Debussy and St. Sebastian

Signs and Miracles, a Visitor,
Radcliffe and a Cecilia
Revitalized

MIRACLE! Miracle!—Thus the d'Annunzian crowd cries at this or that occurrence connected with their saint. A "sign" they repeatedly demand. With such words in mind, one began unconsciously to connect them with what took place in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. Then and there, through the greater part of two hours, was played and sung music of the late Claude Achilles Debussy; music, further, in which there could be no opportunity for humor or levity; music on the one hand to deepen and to amplify and to enhance the peculiar type of beauty to be found in a poem of one of the pre-Raphaelite brotherhood of painters and poets, Dante Gabriel Rossetti; music on the other hand to set an atmosphere for the passion, the ecstasy, the mystic translation of a great martyr. Those there were who had whispered that a whole afternoon of music so circumscribed in emotional range would turn to monotony. Boredom would result. Debussy is excellent, one could hear, but an entire afternoon of him, with scant variety of subject, will be too much. And yet, in the actual even, faces remained rapt, attitudes attentive. The number of those who departed early—to suburbia—was not large; and more noiselessly than sometimes, they whisked themselves out of the room.—More. There were five divisions in the music after the intermission. But not a soul offered to clap hands. Too deeply did the spell hold, that spell wrought by music just heard; too eager was this audience for what was to come. No wonder that one who knew that he must make words about the things going on about him, began to find emerging from his sub-consciousness the scenes in which the cry "Miracle" is heard. For, that this amount of music of this narrow emotional range should work with this high degree of effectiveness, bordered indeed on the miraculous.—The doubters had their sign.

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it. And with the voice is a simplicity, an artless directness and sincerity that makes it the voice par excellence for the unrhymed Debussy. If one must (or may) mention a lack it would be lack of volume. Of beauty, of oneness with the music, there can be no question. Nor must Miss Jean MacDonald, singing the alto solo parts of the "narrator" in Rossetti's poem, go without words of praise. No mere damning "adequate" need be her lot. Beauty of voice, understanding of the spirit of text and music, she brought to her measures.

The story of "The Martyrdom of Saint Sebastian" of d'Annunzio and of Debussy, of Ida Rubinstein and of Leon Bakst, has been told too fully in these pages to require or justify repetition. In "the Court of Lilies" Sebastian fortifies the faith of two brothers tied to columns to await their fate; by his sincerity converts their father and mother and sisters; performs the miracle of dancing upon a bed of live coals, exclaiming the while that he is dancing upon lilies. In the "Magic Chamber," surrounded by all the soothsayers and sorcerers of Paganism, he hears the story of a woman of the world who carried from the tomb of Christ the shroud in which he lay; witnesses her translation. In the court of the emperor before the whole "Council of False Gods" he makes his own confession of Christ, defies the emperor, and dances his "Dance of the High Drama of the Son of Man." Before "the Wounded Laurel" he is shot through and through with arrows at the command of the emperor, but lives and enters "Paradise" singing there with Apostles and Martyrs, with Virgins and with Angels, with the company of All the Saints.

It is mystery as well as miracle that this music does not bring monotony. Within a single group of closely related moods it holds itself with but few exceptions. Those exceptions are the short and curiously dissonant dance on the bed of coals, the martial prelude to "the Council of False Gods" (played almost entirely by brass), one or two short choruses of praise in this same act, the final choruses of glorification. All the remainder is music that relates to suffering. It may be of the beauty of the fortitude of Christian martyrs, as in the prelude to the first act and much of the rest of that act—yet it relates to suffering. It may be the music of sympathy of choruses of women as Sebastian (Act III) tells of the passion and death and resurrection of Christ; or as, in the same act, he mimes the dance of ecstatic anguish of that passion—it relates similarly. It may be the music of his own passion, as arrows strike him, as

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is his age. Cecilia Society was hat Cutbill on in itself. Report gn a year her had weeded out from the process was made with the able to fill the yo to be elated with useful singers because the difficult music would his world's report correct. The

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up '1000' in this machinery ten starter: the proper time 2.17 4-5," de it? Even as a rther doubt with pen on paper make a rearing upon and a 'flu' bug ave it living yam put a crimpster of the bus strong again blended together well tonight. ble. The, after elapsed since saving this voice elaps by win m. of securing intercollegiate, eager attention. Since then text to Debussy as a club is the creator ar Jole Rav A. H. H

Symphony Concert

By PHILIP HALE

The program of the Boston Symphony orchestra's 15th concert yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall, Dr. Koussevitzky, conductor, comprised Debussy's "Blessed Damsel" and "Martyrdom of St. Sebastian," both sung in French. The Radcliffe Choral Society, trained by G. Wallace Woodworth, was the chorus for the "Blessed Damsel"; the Cecilia Society, Arthur Fiedler, conductor, sang in the "Martyrdom of St. Sebastian." Mme. Ritter-Ciampi was entrusted with the solo soprano music in both works. The music of the Reciter in the "Blessed Damsel" was sung by Jean Macdonald.

Here we had music by the Debussy of 1887 and the Debussy of 1911. As the works were performed yesterday the younger Debussy was preferred by the great majority of the audience. The reason for this is not far to seek. First of all there was the familiar poem, and although it is the fashion in some quarters to underrate Rossetti, "the Blessed Damsel" is still a poem of exquisite beauty. The music is as exquisite as the verses. The charge of preciousness cannot justly be brought against either. Again, there is a continuous emotional, appealing story. The music, furthermore, has apparent simplicity. It is at once appreciated, enjoyed, gratefully remembered. Nor are the choral measures beyond the ability of a well-trained chorus of women. Last of all, the choral measures were sung with delightful purity of tone; with an expressiveness that was not forced nor incompatible with the sentiment of the poem; and Miss Macdonald, as the reciter, delivered her lines with refreshing clearness and significance of diction, not forcing her fine voice, though her position on the stage might have tempted her to do it. It might be pertinently asked why she was not seated by the solo soprano.

The chorus in the "Martyrdom of Saint-Sebastian" had a more difficult task. That it was so well accomplished reflects credit on Mr. Fiedler, who was recently appointed the conductor of the Cecilia. It might be said of the two choruses, with regard to the women's voices, par nobile sororum. Nor did the men of the Cecilia fall behind their sisters in art, when the great technical difficulties in the Mystery are considered. It is needless to say that Dr. Koussevitzky had rehearsed the orches-

tra with sympathetic care; that the orchestral performance was, after all, the one that was most enjoyed.

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it. And with the voice is a sir an artless directness and sincerity makes it the voice par excellence unrhetoric Debussy. If one may mention a lack it would be volume. Of beauty, of oneness of music, there can be no question must Miss Jean MacDonald, sing alto solo parts of the "narrative" Rossetti's poem, go without praise. No mere damning "ad need be her lot. Beauty of voice standing of the spirit of text and she brought to her measures.

The story of "The Martyrdom of Sebastian" of d'Annunzio and of Ida Rubinstein and of Leon Babin has been told too fully in these pages to require or justify repetition. In "The Court of Lilies" Sebastian fortifies faith of two brothers tied to await their fate; by his sincerity he converts their father and mother and performs the miracle of dancing upon a bed of live coals, exclaiming that he is dancing upon lilies. "Magic Chamber," surrounded by the soothsayers and sorcerers of the world, he hears the story of a woman who carried from the Christ the shroud in which he lies and sees her translation. In the "Dance of the False Gods" he makes his own confession of Christ, defies the emperor, dances his "Dance of the High Drums of the Son of Man." Before "the Wreath of Laurel" he is shot through and through with arrows at the command of the emperor, but lives and enters "Paradise" singing there with Apostles and with Virgins and with Angels, in the company of All the Saints.

It is mystery as well as miracle this music does not bring more. Within a single group of closely related moods it holds itself with but few exceptions. Those exceptions are the and curiously dissonant dance on a bed of coals, the martial prelude to the Council of False Gods" (played entirely by brass), one or two short uses of praise in this same act, the choruses of glorification. All the remainder is music that relates to the fortitude of Christian martyrs, as prelude to the first act and much rest of that act—yet it relates to suffering. It may be the music of the pathy of choruses of women as Sebastian (Act III) tells of the passion, death and resurrection of Christ; in the same act, he mimes the ecstatic anguish of that passion—relates similarly. It may be the music of his own passion, as arrows strike

he supposedly passes from this earth; or again, through the same act, music of lamenting women, bewailing the fate of their beautiful "Adonis"—the relation is still the same: suffering. Probably no composer has ever thus consistently, in a long work, maintained a single mood or group of related moods, without causing that work to suffer the supreme penalty, unless it be Debussy himself in his "Pelleas and Melisande." And more, the somber, poignant mood is one of the most dangerous that a composer could possibly have chosen thus to sustain. Easier to fall into boredom with it than with almost any mood that could be actively rhythmical. But a Friday audience kept waiting for more!

As fortunate was this masterpiece of Debussy in its performance as was his earlier work. If Madame Ritter-Ciampi seemed ideal for the youthful Debussy toying with the smooth felicities of a Rossetti, she was revelation for the Debussy putting the best of his mature self into the mystery play of d'Annunzio. The lightness of her voice seemed of the essence of the character of Sebastian. For Sebastian is no hero of flesh and blood, of bulk and brawn; Sebastian's heroisms are all of the spirit, heroisms of another world.

The chorus of the Cecilia Society was no less than revelation in itself. Report had it that Mr. Fiedler had weeded out mercilessly where that process was needed, that he had been able to fill the vacancies thus caused, with useful singers. Performance in a difficult music would seem to prove the report correct. The ethereal tones of the Radcliffians, his sopranos did not, could not, have. But for all this lamentation the fuller bodied tone of his ladies was more serviceable in any case. The male contingent also furnished its chorus of laudable sonority and respectable timbre. Ample rehearsal had schooled these singers in the necessary perfections, so that they were able to give to Dr. Koussevitzky what he desired in the way of expressive effect. Slight hesitancy at the beginning of the first chorus was quickly overcome and must be considered entirely negligible.

But what would all this machinery have come to without the proper hand guiding and controlling it? Even as a single mind created it with pen on paper, so a single mind, working upon and through other minds, gave it living voice. Dr. Koussevitzky is master of the long, expressive line of subtly blended sonority, of rhythm fluid and flexible. His, after all, is the chief honor in saving this somber music from boredom, of leading it from it and for it, the rapt, eager attention which it received. Next to Debussy, for us here in Boston, he is the creator of this music.

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DEBUSSY'S DAY WITH SYMPHONY

Radcliffe Choral and
Cecilia Society
Assist

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Although there is no evidence of conspiracy, the Chicago Opera Company and the Boston Symphony Orchestra between them contrived, for the last days of this week, a sort of Debussy festival. At the Opera House, Thursday evening, the bill was "Pelleas and Melisande," while the Symphony Concert of yesterday afternoon, as will that of this evening, fell wholly to the French composer's music.

BUT TWO PIECES ON LIST

Two pieces only make this current symphony program; the one, the setting for women's chorus, soprano and contralto soloists and orchestra of Rossini's "The Blessed Damsel," as rendered into French by Gabriel Sarrazin; the other, the incidental vocal and orchestral music to d'Annunzio's mystery play, "The Martyrdom of Saint Sebastian." In the first-named, the orchestra was assisted by the Radcliffe Choral Society and Mme. Ritter-Clampi and Miss Jean Macdonald, and in the second by the Cecilia Society and Mme. Ritter-Clampi.

In concert hall as in opera house, Debussy was fortunate in his interpreters. As did Mr. Polacco and the Chicagoan orchestra on Thursday, so did Dr. Koussevitzky and his band yesterday afternoon cause Debussy's endlessly beautiful instrumental sonorities to fall arrestingly or stimulatingly upon the

ear. The conductors vied with each other in their sensitiveness to Debussy's melodic line, in their ability to keep his music, as it should be kept, ceaselessly plastic, undulant and flowing; phrase melting into phrase.

Superb Choruses

And, to speak of the symphony concert, both the Radcliffe chorus and the Cecilia surpassed themselves in the production of a sonorous or luminous tone, for which Mr. Woodworth and Mr. Fiedler, who respectively trained them, deserve their share of the credit. Regarded objectively, Mme. Ritter-Clampi's voice might be found lacking in warmth and fullness, but it proved yesterday, nevertheless, a most suitable medium for the music of Debussy, and it was to be noted that while by no means a powerful voice it seemed always to hold its own, without apparent strain, against the orchestra. Less edgeless, less inclined to blend with the orchestra were Miss Macdonald's tones.

The former, dating from 1887, the latter from 1911, "The Blessed Damsel" and the "Saint Sebastian" music represent almost the two extremes of Debussy's career as composer; nor would it be extravagant to speak of the one as his first significant work and of the other as his last. The pieces before "The Blessed Damsel" were relatively tentative and immature; those that followed "Saint Sebastian" more or less artificial, mannered and sterile, as though the creative vein was drying up, leaving only the faultless technique, the fastidious workmanship.

Of Ecstatic Beauty

Yet to the extent that it did not break completely with existing harmonic and melodic idioms, "The Blessed Damsel" is still to be reckoned as "early" Debussy, but not for that reason to be despised. There is in this score a grace and charm, an ecstatic beauty, not to mention the perfect musical transliteration of the poem, that make it one of the most to be prized of modern choral pieces. Yesterday's performance was not the first that "The Blessed Damsel" had received in Boston, or at the Symphony concerts, yet it is hardly too much to speak of it as the most eloquent and revealing.

It has been said of the music to "Saint Sebastian" that it falls short of full effectiveness both in the theatre and in the concert hall; due in one instance to the distracting limitations of paint and canvas and of actors who must materialize spiritual states, and in the other to the clear need, at times, of visual aid to give point to the tonal commentary. Studied, furthermore, in the version for voices and piano Debussy's music seems here and there to be but dryly invented, lacking in impulse, though in actual performance the composer's necromantic skill in the manipulation of timbres makes many of these measures engrossing to hear.

But leaving out not a little that in the last analysis must be set down as deficient in the quality commonly known as inspiration, there remains in the "Saint Sebastian" music much that is of a searching and elevated beauty, an expression of the mystical, of spiritual ecstasy, to be matched but seldom in the entire course of the tonal art.

Yesterday's performance by the way, was the first in Boston to make use of the very important parts for chorus and soloist, Mr. Monteux having previously made known to us only the orchestral numbers.

DEBUSSY PROGRAM AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Two Local Choruses Assist
Orchestra

"Martyrdom of St Sebastian" and
"Blessed Damsel" Performed

Dr Koussevitzky devoted yesterday's Symphony concert to the performance of two works by Debussy for chorus and orchestra, "The Blessed Damsel," and "The Martyrdom of St Sebastian." The Radcliffe Choral Society, trained by its own conductor, G. Wallace Woodworth, sang in "The Blessed Damsel." The contralto soloist in this number was Jean Macdonald. The Cecilia Society, trained by Arthur Fiedler, now its conductor, sang in the "St Sebastian." The soprano soloist in both works was Mme Ritter-Clampi, of the Paris Opera, who sang for the first time in America.

Those who heard the Chicago Civic Opera's performance of Debussy's "Pelleas" Thursday night as well as yesterday's Symphony concert enjoyed an unusual opportunity to survey his whole musical career. "The Blessed Damsel," written in 1887, is a work of his youth, already familiar to Boston audiences. "Pelleas," first performed in 1902, is the masterpiece of his middle years. The music for d'Annunzio's mystery play, first performed in 1911, seemed yesterday the crowning glory of his last years.

When Debussy's music was new, reviewers spoke as with one voice of its "impressionism." What struck them was the then novel harmonic scheme, based on a scale of whole tones. They denied that Debussy wrote melody. They denied that his music had any strictly formal or architectural qualities. Performers even today frequently interpret Debussy's works from this angle, as though they were vague, evanescent improvisations, full of strange harmonies, but otherwise meaningless. With a confused feeling for the delicacy and restraint of Debussy, who never wrote a superfluous note or a measure of mere padding repetition, performers subdued his music to a dreamy chaos of bitter-sweet sound.

When, as was inevitable, makers of newer and stranger music arrived, those who had accepted this view of Debussy as the only true one allowed their newborn fervor for Stravinsky and Honegger and the rest of the present generation to cool their once ardently expressed admiration for Debussy. Marcel Proust, sensitive to music as to the life around him, noted just before the war the decline of Debussy's reputation with the musical intelligentsia of Paris, and recorded it with so much else of the history of that era in "Remembrance of Things Past."

Had these restless thinkers in the Paris salons so dear to Proust been correct in their estimate, Debussy's music would now be as certainly doomed to ultimate oblivion as is that of Charpentier. But they were wrong. Debussy is already a classic. His work will endure, though by other qualities than those they heard in it.

Debussy is a great melodist, though his melodies are often brief, and almost never diatonic. Debussy's music has a form of its own always, though not one to be found in such text books as the once celebrated works of Ebenezer Prout. Debussy had an intense dramatic sense. Consider the crucial scenes in "Pelleas." Have they not, when rightly conducted, as Mr Polacco has shown us at the Opera House, a thrill in them almost as powerful if rather less crude than the thrills in Verdi and Wagner?

Turn to the music for d'Annunzio's ecstatic play, a piece full of the "voluptuous religiosity" some have found in Wagner's "Parsifal," a quality repugnant to others as well to as the Archbishop who tried to ban the original performance at Paris. Note that Debussy can use stern, jagged rhythms, sonorous outbursts from the brass, a soaring final chorus of apothecosis, culminating in "Alleluia" that echo long afterwards in the listening

ear. The music has a purity, a serenity absent from the play. There is a frenzy of the senses in the laments for Adonis, but in the choruses of mourning a solemn sadness soon overpowers the merely sensuous excitement.

This music is a strangely neglected masterpiece, which should be more often heard in years to come. Remember that it is to one woman, Mary Garden, that America owes its relative familiarity with "Pelleas." "The Martyrdom" may yet find a celebrity to insist that audiences hear it until they cease to be baffled by it, as has happened in Boston with "Pelleas."

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P. R.

"Saint Sebastian," Second Hearing

OF the Symphony Concert of Saturday evening, or rather of so much of it as contained Debussy's music to d'Annunzio's play, "The Martyrdom of Saint Sebastian," it were belated and impertinent to record more than a personal impression. Already in these columns an able hand has set forth the play and discussed both music and performance. First, then, to regret that, though opportunity opened, Debussy failed to re-cast and expand the music into a self-contained piece for the operatic stage. Elsewhere, it is fated. In the theater of the spoken word, it is cloaked and dulled by the thick folds of text and staging. In the concert-hall it is difficult to follow and feel without the visible action and the continuing frame of the play.

"The Martyrdom of Saint Sebastian" is an exceedingly costly and an exceedingly difficult piece of the theater. The chances are that it may never be revived. Were it once more produced, it would "date" unescapably. Its decadent-dolorous mood, dwelling upon physical pain, mental suffering and the endurance of both; its half-pagan, half-Christian substance, setting and atmosphere; its

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H. T. P.

Party.

An Informal Debussy Festival

By L. A. SLOPER

IT IS a privilege of genius to cause controversy. Claude Debussy did not fail to use his prerogative. His position today seems secure; yet not all the musical world has accepted him without important reservations. Frenchmen will assure you that his art is in the great tradition of Lully, the antithesis of everything German. Englishmen are inclined to find in it a generous Wagnerian influence, and to point out that Debussy's efforts to suppress this influence were not entirely successful. Ernest Newman, dismissing "Pelleas" as a tour de force, insists that Debussy paid a high compliment to Wagner, precisely by trying so pointedly to be unlike him.

Debussy, like Nietzsche, always confessed openly an early devotion to Wagner. Indeed, neither could have denied it; and both made it a springboard for later sorties. Is there something typical in their experience? Do not many persons in middle age find themselves wondering why they are no longer so deeply stirred by "Tristan"?

Debussy, however, did not venture to deny the musical genius of Wagner. His attacks were directed largely against his dramatic pretensions. And to an observer who is neither French nor German, it must be apparent that the Wagnerian influence exists in many a progression and many a melodic line of "Pelleas"—quickly abandoned though these are.

The End of a Line?

Should this be held against Debussy? Surely he would have had to be insensitive as well as hostile, to resist such a force. The French insistence is of course on classic restraint in art. Is it not a sufficient tribute to the art of this Frenchman that he was able to utilize what he learned of Wagner, without losing his self-control?

Debussy tried in "Pelleas," he tells us, to "trace a path that others may follow, broadening it with individual discoveries which will, perhaps, free dramatic music from the heavy yoke under which it has existed for so long." His followers have not been numerous, and "Pelleas" remains

unique. The man who described Wagner as a sunset which had been mistaken for a dawn has himself come to be considered the climax of a harmonic epoch, and the author of a lyric drama which can have no successors.

Nevertheless, Debussy has had his influence on the form of lyric drama, as well as on harmony. This influence is perhaps not very apparent at the moment. Neither was Moussorgsky's once. Yet Debussy, with his emphasis on lyric declamation, or dramatic song, surely belongs in the line which started with the beginning of drama, was revived in the Florence of the end of the sixteenth century and found one of its finest products in "Boris Godounoff."

"Fra Gherardo"

But there are no heirs, is it said? There is plenty of time. In the meanwhile, what of Pizzetti's "Fra Gherardo"? The present writer, so far as he is aware, is to date the only commentator in the world who has found good words to say about "Fra Gherardo," which has already been dismissed as a failure. Nevertheless, he stubbornly remains of the opinion that, however alien to the theater this opera may be considered now, it will eventually emerge as the latest representative of the authentic tradition.

These reflections have been brought upon the reader by a happy contingency which has just enabled Bostonians to enjoy the unusual opportunity of surveying within a few hours two of the major works of Debussy. On the evening of Feb. 13, "Pelleas" had its annual Boston performance by the Chicago Civic Opera Company, which, with a cast containing Mary Garden, Vanni-Marcoux and José Mojica, offers an unparalleled realization. The following afternoon, the music for d'Annunzio's "Le Martyre de Saint Sébastien" was given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra and the chorus of the Cecilia Society. For prelude of this concert, the fifteenth of the Friday series, the Radcliffe Choral Society joined the orchestra in presenting "La Dame à la Tourterelle."

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sensuous note of mingled eroticism and mysticism, are all of a vanished time and manner in letters and the arts. Pre-war is the damning adjective that now lies in wait. From that cataclysm—as Europe knew and still knows it—d'Annunzio emerged another man. Debussy was already dead. The Cardinal-Archbishop of Paris in 1911 might think what he liked of their joint work; but to this day and everywhere, there are many outside the Roman communion who find this Sebastian, who was like to the pagan Adonais, this archer voluptuous of pain, at odds with their cherished legend of the Saint.

Double the regret because here is music of Debussy's full maturity. He abounds in characteristic invention and imagination; piles both widely and variously. Except in the choruses of Paradise, upon a choir joined with an orchestra he imposes his idiom when it is most sensitive and poignant. To this sensibility and subtlety, he adds force and brilliance—in the music of the Emperor and his court. There and elsewhere are choruses of a scope and intensity to be found on none other of Debussy's pages. Only in "Saint Sebastian," outside "The Blessed Damsel" of young years, does he disclose himself as choral composer. There also he writes a music of the supernatural—in sonorities and progressions that at will veil or pierce. He writes, as well, a music for miming. In the concert-hall, without the eye to aid, with only a generalized notion of the emotional content, it lacks neither rhythmic movement nor graphic coloring. In the theater it must have been searching, stirring, meaningful.

Throughout the play d'Annunzio persists in his poetry of bodily and spiritual dolor. Correspondingly Debussy reiterates the accents of suffering; of himself rather than by any aid of the poet, penetrates and infuses them with the accents of pity. What Wagner accomplished in the romantic idiom of "Parsifal," he gains in another time and in his own musical speech. No doubt the music to "Saint Sebastian" falls short of faith illumined, of beatified bliss. Whether the peculiar temper, imagination and invention of Debussy could compass them none may say. Setting music to d'Annunzio's play, he had of necessity to conform to its sensual-mystical vein, to write often of Christian mysteries paganized. The wonder is that within those bonds he gained the beauty that in Saturday's performance suffused many a measure. Again Dr. Koussevitzky has enlarged the Symphony Concerts.

H. T. P.

An Informal Debussy Festival

By L. A. SLOPER

IT IS a privilege of genius to cause controversy. Claude Debussy did not fail to use his prerogative. His position today seems secure; yet not all the musical world has accepted him without important reservations. Frenchmen will assure you that his art is in the great tradition of Lully, the antithesis of everything German. Englishmen are inclined to find in it a generous Wagnerian influence, and to point out that Debussy's efforts to suppress this influence were not entirely successful. Ernest Newman, dismissing "Pelleas" as a tour de force, insists that Debussy paid a high compliment to Wagner, precisely by trying so pointedly to be unlike him.

Debussy, like Nietzsche, always confessed openly an early devotion to Wagner. Indeed, neither could have denied it; and both made it a springboard for later sorties. Is there something typical in their experience? Do not many persons in middle age find themselves wondering why they are no longer so deeply stirred by "Tristan"?

Debussy, however, did not venture to deny the musical genius of Wagner. His attacks were directed largely against his dramatic pretensions. And to an observer who is neither French nor German, it must be apparent that the Wagnerian influence exists in many a progression and many a melodic line of "Pelleas"—quickly abandoned though these are.

The End of a Line?

Should this be held against Debussy? Surely he would have had to be insensitive as well as hostile, to resist such a force. The French insistence is of course on classic restraint in art. Is it not a sufficient tribute to the art of this Frenchman that he was able to utilize what he learned of Wagner, without losing his self-control?

Debussy tried in "Pelleas," he tells us, to "trace a path that others may follow, broadening it with individual discoveries which will, perhaps, free dramatic music from the heavy yoke under which it has existed for so long." His followers have not been numerous, and "Pelleas" remains,

unique. The man who described Wagner as a sunset which had been mistaken for a dawn has himself come to be considered the climax of a harmonic epoch, and the author of a lyric drama which can have no successors.

Nevertheless, Debussy has had his influence on the form of lyric drama, as well as on harmony. This influence is perhaps not very apparent at the moment. Neither was Moussorgsky's once. Yet Debussy, with his emphasis on lyric declamation, or dramatic song, surely belongs in the line which started with the beginning of drama, was revived in the Florence of the end of the sixteenth century and found one of its finest products in "Boris Godounoff."

"Fra Gherardo"

But there are no heirs, is it said? There is plenty of time. In the meanwhile, what of Pizzetti's "Fra Gherardo"? The present writer, so far as he is aware, is to date the only commentator in the world who has found good words to say about "Fra Gherardo," which has already been dismissed as a failure. Nevertheless, he stubbornly remains of the opinion that, however alien to the theater this opera may be considered now, it will eventually emerge as the latest representative of the authentic tradition.

These reflections have been brought upon the reader by a happy contingency which has just enabled Bostonians to enjoy the unusual opportunity of surveying within a few hours two of the major works of Debussy. On the evening of Feb. 13, "Pelleas" had its annual Boston performance by the Chicago Civic Opera Company, which, with a cast containing Mary Garden, Vanni-Marcoux and José Mojica, offers an unparalleled realization. The following afternoon, the music for d'Annunzio's "Le Martyre de Saint Sébastien" was given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra and the chorus of the Cecilia Society. For prelude of this concert, the fifteenth of the Friday series, the Radcliffe Choral Society joined the orchestra in presenting "La Damselle Élue."

"Le Martyre"

"Pelléas" is unique. Can as much be said of "Le Martyre de Saint Sébastien"? Can the piece be properly judged, separated from the action which it was designed to accompany? This much may be said: Hearing this music in the concert hall, you do not feel that nothing like it exists in the history of the art. These celestial harps, these harmonics from the violins, these ethereal woodwind chords, these ecstatic cries, these ominous trumpetings—where have we heard all this before? There is charming atmosphere in the Court of Lilies, but it is an ante-chamber to what a naïve Paradise.

Really, "Le Martyre" is to "Pelléas" something as "Parsifal" is to "Tristan." If you like D'Annunzio's play, quite possibly you will find Debussy's music an admirable accompaniment. If you care for the medieval ingenuousness of the conception, very well; but can you seriously contend that, purely musically, this score is strikingly individual? When we have heard it as often as we have heard "Pelléas," shall we feel differently? Possibly. But shall we hear it as often?

After a somewhat tentative beginning, the Cecilia chorus, trained by Arthur Fiedler, did well with the intricacies of the score. The young women from Radcliffe, coached by G. Wallace Woodworth, did excellently well, with their fresh voices, by the pale beauties of "La Damselle Édue." Mme. Ritter-Ciampi was soprano soloist in both numbers. Jean MacDonald, contralto, assisted in the "Damselle."

"The New York Manner"

REVISITING Manhattan last week, the Symphony Orchestra shifted its evening concert from the usual Thursday to an exceptional Friday. Custom permitted only meager reviews in the newspapers of a Saturday. At the matinee Dr. Koussevitzky filled his program with pieces recently played in New York by the orchestra. Hence paragraphs instead of articles. Mr. Prokofiev was the pianist on both occasions playing, as in Boston, his Second Concerto. On Friday his "Scythian Suite" was also on the list. The reviews traverse these numbers in familiar comment whenever the music of Mr. Prokofiev is in debate. Two paragraphs, however, deserve quotation. The first, from The Sun, is amusing:

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minor, "From the.....Dvorak

AT SYMPHONY HALL

While Boston has been enjoying the singing of the visiting Chicagoans, its own great musical organization, the Symphony Orchestra, has been playing in New York. In enthusiasm for the brief series of spectacular productions at the Opera House we are likely to underestimate the value of Mr. Koussevitzky and his band, whom it is our privilege to hear for six months every year. As a reminder, part of the comment of Olin Downes, the music critic of the New York Times, on the orchestra's concert Saturday is in Carnegie hall is worth reproducing.

It may be said, for it is true, that Boston has now an orchestra which is without a superior, if it has an equal in this country, a band that Mr. Koussevitzky has brought to a unique flexibility, sensitiveness and virtuosity.

Chicago, of course, has a very fine symphony orchestra of its own. But it seems only fair that we let it hear the best in return for our opportunity of hearing its opera company. Chicago might well try to engage the Boston orchestra as one feature of the 1933 celebration.

MUSIC BODY NAMED FOR TERCENTENARY

State Committee Includes Koussevitsky—Headed by Leo R. Lewis

Appointment of a state tercentenary music committee headed by Leo Rich Lewis and including Serge Koussevitsky and others prominently identified with music was announced yesterday by the Massachusetts Bay Colony tercentenary commission.

The committee comprises: Chairman, Leo Rich Lewis, Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, George W. Chadwick, Bainbridge Crist, Mrs. Frederick S. Coolidge, Archibald T. Davison, Mrs. Anita Davis-Chase, William Arms Fisher, Arthur Foote, Mrs.

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After a somewhat tentative beginning, the Cecilia chorus, trained by Arthur Fiedler, did well with the intricacies of the score. The young women from Radcliffe, coached by Wallace Woodworth, did excellent well, with their fresh voices, by the pale beauties of "La Dame à la Liliée." Mme. Ritter-Ciampi was a piano soloist in both numbers. Jean MacDonald, contralto, assisted in the "Dame à la Liliée."

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The program was various, indefinite and nevertheless prevailingly Muscovitish expatriate. There were two compositions by Serge Prokofiev, whose abode is Paris, and there also Mr. Koussevitzky lingers in the lap of approbation when he is not enrapturing Boston or amazing New York. Before the intermission Mr. Prokofiev's "Scythian Suite" was performed; after it the composer appeared in person as the solo-executant in his own Second Concerto for piano and orchestra. Mr. Prokofiev's Scythians have descended upon our coasts from time to time since 1924 and have persuaded us that barbarians knew how to make noises in several keys at once and to disturb the atmosphere violently to no special end. It does not impress itself upon this chronicler as imperative that he should write another essay on the "Scythian Suite." Let it speak for itself. It does so very loudly and in several keys at once. The piano concerto being new to these avenues of culture calls for pause and pondering.

The second paragraph, from The Times, notes the atmosphere of the evening concert:

Mr. Prokofiev, who is scant of hair, but tall, blonde, with an appearance of boyishness, figured on the program as composer and also as pianist in the performance of his Second Concerto, heard for the first time in this city. Mr. Koussevitzky gave an amazingly brilliant performance of Mr. Prokofiev's "Scythian Suite." Suite and Concerto evoked storms of applause. The composer, after both performances, was repeatedly called out, bowing from the platform. Mr. Koussevitzky, who greatly admires Mr. Prokofiev's talents, signaled the orchestra to rise in his honor, while the conductor himself applauded. All this bordered on unconditional triumph. Those who had reservations were silent and outnumbered.

Programs in Prospect

From Dr. Koussevitzky for the concert of the Symphony Orchestra in Sanders Theater at Cambridge on Thursday evening, Feb. 20, when the University will have its turn at "Bolero":

Elne kleine Nachtmusik (K. 525).....Mozart
Prelude to The Opera, "Khovantchina,".....Musorgsky
Bolero.....Ravel
Symphony, No. 5, in E minor, "From the New World".....Dvorak

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While Boston has been enjoying the singing of the visiting Chicagoans, its own great musical organization, the Symphony Orchestra, has been playing in New York. In enthusiasm for the brief series of spectacular productions at the Opera House we are likely to underestimate the value of Mr. Koussevitzky and his band, whom it is our privilege to hear for six months every year. As a reminder, part of the comment of Olin Downes, the music critic of the New York Times, on the orchestra's concert Saturday in Carnegie hall is worth reproducing.

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Sixteenth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 21, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 22, at 8.15 o'clock

Haydn Symphony in D major (with the Horn Call)
(B. & H. No. 31)

- I. Allegro.
 - II. Adagio.
 - III. Menuet.
 - IV. Finale (Theme with Variations).
- (First time at these Concerts)

Lazar Concerto Grosso No. 1 for Orchestra,
in the Old Style

- I. Largo; Allegro.
 - II. Largo.
 - III. Allegretto.
 - IV. Allegro.
- (First performance)

De Falla "Nights in the Gardens of Spain,"
for Piano and Orchestra

- I. At Generalife.
- II. Far-off Dance.
- III. In the Gardens of the Sierra of Cordova.

Gruenberg Jazz Suite, Op. 28

- Fox-trot Tempo.
 - Boston Waltz Tempo.
 - Blues Tempo, Slow Drag.
 - One-step Tempo.
- (First time in Boston)

SOLOIST
JESÚS MARÍA SANROMÁ

There will be an intermission after Lazar's Concerto Grosso

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection
of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert



JESÚS MARÍA
SANROMÁ
The Brilliant Spanish-American Pianist

Symphony Concert

By PHILIP HALE

The program of the 16th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky conductor, which took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall, was as follows: Haydn, Symphony, D major (with the Horn Call—B. & H. No. 31). Lazar, Concerto Grosso No. 1 for orchestra, in the Old Style. De Falla, "Nights in the Gardens of Spain" for piano (Mr. Sanroma) and orchestra. Gruenberg, Jazz Suite op. 28. The symphony was played for the first time at a concert of this orchestra. Lazar's Concerto was performed for the first time anywhere. The Jazz Suite, having been played at Cincinnati and Los Angeles, was heard in Boston for the first time.

Mr. Koussevitzky is to be heartily praised for acquainting the audience with Haydn's delightful symphony. When a symphony by this composer is chosen, it is usually one with which we are all thrice familiar. Arthur Nikisch had the courage to put the "Bear" symphony on a program, but in spite of the fact that the list is a long one, few conductors here have felt it their duty to let the audience know that Haydn wrote more than a half-dozen. These, by constant repetition, have become stale, so it is not surprising that the younger generation in the audience is inclined to regard Haydn's music as hopelessly out of date and boring. This "Hunting Call" symphony is interesting not only because written in 1765 when Haydn was in the service of an Esterhazy prince, the score calls for four horns; not only because the finale, instead of a rollicking movement, is in the form of a theme with variations, but because the music itself is surprisingly fresh and charming. Solo instruments have so much to do—the first violin in the adagio; first violin, violoncello, flute, horns in the set of variations that the symphony may well be described as Concertante. There is no attempt at program music although the horns suggest the chase; and there is another title bestowed by some unknown commentator—"On the stand, or hiding place" from which the hunted may be slain as they pass by or approach. The richly ornamented adagio has nothing to do with the chase. In the lusty minuet one hears the stamping of the country folk—music that is far removed from the grace and elegance of the French dance. But in the finale, after the variations, the horn call brings the end. The whole symphony was admirably performed. The variations, melodious, not painfully complex, yet calling for tonal beauty and technical proficiency, served for the display of virtuoso qualities.

Philip Lazar, the Roumanian cor poser, living in Paris, is not an unfamiliar name. His "Gypsies" and a Scherzo have been performed under Dr. Koussevitzky's direction. They left only a fleeting, if not pleasing impression. This concerto has solid substance without dryness. "In the Old Style"—in that of Handel rather than of Bach or Vivaldi. The first movement full of life and showing a technical authority that one missed in the preceding works is followed by a singularly impressive slow movement—and here was a not unwelcome touch of modernity through an emotional quality, somewhat sombre in its gravity; yet the modernity was in the musical thought, not in the harmonies, not in the instrumentation. The two following movements, interesting enough, even when there was purely scholastic treatment, have less individuality, and the theme of the final allegro is of a trivial lightness. The concerto well deserves a repetition.

De Falla's "Nights in Spanish Gardens," was performed here in 1924 when Mr. Monteux conducted and Mr. Gebhard was the pianist. The composer says that this music is not descriptive; it is merely expressive. Some no doubt found it full of "local color." A good many years ago Johannes Weber, the Alsatian, who was the first music critic of Le Temps in Paris, and held that position for a long time to the distress of musicians and those only "fond of music," wrote an article to prove that local color is chimera. For example, a Westerner, not knowing native Oriental music, but told by a program that a certain piece has eastern character, at once finds in that piece peculiar melodic characteristics, rhythms, gorgeous coloring that he fondly believes are Oriental, though a Hindu, a Persian, an Arabian, a Chinaman would hear only unmeaning, perhaps disagreeable noises, and wonder what it was all about. There is some truth in this article of the crotchety Johannes. But De Falla is a Spaniard, who sojourning in Paris for some years, was not unduly influenced so that he wished to be more French than the French composers. There are charming pages in the work played yesterday; there are also pages that are simply music without especial suggestiveness of Spain or any other country; pages indeed that suggest labor rather than racial spontaneity. Though the performance by the orchestra and the pianist was brilliant, a mere foreigner prefers to gain his impressions of Spain from Chabrier's "Espana," Debussy's "Evening in Grenada" and "Iberia"; Ravel's orchestral suite, and the compositions by Albainez and Granados.

There is no denying the fact that jazz has mightily influenced contemporary composers. There is no reason why works that show this influence



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There is no denying the fact that jazz has mightily influenced contemporary composers. There is no reason why works that show this influence

should not be performed at symphony concerts. Whether jazz gains by symphonic and sophisticated treatment is a subject for those who write learnedly or chatter jauntily about music. We prefer our jazz to be naked and unashamed. Mr. Gruenberg is an accomplished musician. That is recognized by those who heard the symphonic poem played earlier in the season and know other works by him. In the "Jazz Suite" one misses the frank melodic lines that should be on the brink of vulgarity; one misses delirious rhythms; the crooning or compelling sensuality that should permeate and give a vitality that is not gained merely by daring instrumentation; the spirit of Harlem, or of the Congo as it appeared to Andre Gide and Paul Morand. The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week will comprise Florent Schmitt's Symphonic Study for Poe's "Haunted Palace"; the violin concerto and the symphony No. 6 by Sibelius. Mr. Burgin will be the soloist.

NEW "JAZZ SUITE" SYMPHONY CONCERT

Louis Gruenberg's Music
Wins Applause

Unfamiliar Haydn Symphony and
Lazar Concerto Grosso Played

Dr. Koussevitzky chose for yesterday's symphony concert a program of unfamiliar music. Although only one of its four numbers, de Falla's "Noches" had previously been played at these concerts, and that but once, the audience applauded everything and everybody concerned with unusual cordiality. Even a "Jazz Suite" by Louis Gruenberg, containing a "fox trot," "Blues" and a "one-step," failed to mar the pleasure of the supposedly conservative Friday subscribers.

Mr. Gruenberg, last represented on a Boston Symphony program by a conventional tone poem, "The Enchanted Isle," has also experimented with the

timbers and rhythms of present day American popular music in his "Daniel Jazz," heard here two years ago at a concert of the Chamber Music Club. The "Jazz Suite" heard yesterday is one of the few successful attempts to write "symphonic jazz," in which a serious composer has succeeded in the difficult task of elaborating the dances of our day into relatively intricate musical patterns without becoming dull or pedantic.

Dr. Koussevitzky, whose interpretations of all music, old and new, seldom stick very closely to the printed text, gave a curiously personal and original version of Mr. Gruenberg's music. He does not, it would appear, the obstreperous insistent fundamental rhythms of jazz. So in Mr. Gruenberg's fox trot and one-step he employed a "tempo rubato" which quite obscured the popular dance rhythms.

Young Americans hearing his version could not feel that this "Koussevitzkyized" music was jazz at all.

Lazar's Concerto Grosso No. 1, "in the old style," was played yesterday for the first time anywhere. The composer, a young Rumanian living in Paris, has had two previous works introduced to the world here by Dr. Koussevitzky. This concerto grosso is more appealing than the "Tziganes," and "Music for Orchestra" of Lazar.

He has written music almost devoid of polyphony, and with simple harmonies for the most part, into which he introduces, like so many plums in a pudding, the effects that please him in 18th century polyphonic music. This concerto is not to be compared with the works in which Stravinsky has been inspired by Bach and Handel, because Lazar's musical texture is so childishly simple, where Stravinsky is complex and profound.

The Haydn Symphony, "with the horn call" with which the concert began, was written almost 25 years earlier than the symphonies by which Haydn is commonly judged, those in the "Oxford" and "London" sets. It dates from 1765.

One hopes that the very hearty applause for this unknown Haydn work will encourage Dr. Koussevitzky to dig up for us other unfamiliar works of Haydn and Mozart.

De Falla's "Nights in the Gardens of Spain" seemed less interesting than his other orchestral works, despite Mr. Sanroma's brilliant and musicianly playing of the piano solo part.

The program announced for next week includes Sibelius' violin concerto to be played by Richard Burgin, Sibelius' Sixth Symphony, and a new piece by Florent Schmitt.

P. R.

VARIOUS PIECES BY SYMPHONY

De Fallas "Noches,"
With Sanroma at the
Piano, Outstanding

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

If the all-Debussy program of last week's pair of Symphony concerts taxed to an unusual degree the listeners' attention and was open to the charge of monotony, that of this week, which had its initial hearing yesterday, is both untaxing and varied. It might, indeed, but for the presence of some fine and some chic music, be described as a bag of orchestral tricks.

TICKLISH PART FOR HORN

To take things in the order in which they come there was by way of beginning a Symphony of Haydn in D major composed in 1765, in other words, when Haydn was 33 and had his most significant years still far ahead of him, and previously unheard at these concerts, if ever in Boston. The score bears the sub-title "With the horn call."

Haydn has written parts for four horns, a thing which many well informed musicians believe to have been first done in symphonic writing in Beethoven's Ninth, and the part for the first horn is not only prominent, it is at times decidedly ticklish. Of this player Haydn in the last movement expects the high F-sharp, and Mr. Boettcher, who distinguished himself as musician and virtuoso throughout the symphony, delivered it with fine quality of tone.

Audience Likes It

Moreover, Haydn writes in the second and fourth movements for solo violin and solo violoncello, so Mr. Burgin and Mr. Badetti had also their innings. Curiously, the symphony sounds more Mozartean than Haydnish, proving perhaps, that the younger composer was after all truer to the 19th century norm. The homely sentiment and peasant-gaiety that we associate with the Haydn symphonies are in this rather formal yet on the whole decidedly pleasing music not in evidence. The performance bespoke much care in rehearsal and the audience obviously took pleasure in a work that Dr. Koussevitzky has done well to add to the repertory.

Of the next piece, a Concerto Grosso "in the old style," by the Roumanian Felip Lazar, a composer with whom Dr. Koussevitzky has already twice acquainted us, there is less to say.

If Lazar had, as the expression goes, put new wine into old bottles there might have been at least a stimulating result. But he has chosen rather to imitate the old win, and while his music has agreeable moments it left the auditor convinced that the "old style" was handled much better by those to whom it was the "new style" and hence a natural medium of expression. Yesterday's performance was, by the way, the first that the work has received.

Sanroma at Piano

Followed the musical climax of the concert in the shape of De Falla's "Nights in the Gardens of Spain," for piano and orchestra, with Jesus Sanroma, the best possible choice among available pianists, to play the solo part. This was the second performance of the "Noches" at the Symphony concerts and it far out-classed its predecessor, thanks partly to Dr. Koussevitzky's ardor, his clear sympathy with this warmly-colored, romantic, pulsing music. For all concerned there were again deserved plaudits.

Once upon a time the presence on a Symphony programme of a piece bearing the title, "Jazz Suite" would have been a "front-page" sensation. But symphonic jazz has become an old and rather trite story, and the "Jazz Suite" of Eugene Gruenberg that brought yesterday's generally entertaining concert to a close in no way disturbed the peace of Symphony Hall. The audience clearly liked much of this music, and much of it is likeable. But it suffers from the limitations that must ever beset the attempt to endow jazz with company manners. When Mr. Gruenberg would make his jazz sophisticated, it lacked the proper "punch," and when he permitted himself to write the genuine article, or something closely approaching it, he achieved that which, while wholly appropriate to the "Egyptian Room," counted at a Symphony concert for nothing more or less than musical vulgarity.

Back to Haydn, Forth to Jazz, Halts Between

A Symphony Concert That Everywhere Escaped Routine

AS foe of routine, Dr. Koussevitzky is recurring stimulus to the Symphony Concerts and to the whole community. He declines to do the regular thing in the regular way, which resolution is the only course to spirited living and decent dying. . . . A Symphony of Haydn is annual custom at Symphony Hall. One or another, already repertory piece and semi-standardized, awaits the conductor's hand. A little rehearsal and it is ready for performance. Familiar ears hear it. Polite hands clap it. Blessed be routine, the heaven-sent order of the universe! But Dr. Koussevitzky will not have it so. He turns over the catalogue of Messrs. Breitkopf and Härtel; pulls down this and that score; finally pitches upon the Symphony "with the horn-call"—early Haydn of 1765, not long after he entered the service of the Esterhazys, unknown to these concerts, hardly anywhere counted in the standard repertory. He prepares and plays it. Were it a "new work" from Stravinsky or Prokofiev, he could not be more solicitous of matter and manner, of an orchestra balanced and attuned.

Here, there and almost everywhere the Symphony justifies resurrection and gratifies curiosity. Haydn employs four horns—innovation in the seventeen-sixties; throughout keeps them in adept, enjoyable play. They call, echo, give and take with the other instruments. An eighteenth-century Symphony, a Symphony from Haydn, fresh-flavored. Ten years on he would be turning a Minuet suavely, in a courtly rhythm. Now he stamps out a sturdy tune. Of course, there is a finale. Presto—but not until

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Moreover, whether they be Spanish or not, these Nocturnes contain much music to lay hold upon the hearer. There is no driving of the orchestra, yet deep-voiced, clear-curved, pervasive sonorities; rhythms that neither languish nor swirl, but gradually intensify; shadings of color, gradations of pace and volume, now into light, again into shadow; cadences that fall new and strange upon the ear; above all and over all an atmosphere greatly weaving an illusion of night and sand in a rare and romantic beauty. Through it all the piano to sharpen a rhythm, to enforce a motif, to throw up a new turn, to toss in a perverse dissonance. Needless to say, the young but the practised, modernist in Mr. Sanromá makes such a piano-part bite and clang. A more evocative music than these night-pieces were hard to imagine. Their strangeness is their spell. Often, from conductor, pianist and orchestra, it partook of beauty.

Mr. Gruenberg's "Jazz Suite" evaded no listener, "Fox-trot tempo; Boston Waltz tempo; Blues tempo; One-step tempo"—which is to say "symphonic jazz," frank and unashamed. "Symphonic jazz," moreover, brought into orchestral being with uncanny skill and abounding resource. At the given moment, in his two pieces heard at Symphony Hall this season, Mr. Gruenberg may have less or more to say, but the pitch and point of the saying is above question. Not only does he know his orchestra; collectively and severally, he feels it. He says to it not only a practised and considering, but an instinctive, divining, hand. If there must be some repository for jazz as symphonic speech, then is his "Jazz Suite" the container.

The purists—not of symphonic music but of jazz—will make reservations. Mr. Gruenberg (they will say) misses the helter-skelter of its native exuberance; dodges the treacly tunes that often feed many amateurs, even students, it; maybe finds them symphonically unrepresentable; tends to refine upon the jazz of even the Whitemanic heyday. None the less, he catches the frenzied note; of us to qualify with a knowledge of five

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Strange Pieces at the ymphony Concerts, Other Prospects

Feb. 20, 1930
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the orchestra, in toto, by single instruments, or in groups, has run through seven variations as fanciful as they are dextrous. From first measure to last, the whole Symphony sounding with a freshness and a liveliness nearly impossible with the hackneyed Haydn. And for proof of a reciprocating audience, at least twice the usual applause.

On his table Dr. Koussevitzky happened to have a Concerto Grosso by Philip Lazar, Roumanian by birth, making music, in his thirty-sixth year, at Paris. Dwelling and working there, the Stravinskian example inevitably infects him. He, too, will write "in the olden style," with modernistic detailing—not necessarily a Concerto for Piano in the style of Bach, an opera-oratorio in the manner of Handel, or even a ballet with quotations from Chaikovsky. Rather, let it be the Concerto Grosso which Dr. Koussevitzky set advisedly after this Symphony of Haydn. Beyond doubting, Lazar writes it well. He uses a relatively small orchestra skillfully, sensitively, discreetly, with no pretensions of answering choirs. Throughout the workmanship is firm, fluent, flexible, avoiding commonplace, suggesting "the ancient style," yet not laboriously shamming it. With one exception, the musical ideas are significant and fertile. No oftener than need be does Lazar spice them with modernisms; while only once does Stravinsky sound flagrantly.

Even so, an impassable barrier separates Lazar from the style he would represent. He writes under nervous tension. His introduction is almost rigid with such stiffness. Nowhere does it quite relax its grip, even in the light-handed Allegretto, the "imitations" of the Finale. However they may have wrought, this nervous mood is alien to the composers of Concerti Grossi from Handel downward. They wrote with minds and hands less audibly strained to the task. They were tranquil; they were spacious; a certain elegance was their natural speech. In degree, the "ancient style" can be recaptured. Better than most Lazar regains it. But the environment and the manners, the mental and the spiritual state from which it was natural impulse, are beyond recall. Every twentieth-century exercise in it remains more or less successful artifice. . . . Again an intelligent audience was quick to appreciate and applaud.

After intermission, two more moderns, each with a piece well out of routine. First de Falla's "Nights in the Gardens of Spain," heard only once before at these concerts, now with Mr. Sanromá, sympathetic to composer, conductor and

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New-Old Haydn Old-New Lazar, Symphonic Jazz

Three Strange Pieces at the Symphony Concerts, Other Prospects

Jan. 21. — Feb. 21, 1930

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of Haydn's symphony played belong to the written by Haydn in London, near the end of the phony of this earliest years of with Count Esterházy score remains in at Eisenstadt. Up words: "Sinfonia. Giuseppe Haydn. of D major, scored for oboes, and, except four horns, in strings. And the poser gives place a "Cambloux (Haute-) an 12 Sept. 1929." There are four in E minor, 4-4. T with a figure which more like Handel t in the orchestra. Allegro, with an in up of repeated note chiefly characteriz alternates measure of 2-8. There are terludes. The move gestion of the Larg II. Largo. A mi

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IV. Allegro, E
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The very names of the movements indicate varieties of jazz. Thus over the first movement Mr. Gruenberg writes, "Fox-trot tempo—Allegretto ben ritmico." The second is in "Boston-Waltz tempo—Valse lente e molto languido." The third proceeds to "Blues-tempo, slow drag—Moderato, ma non troppo, sempre molto ritmico." And the Suite ends with a movement in "One-Step tempo—Allegro assai." The orchestra is the usual full orchestra of the present day. There is no excessive use of percussion; but celesta and glockenspiel are frequently and significantly employed, giving many effects of charming delicacy. The orchestration is masterly. There is no over-scoring; the texture is varied from fullness to the play of a few strands; "breathing places" are not lacking.

The motifs and themes are such as one would expect to find. An ascending theme in the bassoons begins the first movement, accompanied by descending flutes, with slides and grace-notes characteristic of the jazz idiom. Other instruments continue it. A trumpet soars languidly above this activity. A new note is introduced (technically perhaps the "second theme") when first violins enter lyrically with a melody suggestive of "blues." There are further figures of crisp rhythm, a humorous theme in English horn and double-bassoon. After considerable development the conclusion is a lightly tripping measures.

Horns introduce the slow waltz of the second movement over a weird accompaniment in strings. The dance is punctuated by playful woodwind figures. The slow waltz is interrupted by an old-fashioned "Tempo di Valse—Presto." Several times the "Boston" and the older fast waltz alternate. Then in very slow tempo the "Boston" ends the movement.

Horns also give out the main theme of the "Blues" section which has a smart rhythmic accompaniment of woodwinds and brass, and a pianissimo descending figure in high muted strings. There are elaborate secondary figures sharply rhythmized, before the theme appears again, this time in the violoncellos. (Theme and secondary figures pass in alternation many times.

The "One-Step" is the longest of the four movements. It is bright and gay throughout. The chief feature is its persistently strong, snappy, rhythm. Trumpet-themes and motifs are frequently prominent. There are interludes more restrained in character. Through an Allegretto Giocoso and a Vivace it comes to a tumultuous end.

A. H. M.

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Mr. JESÚS MARÍA SANROMÁ, pianist, was born in 1903, in Porto Rico, of Catalonian parents. He studied there under Dolores de la Plaza y Bird. In 1917 he was sent to this country by the Porto Rican Government to complete his musical education, and in that year he entered the New England Conservatory of Music, studying with David Sequeira. He was graduated in 1920 with honors and was the winner of the pianoforte prize of that year. For seven years following, he studied with Mme. Antoinette Szumowska. He has played in concerts, as soloist with the MacDowell Club Orchestra, the People's Symphony Orchestra, the Boston Musical Association, the Flute Players' Club, and more recently with the Boston Symphony Orchestra; he has also given several recitals here. He made a tour of the country as accompanist for Jacques Thibaud. In the season of 1926-27, he was the official pianist of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. In 1926 he appeared in New York as soloist at the League of Composers concert, at which Dr. Koussevitzky introduced Honegger's "Concertino." Mr. Sanromá in 1927 studied with Cortot in Paris, and in Berlin with Schnabel. He gave recitals in Berlin, Paris, Madrid, and Barcelona, and in 1929 he again played in European cities.

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Mr. Gruenberg came to the United States in 1885 and was educated in the public schools of New York. He took piano lessons of Adele Margulies. He later studied at the master school of the Vienna Conservatory; still later, with Busoni, piano-playing and composition. He also studied composition at Berlin with Fr. E. Koch. Having toured in European countries as a pianist, he returned to the United States with Busoni. In 1919 he played at a recital in New York some of his own compositions, among them "Five Impressions based on Oriental Themes." He is one of the founders of the American Composers' Guild; a director of the International Composers' Guild; president of the United States section of the International Society for Contemporary Music.

of Haydn's symphonies. Those oftenest played belong to the two sets of six each written by Haydn for Salomon of London, near the end of his life. The symphony of this week dates from the earliest years of Haydn's employment with Count Esterhazy. The autograph score remains in the Esterhazy archives at Eisenstadt. Upon it are inscribed the words: "Sinfonia. In Nomine Domini. Giuseppe Haydn. 765." It is in the key of D major, scored for one flute, two oboes, and, exceptionally for the time, four horns, in addition to the usual strings. And the horns have no small place.

The opening Allegro consists largely of busy, naive rhythms, for the most part in repeated notes, or in bustling scale and other passages. A pleasant, if child-like, music. The succeeding Adagio is an expressive violin-solo, ornately embroidered as only Haydn, of these older composers, could embroider. From the horn-quartet come obbligato counter-melodies. The Minuet is again for full orchestra, of typical Haydnesque flavor. As beginning for the finale, Haydn writes a theme with variations. The theme consists of two-square-cut sentences of exactly eight measures each. And all of the seven variations adhere strictly to this form. After the seventh a short interlude leads to a Presto, a busily-moving division for full orchestra, containing much passage-work and many gay rhythms. The whole, full of charm and sunshine. It is by no means surprising that Dr. Koussevitzky, combing the musical literature of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries for forgotten works of interest, should find one among the earlier symphonies of Haydn.

If anyone is inclined to doubt the identity of the composer who sets the musical fashions of the day, he need look no farther than Igor Stravinsky. To say as much is no discovery; but the second number on this week's program confirms a rather widespread impression. Philip Lazar has already been heard at a Symphony Concert. At such hearing he was unflinchingly modernist. For "these concerts" he has now written a Concerto Grosso No. 1, Op. 17—"in the olden style," the announcement added. The "master" "went back" to Bach, or to Handel, or to some other ancient. Others there are who follow. And the faithful Lazar writes a concerto in the good old "modern" consonances. He makes modest demands upon his orchestra. Two oboes, two bassoons, two horns, one trumpet, kettle-drums and strings can play his score. It is a new score, played from manuscript and for the first times anywhere. At the end of the score the com-

Glass for Windshields One

to require that motor vehicles by all carrying passengers for hire be equipped with nonscatterable windshields was supported to several speakers before the legis- committee on Highways and Moof the Civil ssachusetts entative Fred L. Butler of Leom of "Strange ne petitioner, exhibited a wind many per- gen from a car in which two per particularly e instantly killed and which, alause Mayor racked, remained intact. Fornd, the play or Bernard Doyle of Leominster, here should ing the Du Pont Viscoloid Com persons in Leominster, told the committee their views cent investigation conducted by when plays are involved, Senator asked those

(International Newsreel)

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The opening All is exceedingly simple and, except for slow busy, naive rhyth pace, short. An oboe-solo sings a plain- repeated notes, or tive, expressive melody. There is con- other passages. A trast in which two solo-violins figure. A music. The succe trumpet repeats the initial solo of the pressive violin-solo oboe. There is further contrast, and the as only Haydn, of movement closes. could embroider. III. Allegretto, E major, 4-4. A care- come obbligato free, gay, light-hearted movement. The Minuet is again fo rhythms are active and sprightly. It is cal Haydnesque scored for strings alone. The main con- for the finale, Hay trast-section runs in rapid triplets, also variations. The t for strings. Then there is return, "Da square-cut sentenc Capo," to the beginning. ures each. And IV. Allegro, E minor, 3-4. This move- tions adhere stric ment is made up of counterpoint full of the seventh a sho the device known as "imitation." There Presto, a busily-n are two principal themes. The divisions orchestra, contain developing them are alternated several and many gay rh times. The first, heard initially from an of charm and s oboe, then at once from a bassoon, begins means surprising with a large leap—a descending octave— trills, rapid notes. The second, first combing the mu given out, by a trumpet, recalls a theme seventeenth and e of a Bach fugue. The whole is deftly forgotten works and sensitively scored. The harmonies one among the are mostly consonant. They are here and Haydn. there overlaid with just enough dis- sonance and modernistic device to point the dissonance and sweeten the con- sonance. There is no attempt to write in the style of any particular old master.

If anyone is After a transition through de Falla's identity of the c "Nights in the Gardens of Spain," for musical fashions piano and orchestra, with Mr. Sanromá no farther than as pianist, the program turns to the say as much is ne the American, Louis Gruenberg, with his ond number on th Jazz Suite for Orchestra. It is num- firms a rather bered Opus 28. It was completed at Filip Lazar has a Paris Dec. 15, 1925; published by the Cin- Symphony Conce York in 1929; first performed by the Fritz he was unfincl cinnati Symphony Orchestra under Fritz "these concerts" bered Opus 28. It was completed by the Cin- Concerto Grosso Paris Dec. 15, 1925; published by the Cin- olden style," the York in 1929; first performed by the Fritz The "master" we cinnati Symphony Orchestra under Fritz Handel, or to some played at Chicago, Nov. 8 and 9, 1929. there are who fo It was the second choice of the judges in Lazar writes a co the competition in which Ernest Bloch "modern" consor won first prize with his Symphonic est demands upo Rhapsody, "America." If ever the term oboes, two bassor "symphonic jazz" is justified, it is in this pet, kettle-drums his score. It is a composition. manuscript and where. At the en

ued from Page One

in such decisions by al the board.

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Lurie of Boston, a member tive committee of the Civil ommittee of Massachusetts, er the banning of "Strange ere, there were many per- ought the play a particularly at that just because Mayor of a different mind, the play ved to Quincy. There should ty, he said, for persons in- plays to present their views earing, especially when plays ange Interlude" are involved. Lurie had finished, Senator

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Feat in Reaching 26,900 Feet
Bring to America a

L recognition by the Na Aeronautic Association and deration Aeronautique Inter Paris of altitude marks is thin two weeks. The latest of world and American air- shed by the contest commit- National Association gives y three places in the light s, and two of these will soon- ords, both held by Pilot Zim- apparently sufficient interes- aroused in this country in even to prompt qualifica- American records.

herley's recent achievemen s bring him the world alti in the third category of the e class, which means tha- as a single seater weighing and 771 pounds empty. He

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of Haydn's symphonies played belong to the first movement written by Haydn in 1791, near the end of his earliest years of phony of this with Count Esterházy. The score remains in the original at Eisenstadt. The words: "Sinfonia" Giuseppe Haydn. of D major, score of oboes, and, except four horns, in strings. And the place.

The opening All is busy, naive rhythmic repeated notes, or other passages. A music. The success as only Haydn, of could embroder. come obligato Minuet is again for the finale, Hay variations. The square-cut sentences each. And tions adhere strictly the seventh a Presto, a busily orchestra, contain and many gay rh of charm and s means surprising combining the mu seventeenth and forgotten works one among the Haydn.

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II. Largo, A mi

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III. Allegretto,

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IV. Allegro, E

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After a transition "Nights in the piano and orchestra as pianist, the American, Louis Jazz Suite for 28. Paris Dec. 15, 1929; first cinnati Symphony Reiner, March 22, played at Chicago. It was the second the competition won first prize Rhapsody, "American symphonic jazz" composition.

The very names of the movements indicate varieties of jazz. Thus over the first movement Mr. Gruenberg writes, "Fox-trot tempo—Allegretto bien ritmico." The second is in "Boston-Waltz tempo—Valse lente e molto languida." The third proceeds to "Blues-tempo, slow drag—Moderato, ma non troppo, sempre molto ritmico." And the Suite ends with a movement in "One-Step tempo—Allegro assai." The orchestra is the usual full orchestra of the present day. There is no excessive use of percussion; but celesta and glockenspiel are frequently and significantly employed, giving many effects of charming delicacy. The orchestrator is masterly. There is no over-scoring; the texture is varied from fullness to the play of a few strands; "breathing places" are not lacking.

The motifs and themes are such as one would expect to find. An ascending theme in the bassoons begins the first movement, accompanied by descending flutes, with slides and grace notes characteristic of the jazz idiom. Other instruments continue it. A trumpet soars languidly above this activity. A new note is introduced (technically perhaps the "second theme") when first violins enter lyrically with a melody suggestive of "blues." There are further figures of crisp rhythm, a humorous theme in English horn and double-bassoon. After considerable development the conclusion comes in lightly tripping measures.

Horns introduce the slow waltz of the second movement over a weird accompaniment in strings. The dance is punctuated by playful woodwind figures. The slow waltz is interrupted by an old-fashioned "Tempo di Valse—Presto." Several times the "Boston" and the older fast waltz alternate. Then in very slow tempo the "Boston" ends the movement.

Horns also give out the main theme of the "Blues" section which has a smart rhythmic accompaniment of woodwinds and brass, and a pianissimo descending figure in high muted strings. There are elaborate secondary figures sharply rhythmed, before the theme appears again, this time in the violoncellos. Theme and secondary figures pass in alternation many times. The "One-Step" is the longest of the four movements. It is bright and gay throughout. The chief feature is its persistently strong, snappy, rhythm. Trumpet themes and motifs are frequently prominent. There are interludes more restrained in character. Through an Allegretto Giocoso and a Vivace it comes to a tumultuous end.

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Seventeenth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 28, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 1, at 8.15 o'clock

Bach Prelude and Fugue in E-flat (for Organ)
(Arranged for Orchestra by Schönberg)
(First time in Boston)

Sibelius Concerto for Violin and Orchestra
in D minor, Op. 47

- I. Allegro moderato.
- II. Adagio di molto.
- III. Allegro ma non tanto.

Sibelius Symphony No. 6, Op. 104

- I. Allegro molto moderato.
- II. Allegro moderato.
- III. Poco vivace.
- IV. Allegro molto.

(First time in Boston)

Wagner Prelude and "Liebestod" from
"Tristan und Isolde"

SOLOIST

RICHARD BURGIN

There will be an intermission after the concerto

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection
of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert



RICHARD BURGIN

Symphony Concert

By PHILIP HALE

It was announced a week ago that the program of the Boston Symphony concert of yesterday would comprise Florent Schmitt's "Study of Poe's 'Haunted Palace'"; Sibelius's Violin Concerto and Symphony, No. 6.

Schmitt's "Study" was reserved for a later occasion. The program then read: Bach's Brandenburg Concerto No. 2; the Violin Concerto and symphony by Sibelius; Prelude and Love Death from "Tristan and Isolde."

Late in the week the score and parts of Schoenberg's transcription for orchestra of Bach's Organ Prelude and Fugue in E flat major were received. Bach's Brandenburg Concerto was thrown overboard, but the last change was made too late for the Program Book, which necessarily contained no note about the transcription and retained the pages about Bach's Concerto.

The program finally presented was as follows: Bach-Schoenberg, Organ Prelude and Fugue in E flat major transcribed for orchestra. Sibelius, Violin Concerto (Richard Burgin, violinist). Sibelius, Symphony No. 6. Wagner, Prelude and Love Death from "Tristan and Isolde." Dr. Koussevitzky conducted.

These moderns will not let Bach alone. What do they not do to him? The organ Prelude and Fugue transcribed by Schoenberg were originally separate compositions, that is not compositions of one jet. The fugue is the one known in England and this country as the "Saint Anne" fugue because there is a similarity between the first notes of the fugue's subject and those of the familiar, stately psalm or hymn tune. The authorship of this tune is ascribed to Dr. Croft, but it is said that the first strain of it is from a French chanson of the 16th century. There are some who will resent the transcription for full orchestra, seeing in it only Schoenberg's desire to show ingenuity in orchestration without regard to the characteristics of the original; to turn a noble prelude and a masterly fugue into a bedecked and bedizened showy, virtuoso piece. On the other hand transcribers may reply, if organists persist in playing the "Ride of the Valkyrie" and Dvorak's "From the New World" symphony on the organ, why should we not be allowed to make Bach's organ music more popular by employing strings, wood-wind, brass and percussion instruments? If Schoenberg had only written in a parenthesis following the title "Prelude and Fugue in

E major (after Bach and longways after)!" Impressive and sonorous continuity in the prelude was thus turned into mosaic patterns and kaleidoscopic effects. It was all very clever in its irreverential modernism, and as it was brilliantly performed, great was the joy of the audience.

Two Sibeliuses entered into Symphony hall yesterday: The composer who wrote the violin concerto 25 years ago; the Sibelius who wrote the Symphony, hitherto not performed here, of 1923. Only here and there in the Symphony was the earlier Sibelius revealed.

The rhapsodic Concerto is the work of the man still obsessed by Finland's epic; the man on whose musical horizon a tempest was ever looming; the composer whose most characteristic music often suggested the "Spasms of the Sky and the Shatter of the Sea"; music of passionate emotion; wild, heaven-assailing defiance; the darkness of black melancholy. Music peculiarly individual, not recognizing influence or school. Music robust, dramatic, often tragic; yet at times tender without sensuousness; lighter moments turning to demoniacal fury.

The sixth Symphony might be considered by his many warm admirers as in the nature of an experiment. An experiment in structure, in harmonic schemes, even in orchestration. Or as a sketch in black and white to be afterwards enlarged as a painting. The work seems to us in thematic invention, in expositions and developments, in emotional appeals, in the employment of instruments the weakest of his symphonies. Later works have shown that his creative powers have not failed; but here is thinness, a passion for the repetition of insignificant, almost childish figures, an absence even of sentiment—these seem inexplicable. In spite of Dr. Koussevitzky's care in preparation, and in performance the symphony to which one had looked forward disappointed those eager to praise.

Mr. Burgin's performance of the concerto was more than technically brilliant. There are other qualities necessary for an impressive, even an adequate rendering of the work. These qualities were fully displayed. An excellent musician-virtuoso might easily content himself with an exterior view; the inner, the emotional contents and the prevailing rhapsodic, bardic spirit might as easily escape him. They did not escape Mr. Burgin.

The familiar Wagnerian excerpt was strongly in contrast with what had preceded. Here sensuousness in highly dramatic guise made its customary appeal to nerves and to other organs than the ears. The concert will be repeated tonight. The next concerts will be on March 14-15. The program, as announced, will be: Galliard-Steinberg, Sonata in G major. Martelli, Assyrian Bas Reliefs (first performance). Strauss, An Alpine Symphony.



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SYMPHONY FEATURES A BACH FUGUE

Sibelius' Sixth Given for First Time in Boston

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

For the conductor of the Symphony concerts to hold the programmes open only to composers of undisputed eminence would be unduly to narrow their range. And that Dr. Koussevitzky has no intention of doing. Yet it was good yesterday afternoon, in a concert devoted to the music of Bach, Wagner and Sibelius, to listen only to composers who have spoken with authority.

OUTDOES ORGAN IN SPLENDOR

In general, transcriptions for orchestra are not to be regarded too highly, but Arnold Schoenberg's arrangement of Bach's organ Prelude and Fugue in E-flat, with which yesterday's concert began, is another matter. Bach could not, in the nature of things, express his greatest ideas orchestrally: the instrument of his day would not have borne their weight. Yet some of his music for the organ is orchestral in its scope and not unnaturally tempts the transcriber. And when that transcriber is a master of Schoenberg's caliber something significant is likely to emerge.

At times in this Prelude and Fugue, heard yesterday for the first time in Boston, Schoenberg has consciously, and with rare cunning, made the orchestra sound organ-like. At other times he has used the full resources of the modern orchestra "for all they

are worth." But whatever his method, the result is impressive. As heard yesterday Bach's music had a majestic and a splendor that no organ could have lent it. The performance was an eloquent one and warmly applauded. It behooves Dr. Koussevitzky to keep this transcription in the active repertory.

Burgin Plays Concerto

Twice yesterday was Sibelius represented. The first time by his Violin Concerto with Richard Burgin as soloist, the second, by his Sixth Symphony, hitherto unheard in Boston. The concerto, which Mr. Burgin resurrected last season after it had slumbered in the orchestra's library since 1912, is a work which deserved no such neglect. The marked impression that it made a year ago yesterday heightened and intensified. And Mr. Burgin, it was possible to feel, played with more freedom than before, with even greater feeling for the music's individual qualities: the wild rhapsodizing of the first movement, the fervent lyricism of the Adagio, the excitements of the Finale.

Granting a certain prolixity in this music a diffuseness that the later Sibelius, of intense concentration, would not have permitted himself, it still must be set down as of genuine importance, and the finest violin concerto since that of Brahms.

Mr. Burgin was received yesterday with a warmth that must have repaid him amply for the years of service that he has rendered in the less rewarding role of concert master.

Except in the final one of its four movements, which is comparatively plain sailing, Sibelius' No. 6, the only one of his seven symphonies that Boston had not heard, must be set down as music somewhat baffling and elusive upon a first hearing. Here is Sibelius, as in the Seventh Symphony, or perhaps even more than in the later work, confining himself to the simplest musical materials, cutting away all excess, resisting all temptation to unusual sensuousness, unquestionably earning the attributes that, as it now seems, were missapplied to his earlier works: spare, trenchant, forthright, uncompromising, grim and sombre. Yet for all its occasional crabbedness, a bareness that comes almost to vacuity, an austerity that here and there came near to repelling, this symphony remains a work of singular fascination and power, one that cries out for another hearing. Let it be hoped that Dr. Koussevitzky speedily grants it.

A glowing performance of the "Tristan" Prelude and Liebestod brought the end, and the audience lingered to recall Dr. Koussevitzky and to applaud until he had summoned the players to their feet.

Boston Symphony Orchestra

Presumably to make Boston Sibelius-conscious, Dr. Serge Koussevitzky placed two of the Finnish master's works on the seventeenth program of the symphony orchestra, for the concert pair scheduled for Feb. 28 and March 1, in Symphony Hall, Boston. These works were the Violin Concerto, with Richard Burgin, concertmaster, as soloist, and the Sixth Symphony, which, at the Friday afternoon concert, had its first Boston hearing.

Not that Sibelius was unheard of in Boston, apart from "Finlandia," the "Valse Triste" and "The Swan of Tuonela." The First, Third, Fifth and Seventh Symphonies were familiar and the Violin Concerto was played twice with the orchestra by Maurice Powell, and had been revived only a year ago by Mr. Burgin. Why was it chosen again so soon? Dr. Koussevitzky, it is said, likes to compel audiences to accept music that he admires. Thus it is reported that he purposes to repeat Debussy's "St. Sebastian" annually until it becomes popular. But this concerto was well received last year, and not only because Mr. Burgin was the player. On the present occasion, he was recalled several times after negotiating in masterly fashion the enormous difficulties of his part.

The symphony, which followed, appeared to us to be a worthy companion-piece to the composer's other works in this form. Like its fellow it is characterized by a controlled turbulence, an austerity under which violent emotions are ever surging. Distinctly outdoor music, music of manhoods, built by sternly restrained means. Now it is swept by icy wind now made rhythmic by dance-like song, now near to exploding with repressed passion, now peaceful with ecclesiastical calm. This, we believe, is music that will be listened to with respect and affection when much of the more resounding music of our day rests in the warehouse.

Perhaps because he found his program a little ascetic, Dr. Koussevitzky closed it with the Prelude and Liebestod from "Tristan." But, what was more important, he had opened it with Arnold Schoenberg's arrangement of Bach's Organ Prelude and Fugue in E flat, another novelty in Boston. Here was a masterpiece of different order; a coat of many colors made by a master craftsman to dress

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Bach via Schoenberg

Another New Piece for the Symphony Concerts This Week

ONCE more Schmitt's "Study" (in tones) for Poe's tale of "The Haunted Palace" has been dropped from a program at the Symphony Concerts. Instead, Dr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra will play on Friday and Saturday for the first times in Boston, Schoenberg's transcription of Bach's Prelude and Fugue in E-flat for Organ. The piece was heard in Berlin last autumn and warmly received; likened even to his masterly transcriptions of two of Bach's Choral-Preludes, already known to the Symphony Concerts. Said the correspondent of The Musical Courier:

A novelty in the form of Bach's Organ Prelude in E-flat, arranged for orchestra by Arnold Schoenberg, opened Furtwängler's second symphony concert of the season. For once Schoenberg had created something in which his masterly workmanship could be appreciated and admired by the general public. Even coupled with Bach's simple themes and clear construction, Schoenberg's harmonies were entirely inoffensive and, probably for the first time within memory, there was not a single hiss from the audience, nothing but hearty applause.

Consequent revision of the program adds to it the Prelude to Wagner's opera, "Tristan and Isolde." The numbers from Sibelius are unchanged.

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Sibelius, Wagner, Bach, Stock
The Symphony Concert,
Schoenberg Aiding

HALF the Symphony Concert of yesterday—the undisturbed half through the permutations of the week—fell to the music of Jan Sibelius. Again, after only a twelfth-month, Mr. Burgin played the solo-part in the Violin-Concerto of 1905. (Needless to say, a public that the longer it knows him, the more admires him, welcomed the concert-master warmly; applauded him heartily; renewed its mood when, for the Prelude to "Tristan," he returned to his customary seat.) For the first time in Boston, Dr. Koussevitzky also produced Sibelius's Sixth Symphony of 1921—the only one in the series of seven hitherto unheard at Symphony Hall. (Some, noting the opening and the closing measures assign it to the key of D minor. The program-book preferred to leave it keyless).

To both Concerto and Symphony the audience gave close attention and generous appreciation—so far as clapping may go. How much each one in it enjoyed the pieces may be left to his, or her, musical conscience and perception. Certainly Sibelius is established composer at Symphony Hall. Mr. Gericke, in his second incarnation as conductor, introduced him. Dr. Muck fostered him. Mr. Monteux returned to him. Dr. Koussevitzky cultivates him. In Boston, in degree also in New York and Philadelphia, no living composer sits more securely in the standard repertory. Yet whenever a new, or an old piece, by Sibelius is played in London, in Paris, in the German capitals of music, there are apologies. He is not a popular composer (they run) but consider his unique quality and consequent deserts. In American concert-halls we may lack traditions. Where they prevail, they sometimes make for closed perceptions.

After all these years and schooling, the presumption is that most of us encounter Sibelius with prepared minds.

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Disappointed by Florent Schmitt's tonal "Study" for a tale of Poe—after all Schmitt is not modern-classic but only pre-war—Dr. Koussevitzky harked back to Bach's Brandenburg Concerto for Violin, Flute, Oboe and Trumpet, in which Messrs. Burgin, Laurent, Gilet and Mager might once more find virtuosos opportunity. Before he had quite decided, into his hands came a desired but delayed score—of Schönberg's version for orchestra of an Organ Prelude and Organ-Fugue of Bach by the transcriber joined. On the instant he substituted it, as was evident yesterday in a performance occasionally more eager than measured. The substitution cost the diligent program-editor a dozen learned pages; otherwise all concerned were gainers. Schönberg made his first transcriptions on commission—of two

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H. T. P.

No Lesser Names Upon The Program

Sibelius, Wagner, Bach,
The Symphony Concerto
Schoenberg Aiding

HALF the Symphony Concerto yesterday—the undisturbed through the permutation week—fell to the music of Sibelius. Again, after only a month, Mr. Burgin played the in the Violin-Concerto of 1905. (To say, a public that the longer him, the more admires him, welcome concert-master warmly; applaud heartily; renewed its mood when Prelude to "Tristan," he returned customary seat.) For the first Boston, Dr. Koussevitzky also Sibelius's Sixth Symphony of only one in the series of seven unheard at Symphony Hall, noting the opening and the closing, assigns it to the key of D minor (program-book preferred to leave less).

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With nearly one voice the authorities have told us that he is pre-eminently a racial composer. In his music, whether it is as banal as "Finlandia" or as exalted as the Seventh Symphony, we are to discover the Finnish temperament, react to the Finnish spirit. (The truth is that at first hand, most of us know nothing of either.) Into tones he translates Finnish legend; often, as in "The Swan of Tuonela" or "Tapiola," both the fable and the musical venture illude us. We are told that he conjures his music out of Finnish landscape; over it play the lights and airs of lakes and forests; to the swift summer, to the long winter, it moves and tingles. (But how few of us have any acquaintance with the Finnish scene, except as the betrailed musical geographers conduct us thither.)

Similarly we are presumed to be instructed in many a musical idiosyncrasy of the matured Sibelius. We expect him to be terse. Though it marshals four movements, the Symphony of yesterday continued through only thirty-five minutes; while the Concerto, earlier by sixteen years, seemed long and expansive beside it. Orchestrally, we should know that Sibelius confides much to the string choir, though of late under modernist preachment and example it has gone out of the fashion; that he is wary of the percussion-corner; that he shuns decorative instrumentation and pomps of sound; that in and out of tonal mists his melodies or motifs pierce and vanish; that to his will he bends theory and practice—orthodox or innovating—and usually gains his end.

Other characteristic procedures are counted equally familiar to those that hear—the use of short motifs; the play of rhythmic figures and rhythmic dialogue; the birth of a new-found idea from an expiring phrase; shadowy thematic definition; the avoidance of symmetries and other formalisms; the preference in each piece for a single prevailing color; conclusion yet large spacing; spare frame, stripped harmonies, yet endless inventive resource as the musical thought or feeling passes from instrument to instrument or from group to group. So onward, were newspaper columns desirable avenues of technical exposition.

Yet is it not the truth that in the concert-hall, in the actual presence of two such pieces as the Concerto and the Symphony of yesterday, the listener sloughs away this foreknowledge; tests next to none of these expectations; hears engrossed by a musical narrative; cares not a jot for the Finnish temperament or the Finnish landscape? Which is only to say that Sibelius's ripper music is self-contained and self-communicative; interest-

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Schoenberg Aiding

HALF the Symphony Concert yesterday—the undisturbed through the permutation week—fell to the music of Sibelius. Again, after only a month, Mr. Burgin played the in the Violin-Concerto of 1905. (To say, a public that the longer him, the more admires him, welcome concert-master warmly; applaud heartily; renewed its mood when Prelude to "Tristan," he returned customary seat.) For the first Boston, Dr. Koussevitzky also Sibelius's Sixth Symphony of only one in the series of seven unheard at Symphony Hall. noting the opening and the closing assign it to the Key of D minor program-book preferred to leave less).

To both Concerto and Symphony audience gave close attention. erous appreciation—so far as may go. How much each one in the pieces may be left to his, musical conscience and percept tainly Sibelius is established at Symphony Hall. Mr. Gerick second incarnation as conductor duced him. Dr. Muck fostered Monteux returned to him. Dr. vitzky cultivates him. In Boston gree also in New York and Philadelphia no living composer sits more se the standard repertory. Yet when new, or an old piece, by Sibelius in London, in Paris, in the German tals of music, there are apologies is not a popular composer (they consider his unique quality a frequent deserts. In American halls we may lack traditions, they prevail, they sometimes closed perceptions.

After all these years and the presumption is that most counter Sibelius with prepared

With nearly one voice the authorities have told us that he is pre-eminently a racial composer. In his music, whether it is as banal as "Finlandia" or as exalted as the Seventh Symphony, we are to discover the Finnish temperament, react to the Finnish spirit. (The truth is that at first hand, most of us know nothing of either.) Into tones he translates Finnish legend; often, as in "The Swan of Tuonela" or "Tapiola," both the fable and the musical venture illude us. We are told that he conjures his music out of Finnish landscape; over it play the lights and airs of lakes and forests; to the swift summer, to the long winter, it moves and tingles. (But how few of us have any acquaintance with the Finnish scene, except as the betraveled musical geographers conduct us thither.)

Similarly we are presumed to be instructed in many a musical idiosyncrasy of the matured Sibelius. We expect him to be terse. Though it marshals four movements, the Symphony of yesterday continued through only thirty-five minutes; while the Concerto, earlier by sixteen years, seemed long and expansive beside it. Orchestrally, we should know that Sibelius confides much to the string choir, though of late under modernist preachment and example it has gone out of the fashion; that he is wary of the percussion-corner; that he shuns decorative instrumentation and pomps of sound; that in and out of tonal mists his melodies or motifs pierce and vanish; that to his will he bends theory and practice—orthodox or innovating—and usually gains his end.

Other characteristic procedures are counted equally familiar to those that hear—the use of short motifs; the play of rhythmic figures and rhythmic dialogue; the birth of a new-found idea from an expiring phrase; shadowy thematic definition; the avoidance of symmetries and other formalisms; the preference in each piece for a single prevailing color; concision yet large spacing; spare frame, stripped harmonies, yet endless inventive resource as the musical thought or feeling passes from instrument to instrument or from group to group. So onward, were newspaper columns desirable avenues of technical exposition.

Yet is it not the truth that in the concert-hall, in the actual presence of two such pieces as the Concerto and the Symphony of yesterday, the listener sloughs away this foreknowledge; tests next to none of these expectations; hears engrossed by a musical narrative; cares not a jot for the Finnish temperament or the Finnish landscape? Which is only to say that Sibelius's riper music is self-contained and self-communicative; interest- ing, illuding and impressive by what it is and by the course it runs. Sibelius unfolds or suggests a musical idea;

amplifies or diversifies ramifications breeds abruptly, before he again recalls them; Symphony, magnifying unity and signifies an atmosphere; weaves it into ure; thickens or thins instrumental color. the Violin Concerto mental, musical, beginning lazily, t clears, brightens, ized but measured f

We listeners are progress; listen to told; hear not of at all of procedure the thought, the of a mind and s expression is sym so close-knit that strument, the sou are as one. The of Sibelius's page pictorial. To lit musical geograph panoramas. No due theoretical o dusts may analyze and technical "idi choke. For us writes a subject thereby disclosin self-immersed mabelius's tonal nar his mental and s speech of his o sphere in which them. By such wholly individua Blake's poems o by no means cer phonies are a use the word w Wagner or Del its most pene prose.

Disappointed tonal "Study" f all Schmitt is only pre-war—back to Bach for Violin, Flut which Messrs. I Mager might opportunity. elided, into his delayed score for orchestra Organ-Fugue scriber joined. tuted it, as w performance than measured the diligent learned pages; were gainers. transcriptions

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Choral-Preludes, heard impressively at the Symphony Concerts two or three seasons ago. Now seemingly his own impulse prompted him to as admirable work.

It is hardly necessary to renew the debate—too much like the controversies of Omar Khayyam's quatrain—over arrangements from Bach in other media than that for which he wrote a given piece. The demand for orchestral Bach exceeds the supply. Conductors and audiences both crave it; while the Brandenburg Concertos and the occasional Suites are not inexhaustible. Twentieth-century ears easily hear Bach's organ-pieces in terms of a modern orchestra. Conductors, like Mahler, Wood, Stokowski, have made transcriptions for personal use. Schönberg, arranging as composer, hands his, like Elgar, to the general concert-room. Once more the purists will demur loftily. The pleased will far outnumber them.

From moment to moment this orchestral version of Prelude and Fugue in E-flat sounds uncannily organ-like. Out of the orchestra come the very strands, texture, movement, voices of an organ-piece. A master-organist rather than a transcribing composer and an imparting conductor might be playing upon a human keyboard, pedals, stops. Much else in Schönberg's version has a quasi-independent existence. He uses Bach's subject-matter, follows Bach's courses; yet gives to the material and development a new accent and quality. They become not only orchestral, but modernly orchestral. They sound not as Bach sounded to burghers, or musicians, in the Thomas-Church at Leipzig, but as he sounds, under other prepossessions, across a twentieth-century auditorium. The richness of the sonorities, the variety and interplay of tonal color, the intensive harmonies, warm the ear. Incisiveness of outline and energy of accent quicken the mind. Often the Fugue proceeds in a new vitality and urgency. Occasionally, Schönberg's ingrained fondness for minutiae stays the large unfolding of the Prelude. Everywhere else a Bach come into a new age and tempered to it: a Schönberg not too often theorizing or pedantic; both, therefore, stirring to hear.

With the Prelude and the Closing Scene from Wagner's opera, "Tristan and Isolde," Dr. Koussevitzky, courting large contrasts to Schönberg and Sibelius, ended the concert. There have been occasions to demur to his Wagner, even to his version of these excerpts, deeply as they stir him. Now he has clarified, ripened and enlarged performance. The veritable Wagner, at the acme of passion and splendor he now sets free. An orchestra, as sensuous as it was sonorous, gave both voice.
H. T. P.

Rounding Out Sibelius Upon Boston Ears

Dr. Koussevitzky Presents the
Sixth Symphony of the
Finnish Master

Trans. — Feb. 27, 1930

FOR the Symphony Concerts of Friday and Saturday Dr. Koussevitzky turns to Sibelius, with the familiar Violin-Concerto and the unfamiliar Sixth Symphony (in D minor) filling half of the program. To the conductor the habitués of Symphony Hall owed the first performances in America of Sibelius's Seventh Symphony—as some have it “without equal in the whole range of works cast in the symphonic form.” In turn, his revelation of the unexpected delights of Sibelius's Third Symphony surprised even those most “in the know.” Now he would do as much for this Sixth Symphony, hitherto heard in America at two concerts of the Philadelphia Orchestra, under Mr. Stokowski, on April 23-24, 1926. By that time the “new” Symphony was at least three years old. One of the admirable “miniature essays,” published by the English house of Chester gives the date of composition as 1921. Mr. Gilman, unwilling to commit himself in the program-book of the Philadelphia Orchestra, notes that the “Dictionary of Modern Music and Musicians” prefers 1923. Grove's Dictionary also affirms that year. Then one discovers an illuminating article on “The Nationalism of Sibelius,” by Mr. Watson Lyle in the Musical Quarterly, which gives plausible solution. The symphony “is dated 1921,” but was published in 1923. The printed score itself no indication whatsoever, not even a date of copyright. The symphony was published in Stockholm by A. Hirsch, and is dedicated to Dr. Wilhelm Stenhammar. The scoring is relatively modest in these days of huge orchestras.

The little essay above cited speaks of the Sixth Symphony as one “which again seems to have sprung from the primeval soil of Finland.” Says Mr. Lyle, whose principal purpose is to question many of the accepted notions concerning Si-

dent of the institution he will the position a breadth of bank, or at Hot... ence which is expected to have ant influence in shaping the the new bank.

Members Announced

formally inviting the two to serve on the board, the sue chiefs—with a single ex- Hjalmar Schacht, president of the bank—announced the name of members which they are to appoint as provided in the statutes. The members of the announced were: Great Britain—Montagu Norman, Governor of the Bank of England; Sir Charles Addis, director of the Bank of England and a member of the Young committee of ex-

France—Emile Moreau, Governor of the Bank of France; Baron L. president of the Credit Lyonnais, and Comte de Vogue, president of the Compagnie Universelle de Maritime de Suez. Italy—G. C. Bonaldo Stringher, Governor of the Bank of Italy, and Beneduce, professor of political economy.

Belgium—Louis Franck, Governor of the Bank of Belgium, and Francqui, Minister of State member of the Young committee. Japan—Tetsusaburo Tanaka, representative of the Bank of Japan and Daisuke Nohara, London representative of the Yokohama Specie

to Name Representatives

schacht is expected to announce Boule- nees shortly. When he acts, the board of sixteen members with fitting. It should be noted that the Bank should except that of the Bank of issue the head of the bank of issue a popular ex officio.

the skeleton board of sixteen members meets at Basle, it will elect not it rep- an nine additional members, ally the in the bank's statutes, that if the the total number to a maximum of thirty-five.

attaining the project for the Bank International Settlements, the Young committee of experts followed the principle of leaving complete power in the hands of the chiefs of the banks of issue. It is to be noted that all thirteen

IRGIN SOLOIST AT HONY CONCERT

Concert Master Heard in
Sibelius Concerto

Sibelius Sixth Symphony and Bach
Prelude and Fugue Played

Richard Burgin, concert master of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, was loudly applauded at yesterday's concert for his musicianly playing of the exacting solo part in Sibelius' concerto for violin. The orchestral novelties on the program, had been twice changed, were an organ prelude and fugue in E major, orchestrated by Arnold Schoenberg and Sibelius' Sixth Symphony. The concert concluded with the “Prelude and Death” from Wagner's “Tristan and Isolde.”

wondered, as one has too often asked, why Dr Koussevitzky cannot make his programs without these minute changes, which are irritating to many subscribers who endeavor to familiarize themselves with the Symphony concert with the announced for performance.

Mr Burgin played the Sibelius concerto last season it so pleased the audience as to receive several hundred votes in the balloting for the program given at the last pair of concerts. Yesterday the vitality of the music and the brilliant performance again won great and prolonged applause. Mr Burgin's more advantage.

the only one not previously heard at these concerts. was published in 1923, and played for the first time in America by the Philadelphia Orchestra on April 23, 1926. Writers remembering that Sibelius more than once expressed a desire to have his works generally described in terms of the landscape of his native Finland, might as well describe the music of Beethoven, whose devotion to the rural landscapes near Vienna, is even better known, in terms of the rural landscapes near Vienna.

among which he found inspiration not merely for the “Pastoral Symphony,” but for many another masterpiece.

All this talk of bleak wind-swept forests, and steel blue lakes, waiting to be ice-bound through the dark rigors of the sub-arctic Winter, has little relevance to the music of Sibelius. His originality lies not in being a native and resident of Finland, but in the mysterious human quality one can only call imagination, or genius.

Every work by Sibelius has its own distinctive flavor, so that one is not likely to confuse in memory his fourth symphony with his second, or his sixth with his seventh. This circumstance, plainly illustrated yesterday by the difference between the violin concerto and the sixth symphony, links the composer with the great names of Beethoven and Wagner rather than with the lesser men like Franck.

This sixth symphony is so original that those who dislike it will speak more or less civilly of its eccentricity. Its themes are nearly all scale-like passages. They are woven into an intricate musical pattern, yet the work sounds with the apparent childlike simplicity one rashly ascribes at a first hearing to mediaeval pieces in the old modes. Yesterday's performance had the curiously personal style, the Koussevitzky flavor, imparted these days to everything the Boston Symphony performs.

Schoenberg, despite the baffling modernism of his own compositions, is an unusually discreet and skilful transcriber of Bach. Without trying to make the orchestra sound just like an organ, he succeeds in making one believe that if Bach had written this prelude and fugue for a modern orchestra he would have scored it exactly as Schoenberg has.

The performance yesterday betrayed the effect of scanty rehearsal in a number of badly smeared passages. Nor did one agree with Dr Koussevitzky's conception of the subject and working out of the fugue. Yet the music made its emotional effect, so great was Bach's genius.

The reading of the prelude and “Liebestod” from “Tristan” was the finest Dr Koussevitzky has given in Boston, because it brought out the magnificent lines of the musical pattern as well as the intensity of feeling Wagner imparted to what many regard as his masterpiece.

The orchestra will be away on tour next week. The program now announced (subject, one assumes, to change) for the next Boston concerts, March 14 and 15, includes a sonata by Galliard, transcribed by Steinberg; Martelli's “Assyrian Bas Reliefs”; and Richard Strauss' “Alpine Symphony.”

P. R.

at 262 Washington Street, Boston

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FOR the day, vitzky, famill unfamiliar S! filling half of ductor the f owed the fir of Sibelius's have it "wit range of wo form." In unexpected Symphony su the know." for this Sixth in America Philadelphia kowski, on time the "ne three years "miniature English hous of compositio willing to con book of the I that the "D cending scale in unfolding and expanding and Musica: Dictionary al which step by step lead onward to larger one discovers "The Nation is reached, may be added this Sixth Sym- Watson Lyle phony of Sibelius. which gives I. phony "is d lished in 192 no indicatio date of copy published in is dedicated t The scoring days of huge

The little of flutes, which singles itself out, arrests for the Sixth Sym a moment the attention. There is, again, soil of Finlan sufficiently definite. But it would be a rash analyst who would designate these of the accep as "first and second theme." The tonality

belius: "The nationalism in it takes shape as an expression of the atmosphere of the countryside rather than of the humanity of the composer's native land. The form does not adhere strictly to classical tradition. Sibelius goes further in his enomomy of material [Mr. Lyle had just pointed out an increase in these matters in the Fifth Symphony], and there is again the closely knit constructive manner to which attention has been directed." We have to do then, with a terse symphony, which is also pleasant symphony in every sense.

There are four movements: I, Allegro molto moderato; II, Allegretto moderato; III, Poco vivace; IV, Allegro molto. Thus, it was pointed out straightway, a symphony without a slow movement. But a parallel comes quickly to mind. Beethoven's Seventh Symphony is also without a slow division. His second movement is also an Allegretto; and this Allegretto is followed by a Presto even as Sibelius's is followed by a Vivace. But this very Allegretto of Beethoven is frequently taken as a dirge-like movement—whether rightly or wrongly, is not here in question. For even when it is taken thoroughly in the allegretto-mood, it still fills perfectly the place and the function of a slow movement. Similarly, this second movement of Sibelius has its theme marked carefully "espressivo," giving it a serenely lyrical character.

Scholars are apt to discuss learnedly the relation (oftener the lack of relation) between the movements of a symphony; to bewail the fact that often the last movement is not a cumulative climax to the whole; is, to the contrary, in many cases no more than a superficially exciting conclusion. They are wont also to point to Bruckner and to Mahler, fathered by Schubert, as most successful in planning a symphony on a gradually ascending scale in unfolding and expanding and larger things, until final consummation. To the list of symphonies which step by step lead onward to larger one discovers "The Nation is reached, may be added this Sixth Sym- Watson Lyle phony of Sibelius.

The first movement is in many portions misty, which adjective does not mean gloomy. It is only with difficulty that one seizes upon measures which may be dignified by the term, "themes." Here and there certain phrases, more definitely formed than others, emerge from the general texture. There is for example a songful passage in thirds, heard first in a moment the attention. There is, again, a lyric line for 'cellos and bass-clarinets, sufficiently definite. But it would be a rash analyst who would designate these as "first and second theme." The tonality

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Backward

bert's operetta, "The Ser in rehearsal at the Maje next week in New Yor appearing here in "Robi second act of the origi monastery and a convent of her, then made good-nature monks and nuns. Nobod he nineties; but in this de come fears and scruples Harry B. Smith, who wrot has taken pen in hand an w second act. It "play a cavalry barracks.

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crease of vitality. It is the longest and
most highly organized movement of the
four. A theme is at once heard energetic
in the first part; songful (cellos above
violas in sixths) in the second portion.
There is also an actively rhythmized theme
first heard in the massed violins and
violas, G-string for violins. These furn
ish the material of the movement.
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ences to the first movement. The close
is one of spacious breadths and largeness,
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is as vague as the "thematic" (?) writing.
There is no key-signature. But one
must look very closely to discover wheth
er one is in C major, or A minor, or one
of the old church-modes—and not always
does one discover indisputably the an
swer. In fact the first eight measures
and the last are definitely in the Dorian
mode. There is much exceedingly close
writing in the middle and moderately high
registers. There are thus long stretches
without double bass. As the 'cello often
sings the song of the first violins an oc
tave lower, the viola is in many portions
the real bass of the orchestra. The or
chestral texture may be found nowhere
else than in Sibelius. Blocks of one com
pactly woven web of tonal strands in a
single tonal color take turn about with
similar blocks in another color. Here is,
in truth a misty Finland. Here is also,
one would like to hazard, the most origi
nal musician of the age, Jan Sibelius.

Out of this partially formed beginning
one comes into the second movement.
Cheerfulness here prevails. One can rec
ognize the themes easily; sing them light
ly along with the composer. Chords in
drab colors from wood-winds make be
ginning. Then the gentle, ingratiating
theme from violins. Through several de
velopments it is carried, to several cli
maxes it mounts. Then another enig
matical portion, in steadily flowing six
teenth notes, brings the movement to an
end. By no formal dogma may this clos
ing section be justified. As a poetical
reference back to the uncertainties of the
first movement it has its place.

The scherzo, for such in reality is the
Poco Vivace, brings further increase of
life. A typical scherzo-rhythm alternates
with another theme in thirds, also in the
flutes, but much more fully developed,
more perfectly formed than that of the
first movement. There is also a chorale
like theme, gently played, in even notes,
once more first heard in flutes. . . . The
last movement is plainly the goal to
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ly played at these concerts, was pub
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time in America by the Philadelphia
Orchestra, April 23, 1926. Writers
about music, remembering that Sibe
lius has more than once expressed a
devotion to nature, have generally
tried to describe his works in terms
of the landscape of his native Finland.
But one might as well describe the
work of Beethoven, whose devotion to
nature is even better known, in terms
of the rural landscapes near Vienna,

among which he found inspiration not
merely for the "Pastoral Symphony,"
but for many another masterpiece.

All this talk of bleak wind-swept
forests, and steel blue lakes, waiting
to be ice-bound through the dark rig
ors of the sub-arctic Winter, has lit
tle relevance to the music of Sibelius.
His originality lies not in being a na
tive and resident of Finland, but in
the mysterious human quality one can
only call imagination, or genius.

Every work by Sibelius has its own
distinctive flavor, so that one is not
likely to confuse in memory his fourth
symphony with his second, or his sixth
with his seventh. This circumstance,
plainly illustrated yesterday by the
difference between the violin concerto
and the sixth symphony, links the com
poser with the great names of
Beethoven and Wagner rather than
with the lesser men like Franck.

This sixth symphony is so original
that those who dislike it will speak
more or less civilly of its eccentricity.
Its themes are nearly all scale-like
passages. They are woven into an
intricate musical pattern, yet the work
sounds with the apparent childlike
simplicity one rashly ascribes at a
first hearing to mediaeval pieces in the
old modes. Yesterday's performance
had the curiously personal style, the
Koussevitzky flavor, imparted these
days to everything the Boston
Symphony performs.

Schoenberg, despite the baffling mod
ernism of his own compositions, is an
unusually discreet and skilful trans
criber of Bach. Without trying to
make the orchestra sound just like an
organ, he succeeds in making one be
lieve that if Bach had written this pre
lude and fugue for a modern orchestra
he would have scored it exactly as
Schoenberg has.

The performance yesterday betrayed
the effect of scanty rehearsal in a
number of badly smeared passages.
Nor did one agree with Dr Koussevitz
ky's conception of the subject and
working out of the fugue. Yet the
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great was Bach's genius.

The reading of the prelude and
"Liebestod" from "Tristan" was the
finest Dr Koussevitzky has given in
Boston, because it brought out the
magnificent lines of the musical pat
tern as well as the intensity of feel
ing Wagner imparted to what many
regard as his masterpiece.

The orchestra will be away on tour
next week. The program now an
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change) for the next Boston concerts,
March 14 and 15, includes a sonata by
Galliard, transcribed by Steinberg;
Martelli's "Assyrian Bas Reliefs"; and
Richard Strauss' "Alpine Symphony."
P. R.

BURGIN SOLOIST AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Concert Master Heard in
Sibelius Concerto

Sibelius' Sixth Symphony and Bach
Prelude and Fugue Played

Richard Burgin, concert master of
the Boston Symphony Orchestra, was
heartily applauded at yesterday's
Symphony concert for his musicianly
playing of the exacting solo part in
Sibelius' concerto for violin. The or
chestral novelties on the program,
which had been twice changed, were
Bach's organ prelude and fugue in E
flat, orchestrated by Arnold Schoen
berg; and Sibelius' Sixth Symphony.
The concert concluded with the "Prel
ude and Death" from Wagner's
"Tristan."

One wondered, as one has too often
wondered, why Dr Koussevitzky can
not choose his programs without these
last minute changes, which are irritat
ing to the many subscribers who en
deavor to familiarize themselves be
fore each Symphony concert with the
music announced for performance.

When Mr Burgin played the Sibelius
concerto last season it so pleased the
subscribers as to receive several hun
dred votes in the balloting for the
request program given at the last pair
of concerts. Yesterday the vitality
and grace of the music and the bril
liance of the performance again won
cordial and prolonged applause. Mr
Burgin's great abilities have never
shown to more advantage.

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phonies, and the only one not previous
ly played at these concerts, was pub
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Bostonian Music In New York Ears

Audiences and Reviewers Take
Kindly to Koussevitzky's

Made 12, 1930 Tra
Novel Cargo
WHAT with one novel piece after another, at the concerts of the Boston Orchestra in New York last week, Dr. Koussevitzky gave two audiences much to interest them, and the reviewers plenty for their pens. From recent concerts at home they heard, for example, Mr. Gruenberg's "Jazz Suite." Most of the scribes—not, to say Phari-sees—thought poorly of it. Mr. Gilman, however, took the opposite view in the Herald Tribune:

This symphonic jazz of Mr. Gruenberg's, regarded as jazz, may be either good or bad. We know not what the pundits of Tin-Pan-Alley might think of it. We ventured, listening to the piece, to appraise it not as jazz, but as music. Thus considered, it lives its own life as organized and pleasurable sound. The thrice familiar patterns are filled with an ingenuity and richness of fancy, are ordered by a civilized musical consciousness, which makes the issue engaging and profitable for other than merely primitive minds.

Mr. Henderson in the Sun may be spokesman for the other side: "Mr. Gruenberg's Suite is one of several attempts which have been made to demonstrate that jazz, our own most particular product, can be treated artistically just as folk music has. But there is something wrong somewhere. Either this is not real jazz or real art; or perhaps jazz and real art cannot be successfully married. Mr. Gruenberg's piece was worth hearing, but when it had been heard one was convinced that he had been made acquainted with an experiment and nothing more. One listened to music which surely belongs to the jazz family, even if it has married a foreigner. There is a rich harvest of dissonances and there are trumpets con-sordini to furnish the conventional 'breaks.' But nothing of the seductive wickedness of jazz was discovered. The finale, a grand smash of tone, evoked applause from an audience which up to that part of the suite had been singularly reticent."

And Schoenberg

At the same concert the Manhattanese also heard Schönberg's orchestral arrangement of Bach's Prelude and Fugue in E-flat originally written for organ. The audience approved; the reviewers, for the most part, agreed. To quote Mr. Gilman again: "Schönberg has transferred to the orchestra with astonishing skill the brilliancy and power of Bach's superb music. If the 'purists' are inclined, in their gentle way, to leave breaks in his impious head, conductors and orchestral program-makers will supply them."

In the concert of Saturday afternoon Dr. Koussevitzky included the Sixth Symphony of Sibelius. Again the reviewers sat up and took notice. To Mr. Gilman the Symphony "had beauty, strength and fascination." To Mr. Henderson "an invigorating directness, the bold employment of thirds and of wide passages might have seemed even a little naive in a lesser man. But the composer's harmonic individuality, the strength and solidity of his structure, the clarity of his voices, his freedom from effect-for-effect's sake, the latter particularly evident in the manner with which several movements were brought to their conclusions with what seemed the scantiest of preparation, were more evident than in this work. Increased familiarity with the Symphony might lessen or increase the impression that the basic ideas were of a sturdiness that would wear well."

Even to Lazar

For his part, Mr. Henderson lent a kindly ear to Lazar's Concerto Grosso also heard at the matinée, writing in the Sun: "His style was a finely organized blend of old and new. He walked some times on the border of the modernist territory, but the fundamental substance of his harmonic scheme was that of his fathers. His melodic sentences were sharply outlined and had dignified character. They were clearly related and the progress of the musician's thought toward the goal of his music was well marked. The concerto-grosso has found favor with several composers of our time and with good reason. It gives the composer much freedom and permits varied instrumental effects without demanding a huge orchestra. Mr. Lazar's composition is a pleasing work and its aim is quite high enough for the possibilities of the form." In the playing of all these pieces, at the one concert and the other, there was only praise for conductor and orchestra. In the Concerto for Violin, heard at the matinée, Mr. Burgin fared as well.

Eighteenth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 14, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 15, at 8.15 o'clock

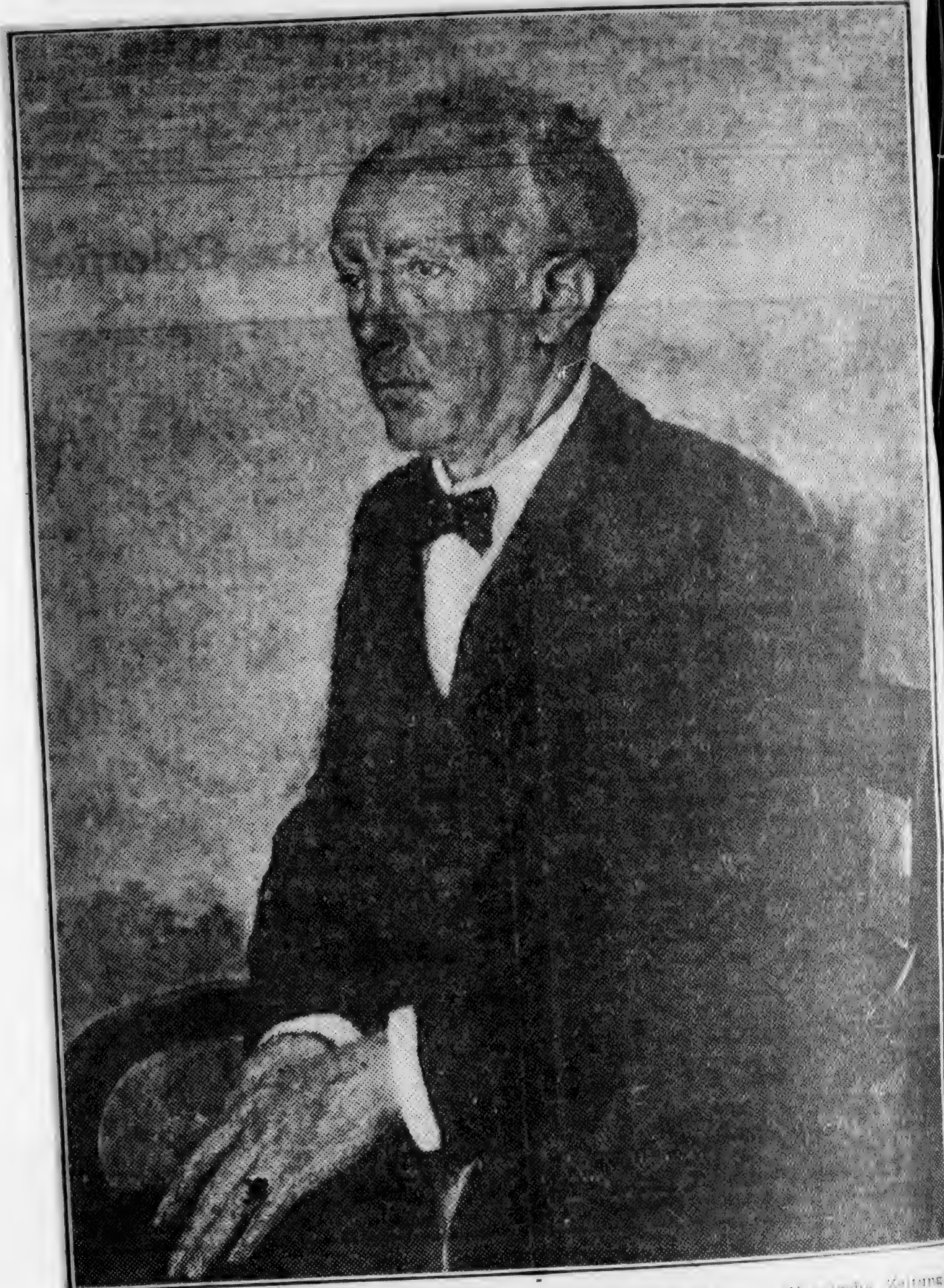
Galliard . . . Sonata in G major (Freely Transcribed for Small Orchestra, by Maximilian Steinberg)

Martelli Assyrian Bas-Reliefs
I. A Winged Jinnee with the Head of an Eagle before the Sacred Tree.
II. Dance.
III. Lion and Lioness in their Lair.
IV. The Army and Musicians of Ashurbanipal.
(First time in the United States)

Strauss An Alpine Symphony, Op. 64
"Night—Sunrise—The Ascent—Entering the Woods—Wandering by the Brook—At the Waterfall—Scenery—On Flowering Paths—The Mountain Pasture—Off the Path through Thicket and Underbrush—On the Glacier—Vision—The Fog Rises—The Sun is Gradually Obscured—Elegy—Stillness before the Storm—The Thunderstorm—Descent—Sunset—Sounds—Night."

There will be an intermission before the symphony

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert



Richard Strauss, Aged 64
From a New Portrait by Orlik

(Vossische Zeitung)

SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

Dr. Koussevitzky conducted the 18th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Galliard-Steinberg, Sonata in G Major; Martelli, Assyrian Bas-Reliefs; Strauss, An Alpine Symphony.

Martelli's Suite was performed for the first time in this country. It was said that the performance yesterday was the first anywhere but in the note furnished by the composer, this Suite is included in the list of compositions that have been performed "many times in Paris and in the French provinces." Now the Suite was composed in 1928; it has certainly not been performed as yet by any one of the leading orchestras of Paris.

Martelli, a Corsican by birth, studied at the Paris Conservatory and now lives in Paris. He is 35 years old; he must have passed the yeasty period as a composer. Although educated musically in Paris, he apparently has not been influenced by the French school that insists on clarity even in impressionistic works and on a certain finesse in harmonic schemes and in orchestration. Perhaps these desirable characteristics are revealed in his other compositions; no doubt he thought that an Assyrian subject demanded a more or less barbaric treatment; but the Assyrians though they delighted in noisy music were far from being barbarians; on the contrary their culture was noteworthy. There may be a Corsican school of music unknown to us, which influenced Martelli in his youth. It would have been an impossible task for him to reproduce veritable musical effects as the Assyrians produced them and enjoyed them. He simply endeavored to translate into tones four bas-reliefs that had impressed him as Liszt and others attempted to do the same with pictures.

The four movements of his Suite, all of them short, were suggested by a winged Jinnee, or spirit good or evil, eagle-headed before the Sacred Tree; a Dance before a personage seated, crowned by a tiara and robed in an embroidered tunic; a Lion and a Lioness in their Lair; and for a finale, the Army and Musicians of Ashurbanipal, a mighty man in his day and generation.

It is a pity that before each movement a photograph of the suggesting bas relief could not have been thrown upon a screen. Then some in the audience after each orchestral transcription could have said "Marvellous! Marvellous!"; others exclaiming "Not a bit like it." It would be easy to say that Martelli had set himself an impossible task; it is only just to reply that the music showed imagination, which, after all, is indispensable to a composition purposing to be pictorial; if the different

movements were to some musically crude from a technical standpoint, or, while showing a certain skill, only affectedly eccentric, should they be hastily dismissed as vain and impotent? The question is not whether this music is truly Assyrian—for who knows the precise nature of the music, except that the tonal scheme was founded on mathematical relations of planets as formulated by astrologers and astronomers? The question is this; putting aside any thought of race or nation, did the music by itself, without any association, impress the senses or the mind?

Personally we answer "yes," but no two hearers are affected in exactly the same manner except by an exciting rhythm. The tavern music that made one man merry, another mad, aroused in Sir Thomas Browne a deep spirit of devotion. Martelli's Dance, with its hypnotic rhythmic monotony, its wild snatches of melody haunts the memory. As for the Lion, one might say as Demetrius at the play of "Pyramus and Thisby," performed by the hardhanded man of Athens, "Well roar'd, lion." And there were passages in the Finale—but not in the conventional March section—that were much more than ingenious.

The music by Galliard—tinkered adroitly and enlarged in its proportions by Steinberg—is delightful in its gaiety, also in the suavity of the third movement. The lively pace taken by Dr. Koussevitzky in the first Allegro, although the indication reads Allegro non troppo, displayed the remarkable technical proficiency of the orchestra. Although Galliard was of French parentage and educated musically by Italians living in Germany before he made London his home, how English this music is in the jollity of the fast movements. Simple, direct as this Sonata is, is it not more truly music than the bombastic Symphony by Strauss, superbly performed as this Alpine adventure was? An Alpine symphony. It and its composer remind one of Reuben Pettingill of Waterbury, Me., as described by Artemus Ward:

"He was an extraordinarily skilful young man in the use of a common clasp-knife.

"With that simple weapon he could make from soft wood, horses, dogs, cats, etc. He carved excellent soldiers also.

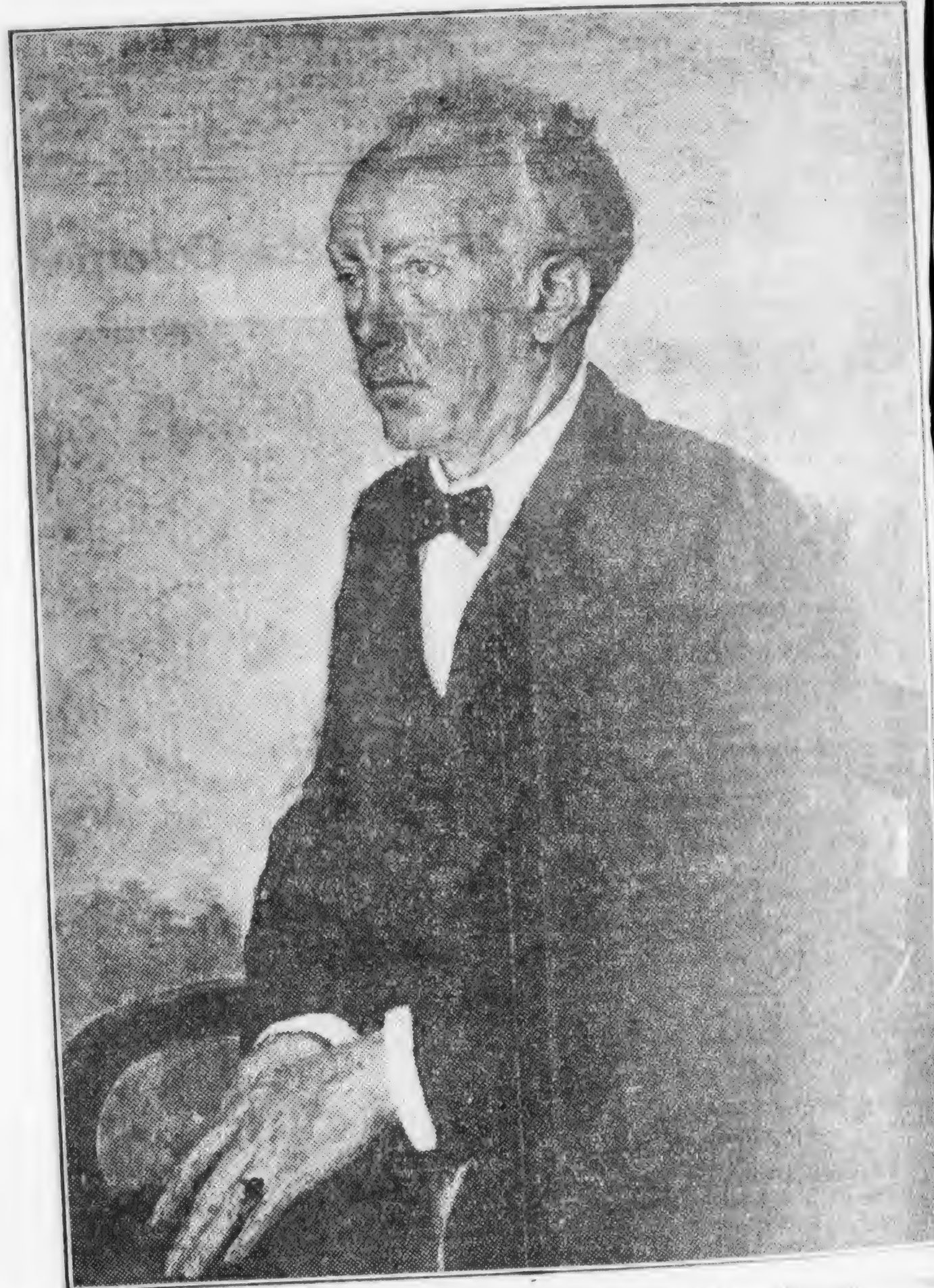
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"Looking at it critically, I should say it was rather short of Alps."

The concert will be repeated tonight.

The Brahms Festival will begin with the concerts of Friday afternoon, March 21, and Saturday evening, March 22. Academic Festival Overture, Symphony No. 3, F major. Symphony No. 2, D major.



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SYMPHONY CONCERT A DELIGHT

Three Contrasting
Pieces Make Up
the List

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Although Dr. Koussevitzky labors over his programmes, often subjecting them to a double or triple revision, the result not infrequently suggests expediency rather than design. But the list that he prepared for the Symphony Concerts of this week, though it seemed on paper a haphazard grouping of incongruous elements, proved in performance to have been shrewdly contrived.

BUT THREE NUMBERS

There was first the delightful violoncello Sonata of Galliard, as arranged for small orchestra by Maximilian Steinberg, that Dr. Koussevitzky introduced to us in 1925. To it succeeded a set of four "Assyrian Bas-Reliefs," by the Corsican-born Henri Martelli, otherwise unknown to the United States; and Strauss' huge "Alpine Symphony" made the rest, and also the bulk, of the concert.

Galliard's Sonata was beautifully played yesterday, and once more caused the listener to reflect upon the high level to which the art of musical composition attained in the 18th century, when even one of the lesser of the lesser lights could write music such as this: so freshly and charmingly invented, so perfect in form.

An Engrossing Novelty

Not too convincing, on the whole, have been Dr. Koussevitzky's novel pieces, whether native or foreign, in the season now entering upon its fourth quarter; but these "Bas-Reliefs" of Martelli, proved a pleasing exception to this rule. Here is a composer possessed of ideas and imagination and of the requisite technical skill, who can establish a mood with his opening measures and maintain it to the end. There is Oriental color in these tone pictures, but the note is not forced. It is more by purely musical than by obviously descriptive means that Martelli conjures up his vision of a vanished civilization.

The performance evidenced the care that Dr. Koussevitzky always bestows upon any music that he undertakes to conduct; and the suite was warmly applauded. Mr. Sidow, who had so successfully handled the important part for tuba in the third movement, "Lion and Lioness In Their Lair," was obliged to take a "soloist's bow."

Strauss' "Alpine"

Three times now has Dr. Koussevitzky played "An Alpine Symphony" at a pair of subscription concerts, and with each repetition there has been a gain in the unity of impression made by a long and complex work and in the eloquence with which each episode has been set forth. Of the piece itself there is little now to say, though since Dr. Koussevitzky was the one who made it known to Boston, it is far less familiar to us than any of the Straussian tone-poems, save only the youthful "Macbeth," unheard here for many years.

The most objective and pictorial, the most continuously descriptive of them all, "An Alpine Symphony" stands, perhaps, on a lower plane than the rest. And yet, who but Strauss could have filled so large a canvas with such a grasp of the fundamental principles of musical architecture or with such a flow and fund of invention—granting that the themes have not quite the sallency of those in the earlier tone-poems? And if there are episodes, like those of the hunting-horns and the cowbells, that savor of a realism over-naïve and ingenuous, there are passages in this colossal work of a genuine nobility and exaltation. There are the measures that celebrate the completion of the ascent; there is the poetic peroration.

Nor should the scoring, that includes every dynamic degree from the faintest whisper to an earth-shaking fortissimo, go without its usual need of praise. In "An Alpine Symphony" Strauss is seen at the height of his extraordinary powers as an orchestrator.

Koussevitzky, Strauss and Alpine Ascent

With the "Bas Reliefs" of
Martelli for Novelty
On the Way

DR. KOUSSEVITZKY is nothing if not loyal to the children of his brain. Few of the new works which he introduces do not come in for repetition at some time or other; but the most insignificant are kept in the permanent repertory of the orchestra. Thus yesterday the program was made up entirely of works which had their first hearing under the present conductor. Chief of them was that product of Richard Strauss's old age, the "Alpine Symphony." With it came Steinberg's arrangement of Galliard's Sonata in G major. Both were introduced to the symphony concerts originally in December, 1925. To them for novelty of the week was added Henri Martelli's suite, "Assyrian Bas-Reliefs." When Strauss wrote his Alpine Symphony in 1915 it was the first time he attempted orchestral music since the "Domestica" of 1904, the first time he attempted orchestral nature music since the early "From Italy" of 1886. Many there were who had assumed that after the writing of the operatic works intervening in the years after "Domestica," Strauss would not again turn to purely symphonic music.

In the Alpine Symphony he is as detailedly programmatic as never before. Where previously in most of his symphonic works Strauss has been content to throw out hints as to the program, in this work he outlines in detail the course which he expects the listener to follow with him. It is to be less a description of the mountains than an ascent to a high peak unnamed. His symphony might well be called "The Day of a Mountain Climber." Early this party arises. It is yet night. We are in the brooding atmosphere just before dawn. A glorious sunrise bursts upon us. The ascent begins. At the beginning one thinks or sees little of mountains. One enters a forest not so different from any other forest, a forest which one might enter down on the plain.

any forest one wanders beside a waterfall is conveniently handy things; one sees—and hears—of which details remain und (was there ever a traveller able to name all the "scen-saw on a given trip?); this scenes way to more usual flowering and the flowering paths lead into pasture, presumably on a somewhere on the side of the in. But pastoral and pastoral need not detain one forever. At ghts gained there is no longer a path to lead the wanderer farther. st continue through thicket and rush. He is rewarded; he emerges lacler. A great view spreads out him once he is beyond the line station. But it is short-lived. A es and obscures the vision. Our gives way to elegiac feelings. An s stillness surrounds him. He be-suspicious of these mountains. Yes, ue, he is caught in a mountain Thunderings and reverberations, nd rain he must somehow endure. scends again. In the valley he eace. No storms here. He is per-to view a sunset. He sinks into nds of night.—One thing Strauss ot tell us, perhaps with wise dis- how high up the mountain is his from which his traveller sees a beyond which the storm prevents om climbing? There is no hint is a mountain-top. Perhaps then fair for critics to fail to find moun-ps in the music! The miserable revents the climber—and the com-from reaching those much desired

uss paints from a huge orchestral e. To the large orchestra in com-se he must add a heckelphone, enor tubas, wind machine, thunder ne, and cowbells. And not content all this, he recommends that nes be used for sustaining the tones e of the wind instruments beyond ngth of breath of the players. Nor Strauss assemble all these forces at cause. No one is better able he to paint huge panoramic can- His powers with his orchestra which he expects the listener to follow by no means diminished in this The thunderstorm is a master- of realism. As such it may hold wn with many another scene in on Quixote" and the battle music eldenleben," to cite only two. And usical value is approximately the in all these cases. Further, there oments of true grandeur when the bursts upon the traveller on the of his Alp. Much of the music of rest and the country side is poetic ery finely wrought. Many of the

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Galliard's Sonata was beautifully played yesterday, and once more caused the listener to reflect upon the high level to which the art of musical composition attained in the 18th century, when even one of the lesser of the lesser lights could write music such as this: so freshly and charmingly invented, so perfect in form.

Not too convincing, on the whole, have been Dr. Koussevitzky's novel pieces, whether native or foreign, in the season now entering upon its fourth quarter; but these "Bas-Reliefs" of Martelli, proved a pleasing exception to this rule. Here is a composer possessed of ideas and imagination and of the requisite technical skill, who can establish a mood with his opening measures and maintain it to the end. There is Oriental color in these tone pictures but the note is not forced. It is more by purely musical than by obviously descriptive means that Martelli conjures up his vision of a vanished civilization.

The performance evidenced the care that Dr. Koussevitzky always bestows upon any music that he undertakes to conduct; and the suite was warmly applauded. Mr. Sidow, who had so successfully handled the important part for tuba in the third movement, "Lion and Lioness In Their Lair," was obliged to take a "soloist's bow."

Three times now has Dr. Koussevitzky played "An Alpine Symphony" at a pair of subscription concerts, and with each repetition there has been a gain in the unity of impression made by a long and complex work and in the eloquence with which each episode has been set forth. Of the piece itself there is little now to say, though since Dr. Koussevitzky was the one who made it known to Boston, it is far less familiar to us than any of the Straussian tone-poems, save only the youthful "Macbeth," unheard here for many years.

The most objective, and pictorial, the most continuously descriptive of them all, "An Alpine Symphony" stands, perhaps, on a lower plane than the rest. And yet, who but Strauss could have filled so large a canvas with such a grasp of the fundamental principles of musical architecture or with such a flow and fund of invention—granting that the themes have not quite the saliency of those in the earlier tone-poems? And if there are episodes, like those of the hunting-horns and the cowbells, that savor of a realism over-naïve and ingenuous, there are pages in this colossal work of a genuine nobility and exaltation. There are the measures that celebrate the completion of the ascent; there is the poetic peroration.

Nor should the scoring, that includes every dynamic degree from the faintest whisper to an earth-shaking fortissimo, go without its usual need of praise. In "An Alpine Symphony" Strauss is seen at the height of his extraordinary powers as an orchestrator.

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D not loyal to brain. Few which he in for repetition at all but the most ins the permanent repe tra. Thus yesterday made up entirely of their first hearing u ductor. Chief of the of Richard Strauss's Symphony." With arrangement of Gal major. Both were symphony concerts ber, 1925. To them week was added He "Assyrian Bas-Relief wrote his Alpine Sy was the first time h tral music since the first time he atten the first time since the ea 1886. Many there wer that after the writi works intervening in "Domestica," Strauss turn to purely symph In the Alpine Sym tailoredly programmatic Where previously in phonic works Strauss to throw out hints as this work he outlines which he expects the with him. It is to be of the mountains the high peak unnamed might well be called Mountain Climber." arises. It is yet nig brooding atmosphere A glorious sunrise bu ascent begins. At thinks or sees little enters a forest not so other forest, a forest enter down on the pl

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AS IN any forest one wanders beside a brook; a waterfall is conveniently handy to enliven things; one sees—and hears—"scenery" of which details remain unspecified (was there ever a traveller able to describe or even name all the "scenery" he saw on a given trip?); this scenery gives way to more usual flowering paths; and the flowering paths lead into a mountain pasture, presumably on a plateau somewhere on the side of the mountain. But pastoral and pastoral scenes need not detain one forever. At the heights gained there is no longer a definite path to lead the wanderer farther. He must continue through thicket and underbrush. He is rewarded; he emerges on a glacier. A great view spreads out before him once he is beyond the line of vegetation. But it is short-lived. A fog rises and obscures the vision. Our climber gives way to elegiac feelings. An ominous stillness surrounds him. He becomes suspicious of these mountains. Yes, it is true, he is caught in a mountain storm. Thunderings and reverberations, wind and rain he must somehow endure. He descends again. In the valley he finds peace. No storms here. He is permitted to view a sunset. He sinks into the sounds of night.—One thing Strauss does not tell us, perhaps with wise discretion: how high up the mountain is his glacier from which his traveller sees a vision, beyond which the storm prevents him from climbing? There is no hint that it is a mountain-top. Perhaps then it is unfair for critics to fail to find mountain-tops in the music! The miserable rain prevents the climber—and the composer—from reaching those much desired peaks.

Strauss paints from a huge orchestral palette. To the large orchestra in common use he must add a heckelphone, four tenor tubas, wind machine, thunder machine, and cowbells. And not content with all this, he recommends that machines be used for sustaining the tones of some of the wind instruments beyond the length of breath of the players. Nor does Strauss assemble all these forces without cause. No one is better able than he to paint huge panoramic canvasses. His powers with his orchestra have by no means diminished in this score. The thunderstorm is a masterpiece of realism. As such it may hold its own with many another scene in Straussian works—the bleating of sheep in "Don Quixote" and the battle music in "Heldenleben," to cite only two. And the musical value is approximately the same in all these cases. Further, there are moments of true grandeur when the vision bursts upon the traveller on the side of his Alp. Much of the music of the forest and the country side is poetic and very finely wrought. Many of the

themes which seem insignificant on paper or in the study, fit admirably into the scheme of things when heard in their proper place in the orchestra.

All this to the credit side of the ledger. To look upon this page need not be to ignore also the existence of a debit page. For with all its good points the Alpine Symphony may not quite hold its own with the finest of the earlier tone poems—"Till Eulenspiegel," to give only a single example. For one thing, Strauss falls into that chief sign of approaching age, he becomes reminiscent in the Alpine Symphony. One seems to hear references to certain of the composer's own earlier works here and there. Memories of Wagner are not entirely absent. Other composers are in evidence. The references are slight. In the Strauss in the days of his undimmed maturity one never encountered them. As a second entry on this debit page one must write the fact that there are long stretches in which very little seems to be happening. The significant portions of the work are by them needlessly interrupted. Performance yesterday afternoon left nothing to be desired. In the nobler portions of the work it was eloquent. In the weaker portions it favored the ageing Strauss.

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**BAS RELIEFS' AT
PHONY CONCERT**

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Martelli's music has an unforced originality of style, and considerable imaginative power. The scoring for orchestra is unusual, with ingenious percussion effects, and no attempt to deafen the audience with perpetual sonorities. The lion, represented by a solo tuba, roars at moments with a hint of the naive naturalism of Haydn's "Creation." The dissonances, unrelieved by consonant harmonies, have the monotony and something of the crudity one associates with primitive and barbaric art. Martelli is obviously a composer of greater significance than most of the new names which so frequently figure on Dr. Koussevitzky's programs. More of his music should be heard here.

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It goes without saying that Strauss is a master of every device a composer can employ to manufacture something the unwary listener may take for a great work. The themes, insignificant in themselves, are worked out with amazing skill. The scoring for a huge orchestra, which includes every conceivable instrument from organ to cowbells, is superb. But only in certain passages that echo the earlier and greater Strauss is this symphony emotionally impressive. At the rest the listener's intellect may marvel, but his heart remains untouched.

Yesterday's concert made one more certain than ever that "progress music," music that attempts to tell a story or paint a picture or evoke a definite mood in the listener, is based on a misconception of the true limits of the art. Music, like mathematics, does not and cannot copy or represent the world in which we live, and in which the painters, the sculptors and the poets find their materials. It is a world in itself, a new universe to

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Boston Symphony Orchestra

The eighteenth program of the season by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, presented in Symphony Hall, Boston, on the afternoon of March 14, follows:

Galliard, Sonata in G major (Freely transcribed for small orchestra by Maximilian Steinberg).

Martelli, Assyrian Bas-Reliefs.
Strauss, An Alpine Symphony, op. 64.

Martelli's music received at this concert its first performance in the United States. It is a symphonic suite in four parts, each inspired, the composer said in a program note, by a bas-relief with a particular subject. The pictures here musically translated represent "A Winged Jinnee with the Head of an Eagle before the Sacred Tree," "A Dance before a Personage Seated," "Lion and Lioness in Their Lair" and "The Army and Musicians of Ashurbanipal."

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of "long breath." Stirring move the warriors through the musical picture. Subtly the musicians play their tunes. Climactic ending could hardly have been better planned.

Modern harmonic resource is capable of accomplishing almost anything if only it is in clever enough hands. The task which M. Martelli had set himself, over and above the obvious realistic effects already mentioned, was to furnish a background which should be in music an equivalent of the feeling one gets from looking upon the peculiar sculptural form known as the bas-relief. Probably the effect which remains in the mind of those who look upon this type of art is the effect which remains most in the mind of those who look upon this type of art is the roundly. Add to this the fact that the Assyrians had not progressed far in the science of drawing, knew little or nothing of perspective, made arbitrary disposition of feet and hands. All this a composer on such a subject would put into his music. The marvel of it is that he succeeded. The very drabness of the music of which many complained, and perhaps justly—was true and faithful rendering of the subject in hand, was the chief success of the music. One cannot possibly quarrel with the composer's handling of his subject. Of the choice of that subject—but that is another matter.

A. H. M.

NEW 'BAS RELIEFS' AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Martelli's Work Heard First Time in America

Strauss' "Alpine Symphony,"
Galliard's Sonata Complete Program

The novelty on yesterday's symphony concert program was "Assyrian Bas Reliefs," a suite by Henri Martelli, a native of Corsica now living in Paris. Steinberg's free transcription for orchestra of a sonata by John Ernest Galliard, and Strauss' "Alpine Symphony," completed a miscellaneous program which took some 20 minutes less than the usual time to perform. The addition of a familiar and popular classic overture would no doubt have pleased the many listeners to whom

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Martelli, now in his 30s, is French by citizenship and by training, despite his Italian name. He found inspiration for his "Bas Reliefs" in four fragments of Assyrian sculpture, depicting (1) "A winged Jinnee with the head of an eagle before the sacred tree"; (2) "A dance before a seated personage"; (3) "Lion and Lioness in their lair," and (4) "The army and musicians of Ashurbanipal." The work was written in 1928, and played yesterday for the first time in America.

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Nor was there much to move us to gratitude in the opening item, which had been introduced by Dr. Koussevitzky four years before. This is pleasant, harmless music, which would be even more agreeable if it were a little livelier.

The "Alpine" Symphony necessarily profited by contrast with what had preceded it. Strauss at all events knows how to say what he has to say. What a pity that he has not more to communicate. There are passages of extraordinary and characteristic beauty in these pages. But the pages are too many. There is too much repetition of banal material. The introduction of the cow-bells and the wind-machine is peculiarly offensive because so especially needless in the case of a surpassingly brilliant orchestrator. Yet it is surprisingly easy to listen for 50 minutes to Strauss's orchestra: and in this score there is plenty of opportunity to renew acquaintance with old and well loved friends, notably "Till" and "Rosenkavalier."

On March 21, the orchestra begins its six-day festival of the music of Johannes Brahms. L. A. S.

Nineteenth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 21, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 22, at 8.15 o'clock

Opening Concerts of the Brahms Festival

ACADEMIC FESTIVAL OVERTURE, Op. 80

SYMPHONY NO. 3 in F major, Op. 90

- I. Allegro con brio.
- II. Andante.
- III. Poco allegretto.
- IV. Allegro.

SYMPHONY No. 2, D major, Op. 73

- I. Allegro non troppo.
- II. Adagio non troppo.
- III. Allegretto grazioso, quasi andantino.
- IV. Allegro con spirito.

There will be an intermission after the Symphony No. 3

For the remaining Programmes of the Brahms Festival see page 1561

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JOHANNES BRAHMS
(May 7, 1833 — April 3, 1897)

BRAHMS FESTIVAL

Herald By PHILIP HALE *Feb. 22, 1930*

The first concert of the Brahms festival took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. Dr. Koussevitzky conducted. The program was as follows: Academic Festival overture; Symphony, F major, No. 3; Symphony, D major, No. 2. The audience was enthusiastic throughout the concert.

One had supposed that Brahms knew what he was about when he described his overture, the Academic Festival, as "a very jolly potpourri on students' songs" music written in the manner of Franz Suppe, of "Fatinitza" fame. Brahms was to receive a degree from the University of Breslau and it was natural that he chose student songs for themes. It was also natural that he should describe the work as a "jolly" potpourri. But we are now told that he spoke "flippantly;" that there is a vein of sadness in the music; that the lively chatter at the beginning is really gloomy comment on the fleeting joys of university life. Why should Brahms have thus been a "Dismal Jemmy"? Because he had not enjoyed what are called the advantages of a collegiate education? Because the degree would put him in a class with some no doubt estimable persons who had written respectably dull music?

No. One likes to think that Brahms meant exactly what he said; that he wrote a jolly potpourri for a joyous occasion.

Surely this light-hearted work should be played in a light-hearted manner as students would sing the tunes. The music does not admit of dramatization for the interpretation. Nor does it admit of an infinite number of nuances; of changes in tempi other than those indicated. In this music eloquence is out of place. Whatever may be said against Brahms he was never bombastic.

It is the tendency in these days to find pessimism in works of Brahms that to Philistines, enjoying them, are conspicuous for serenity, sunshine and courage. There are works of his that are charged with a sadness akin to despair; a melancholy that is black with the blackness of darkness. He was often obsessed by the thought of death. So was Tchaikovsky. If Tchaikovsky groaned lustily, shrieked, as a strong man in agony, Brahms would often whine. It is as if he had said with Brachiano in John Webster's tragedy:

"On pain of death, let no man name death to me: it is a word infinitely terrible."

But how can recent biographers find the symphony in D major a work of epic grandeur? It has hitherto been regarded as agreeable in the Mendelssohnian manner, tuneful, with a piquant Scherzo, and a reassuring Finale, music that is free from storm, stress and passion; music that almost as a quotation pays a graceful compliment to Mendelssohn in flowing measures, as there is a tribute to Wagner in the first movement of the Third Symphony, a glimpse of Venus and her voluptuous train, refreshing after the crashing, defiant opening measures.

There is also a wide-spread tendency in performing the orchestral music of Brahms to make it more dramatic than the contents suggest. This comes from the wish to avoid the academic, respectful, perfunctory, one might say obsequious readings that in times past led many to find the symphonies too sober, it not dull. If jog-trot interpreters thought to reveal "the spirit of Brahms"—meaningless phrase to apply to any composer, but one that sounds well and impresses some—contemporary interpreters are often tempted to treat Brahms as if he were possessed with a demon; as if he were a daring innovation, with fire, not celestial ichor in his veins. Or in order to make the music more intense, there is undue importance given to episodes so that there is no continuous musical flow. The latter course appeals to the great majority. The music is, then, exciting; the dynamic contrasts hold the attention; the composer in the minds of the hearers is glorified; they might exclaim: "Is this Brahms? Who would have thought the old man to have so much blood in him?"

After all, whatever the purist may say, it is better to be pleasurably excited at a concert than to be lulled to sleep. In all probability the magnificent performance by the orchestra and the roaring applause of the audience would have delighted Johannes, for he was mortal, and all mortals like appreciation.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week is as follows: Haydn, Symphony, D-major (with the horn call); Piston, Suite for orchestra (first performance); Sibelius, Symphony No. 6; Bach, Organ Prelude and Fugue in E-flat major, arranged for orchestra by Schoenberg.

The second concert of the Brahms festival will take place tomorrow afternoon in Symphony hall. Song of Destiny, Piano Concerto, B-flat, No. 2 (Arthur Schnabel, pianist); Symphony, E-minor, No. 4. Dr. Koussevitzky, conductor.

BRAHMS PROGRAM AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Festival Performances of
His Music Begun

Second and Third Symphonies and
"Academic Festival" Overture

9:30 ————— Meh. 22. 1930

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Detractors of Brahms, of whom there still many among musicians the world over, like to emphasize the ponderous and priggish quality of his music. They would have it that he was a pedantic and clumsy composer, ultra serious, with no gaiety of heart, no sprightliness of mood. The "Academic Festival" overture, written, to be sure, in gratitude for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy awarded him "honoris causa" by the University of Breslau, is indisputably free from priggishness and pedantry. The composer himself called it "a very jolly potpourri on student songs, a la Suppe." This description is perfectly

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A First Day For Brahms Thrice Over

Dr. Koussevitzky Assembles
The Middle Symphonies
And an Overture

Trans. ————— Meh. 22. 1930

IN the largest type upon the page, the program-book labelled the occasion "Opening Concert of the Brahms Festival"; but to the practised eye it resembled a Friday matinee of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, upon which an "All-Brahms" program had descended. A glance around, before the concert began, noted the usual audience; others, while the concert was proceeding, its customary tranquil listening. Politely it hailed and farewelled Dr. Koussevitzky whenever he came to the stage or departed from it. Politely it clapped Brahms's kettle-drums, bass-drum and cymbals at the end of the "Academic Overture." His Symphony in F major passed without excitement; but at the close of the Second, which ended the concert, a gust of applause came quick and warm. Seemingly, few demurred to two Symphonies of Brahms in a single afternoon; while hardly more were impressed.

Plainly enough, an "All-Brahms" program does not alter the habitual detachment—in the auditorium—at these Friday matinées. No more, probably, would a whole Brahms Festival, were that same audience exposed to it. Perhaps the company this evening will warm more to a special occasion; but it will be just as well to date the festival from the concert of Sunday afternoon. Then begin the four days of Brahms, the Brahmsians, and his prophets at Symphony Hall assembled. And "we are all Brahmsians now"—except possibly that audience of Friday afternoon which prefers, with the best grace in the world, to remain its normal self.

The "Academic Festival Overture," as the full title runs, was obviously the proper opening piece. Brahms wrote but two concert-overtures, and neither by mood, matter, nor good report would the "Tragic Overture" have suited the occasion. Except the Double Concerto for Violin and Violoncello, no symphonic piece by the mature Brahms is less often played in America. Reasonably, the present

ignores it. Since two Symphonies to follow, the sticklers for what have preferred, as natural in the Variations upon a Theme in. They are altogether Brahmsian. They have not dimmed them; the say they are the source of all four Symphonies. From a recent program Dr. Koussevitzky banished them. The more the but there was only to listen to the future in which Brahms, after his returns thanks for the doctor's Breslau.

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Festival ignores it. Since two Symphonies were to follow, the sticklers for logic might have preferred, as natural introduction, the Variations upon a Theme by Haydn. They are altogether Brahmsian; time has not dimmed them; the learned say they are the source book of all four Symphonies. From a subsequent program Dr. Koussevitzky had also banished them. The more the regret, but there was only to listen to the Overture in which Brahms, after his manner, returns thanks for the doctorate from Breslau.

A few pages made plain that the conductor was sparing no pains. For a festival that justly stirs his ambition, he had restudied the "Academic Overture" and the two subsequent Symphonies, rehearsed them until the orchestra knew his every wish and was itself "on edge." A living Brahms might have lately handed him the three manuscripts for first performance. Dr. Koussevitzky plays every music as though for the time he believed in it and there were nothing else in the world. Give him a composer that touches him nearly as does Brahms, and he excels in the joining of heat to light. Sensitively and faithfully he kept throughout the afternoon to the true Brahmsian orchestra with its subdued scale of tonal color, its open and running rather than massed voices, choir upon choir. As sensitively he caught the mood of Brahms with the student-songs from which he generates this Academic Overture.

It pleased the composer, self-deprecating and jocular, to call the piece a "potpourri" of such tunes, his jolly "thesis" in return for the doctorate. Actually it is only such in the sonorous tumult of the close—and there with stately rather than sportive accent. Elsewhere Brahms turns over these student-songs rather wistfully. At middle age he could look back at them as to symbols of vanished youth. As he looked, he both smiled and sighed—the melancholy that Dr. Koussevitzky draws from at least half the Overture. More than is native custom he also polishes it. For the most part, German conductors will have it hearty, homely, even heavy; make out a good case for such a "reading." Hereabouts these are the days of cosmopolitan Brahms. Dr. Koussevitzky out of Russia and Paris plays him; so also does Mr. Toscanini of Milan and New York. What connoisseurs ask is a personal divination. Therefore an "Academic Overture" melancholy and with artifice.

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played—make effective contrast; out of them sounds the symphonic Brahms when he is nearest to common humanity. The labellers, ever busy with a word and a paste-pot, will have this Third Symphony in F major Brahms's "Eroica." The first movement and, in degree, the finale, give them reason. The first lacks neither spaciousness nor strength nor Brahmsian passion. There are outflung phrases; motives in clamorous and striving ascent and descent. The mental and the musical energy of the whole is irresistible. As nearly as it was in him to be dramatic, Brahms writes a music of strenuous conflict; but always in that measure which is thought tempering emotion. Even the motto-motiv shall not shout too loud. It is token of inward and spiritual resistance.

After the first movement, these heroic accents are stilled. The slow movement strikes unmistakably the note of Brahms's autumnal song. The phrases soften; the rhythms are gentle; the progress musing; the coloring clear and pale. Out of strength is born sweetness; but into sentimentality, thanks to Brahms's mind, it never lapses. Continuing, the lyrical Brahms writes the succeeding Allegretto. Those that disliked man and music reproached him with a North-German, not to say Prussian, hardness. Now, he reminds them, he can write as tenderly and poignantly as Schumann. If the hearer wishes, find again in the finale the strenuous, striving, quasi-dramatic Brahms, calling back that heroic motto-motiv. Before the end, however, the autumnal mood again prevails. Restlessness stills into calm; the sombre coloring warms into golden glow. These are the days of a songful Brahms. Through the second and the third movements Dr. Koussevitzky intensified the lyrical mood; through the first and the finale released the latent passion. But, true Brahmsian, he kept the song clear of sensuous note; preferred, with Mr. Schnabel, the present illustrious guest at Symphony Hall, has a witty tongue. Without a thought of the underlying irony, a London newspaper quotes him as saying: "How different from the warmth of English audiences! What generosity they show! Bad, good, phony in D major is Brahms's and indifferent performers are equally total." For the conductor, it was acclaimed—so, as I tell my pupils, there a music that should charm by freis a place for everybody." And again: and animation, yet not quite esca "Some accuse me of being too serious. Brahmsian contemplation, the BralIt is not I that am serious, but Mozart, melancholy. Quick-coming in Beethoven, Schubert."

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Post Mel. 22, 1930
BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

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THE FESTIVAL IDEA

In this country, although not in those of Europe, one-composer festivals are generally of a commemorative nature. But since Brahms was born 97 years ago and has been dead but 33, there is no hundredth or other convenient anniversary to be celebrated at this time. Rather the current festival represents an intention on the part of Dr. Koussevitzky to carry to our shores a European custom, for festivals devoted to various and sundry composers are of common occurrence on the continent, and also to indulge to the full his own fondness for the music of Brahms.

The history of Brahms in Boston is one of gradual change from indifference and hostility to genuine popularity, and from the standpoint of the box-office the Brahms Festival bids fair to be a complete success. Granted that in the natural course of events the music of Brahms was due to become popular here, as it has become popular elsewhere, it cannot be gainsaid that Dr. Koussevitzky, by his ardently romantic interpretations of the symphonies, the concertos, the shorter orchestral pieces and the "German Requiem," has won many converts to the music of Brahms.

Audience Responsive

To the one-composer festival there is commonly one of two reactions on the part of the listener. In one hearer there will be inspired an attitude of reverence; another will put himself upon the defensive, become hyper-critical and even antagonistic. A is blind to any defects in the music; B begins to search for them and to decide that the popular idol has, after all, feet of clay. But the temper of yesterday's audience as a whole was one of steadily waxing enthusiasm.

There was abundant applause for the overture, to which Dr. Koussevitzky gives a highly individual reading, more for the Third Symphony, and most of all for the Second, wisely placed at the conclusion of the concert, since it finishes in a blaze of glory while its successor ends in calm and quiet.

Stresses Lyrical Side

Festival or no festival, an entire programme devoted to the music of one composer is seldom of flattering effect. And Brahms' range was not unlimited; his well-marked mannerisms and tricks of style become more than ever noticeable when, as was the case yesterday, his music is heard continuously for close on two hours. Moreover, Dr. Koussevitzky, by his very ardor with this music, his inclination to stress its lyrical side, to sing all of its melodies con passione, emphasized yesterday the similarities of the two symphonies rather than their differences.

The First and Fourth Symphonies, both greater, more robust works than the Second and Third, are happily separated in the concert to come.

A telegram from Prague to the New York Sun quotes Stravinsky as saying of the new piece that he is writing for the jubilee of the Boston Orchestra: "It will be precise, short, concentrated. One doesn't write long, exhaustive orchestral works today. One writes curtly, pointedly, as one speaks."

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must have sped it. None of Brahms's larger works is so free from the moments in which calculation rather than impulse chooses the notes. None exhibits so seldom the turns of expression, the tricks of manner, inseparable from those who write much and in a characteristic idiom. The first movement is the lyrical Brahms, fertile in melody, lively in rhythm, ready with expedient, warm of mood. The spacing is open, the coloring bright, the movement flexible—a music of cheerful ease. The slow division begins and melancholy creeps in—not the carking melancholy of the Russian and other intensive temperaments; but the pensive mood proper to an idyllic Symphony. It is like the misty lights, the sunshine out of cloud, over Brahms's native plain.

The scherzo—for Brahms—touches gayety. Twice over he must have the quicker measures; for before and between them the oboe is still piping a pensive note. Brahms was at his middle forties when he wrote this Second Symphony and the autumnal mood was already upon him. The finale outpaces it; brushes it away. The idyll shines clear again. Brahms knew and loved Italian skies and airs. There are Mediterranean warmths in this Second Symphony. Not for long may melancholy Northern mists overcloud them. The detractors will doubtless have it that Dr. Koussevitzky tries to "dramatize" a music in which there is no tonal drama. More truly, he would set clear and keep bright, or pensive, each songful mood; open out the lyric flow; make each fine sonority sound or suggest. The orchestral tone was glamorous; as in the Third Symphony, it glossed the measures that say nothing and darken progress. There was no dramatist in Brahms; but out of this Second Symphony speaks a tone-poet.

H. T. P.

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THE FESTIVAL IDEA

In this country, although not in those of Europe, one-composer festivals are generally of a commemorative nature. But since Brahms was born 97 years ago and has been dead but 33, there is no hundredth or other convenient anniversary to be celebrated at this time. Rather the current festival represents an intention on the part of Dr. Koussevitzky to carry to our shores a European custom, for festivals devoted to various and sundry composers are of common occurrence on the continent, and also to indulge to the full his own fondness for the music of Brahms.

The history of Brahms in Boston is one of gradual change from indifference and hostility to genuine popularity, and from the standpoint of the box-office the Brahms Festival bids fair to be a complete success. Granted that in the natural course of events the music of Brahms was due to become popular here, as it has become popular elsewhere, it cannot be gainsaid that Dr. Koussevitzky, by his ardently romantic interpretations of the symphonies, the concertos, the shorter orchestral pieces and the "German Requiem," has won many converts to the music of Brahms.

Audience Responsive

To the one-composer festival there is commonly one of two reactions on the part of the listener. In one hearer there will be inspired an attitude of reverence; another will put himself upon the defensive, become hyper-critical and even antagonistic. A is blind to any defects in the music; B begins to search for them and to decide that the popular idol has, after all, feet of clay. But the temper of yesterday's audience as a whole was one of steadily waxing enthusiasm.

There was abundant applause for the overture, to which Dr. Koussevitzky gives a highly individual reading, more for the Third Symphony, and most of all for the Second, wisely placed at the conclusion of the concert, since it finishes in a blaze of glory while its successor ends in calm and quiet.

Stresses Lyrical Side

Festival or no festival, an entire programme devoted to the music of one composer is seldom of flattering effect. And Brahms' range was not unlimited; his well-marked mannerisms and tricks of style become more than ever noticeable when, as was the case yesterday, his music is heard continuously for close on two hours. Moreover, Dr. Koussevitzky, by his very ardor with this music, his inclination to stress its lyrical side, to sing all of its melodies con passione, emphasized yesterday the similarities of the two symphonies rather than their differences.

The First and Fourth Symphonies, both greater, more robust works than the Second and Third, are happily separated in the concert to come.

A telegram from Prague to the New York Sun quotes Stravinsky as saying of the new piece that he is writing for the jubilee of the Boston Orchestra: "It will be precise, short, concentrated. One doesn't write long, exhaustive orchestral works today. One writes curtly, pointedly, as one speaks."

Twentieth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 28, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 29, at 8.15 o'clock

Haydn Symphony in D major (with the Horn Call)
B. & H. No. 31

- I. Allegro.
- II. Adagio.
- III. Menuet.
- IV. Finale. (Theme with variations.)

Piston Suite for Orchestra

- I. Allegro.
- II. Andante.
- III. Allegro.

(Conducted by the composer)
(First performance)

Sibelius Symphony No. 6, Op. 104

- I. Allegro molto moderato.
- II. Allegro moderato.
- III. Poco vivace.
- IV. Allegro molto.

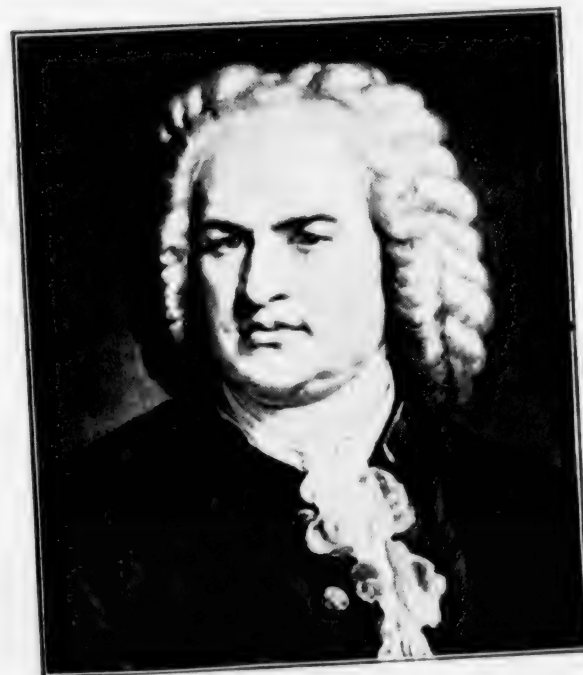
Bach Prelude and Fugue in E-flat (for Organ)
(Arranged for Orchestra by Schönberg)

STEINWAY PIANO USED

There will be an intermission before the symphony



HAYDN
Brown's Pictures—Miniature—88



BACH
Brown's Pictures—Miniature—94

SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

Dr. Koussevitzky, conductor of the Boston Symphony orchestra arranged this program for the 20th concert in Symphony hall, yesterday afternoon: Haydn, Symphony, D major, with the horn call piston. Suite for Orchestra (first performance). Sibelius, Symphony, No. 6. Bach, Organ Prelude and Fugue in E flat major orchestrated by Arnold Schoenberg.

Mr. Piston conducted his Suite. The symphonies by Haydn and Sibelius and Schoenberg's arrangement of Bach's music had all been recently performed.

It was pleasant to find Haydn and Piston, the old and the new, as neighbors; and it was pleasant to hear again the charming music of the 18th century and interesting to learn the tendency of a contemporary, one who has had advantages here and in France and now occupies an honorable position in the music department of Harvard University.

Again the freshness and charm of the symphony, the performance by virtuosi of the orchestra in the Finale, delighted the audience. There is a curious resemblance between the theme of the Minuet and the song once lustily roared when good men got together: "The Dutch Company." The tune for those words is supposed to be of German origin. Is it not possible that it was Croatian, familiar to Haydn's ears? It should not be forgotten that Haydn made a free use of Croatian folksongs, so much so that books and articles have been written treating of Haydn as "a Croatian composer."

Mr. Piston's Suite was written last summer. In his modest account of it he says that the first movement of light character contains some "Americanisms" but he in no way attempted to write jazz; the second movement is calm; a development of two motives. (It has a Nocturne's character). The third movement is a fugue.

It would be foolish for an American composer in these years to write in the manner of Haydn and endeavor at the same time to express his own individuality. His musical ideas would hardly adapt themselves to the old forms; or he would only be a sedulous ape; that is if he had any ideas at all. Prokofieff wrote a "classical" symphony, and it is delightful; but he is a man of uncommon talent. Stravinsky tried to go back to Bach, and wrote music of Saharan barrenness—not one oasis for refreshment. No, a composer should be a man of his own generation, also country, but not possessed by a Chauvinistic demon so that his compositions would only have parochial interest. Just what Mr. Piston means by "Americanisms" in his

first movement is not easy to understand. Mr. Chadwick has shown more than once that a composition, not containing a national air, not having a set program, can yet be charged with the spirit that is accepted here as in Europe as distinctively American, a certain reckless, devil-me-care, snapping -of-fingers-at -the-eternal-verities spirit. One fails to find this spirit, this flavor in Mr. Piston's first movement. There is occasional fury, a use of devices also employed by ingenious makers of jazz, but these can hardly be called Americanisms. In the slow movement there are some truly musical ideas that suggest a poetic feeling and a personal note, yet here one wishes a surer authoritative—not aggressive—carrying out of the musical sentiments and a still more pronounced mood. Then there is the fugue.

Composers having made daring or loose experiments, caring little for euphony, disdaining, as is the fashion today, "obvious" tunes, harmonic progressions, enchanting combinations of instruments, suddenly thinking that the Philistines may be disconcerted by what they have done, write a fugue for a sonorous ending. They think that a fugue sanctifies what has gone before. There is safety in a fugue. The very word "fugue" impresses an audience; assures it that the composer knows his trade. And yesterday Mr. Piston's fugue was apparently the one movement honestly enjoyed. It was lively, it kept the attention, it even excited, and without any pedantic discussion as to its technical merit. It provoked hearty applause: that was the answer.

It is easy to see why the sixth symphony of Sibelius has never gained wide-spread popularity—the music is singularly self-restrained for him; an intimate brooding music, as if Sibelius, like Buddha, were lost in omphalic contemplation. No defiant outbursts, no bitter melancholy, no warring against Fate—as in the symphonies that made him famous; in pictorial or dramatic pages, as in the tone-poems inspired by the legends of Finland. The symphony is by no means negligible; but it has only a faint emotional appeal. The quiet ending is of an autumnal sunset beauty. We prefer Sibelius the man of storm and stress, raging or gloomy in his own peculiar manner of preceding years.

The transcription of Bach's prelude and fugue, vexing to the respecters of Bach and the lovers of his organ music, again aroused vigorous applause.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week consists of Beethoven's "Pastoral" symphony; piano concerto, G major, No. 4 (Mr. Schnabel, pianist), and the "Lenore" overture, No. 3.

PISTON'S SUITE AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Boston Composer's Work in
First Performance

Dr Koussevitzky Repeats Music by
Haydn and Schoenberg

Week — March 27, 1930
A suite for orchestra by Walter Piston, a Boston-born composer, now teaching music in Harvard University, was performed for the first time at yesterday's Symphony concert. Dr Koussevitzky filled the rest of the program with repetitions of music already heard in this series of concerts during the current season. Haydn's Symphony "With the Horn Call," Sibelius' Sixth Symphony and Schoenberg's arrangement of an organ prelude and fugue by Bach, in E flat, were the chosen numbers.

Mr Piston's new suite, written last Summer, has three movements, allegro, andante, allegro. His brief and modest description of it in the program book follows the admirable current musical fashion of avoiding any attempt at ascribing to music a pictorial or dramatic function it does not possess. He has written "absolute music," and not "program music," to use the cant terms.

It is with the younger and not the elder generation of American composers that Mr Piston must be ranked, not merely by his years, but by the style of his music. A pupil of Nadia Boulanger, he has undergone in Paris the same musical influences that have helped shape the creative imagination of Aaron Copland. He has assimilated the work of such modern French writers as Ravel and Honegger, and of such modern Russians as Stravinsky and Prokofieff. Like Mr Copland, he has listened to American popular pieces of the "jazz" type with a respectful curiosity, though probably with less hope than Copland once displayed of finding in them the inspiration for genuinely "American" music.

Musical Background

This musical background, and a high degree of skill in writing and scoring music for orchestra, have enabled Mr Piston to produce in the suite heard yesterday a work deserving more than the single hearing too often allotted by the musical powers—that be to the compositions of American writers.

He has something of his own to say in music, and he has said it in the language of the present musical day with considerable point and power. There is far more imaginative power in this suite than in earlier works of Mr Piston heard here. Its ingenious rhythms and individual tone color adorn without blurring a firmly knit musical texture.

If one thought, hearing an ejaculatory outburst in the first allegro of Ravel's "La Valse," and if listening to an episode in Mr Piston's fugue finale, one recalled a well known sonorous passage for brass in Debussy's "Fetes," these reminiscences were unimportant in view of the originality and effectiveness of the suite as a whole. What composer old or new, great or minor, has ever succeeded in avoiding in his work all hints of the music of other writers?

Mr Piston, it should be added, conducted his suite with a skill not given to most composers. One felt that he was securing from the orchestra just about what he wanted. The players applauded him more heartily at the close than did the majority of an audience notoriously cool to modern pieces. This suite should be heard again in Boston. It is on the program of the next Cambridge concert.

Neglected Work

There is no need to speak at length of the other numbers, all commented upon in these columns within a few weeks. A rehearing confirmed one's notion that the Haydn symphony is a charming and unjustly neglected work.

The purists object to transcriptions of Bach, but if a great prelude and fugue were to be arranged for orchestra it could hardly be more skillfully done than it has been by Schoenberg.

Sibelius' Sixth Symphony again seemed an utterly original work, with a finely imaginative and powerful musical content which the composer has not wholly disengaged from some awkwardness of his medium of expression.

Next week we are to have a Beethoven program, with Schnabel as soloist in the G-minor concerto, the "Pastoral Symphony," and "Leonore No. 3" overture.

P. R.

Boston's Week of Brahms

Monitor, March 29, 1930 By L. A. SLOPER

JOHANNES BRAHMS wrote no music for the theater. Perhaps the fact requires no elaborate explanation. It is difficult to imagine the irreproachable Brahms enriching the lyric stage with the charm of a Mozart, the fervor of a Wagner or the dramatic genius of a Verdi. Mr. Fuller Maitland surmises that Brahms realized at once the sterility of conservative stage music and his own incapacity to write in the style of Wagner. But need we be sad because Brahms paused before the frivolous portals of the theater? There is ample dramatic content in the music he did write. All he needs is a Koussevitzky, a Schnabel or a Matzenauer for interpreter. All these, and more, he had for the six-day festival of his music given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Of course Dr. Koussevitzky, who never can be persuaded that things are well enough as they are, was primarily responsible. Having already directed celebrations for the centenaries of Beethoven and Schubert, he cast about for another composer to honor. There was no centenary of a master in 1930, but that did not deter the conductor. He admires Brahms, and excels as an interpreter of his music, just as Nikisch—as we are told—did. Sufficient reasons for a Brahms Festival. Thus large numbers of Bostonians have listened to a series which included the four symphonies, the two piano concertos, the "German Requiem," the "Song of Destiny," some of the Liebeslieder Waltzes, the "Academic Festival" Overture, the Piano Quintet, some songs and the piano pieces of op. 119.

Extraordinary Enthusiasm

As John N. Burk reminded us, in an admirably balanced pamphlet issued by the orchestra in preparation for the festival, Boston has been as slow as other capitals of music to embrace Brahms. His conclusion that "the composer's genius, lifted free and clear of routine, was never so keenly and generally alive in this town" as at present, was justified by the response to these concerts. As one young person from the middle West remarked: "And they call Boston a cold

town!" The enthusiasm at all the concerts was quite extraordinary, and on the final evening (March 26) there was an ovation for Dr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra which has hardly been duplicated during the six years of his Boston seneschalship, unless at the close of the Beethoven Festival. No one, surely, will begrudge the tribute to leader or men. The conductor, who never does anything halfheartedly, labored devotedly in preparation and performance, and the orchestra's work was quite up to its standard.

It was not to be expected that all the results would be equal in value. You can hardly give a Brahms Festival without including some of the chamber pieces. But Symphony Hall holds more than 2500 persons; scarcely the place for intimate music. No one should have been surprised, then, that the Piano Quintet, with Arthur Schnabel and the Burgin String Quartet, was not the most successful item in the cycle. Heard in a small hall, this music has the power to stir admiration and emotion; in these vast reaches, the piano overwhelmed the strings and the finest effects were lost.

On the program with the quintet, however, the three Intermezzi and the Rhapsody of op. 119 came to entrancing utterance at the hands of Mr. Schnabel; who then, with a fine gesture of unselfed artistic devotion, became the unobtrusive accompanist for Margaret Matzenauer in four songs. His superb fellow-artist was heard to better advantage in "Von Ewige Liebe" and "Meine Liebe ist Grüne" than in the "Sapphische Ode" or the "Immer Leiser." Opening this program there was a charming performance of some of the Liebeslieder Waltzes by a small chorus from the Harvard Glee Club and the Radcliffe Choral Society, with their respective conductors, Dr. Archibald T. Davison and G. Wallace Woodworth, at the piano.

The Collegiate Chorus

These young collegians, by the way, although their personnel changes annually, remain one of the most satisfying choral bodies of our experience. Trained to uncompromising ideals, they place their fresh voices and their

inspiring fervor at the service of art. And when their part in the program is finished, they add immeasurably to the volume of applause for the more famous artists, constituting themselves, without in the least being aware of it, a volunteer claque in thrall to music.

Mme. Matzenauer joined a group of the singers in a moving interpretation of the "Harzreise" Rhapsody. In the Requiem the choruses were augmented by Jeanette Vreeland, soprano, and Fraser Gange, baritone. They had the choral field to themselves in the "Song of Destiny."

Another acclaimed hero of the series was of course Mr. Schnabel, whose playing of the concertos for piano not only was authoritative but brought these works to pulsing life. Where, by the way, originated the tradition that the first of these concertos is finer than the second. Hearing them in close proximity, from the hands of an exponent whose readings can hardly be challenged, we feel the superiority of the B flat major, pianistically and musically, to be evident.

The Symphonies

Finally the symphonies, played in this order: Nos. 3, 2, 4 and 1. Under this test the F major seemed clearly entitled to less and the D major to more consideration than is usually accorded. We shall not presume to sit as judge upon the merits of the other two. Nor shall we seize upon the occasion to pronounce a conclusive estimate of the music of Johannes Brahms, nor to forecast the effect of the six-day examination upon his reputation. Attention no doubt has been drawn by it to his learning. His romantic characteristics have been set forth in the most persuasive manner. In retrospect of the six days he seems more a romanticist than a classicist, closer to Beethoven and to Schumann than to Bach or Mozart. Further, from this fresh review, we are impressed less by his material than by his handling of it, and we find even in the handling more cerebration than inspiration. It seems to us, too, that there is wisdom in those who say that the Brahms of the songs, the piano pieces and the chamber ensembles is greater than he of the symphonies and of the bigger choral compositions. After so protracted a bout, we

see Brahms as a big fellow who, not realizing his own strength, should not be allowed too heavy implements to play with.

Is it possible that Brahms, like Wagner, is doomed, after a struggle of long years for recognition, to fall back at last to a plane below that of the greatest masters? At all events, we render thanks to Dr. Koussevitzky and his associates for the opportunity to survey his work.

A Novelty From Harvard

After so busy a week, it was natural that the orchestra's program on March 28 should consist for the most part of pieces recently introduced—Haydn's Symphony in D (with the Horn Call), Sibelius's Sixth and the Bach-Schoenberg Prelude and the Fugue in E flat.

Yet there was a novelty, too; a Suite by Walter Piston, of the Harvard musical faculty, which received its first performance under the composer's baton. It consists of an Allegro, an Andante and a fugal Finale. The first movement, the composer had confided to the editor of the program notes, "contains some 'Americanisms' but is in no sense an attempt to write jazz." It is, however, jazzier than this statement would lead you to believe. In fact, it is one of the most successful experiments we recall in applying the jazz idiom to classical forms. A nostalgic Andante and a lively fugue complete the suite.

If this music does not open "new paths," it is well made, contains good writing for the instruments and is pleasant to listen to. It marks an advance upon Mr. Piston's "Symphonic Piece," heard two years ago. It is less obviously derivative, possesses a more individual flavor. Its composer obtained an excellent performance.

Dr. Koussevitzky conducted, and the orchestra played, the remainder of the program as if they had never heard of Brahms. All the items were well worth an early second hearing. The Sibelius in particular impressed us afresh with its vitality, its richness and its characteristic emotional quality. After hearing this concert, if we do not love Brahms less, we certainly love Haydn, Sibelius and Bach more.

Novelties of A Season for Hearing Again

With Mr. Piston Conducting His Own Suite in First Performance

Trans.

March 29, 1930

THE last notes of the Brahms festival had sounded. After it was all over, there remained to a tired orchestra and a tired conductor a single day in which to prepare the concert for the week-end. Under the circumstances it was a happy thought of Dr. Koussevitzky to assemble a program made chiefly of repetitions of recent novelties. The single day sufficed. One would scarcely have suspected, yesterday afternoon, when conductor and men played through Haydn's Symphony in D major, Sibelius's sixth symphony, Bach's Prelude and Fugue in E-flat, Piston's new Suite for Orchestra, that this orchestra had just completed a strenuous week of exacting concerts.

Haydn's symphony "with the horn call" gave pleasure when it was first heard, exactly a month ago. It is pleasant music, from start to finish. The prominence given to the horns furnishes a point of interest over and above that of most of Haydn's symphonies. But it was characteristic of Haydn to provide such additional "points of interest." One need not go farther than the "surprise" chord in the G major symphony to find example; or to the symphony in which each musician in turn blows out his candle and leaves the stage. And the programmist has listed a small paragraph of titles which Haydn gave to symphonies, each one of which ties up with some such "point of interest." Nevertheless, though Haydn is inclined to matters of this kind, his simple symphonies are a wine that needs no such bush. In their very simplicity they are fresh and alive through their entire course. Their vitality is not lessened whether the movement be a well-thought-out opening Allegro; whether it be a soulful Adagio—its goal toward which the whole and few can be more soulful than Haydn's. One can find, however, also position in an Adagio; whether it be a peasant-like or almost peasant-like symphony. It has a spiritual unity, a rounded completeness of effect entirely

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Walter Piston conducted his own Suite for Orchestra. Mr. Piston has sufficient experience in orchestral acting to acquire a sense of the ne of such work. Before his orchestra yesterday he was by no means more or less helpless composer trying to put across his own work. In a straightforward way he indicated his demand and the orchestra, in turn, were to give him what he wanted. The Suite runs in three movements—Allegro, nte, Allegro; this last movement is a production and fugue. Mr. Piston is in the modern dissonant idiom, did slightly with rhythms borrowed from jazz. The fugue was particularly live, with its incisive theme, its swift movement, its cumulative effect. The movement began by evoking a definite atmosphere. At first hearing it seemed a trifle longer than its content. The jazz-like rhythms and the formed melodies of the first movement were happily conceived, made a sure well-proportioned. Possibly the stration was a trifle heavy to allow to make their full effect. Those who heard Mr. Piston's first orchestral a year or two ago, unhesitatingly that he has made considerable advance in this his second work.

Sibelius's sixth symphony is a work to be judged by its own standards. Those who approach it analytically, expecting to conform to the scheme they have known through listening to another symphony, are almost certain to be baffled by it. Those who come to expect it somewhere to deal in heroism somewhere to approach grandeur, probably find it wanting. Those rare who can come to it with a mind open to beauty, whatever its kind, be without preconceptions, ready for venture into the relatively unknown, probably find the experience of this symphony well worth while. One can most easily speak in chief in negatives. Definite, fully themes are conspicuous largely in their absence. Sonorities are slender. There is little up-swelling into expansive- though the last movement is a goal toward which the whole is directed. One can find, however, also position with which to characterize the symphony. It has a spiritual unity, a rounded completeness of effect entirely

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Another acclaimed hero of the series was of course Mr. Schnabel, whose playing of the concertos for piano not only was authoritative but brought these works to pulsing life. Where, by the way, originated the tradition that the first of these concertos is finer than the second. Hearing them in close proximity, from the hands of an exponent whose readings can hardly be challenged, we feel the superiority of the B flat major, pianistically and musically, to be evident.

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His Own Suite
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wooden shoes; whether it be a sparkling rondo to round out the whole. In the present symphony the high level of Haydenesque routine is enlivened by the unusual number and unusual use of horns; by the unexpected but charming variations of the finale. Performance was excellent and entirely in the Haydn spirit.

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Sibelius's sixth symphony is a work to be judged by its own standards. Those who approach it analytically, expecting it to conform to the scheme they have learned to know through listening to many another symphony, are almost certain to be baffled by it. Those who come to it, expecting it somewhere to deal in heroisms, somewhere to approach grandeur, will probably find it wanting. Those rare ones who can come to it with a mind entirely open to beauty, whatever its kind may be without preconceptions, ready for an adventure into the relatively unknown, will probably find the experience of listening to this symphony well worth their while. One can most easily speak of it chiefly in negatives. Definite, fully formed themes are conspicuous largely for their absence. Sonorities are slender. There is little up-swelling into expansiveness, though the last movement is a definite goal toward which the whole strives. One can find, however, also positives with which to characterize the symphony. It has a spiritual unity, a rounded completeness of effect entire-

lacking in many another symphony. Through vague and tentative beginnings it marches on with magnificent directness, though very, very subtly, to its ultimate summation in the last movement. Its vaguenesses do not leave one with wandering attention. At one with Sibelius one finds oneself to the very end. If acceptance is at first difficult, one need only to think of Debussy's "Pelléas and Melisande" as analogy. There, too, because of vagueness, acceptance was at first difficult. But familiarity brought beauty in supreme degree. So also from more frequent hearing of this symphony beauty, taking on its own form, will arise abundantly. One could hardly imagine a more sympathetic reading than that which Dr. Koussevitzky and his orchestra gave to it.

Came last Schoenberg's orchestral version of Bach's Prelude and Fugue in E-flat for organ. The fugue is the one generally known as Saint Ann's. Bach's prelude and fugue are among the noblest of his organ works. Not often does he attain a higher state of elevation than he attains in this prelude; or than he attains again in the opening and closing portions of the fugue. After such characterization listen to the Schoenbergian orchestration. If there is one thing to be admired about it all it is the transcriber's audacity. Broadly sustained elevation—listen for it in the screeching, tubby, circus-like sonorities of Schoenberg's prelude, in the annoying flitting about from tonal color to tonal color; elevation or sustained effect is precisely what one does not hear. To the rapid portions of the fugue one can give cheerful assent. The brass at the end brings noble conclusion. But that same nobility also is present in the beginning. Needless to say, simpering clarinets scarcely suggest it. That Dr. Koussevitzky and his orchestra gave Schoenberg his full due, and Bach as much due as Schoenberg would allow, is beyond question.

A. H. M.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

Artur Schnabel will be the solo pianist at the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening. Dr. Serge Koussevitzky announces a Beethoven program for this pair of concerts, to consist of the Pastoral Symphony No. 6, the fourth piano concerto in G major, and the "Leonore" Overture No. 3. These will be the pianist's last appearances in Boston. After playing with the orchestra in New York and Brooklyn, on the week following, he will return to Europe.

SYMPHONY PLAYS WORK BY PISTON

Cambridge Composer
Conducts Own
Suite

Post ———— *Mar. 29, 1930*
BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

With the Brahms Festival and the daily rehearsals for it occupying the attention of Dr. Koussevitzky and the Symphony Orchestra through last Wednesday evening, scant time was left for the preparation of a regular Symphony programme.

Accordingly Dr. Koussevitzky placed upon his list for yesterday and this evening three pieces already heard within the past few weeks and added to them a new suite by the resident composer, Walter Piston, which Mr. Piston himself conducted.

THREE REPEATS

The three repeated pieces were Haydn's early Symphony of the Horn Club with the difficult first horn part again admirably played by Mr. Boettcher; Sibelius' Symphony Number Six and Schoenberg's brilliantly sonorous orchestration of Bach's E-Flat Major Organ Prelude and Fugue. All three were new to Boston this season, all three were excellently played yesterday, conductor and orchestra as much on their mettle as though there had been no festival to tax and tire them.

In the case of music so baffling and rarified as is much of this Symphony of Sibelius, a speedy repetition was almost

imperative if the composer's message were to be fully comprehended, while in Bach's Prelude and Fugue there is so much of musical substance and complexity that the average listener could make little complaint at hearing it so soon again. Only Haydn's Symphony, music of surface charm, interesting chiefly for its orchestral effects and its frequent solo passages for horn, flute, violin and 'cello, seemed superfluously repeated after so short an interval.

Piston's Suite

At the outset Mr. Piston's Suite proved none too inviting. The first movement, leaning heavily upon Honegger and Stravinsky, seemed barren of salient ideas, although the orchestral treatment was on occasion ingenious. For a time too, the succeeding Andante moved in dreary, monotonous fashion, although at the end a not unpleasing mood of calm and resignation was established. The final Fugue is, however, a capital piece of contrapuntal writing in the modern style with a well-marked rhythm to hold the attention and override the frequent dissonance. But the music itself suggested a spaciousness that its too speedy termination contradicted. Mr. Piston conducted with authority and was much applauded.

Sibelius' Symphony grows on one, but even on a rehearing the barren first movement suggests an almost perverse avoidance of musical charm. The two succeeding movements have in them more that can be readily grasped, and the familiar Sibelius returns in the Finale. As to the relative merits of Sibelius' earlier and later symphonies, we are still too close to the composer to decide with any finality.

Twenty-first Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 4, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 5, at 8.15 o'clock

Beethoven . . . Symphony No. 6 in F major, Op. 68,
"Pastorale"

- I. Awakening of serene impressions on arriving in the country;
Allegro, ma non troppo.
- II. Scene by the brookside: Andante molto moto.
- III. Jolly gathering of country folk: Allegro; in tempo d'allegro
Thunderstorm; Tempest: Allegro.
- IV. Shepherd's Song; Gladsome and thankful feelings after the
storm: Allegretto.

Beethoven . . . Concerto for Pianoforte, No. 4, in G major, Op. 58

- I. Allegro moderato.
- { II. Andante con moto.
- { III. Rondo vivace.

Beethoven . . . Overture to "Leonore," No. 3, Op. 72

SOLOIST
ARTUR SCHNABEL

BECHSTEIN PIANO

There will be an intermission after the Symphony



Arthur Schnabel, Pianist

SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

These works of Beethoven's were performed yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall at the 21st concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky, conductor: the "Pastoral" Symphony; the Piano Concerto in G major, No. 4 (Artur Schnabel, pianist), and the Leonora Overture No. 3.

The performance of the symphony was one of remarkable beauty; remarkable also for technical excellence. There have been performances in the past under other conductors when, by reason of sluggish tempi, sentimentalism, and a lack of spirit in the third movement (even in the thunderstorm), the symphony seemed even to the fanatical worshippers of Beethoven, a bore; so that one was tempted to say of the composer what George Moore years ago wrote of a famous novel by Thomas Hardy: "We are invited to assist at a sheep-shearing scene or at a harvest supper . . . because Mr. Hardy is anxious to show how jolly country he is."

Dr. Koussevitzky's interpretation was conspicuous not only for the fortunate choice of tempi: There was continuity of the musical thought in not a succession of detached episodes. There was no attempt to "megaphonize" flowing measure, simple in their beauty—there was always exquisite proportion, incomparable euphony.

So much for the first movement. We have heard the "Scene by the Brookside" played in so lazy, so perfunctory a manner by conductors more anxious for rigid precision than for poetic expression that it seemed as if the audience would join the composer in sleeping, lulled by the monotonous stream. The "Jolly Gathering of Country Folk" was for once really jolly in an appropriately boisterous manner; the thunder storm was no tuppenny sheet-iron affair; the Shepherd's Song of Gratitude was not so majestic as to be out of character. There have been conductors here who fearing that the audience was somnolent if not fast asleep, and not wishing to be reproached for undue realism in the approach and fury of the storm, have treated the finale in a bombastic manner; but, Beethoven's shepherds are simple folk.

Dr. Koussevitzky has given many eloquent interpretations of music by Beethoven. No conductor of past seasons here has rivaled him in this field, much less surpassed him. Never has he been more musically poetic than in the performance yesterday of the "Pastoral." Nor has the superb orchestra, which is his creation, played this symphony with finer sentiment, tonal beauty, and poetic feeling.

On the other hand there was the gloriously dramatic performance of the familiar overture, in itself a condensation of what is dramatic in an opera that has commonplace, yes bourgeois pages. Hearing this overture as it was played yesterday, one was spared the sight of a Bulbous and shrieking prima donna; of a tenor whose throat had been seriously affected by long confinement in a "demed, moist" dungeon; of the operetta young man and woman chatting with a flat-iron among the stage properties; of four persons, each with an individual sentiment, singing the same tune in an approved scholastic form.

Mr. Schnabel was loudly applauded for his performance of the concerto; a polished performance thoughtfully and musically planned, finely phrased, technically superior as in the brilliant treatment of runs and trills. It is to be regretted that he introduced any cadenza, no matter by whom it was composed. The performance was an excellent, compelling example of his own school of piano playing.

It was not an emotional reading; not even deeply emotional in the marvelous slow movement, though near the end of it there were memorable measures. An absence of legato contributed to many effects that were metallic. An absence of nuances gave too often the impression of uniform sonority in spite of the necessary alternations of forte and piano.

The concert will be repeated tonight. Next week the orchestra will give concerts in Hartford, New York and Brooklyn. The program of the concerts in Symphony hall on April 18 and 19th will be as follows: Stravinsky, "Apollo, Leader of the Muses," Samuel Gardner, "Broadway" (first performance); Saint-Saens, symphony in C minor (with organ) No. 3.

SCHNABEL HEARD AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Noted Pianist Again Is Warmly Applauded

All-Bethoven Program Pleases

Lovers of the Classics

Globe — April 5, 1930

Artur Schnabel, the noted pianist, whose conspicuous share in the recent Brahms Festival here contributed

The other numbers on an all-Beethoven program were the Sixth Symphony, and the "Leonore No. 3" overture. This concert delighted the lovers of the classics. It must have consoled some of them for the many occasions when moderns have predominated on Dr Koussevitzky's programs.

One might feel that he and Dr Koussevitzky chose too slow a pace for the *andante con moto*, one might deplore a slight tendency to hardness of tone in several bold fortissimo passages, but in general one could only admire and delight in a remarkably fine performance of a concerto which by common consent is a masterpiece.

Beethoven, let for once to speak with his own eloquence, his own fervors, in the Sixth Symphony, could not fail to prove once more his title to rank among the two or three greatest masters of music, by touching a listener's heart as well as stirring his imagination. It is easy enough now to note that there are weak spots in this symphony, too many repetitions of the same musical ideas in every movement, a failure to maintain in the third movement the standard of creative power attained in the other three, and so on.

The great familiar overture, too, is still superb, still triumphant, even in a noisy and ill-coordinated performance such as yesterday's. Beethoven may have failed to make Leonore's story enthralling in the opera "Fidelio," but nobody has yet written music more truly dramatic than this third "Leonore" overture.

Beethoven is popular, and when at his best invariably essentially simple. His style, once audaciously original, has been imitated by a century of lesser men until its procedures are all thrice familiar. But who has written

Is not the real proof of Beethoven's genius the fact that even lifelong familiarity and endless repetitions cannot weary most people of his work?

Next week the orchestra goes to New York. The program now announced for April 18 and 19 includes the suite from Stravinsky's "Apollo," Samuel Gardner's new tone poem "Broadway," and Saint-Saens' organ symphony. P. R.

Festival in Miniature with Mr. Schnabel Again Compelling Figure

TO a Brahms Festival in extenso succeeded, yesterday at Symphony Hall, a Beethoven Festival in brief. It consisted of three

The gentle, musing, Beethoven of that place; the improvising, romantic Beethoven of the Concerto; the dramatizing, puissant Beethoven of the Overture. For all three an audience that listened as to the regular thing in the regular way, to be stirred only when a keen musical mind and a fine-strung musical imagination pervaded the performance of the Concerto. Time was when many were agog to discover what way Dr. Koussevitzky would take with this or that Symphony of Beethoven. Now most know that he will lead this "Pastoral" with light and flowing hands, taking no account of the name of the piece, and that he will find little more than a dancing peasants and the realistic thunder within the orchestral limitations of his day; than final and tedious that the graces of neither horn or clarinet may much lighten. In these are cynics who remember Rossini was a Viennese vogue in his day; that the great Ludwig wrote his operas; then hint that the great moralizings are prettily Rossetti without, of course, the composition in cheek.

and sympathetically; illuminate it with a tranquil clarity; pace it animatedly; shade it with pastel-colors from a virtuoso-orchestra. Likewise, most are aware that he will dramatize to his utmost the Third "Leonora" Overture, loosing upon it and measuring with it the plasticity, poignancy and power of his responsive instrument.

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as it seemed once more yesterday "Pastoral Symphony" parts in middle, leaving the last three divisions and outmoded Beethoven. If a illustrious name were signed to any might find little more than a ballet-scene in the scherzo of dancing peasants and the band; than a realistic thunder-within the orchestral limitations of Beethoven's day; than final and tediums that the graces of neither a clarinet may much lighten. In here are cynics who remember Rossini was a Viennese vogue in Beethoven's day; that the great Ludwig hated his operas; then hint that these moralizings are prettily Rossini without, of course, the composition in cheek.

The first two movements are another The brookside song is a lengthened chain of limpid and fragrant music for Koussevitzky neither slack nor hurried nor dulled, letting it with those ingenuous imitations and sounds as naive and fresh as though good Papa Haydn were putting them into his oratorio of "Moses." Far as is the eighteenth-

greatly to its success, was heard as soloist at yesterday's Symphony concert in Beethoven's Fourth Concerto. Again Mr Schnabel won exceptionally cordial applause.

The other numbers on an all-Beethoven program were the Sixth Symphony, and the "Leonore No. 3" overture. This concert delighted the lovers of the classics. It must have consoled some of them for the many occasions when moderns have predominated on Dr Koussevitzky's programs.

Mr Schnabel's unusually sensitive feeling for the line of Beethoven's melody, his ability to make even the least pianistic measures sound felicitously written for his instrument, his way of revealing the broad outlines of a musical composition without slighting any individual detail again distinguished his playing of this concerto.

One might feel that he and Dr Koussevitzky chose too slow a pace for the andante con moto, one might deplore a slight tendency to hardness of tone in several bold fortissimo passages, but in general one could only admire and delight in a remarkably fine performance of a concerto which by common consent is a masterpiece.

Dr Koussevitzky's reading of the "Pastoral Symphony" struck one as the finest he has yet given here of any Beethoven symphony. He avoided the excessive loudness, the violent contrasts of tempi and of tonal masses which have disfigured some of his previous interpretations of Beethoven. There were still a few pianissimi that verged on the inaudible, but otherwise the performance had a balance, a sense of proportion, a clarity and fluency of style that were thoroughly in keeping with the music. Seldom has the present Boston Symphony regained as much of the tonal beauty of the vanished pre-war orchestra, still so bitterly regretted by many musicians, as it did yesterday in this symphony.

Beethoven, let for once to speak with his own eloquence, his own fervors, in the Sixth Symphony, could not fail to prove once more his title to rank among the two or three greatest masters of music, by touching a listener's heart as well as stirring his imagination. It is easy enough now to note that there are weak spots in this symphony, too many repetitions of the same musical ideas in every movement, a failure to maintain in the third movement the standard of creative power attained in the other three, and so on.

One may admit that the bird calls at the end of the slow movement and the thunder storm err by excess of imitation of actual sounds. And yet there is in this symphony a creative power, an imaginative splendor to which Brahms, for example, never attained.

The great familiar overture, too, is still superb, still triumphant, even in a noisy and ill-coordinated performance such as yesterday's. Beethoven may have failed to make Leonore's story enthralling in the opera "Fidelio," but nobody has yet written music more truly dramatic than this third "Leonore" overture.

Some musicians these days make a boast of their weariness with Beethoven. It is true that he belongs heart and soul to the 19th century, of which the 20th century has grown tired. He is intense, idealistic, eloquent, profound. He has none of the cleverness, the irony, the skepticism, the sophistication of the moderns. He ventures to wear his great heart on his sleeve. It is their boast that they are heartless, disillusioned, world weary.

Beethoven is popular, and when at his best invariably essentially simple. His style, once audaciously original, has been imitated by a century of lesser men until its procedures are all thrice familiar. But who has written music more genuinely noble, more profoundly heart-searching than his? Consider how many defects of his century he avoided. He is never in his greater works sentimental, never bombastic, never shallow, never over-ornamented.

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All of which circumstance is no reproach to the conductor's prowess and devotion. He played the Symphony and the Overture, yesterday, as at all times he plays every other piece—as though for the while there is nothing else in the world, as though he would penetrate the audience with his own mood. The obstacle is Beethoven, the accustomed and too familiar classic. Only the youngest and the newest in that habituated audience of Friday afternoons, "sitting in" year after year at twenty-four symphonic matinées, may hear him with fresh and opening ears. To many an elder, if we really search ourselves, he is "just Beethoven." Being lazy-minded, we let him go at that—until some new-found personality, like Mr. Schnabel, comes along to set us every one alert.

There is no moral—unless it is that Beethoven should be played seldom in these days, and always with the renewed vitality with which Dr. Koussevitzky impregnates the more stirring symphonies. Or unless it is pardon for those restless spirits whose thoughts would wander from pastoral peasants and pieties to those bedevilled and berated Variations of Schönberg, which the conductor announced but is not likely to attempt this season. Or in the third place, unless it is to extenuate those surly souls who—with Dvorák behind them, "The Pastoral" before them, and Saint-Saëns ahead of them—have heard enough "nice" symphonies for one year and crave leave-taking in music of sharper tang.

For, as it seemed once more yesterday, the "Pastoral Symphony" parts in the middle, leaving the last three divisions minor and outmoded Beethoven. If a less illustrious name were signed to it, many might find little more than a jocund ballet-scene in the scherzo of the dancing peasants and the rustic band; than a realistic thunder-shower within the orchestral limitations of Beethoven's day; than final and tedious pieties that the graces of neither flute nor clarinet may much lighten. Indeed, there are cynics who remember that Rossini was a Viennese vogue in Beethoven's day; that the great Ludwig frequented his operas; then hint that these final moralizings are prettily Rossinian—without, of course, the composer's tongue in cheek.

The first two movements are another thing. The brookside song is a lengthening chain of limpid and fragrant music which Dr. Koussevitzky neither slackened nor hurried nor dulled, letting it charm with those ingenuous imitations of woodland sounds as naive and fresh to this day as though good Papa Haydn were setting them into his oratorio of "Creation." Far as is the eighteenth-

The one place and time in which to hear the Third "Leonora" Overture is the opera house, in a performance of "Fidelio," at the pause before the final scene. Then and there the course of the drama is fresh in every mind; in visible and audible presence the personages have come and gone. We have known them, however, in such semblance and speech as tangible and also imperfect men and women of the singing theater may give them. We have also shared in an action more or less confined within the conventions and exigencies of the stage.

Forthwith the orchestra passes to the Third "Leonora" Overture. The drama is enacted in sound; the stage is limitless; the passions, the situations, the stress and the suspense, emerge at the heights and depths, in the epic voice, that Beethoven could gain in symphonic music, but that in theater-music struggles constrained. Then this Overture seems music-drama concentrated, clarified, intensified as nowhere else. The concert-hall is not its seat; the summarizing program-book but poor substitute for an action heard and seen. Therefore the conductors outdo themselves to dramatize, and the "Third Leonora" becomes a music of pointed paragraphs, sharpened contrasts, well-wrought transition and climax. Dr. Koussevitzky succeeds as well as do most. But away from the opera house and "Fidelio," the epic splendor lessens; the drama, passionated into music, inevitably wanes.

The Fourth Piano-Concerto escapes nearly every handicap upon Symphony or Overture. Like all Beethoven's Concertos, it is a virtuoso-music, designed in degree to display the performer, submitting readily to Mr. Schnabel's inserted cadenza. Therefore to this day pianists seek it out and profit by it. Like its fellow, the Fifth Concerto in B-flat, it is also a quasi-symphonic music, according to Beethoven's contentious habit. In the slow movement of the Fourth, piano and orchestra are at persistent odds. In the first movement, they are prone to snatch subject and development one from the other. Only in the finale do they march hand in hand—not too contentedly.

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even still lives, even after the Festival, Dr. Serge Koussevitzky assured us by his program of June 4 and 5, which was made up of "Pastorale" Symphony, the Grieg Piano Concerto and the Overture to "Leonore" No. 3. Since Artur Schnabel had been transported from Berlin to Boston for the specific pur-

There is some curious Boston history connected with Mr. Schnabel and this concerto. He played it seven years ago with this orchestra, under Bruno Walter as guest conductor. It was the first appearance in Boston of both pianist and conductor. Possibly the player was overshadowed by the leader—there was much excitement over the possibility that Walter was to be invited to succeed Monteux. In any event, Mr. Schnabel made very little stir. But at the concert now under notice, he was acclaimed as he had lately been in the Brahms celebration. Recollection of the earlier performance of the G major is dim, but the applause on the present occasion was deserved by soloist and orchestra. It was a poetic performance, which in the mysterious duologue of the slow movement perhaps tended a little toward sweetness.

Of course, by their recent violent exercises, the men of the orchestra had earned a little relaxation. But of all the symphonies of Beethoven, why the Sixth? We should have preferred any other, from the First to (if necessary) three movements of the Ninth. But the answer to this rhetorical question was given by the audience, which clapped until the players were called to their feet. The concert closed with a highly dramatized reading of the dramatic overture.

L. A. S.

Signale, the Leipzig journal of music, reports the new piece that Stravinsky is composing for the jubilee of the Boston Orchestra as a Symphony with Choruses. . . . If that be true, the anniversary will hardly be celebrated at the beginning of next season, since neither the Harvard-Radcliffe choir nor The Cecilia could be rehearsed before autumn. As this sign goes, the middle or the end of the fiftieth year of the orchestra will bring the commemorative concerts—or, rather, festival.

Artur Schnabel Plays
Fourth Concerto
for Piano

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

The one-composer programme suggests an occasion, and Dr. Koussevitzky loves occasions. With the musical air still vibrating with the last echoes of the recent Brahms Festival, Dr. Koussevitzky prepared for the concerts of yesterday afternoon and this evening a Beethoven programme with Artur Schnabel, co-star of the Festival, for piano soloist.

PLAYS FOURTH CONCERTO

For his piece Mr. Schnabel chose the Fourth Concerto with which, by the way, he had made his debut here seven years ago. Since this Concerto is a slender piece, Dr. Koussevitzky wisely prefaced it with one of the lesser symphonies, to wit, the "Pastoral," and supplied the otherwise missing heroics with the Overture to Leonora, No. 3, which served as concluding number.

It is, indeed, with the lesser Beethoven symphonies, the even-numbered ones, that Dr. Koussevitzky has been most triumphantly successful. Or, to put it differently, when he has conducted them there has been no dissenting voice. In them no captious critic has accused him of straining after effect, of forcing

century notion of nature from our simple-hearted, upswelling joy in the lights of wood and field, sun, sky, air fills the first movement. It possesses Beethoven and he writes a music as less, with its smiling phrases, as happy, lovely and enduring. But, noted, we are always justifying "Pastoral Symphony" in the terms Beethoven who lived according to a particular habit in a particular time; whereas who thinks of his better part as thing but universal and timeless?

The one place and time in which hear the Third "Leonora" Overture, the opera house, in a performance of "Fidelio," at the pause before the scene. Then and there the course the drama is fresh in every mind; in the ble and audible presence the pages have come and gone. We know them, however, in such semblance and speech as tangible and also in effect men and women of the theater may give them. We have shared in an action more or less common within the conventions and exigencies of the stage.

Forthwith the orchestra passes to the Third "Leonora" Overture. The drama is enacted in sound; the stage is less; the passions, the situations, stress and the suspense, emerge at heights and depths, in the epic vein that Beethoven could gain in symphonic music, but that in theater-music seems music-drama concentrated, defied, intensified as nowhere else. The concert-hall is not its seat; the summing program-book but poor substitute for an action heard and seen. Then, before the conductors outdo themselves, dramatize, and the "Third Leonora" comes a music of pointed paragraphs, sharpened contrasts, well-wrought transitions and climax. Dr. Koussevitzky succeeds as well as do most. But away the opera house and "Fidelio," the splendor lessens; the drama, passing into music, inevitably wanes.

The Fourth Piano-Concerto possesses nearly every handicap upon Symphonic Overture. Like all Beethoven's Concertos, it is a virtuoso-music, designed to display the performer, submitting readily to Mr. Schnabel's insertion of a cadenza. Therefore to this day pianists seek it out and profit by it. Like its low, the Fifth Concerto in B-flat, it also a quasi-symphonic music, according to Beethoven's contentious habit. In the slow movement of the Fourth, piano and orchestra are at persistent odds. In the first movement, they are prone to snarl at each other. Only in the finale do they march hand in hand—not too contentedly.

The Fourth Concerto is also romantic music. In the first movement, the piano part is often expressive, as we should say nowadays, even rhapsodic as with sudden upspringing energy. The slow movement contains the celebrated contrast of the pleading, single-voiced piano against the united, relentless strings. A gentle gravity of mood haunts even the light-paced finale. Atmosphere is not exactly characteristic of piano-concertos ancient or modern. Yet a distinctive improvising air, now musing, now animated, pervades and preserves this Fourth Concerto of Beethoven. For atmosphere Schumann's is its only compeer.

Of Mr. Schnabel's playing of the piano part it is hard to write temperately, yet convey all that he wrought upon his hearers. In the slow movement, he attained the very poetry and beauty of musical sound. The piano interceded for itself against the implacable orchestra, but without hint of mawkish sentiment. It was tender; it was dreamful; it whispered and sighed and saddened and submitted. Yet every note had its just musical value; every phrase stood shapen and poised; every period came rounded. Here was music imparted in its full and living self, thereby gaining poesy.

In the finale, light hand, alert rhythm, quick transition, bright and fluid tone. Yet always the unfolding of the whole design in musical integrity. The first movement is a web of interwoven motives, as though the musing Beethoven might hardly sort out his quick-coming fancies; between piano and orchestra distribute them. Mr. Schnabel was as clear as the sun, with the patterns, kept the improvising vein; shaded from sonority into euphony; from euphony into euphony; while under the surface-smoothness went the measured propulsive energy. There is the secret of all that he has done during his stay in Boston. He takes thought, and it warms into emotion. He makes music so vitally and completely, that out of it, granted the composer, spring pathos and poetry, gravity or gayety, beauty, power, and strangeness, and illusion.

Boston Symphony

Beethoven still lives, even after the Brahms Festival, Dr. Serge Koussevitzky assured us by his program of April 4 and 5, which was made up of the "Pastorale" Symphony, the G-major Piano Concerto and the Overture to "Leonore" No. 3. Since Artur Schnabel had been transported from Berlin to Boston for the specific purpose of assisting in the veneration of Brahms, what more natural than to make use of his services in the Fourth Beethoven Concerto? It was done.

There is some curious Boston history connected with Mr. Schnabel and this concerto. He played it seven years ago with this orchestra, under Bruno Walter as guest conductor. It was the first appearance in Boston of both pianist and conductor. Possibly the player was overshadowed by the leader—there was much excitement over the possibility that Walter was to be invited to succeed Monteux. In any event, Mr. Schnabel made very little stir. But at the concert now under notice, he was acclaimed as he had lately been in the Brahms celebration. Recollection of the earlier performance of the G major is dim, but the applause on the present occasion was deserved by soloist and orchestra. It was a poetic performance, which in the mysterious duologue of the slow movement perhaps tended a little toward sweetness.

Of course, by their recent violent exercises, the men of the orchestra had earned a little relaxation. But of all the symphonies of Beethoven, why the Sixth? We should have preferred any other, from the First to (if necessary) three movements of the Ninth. But the answer to this rhetorical question was given by the audience, which clapped until the players were called to their feet. The concert closed with a highly dramatized reading of the dramatic overture.

L. A. S.

Signale, the Leipzig journal of music, reports the new piece that Stravinsky is composing for the jubilee of the Boston Orchestra as a Symphony with Choruses. . . . If that be true, the anniversary will hardly be celebrated at the beginning of next season, since neither the Harvard-Radcliffe choir nor The Cecilia could be rehearsed before autumn. As this sign goes, the middle or the end of the fiftieth year of the orchestra will bring the commemorative concerts—or, rather, festival.

BEETHOVEN CONCERT BY SYMPHONY

Artur Schnabel Plays
Fourth Concerto
for Piano

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

The one-composer programme suggests an occasion, and Dr. Koussevitzky loves occasions. With the musical air still vibrating with the last echoes of the recent Brahms Festival, Dr. Koussevitzky prepared for the concerts of yesterday afternoon and this evening a Beethoven programme with Artur Schnabel, co-star of the Festival, for piano soloist.

PLAYS FOURTH CONCERTO

For his piece Mr. Schnabel chose the Fourth Concerto with which, by the way, he had made his debut here seven years ago. Since this Concerto is a slender piece, Dr. Koussevitzky wisely prefaced it with one of the lesser symphonies, to wit, the "Pastoral," and supplied the otherwise missing heroics with the Overture to Leonora, No. 3, which served as concluding number.

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And this performance of yesterday was remarkable also for its euphony, its balance of tone, for the ingratiating manner in which all the melodies were sung. From first bar to last the music flowed. There was unceasing plasticity. One enthusiast would have it, indeed, that Dr. Koussevitzky had never before achieved a performance that came so close to absolute perfection.

If those who heard Mr. Schnabel yesterday were expecting a petition of the excitements, the electrically charged atmosphere, the general air of exaltation, that marked his and the orchestra's recent performances of the two Brahms concertos they were doomed to disappointment. A festival is one thing; a Friday afternoon Symphony Concert another. And the concertos of Beethoven are not the concertos of Brahms. There are those—call them heretics, if you will—who find this G major Concerto at the most possessed of a certain fragile charm and who, while admitting the effectiveness of the slow movement with its romantic dialogue between the pianoforte and the strings, are disposed to regard the piece, as a whole, as unsympathetically written for the solo instrument and as an example of how not to combine the sonorities of piano and orchestra, inherently so difficult to reconcile.

Mr. Schnabel's Playing

Mr. Schnabel played, of course, with his wonted musicianship and technical mastery, his notable command of dynamics, his sensitive phrasing. He was warmly applauded.

The Leonora Overture was played dramatically but with not quite the feeling for tonal balance and proportion that distinguished the performance of the Symphony.

Schnabel's Way With Beethoven

AFTER all, it takes a classicist to play the classics. The proof of it was given at Sanders Theater in Cambridge last evening, when Mr. Artur Schnabel, with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, played Beethoven's fourth piano concerto, in G major. Mr. Schnabel believes in the classics as the greatest achievement that musical art has pro-

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The Germanic humors of the "Academic" overture are almost as well known as the melodies of Schubert. With them, too, Dr. Koussevitzky gave revealing performance. It, too, is a work of tunes, but tunes of far different import than the lyric melodies of Schubert. Each was sharpened, aptly characterized. Brahms and his "academic" tunes made splendid final number for a pleasurable evening.

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A Balanced Mind Plays Over Music

As He Takes Leave of Boston, Artur Schnabel Speaks Warmly and Wisely

Trans. April 5, 1930

ARTUR SCHNABEL. No name has been more in the mind of the musical public during the last few weeks. Much Brahms and a little Beethoven have been enthusiastically received from him. In his Brahms and in his Beethoven the master mind has been apparent. Further, his students praise him as a musician of great resource, as a musical thinker of comprehensive scope. To this man, then, went the interviewer, to see what he might have to say for an American newspaper.

There are interviews and interviews. There is the question-and-answer interview, in which the questioner seems to catechize the subject, almost as an attorney questions a witness. There is the interview in which the famous subject is modest, or shy, or devoid of ideas, in which the interviewer finds it necessary to tell him what to say and then to convince him that he has said it. And

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a love of mankind, a warmth and a richness of emotional personality which, in playing, results in those marvellously well-rounded readings of the great masters. Mr. Schnabel is man and musician in whom a large, warm heart and a deep, active, penetrating mind are at work in a condition of almost perfect equilibrium.

To return to the interview. The interviewer began with a compliment upon the artist's great playing; the artist returned with a compliment upon the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and upon the idea of giving such a series of concerts as the recent Brahms Festival. The flow of ideas had begun. "You have the most aristocratic orchestra in the world," said Mr. Schnabel with a burst of feeling, affirming and re-affirming the statement with some emphasis. He continued more or less in this wise, "After all, art is an aristocratic matter. In its very nature it can never be levelled down to a 'democratic' plane. It can serve a democracy only by the attempt to level up to its own plane. A festival like this that you have just lived through, seems to me a wonderfully fine thing. For the time you are lifted completely out of everything that seems accidental or trivial or secondary in this life. Consider, as one phase of it, the musicians in the orchestra. They are of many nationalities. But as they give themselves to such a task as this, they are of no nationality whatsoever. They are united in a bond which goes much higher than any nationality ever can go, the bond of pure humanity. When you listened to those concerts did you think of being in Boston, or in America? Would you have thought of being in Paris or Berlin if you had happened to hear such a thing there? Would you not have felt much the same, would you not have been much the same, wherever you might have been? And so I think all fine and great art draws us away from the things that separate us and brings us into the things that unite us."

Talking of Dr. Koussevitzky, Mr. Schnabel said, "He has given you a marvellous picture of Brahms in these few days. He has grown tremendously since I last saw him. That was in Moscow in 1914, just before the war. He was playing with his own orchestra then. It was very fine. But he has grown much. Yes, I have been in Russia since that time, four times for concerts since the war."

Here was a subject upon which to get information if possible. Mr. Schnabel disclaimed ability to give an opinion upon the social and political experiment of Soviet Russia. "It is evident that something colossal is going on. Whether it

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will be fruitful or not, who can say? The so-called proletariat is probably living on a higher level than before. But every one else is being dragged down. The present Russia is no place for a tourist. He will discover nothing. Moreover, there is nothing in Russia for me. Political Communism is not the least concerned with the art-life or with the artistic side of life. It deals with art chiefly as a part of its propaganda. And art itself has no relation to Communism or to any other political theory. Art and propaganda do not have anything to do with one another. There is nothing in common between them.

"I am reminded of a tour into Italy since the beginning of Fascist times. There also one finds an attempt to use art as a part of political propaganda. I had given a few concerts when I was notified by my manager that the Italians were glad to have me play, that they liked my playing, but that if I wanted to play in Italy I would be obliged to make up my programs so that they contained no less than 50 per cent of Italian works. Imagine a pianist making programs 50 per cent Italian. A singer could, and perhaps a violinist—but a pianist!

"Similarly, the Soviet Russians wish to use art. Unquestionably there is much strong talent among them. The students which this new Russia sends me are possessed of an intense and burning seriousness. They seem aflame with eagerness and intensity. As they come in contact with the civilization of western Europe, they look scornfully upon its lack of something 'advanced.' We are far, far behind for them. We are doing many things which seem to them utterly dead and lacking in worth."

Knowing the many and various, loose and incorrect uses of the word "modern," and hoping to get a reaction upon it; knowing further Mr. Schnabel's love for the "classics," one asked him a question about his attitude toward "modern" music. The reaction came swiftly in the demand for a definition of "modern."

"What does it mean? A quality or a quantity? A time or a type?" And without waiting for an answer Mr. Schnabel launched into a philosophic discussion of musical history and esthetics. "If you mean contemporary music, I will say that the problem of the twentieth century is to get rid of the nervousness which the nineteenth century created." Upon that somewhat startling statement followed another broadside. "Music grew and developed from about 1650 until about 1830. Since then there has been decline. The twentieth century must concern itself with arresting the decline. The situation at present is hopeful." And in explanation of those

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practical politics, will it now about the composer of concerto we are shortly to let would be good, perhaps, of ideas he has lived in to say, Kensington, Chelsea; his age, the sort of written before, and the he makes at home, and sings or plays, and if so, wise, "young Englishman" deal; we know, then, the asiasms and reticences we granted. The main thing is old be able to hear it well to or three times, before we thing more about him, and best if we could hear it in rely as "a piece of music." est is to know a composer to have seen him take a word or act, upon a point n issue. What is no good or and second hand knowl—tittle-tattle, in fact.

A. H. FOX-STRANGWAYS

from the London Observer

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"Any discussion of the means of music brings up the problem of the banal and the trivial. Certain of the airs of Verdi, were the same successions of notes used by other composers in other contexts, would strike one as hopelessly trivial. In the work of Verdi, the air in its proper place as the proper quality against some opposing force, never strikes the ear or the mind as banal. It matters not if it were played by a barrel-organ on a street corner, if the tune were played in its context, triviality could not result. Thus the great and continued popularity of these works in the face of the changes and vicissitudes of time.

"Toward the end of the nineteenth century composers began to feel that the means at their disposal had become exhausted. The same combinations had been used over and over again until originality of utterance seemed almost impossible. Hence they began deliberately to extend the bounds of the materials of the art. And the twentieth century has been so far principally a period of experimentation with the problem of the enlargement of the vocabulary of the art. Latterly, the more serious question of the equilibrium of forces within an art-work has again come to the fore. Schönberg, Hindemith, Stravinsky, Krênek are writing works of genuine power, works in which the percentage of equilibrium of the opposing forces is growing higher and higher.

"Stravinsky began by writing music as a specialist, like most of the nineteenth century composers. I personally never cared much for 'Le Sacre.' His latest works show that he is at work on the fundamental problem of the art-work, that of a well-balanced synthesis. 'Oedipus Rex' and 'Apollon Musagete' go far in this direction. These works are not nervous, they are not specialized, they are headed in the direction of universality. They show less of the personal than his previous work. They are free from the impurities of the musically extraneous."

But while these matters were under discussion an ogre appeared to carry the artist away (—really the charming host- ess who had to keep Mr. Schnabel's schedule in mind; still for the purposes of the interview an ogre), announcing to us that we might talk just five minutes more. "I would like to say more of the present if there were time," Mr. Schnabel continued. The talent of the twentieth century is strong, sound, and clear. It is not nervous. It does not believe in authorities. It must find the best balance. And in explanation of those

positive views, Mr. Schnabel began with an equally startling statement. "I don't see a particle of difference between a piece by Mozart and a piece by Beethoven. What differences may be discovered are differences in the means which the composers used, and [emphatically] means don't count. Take Mozart, for example. The means which he uses in the making of his music are so simple that with him means don't count at all as a part of his music. And yet there is a freshness and a vitality there which makes us feel that it is music not of today, let alone of the past, but that it is always the music of tomorrow. No, means don't count. It is what is behind that counts.

"Every great piece of music, every great work of art, is a balance between affirmation and revolt. Earth, heaven and hell, each must find its place in the equilibrium of a great synthesis. The great art work must transcend everything that is incidental or specialized. If it uses the incidental or the specialized it must find something with which to balance it. For the equilibrium of forces must be maintained. Thus a great transcendental calm will result. This calm is the perfect opposite of everything that tends toward nervousness. Bach, Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, Schubert wrote such transcendental music, music in which the percentage of equilibrium of the various forces is unusually high. Handel, on the other hand, seems to me merely decorative. In the nineteenth century, with its introduction of specialization, with its introduction of things essentially extraneous to music, the percentage of equilibrium within a given work is much lower. The materialistic advances of the nineteenth century were not favorable to advance in art. Nervousness, tension, rather than elemental power too often was the result. The work in itself does not offer the release from the tension which it creates. Wagner, for example, may in some ways be considered roughly analogous to the baroque period in art as compared with the great period which preceded it.

"There are composers in the nineteenth century who go counter to the downward current. There is no nervousness, no specialization in Verdi. His music is independent of his epoch, not materialistic, an excellently balanced synthesis of opposing forces. The percentage of equilibrium is rather high in Berlioz, whose music suffers too often from unreasonable unpopularity. It is high in Brahms, though there are traces of specialization in Brahms, where one might expect more universal qualities. Debussy presents a high degree of specialization and very little synthesis of opposites.

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"My pupils? They are the gifted from all nations. They know the seriousness of work. They know that they can not mix their pleasures with their work and they give work its just preference. America? America sends me some of the best of my pupils. Their talent is incomparable. They are as well prepared as any others; but sometimes their outlook is a bit more naive than that of some of the others. They themselves have excellent poise, an excellent personal equilibrium, in that they have a strong sense of seriousness which carries with it nothing that is depressing. It is a great combination of qualities, this combination of the young Americans."

But the five minutes must have elapsed, and reluctantly but gratefully the interviewer surrendered the musician-philosopher to his next engagement.

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Herbert J. Butler, Long a Boston Musician

Herbert J. Butler, who up to several years ago had been a member of the Boston Symphony Orchestra for twenty-six years, having played contra-bass with this organization, died this morning following an illness of several years. He was in his 62d year.

Word was received yesterday of the death of Gustav Georges Leopold Longy, better known as George Longy, who for 16 years played first oboe in the Boston Symphony orchestra, at his farm near Abbeville, Normandy. He was in his 62d year.

His professional musical life began in 1886, when he joined the famous Lamoureux orchestra, and from then on his rise was rapid. One after another, the Chatelet, the Folies Bergere and the Opera Comique claimed his talent. In 1888, he went to the Colonne as soloist, while still a member of the Opera Comique.

It was as a player in both of these that an accident found him and brought him to Boston. In a shipwreck, the Boston Symphony orchestra lost its first oboist. Maj. Henry L. Higginson, sponsor of the orchestra, wired Paris for the best oboist available to fill the gap. Longy was admittedly the best in Paris and he was induced to come to Boston.

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"Toward the end of the nineteenth century composers began to feel that the means at their disposal had become exhausted. The same combinations had been used over and over again until originality of utterance seemed almost impossible. Hence they began deliberately to extend the bounds of the materials of the art. And the twentieth century has been so far principally a period of experimentation with the problem of the enlargement of the vocabulary of the art. Latterly, the more serious question of the equilibrium of forces within an art-work has again come to the fore. Schönberg, Hindemith, Stravinsky, Kronek are writing works of genuine power, works in which the percentage of equilibrium of the opposing forces is growing higher and higher.

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But the five minutes must have elapsed, and reluctantly but gratefully the interviewer surrendered the musician-philosopher to his next engagement.

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Herbert J. Butler, Long a Boston Musician

Herbert J. Butler, who up to several years ago had been a member of the Boston Symphony Orchestra for twenty-six years, having played contra-bass with this organization, died this morning following an illness of several years. He was in his eighty-sixth year.

He was born in Ashford, Conn., and was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Butler. He studied music for three years in Leipzig, and on his return to this country devoted the rest of his life to professional work. He saw service in the Civil War and was a member of the American Federation of Music, the Army and Navy Club and the Odd Fellows.

He is survived by his wife, who was Lot- ington, in which city Mr. Butler once resided. His home for many years had been at 2 Westland avenue. Since withdrawing from the Symphony Orchestra Mr. Butler had played at a Boston hotel until his last illness.



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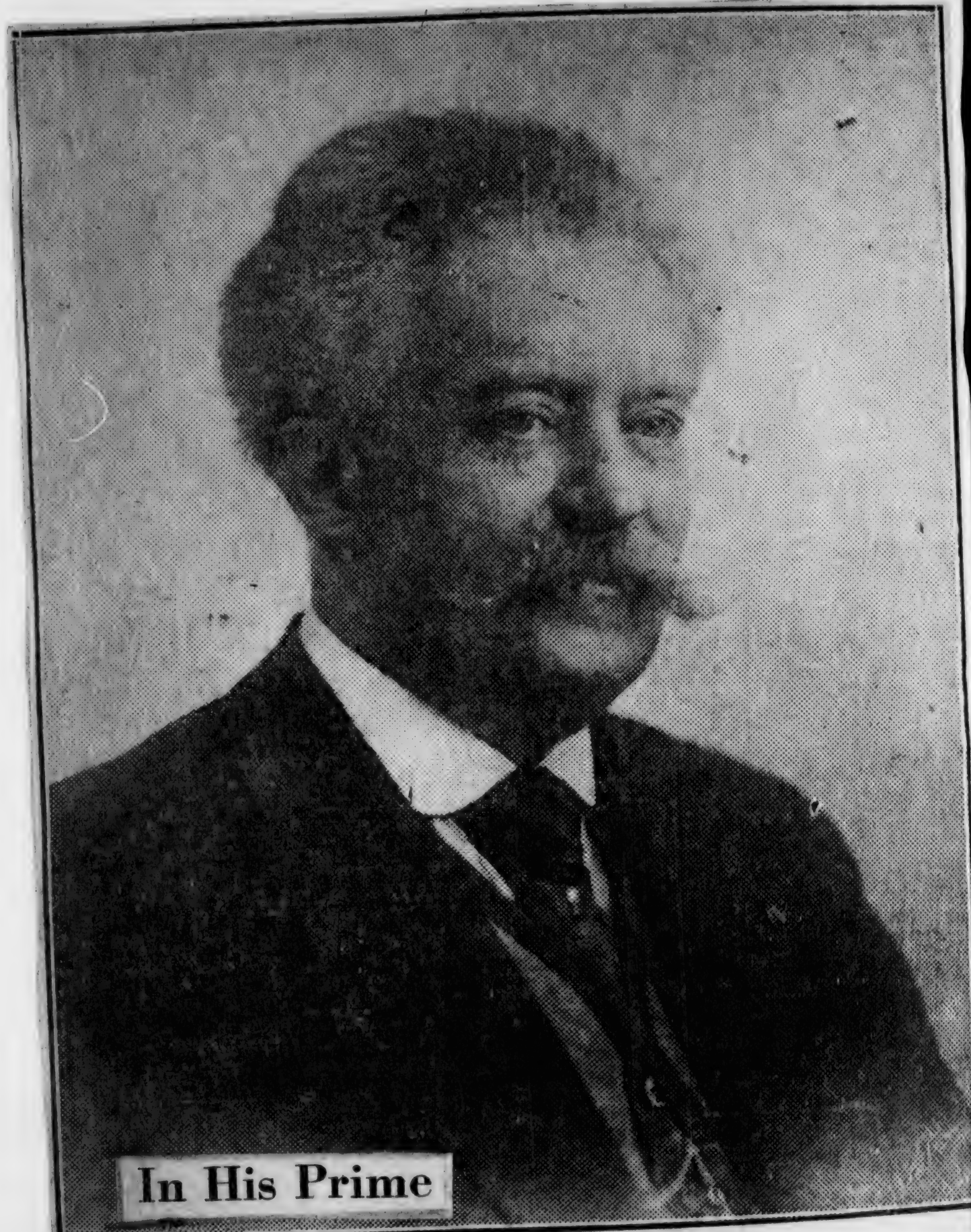
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In His Prime

Georges Longy

First Oboe of the Symphony Orchestra, 1909-1925

Twenty-second Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 18, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 19, at 8.15 o'clock

Stravinsky "Apollon Musagète," Ballet

Scene I. Birth of Apollo.

Scene II. Variation of Apollo (Apollo and the Muses)—Variation of Polymnia—Variation of Terpsichore—Variation of Apollo—Apollo and Terpsichore—Coda (Apollo and the Muses)—Apotheosis.

Gardner "Broadway"
(Conducted by the Composer)
(First performance)

Saint Saëns Symphony in C minor No. 3, Op. 78

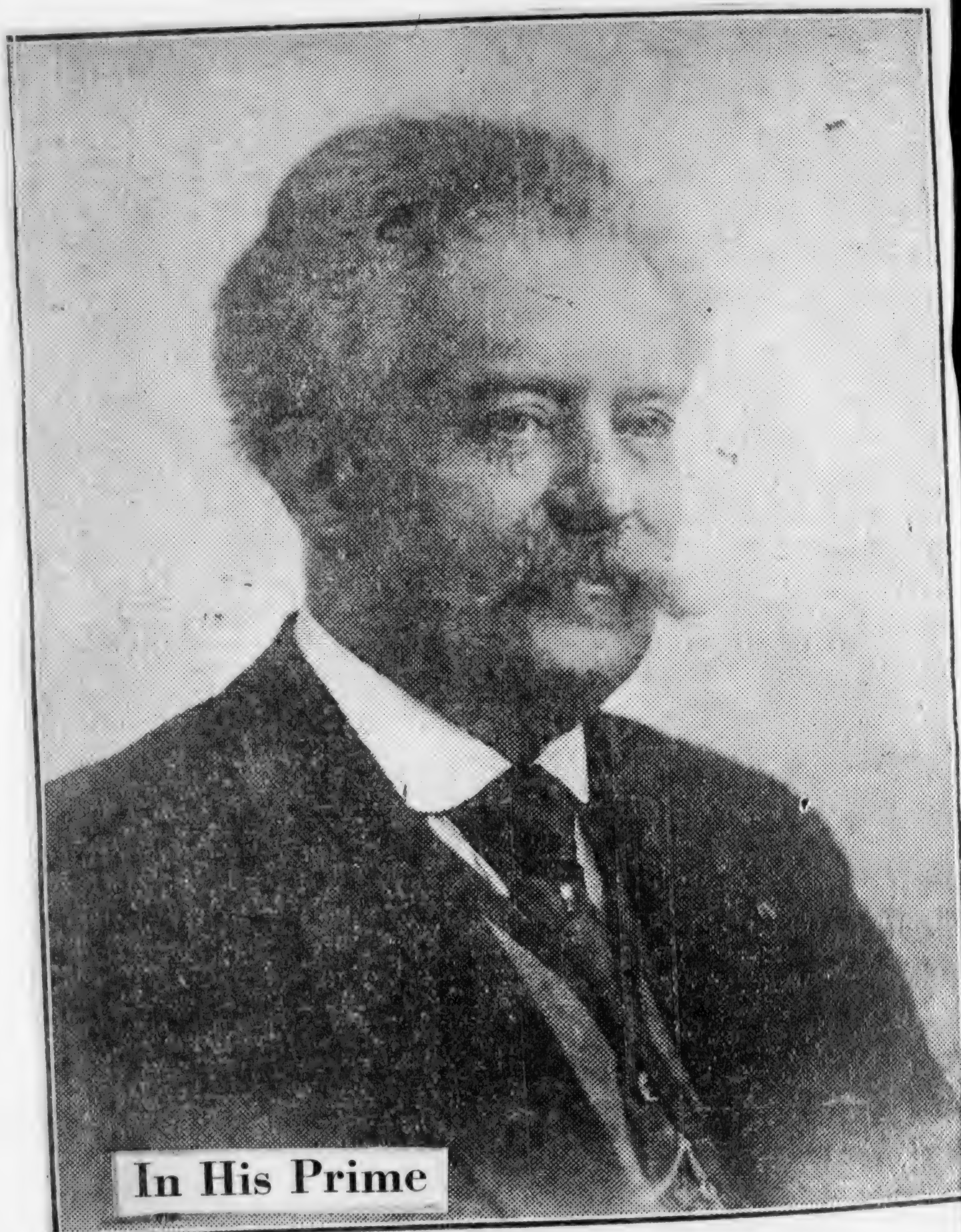
I. Adagio; Allegro moderato; poco adagio.

II. Allegro moderato; Presto; Maestoso; Allegro.

Organ: ALBERT SNOW

STEINWAY PIANO USED

There will be an intermission before the symphony



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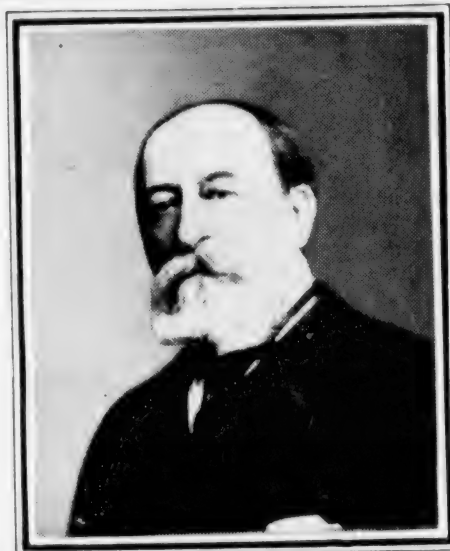
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Saint-Saëns

Symphony Concert

By PHILIP HALE

The 22d concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program comprised Stravinsky's ballet, "Apollo, Leader of the Muses"; Samuel Gardner's "Broadway" (first performance, conducted by the composer); Saint-Saëns's Symphony C minor, No. 3 op. 78 (with organ).

"Broadway" was composed in 1924. There is no sub-title to the work; no argument; no explanatory note about the character of the music. Mr. Gardner, a sensible and modest man, wrote to us that he does not like to talk about his music before it is performed. "My piece is not built on my program, but comes out of the emotions; emotions are purely personal affairs and are not good to discuss publicly. Then, again, a piece can mean a different thing to each individual. I would always say, let's hear it first."

In this instance "Broadway" may picture the street, express the spirit of its life, or even the spirit of New York (Harlem included and indeed, prominent). It is not the street that William Horace Lingard had in mind when he sang "Walking Down Broadway"; not the Broadway in the shadows of which N. P. Willis met the outcast woman that inspired his sentimental verses; not the Broadway on which Vance Thompson walked with the ghost of Edgar Allan Poe; nor Walt Whitman's Broadway of the Pageant: the poem suggested by the envoys from Nippon: "Courteous, the swart-cheek'd two-sworded envoys,

Leaning back in their open barouches, bare-headed, impassive"; in whose honor "million-footed Manhattan serpent descends to her pavements." The Broadway of the roaring forties, the Great White Way so graphically described by Paul Morand, the spectacular, crashing, stimulating, distracting street, this seems to be the source of Mr. Gardner's inspiration, or he may look on Broadway as the symbol of America's jazz decade.

His music is panoramic, with a constant return to the most vivid of the pictures; yet it cannot be called wholly exterior music, for it has personal intensity. There is at times a flamboyancy about it indispensable to the subject; one might say there is also the expression of the civic boastfulness, the craze for amusement, the turning of night into day, the contempt for quiet methods of business; the apotheosis of materialism. There is at times thematically and harmonically welcome

strains of sensuousness, and just before the final reckless outburst—which in spite of its fury is the least effective portion of the work, for there has been a too long succession of climaxes without satisfactory relief—there are strangely fascinating measures, as though the revelling were at an end; the street now peaceful, thoughtful, brooding. With these measures the symphonic poem—the musical panorama—what you will—should have closed. The final and commonplace din destroyed what would have been a poetic, haunting ending.

It is a pleasure to note that Mr. Gardner's jazz is not sandpapered and polished. Jazz does not allow sophistication. It should suggest the Congo; not the Conservatory. The work would gain by condensation; there is too little of the element of surprise; too few strongly contrasting sections; yet the composer might answer, if they were present, the music would not be Broadway, the mad street of the tumultuous city.

In recent years the amazing Stravinsky has attempted, not with great success, to go back to Bach; more fortunate in his return to Handel as in "Oedipus," still later favoring Tchaikovsky; and in "Apollo" having in mind the French ballets of the 18th century. It is not necessary to say that this music of "Apollo" would make a deeper impression if it accompanied the mimes and dancers. Stravinsky did not wish to make a "deep" impression. If he had wished it, he would have been false to the tradition he would follow. Furthermore, seeing a performance of dancers, one often forgets to hear the music. The sections are all interesting; some of the pages have genuine beauty in an uncommon form.

Of course the sonority of Saint-Saëns's Finale, with the vociferous brass instruments, the frenzied strings, the wood-wind doing its utmost to have its say—all working in the "Hooray-boys" spirit excited thunderous applause; but there were many features of the performance before the Finale that deserved warm, if less demonstrative appreciation. The orchestra and the organ were in just proportion, which is not always the case; there were niceties in detail that would have satisfied even the not too easily pleased composer. He probably would have suggested that the long cantilena for the violins with organ accompaniment should have been taken at a little quicker pace. The long melodic line otherwise narrowly escapes sagging.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week is as follows: Dukelsky, Symphony No. 2, D flat major (first performance). Chadwick, Sinfonietta in D major. Scriabin, Symphony No. 3 "The Divine Poem."

NEW TONE POEM AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

First Performance of
Gardner's "Broadway"

Saint-Saens' Organ Symphony and
Stravinsky's "Apollo" on Program

The novelty on yesterday's Symphony concert program was a tone poem by Samuel Gardner, entitled "Broadway," which the composer conducted brilliantly. It won and deserved applause markedly more cordial than is given to most new music by Boston Symphony subscribers. Dr. Koussevitzky conducted Stravinsky's "Apollo, Leader of the Muses," first performed here in 1928, and Saint-Saens' Organ Symphony.

Mr Gardner, born in Russia in 1893, was brought as a child of six to Providence. He studied violin and composition in Boston and in New York, where he now resides. Well known as a concert violinist, he has also written several prize winning compositions.

"Broadway," composed in 1924, and, according to the program book, performed yesterday for the first time, is not, according to Mr Gardner, "built on any program." "My piece," he writes, "comes out of the emotions; emotions are purely personal affairs, and are not good to discuss publicly. Then again, a piece can mean a different thing to each individual." The title is the only clue vouchsafed as to what Mr Gardner had in mind. But many listeners no doubt amused themselves by choosing subtitles to characterize the various episodes.

One wondered why so striking and individual a piece as "Broadway" should have had to wait six years for its first performance. Was it, as some American musicians would allege, because the conductors of our leading orchestras are less kindly disposed to the work of American composers than they are to the compositions of Europeans?

Or was it merely because Mr Gardner demanded an unusually large or-

chestra, including, for instance, five trumpets, three alto saxophones, banjo, and a great array of percussion instruments?

Or was it because neither the composer nor anyone else was prepared to meet the considerable expense of copying the parts of a work still in manuscript? Some benefactor ought to provide a fund which should save American composers from paying for this costly copying out of their own pockets.

Mr Gardner in "Broadway" uses the rhythms and the tone color of American popular music with notable success. He comes as near as anyone has yet done to solving the problem of writing symphonic jazz. His score avoids the excessive polyphony of Carpenter and Copland, wisely shuns the overrefinement of Ravel and Stravinsky, and seldom lapses into the banality of the ordinary jazz piece.

Mr Gardner has kept the rhythmic vitality and not a little of the brilliant sonorities that fascinate so many serious musicians when they listen to well-played jazz. Of all the countless attempts at "highbrow jazz" made in the past decade only Gershwin's celebrated "Rhapsody in Blue," and the unjustly neglected "Clowns" of Charles Martin Loeffler, written for Leo Reisman, seem comparable in merit to "Broadway."

"Broadway" is not slavishly imitative of jazz. In its most effective episode, for instance, the organ is the chief, almost the only instrument used. Mr Gardner has assimilated the musical idiom of the present century; and blended its component elements; of which, even in America, jazz is only one, into a personal and authoritative style. He had something deeply felt and vividly imagined to say, and he has said it with a good deal of eloquence. The only real fault with "Broadway" is that it is too long, and too episodic. If the piece were condensed, the remarkably impressive final climax would gain in power.

There is no need to comment at length on Saint-Saens' grandiose symphony, theatrical music in the bad sense of the term, and yesterday played overemphatically. Stravinsky's "Apollo" still seemed relatively sterile, compared to his "Oedipus," or to the piano concerto, the works most like it in style. But one noticed at a second hearing more than before how very subtly it is written, despite its apparent simplicity.

P. R.

LIGHTER MUSIC BY SYMPHONY

Gardner's "Broadway"
Played for First
Time

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

For the Symphony Concerts of yesterday afternoon and this evening Dr. Koussevitzky prepared what he is unofficially said to have described as an Easter programme, in which the festive, rather than the more solemn, aspects of the season were suggested. The cynic might have called it a programme of music for the unmusical.

But, in any event, the audience of yesterday, in which were to be seen many unfamiliar faces, from first to last enjoyed it greatly.

ONE FIRST PERFORMANCE

There are but three pieces on this list of Stravinsky's ballet, "Apollo, Leader of the Muses," for string orchestra; Samuel Gardner's "Broadway," in its first performance anywhere and conducted by the composer; and Saint-Saens' Symphony in C minor, for orchestra with organ.

When Stravinsky's "Apollon Musagete" was first played here in the autumn of 1928 the music intrigued by

reason of its utter unlikeness to any then known product of its author. But it hardly gains on renewed acquaintance. Its blandness, its innocuous melodiousness, suggestive in turn of the formal pomps of Lully, the saccharinities of Bellini, the graces of Chaminade and the showy brilliance of Delibes, become when the music is heard for a third time a trifle wearisome.

Gardner's "Broadway"

Although Mr. Gardner's "Broadway" has no published programme its purport and message seem definite enough. Quite obviously this young Russian-born but thoroughly Americanized composer would depict in this, the first of his orchestral pieces to be heard in Boston, not only the glitter and lure of the bright lights, the hurly-burly of Times square and the music of the American people at play; he would also hint at the undercurrent of sadness, of nostalgia even the tragedy that may underlie the feverish gaiety of a modern metropolis.

The scheme, if a bit unsubtle, is not without its potentialities for effective musical treatment, but Mr. Gardner, it would seem, has not as yet the musical resourcefulness to bring it to wholly successful and convincing fruition. The note of sadness; the hint of tragedy, he does achieve in measure. But his jazz, which by right should have been either super-jazz or jazz fantastically parodied, proved for the most part to be merely ordinary jazz, no better and no worse than most of that which comes over the radio or enlivens our lighter lyric theatres and dance halls. And there is too much of it. Mr. Gardner has written for the most part a sort of jazz fantasia for full orchestra. Yet it is easy to believe that he had in mind something more distinctive.

The Organ Symphony

With searching analysis Mr. Edward Burlingame Hill has called Saint-Saens "a baffling, and even a pathetic, figure, in view of the absence of that conviction in utterance which produces a true classicist, and in the incommensurability of his rare technical resources and their expressive result." And nowhere does he appear in this light so clearly as in this symphony of yesterday. But for all its cold precision, its hollow artificiality, this symphony is still effective, in the conventional sense, through most of its course.

The not-too-exacting listener will still enjoy the suave, quasi-religious Adagio, still respond to the ad captandum close with its shrilling trumpets, its cumulative sonorities of orchestra and organ.

Stravinsky, Saint-Saens, New American

Samuel Gardner's "Broadway"
For Notable Piece at
Symphony Hall

SUCH philosophers as frequent the Symphony Concerts might have observed last Saturday—unless, like many a subscriber, they were on week-end in the country—the working of the law of compensation. . . . The first number on the program was Stravinsky's ballet, "Apollo Musagetes," played as concert-piece for string orchestra. Since it is plotless and nearly actionless, it loses little by transfer from theater to concert-hall. The listener is not distracted by the sight of a painted tree, hollow and far-spreading, whence Apollo is born; nor may he observe the god mounting toward the summit of Olympus in a chariot likewise of paint upon canvas. Without too much regret he may even forego dissolving views of Apollo and the three attendant Muses engaged in variations (as the old vocabulary of the dance named them) sometimes a trifle overtaxing by reason of crossed rhythms. If he thus fails to see "Apollo" as mythological ballet—they were once written for the court at Versailles—he may listen the more closely to a music in which Stravinsky is again trying all the styles that occur to him as suitable for his purpose.

Back to Lully in some of the rhythms, since it was Lully who bestowed the mythological ballet upon his august master, Louis XIV. Back to Bach once more—as it seems in the solo-measures for violin that begin Scene Two. Back to Bellini (as some say) in the smoothness and sweetness of many a melody. Back certainly to Delibes in the phrasing and the accent of the dances. Perish the thought that any sudden jet of rhythm or any swift breaking of the flow should disturb unruffled flow. Here

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Possibly—to light first upon short-comings—Mr. Gardner, being full of his matter, has overwritten it. Broadway may indeed be a street—mid-town and northward—of tumultuous jazz. But hardly, for the purposes of musical composition, of jazz and tumult so persistent and pervasive. Agreed that it is as rich-flavored, high-rhythmed, symphonic jazz as one may hear in a year of concert-going. Yet too much gives the piece a vehement monotony beyond even the prevalence of that quality along Broadway. Furthermore: Mr. Gardner scores this jazz for a super-orchestra—wood-winds in threes or fours, six horns, three saxophones, banjo, a variegated and busy percussion corner. Symphonic jazz must surely be sonorous; but it must also be sufficiently open for the hearer to catch the "quips and quirks and wanton wiles" with which separate instruments and separate choirs savor and diversify it. Oftener than need be Mr. Gardner's writing is so full-mouthed and in such turmoil that for the quickest ear (unless it be the composer-conductor's) there are no details, no arabesques—only large, on-rushing sonorities.

Yet in contrasts, as it seemed to one and another hearer, lay the emotional and the imaginative virtue of Mr. Gardner's musical design. Throughout "Broadway" he would set up a background, infuse an atmosphere, of jazz. Therewith he characters street and scene. Within this atmosphere, against this background, he would also suggest, even enact—so far as tones may do that office—an individual fate. There are waltz-like measures, half-sensuous, playful, intoxicating, as of one who savors and enjoys a new-found environment. There are measures, again, as of one who draws from it restless stimulus and will to do. There are measures, finally, of something stilled and spent and crushed—maybe of the spirit that had toyed with this flaunting world, believed itself kindled and master, only to be drained, stripped and tossed aside. And again, in the last measures of all, the jazz-like

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At the other end of the program, the so-called Organ Symphony of Saint-Saëns. In the repertory of no other orchestra in America is it so firmly embedded. Hardly oftener, nowadays, in Paris itself do the bourgeoisie of the Colonne and the Lamoureux Concerts hear it. (And at that bourgeoisie the young Saint-Saëns liked to gird.) Dr. Muck, who fancied the Symphony and who, in the composer's opinion, played it more eloquently than any French conductor, was its foster father at Symphony Hall. Mr. Monteux was no ungracious uncle; while Dr. Koussevitzky has been sufficiently assiduous guardian. If in these days Saint-Saëns must be taken down from the shelf on which the new musical generation has unanimously deposited him, better this Organ Symphony than the threadbare symphonic poems or the all too-neat concertos. Saint-Saëns was no mean craftsman—in fact he knew too much—and there are still interesting sonorities to echo out of thin-bodied or over-laden pages. And in the eighties to be grandiose and rhetorical, Lisztian-fashion, was no symphonic sin. Nor for most—witness the applause on both Friday and Saturday—is it such nowadays. And once more Dr. Koussevitzky persuades himself of the music before him. Early or late in the season, there shall be no routine.

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What could the three possibly have in common, or how could they even be right foil for each other? The names of the composers raise the question; the actual works give the answer. Beethoven of the Pastoral Symphony is Beethoven almost unique. It is Beethoven objective. The symphony moves along placidly—yes, placidly in spite of the thunder storm. One fairly feels the golden sunlight—upon fields perhaps of a yellowish green. The peasants, the twittering birds, the

scape upon which it hears the equally funny birds; the mind is lulled by the drowsy murmuring brook. For once Beethoven does not harrow the emotions; for once he soothes and quiets and heals. And the conductor gives him his free and gentle way.

One is still purring in the warm sunlight which this music spreads about one. Unless one's day has brought a very particular ax to grind, one is content. One would not, at least not yet, give up this somnolent mood. If only one could bask in the yellow sunshine a moment longer, dream out the dream of those sun-flooded fields. Nine pieces out of ten, indeed ninety-nine out of a hundred, would break in upon the reverie, would shatter the illusion. Dr. Koussevitzky found the hundredth piece which continues just enough of the essence of the mood not to disturb the storm, the shepherd, the religious song, are but incidents against the background of this peaceful landscape. There is no soul-painting, no self-revelation, no struggle with cosmic problems. The mind is at rest in the contemplation of this landscape upon which it sees these funny peasants, now dancing, now caught and drenched in the rain, then piously giving thanks that it was no worse; this land-

dreamer, changes it just enough to interest him afresh. Rustic plains now become Olympian fields, funny peasants turn into gods and muses. But the gods (like Beethoven writing his pastoral) are having their day off. Not Olympian dignities and grandeurs are heaped about one. Stravinsky, writing about and for them, is not wracking his brain trying to fathom the unfathomable. The gods and muses are engaged in the pleasures of the dance, and the accommodating and versatile Stravinsky is writing suitable measures for their very human steps. Again the music is objective. Again it moves about in the outskirts of human emotion. Again it reaches the heart only by giving frank pleasure to the senses. After all, why try to "judge" Stravinsky writing in an unaccustomed style, by comparing "Apollo" with earlier works. "Apollo" is a thing in itself, in its way perfect, giving exquisitely its own kind of pleasure—pleasure thrice trebled coming right after that other work of a composer on a holiday from himself, Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony.

But the hearer also would want his "thrill." Sunshine in the meadows of Austria or on the fields adjoining the mountains of the gods could hardly satisfy forever. Was there to be no searching of the heart this evening? Could such searching be subtly joined to the objectivities that had gone before? Along with the many pieces which could not accomplish this end was also at least

but was accomplish it. The al way. In the proper mel- liss Edith to listen receptively dward D. which so slowly and was there in the heart of r Harlow of Isolde. It is by y from the Epicurean pian Dance to the shingly" of the begin- Years of the stan" prelude. It is ynn, died leads one on and on, bon park, re deeply into the re- years old sions of one's heart. siness for e thrill which is more in Eng- h is the sum-total of ed States depths of that passion. a member ll-high insensible the Lodge of a long way from the pment of the golden landscapes two sons sion of two of the t lovers.

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Plaudits

certs in New York season the Boston id Dr. Koussevitzky led by the audiences reviewers beyond cent precedent. The Carnegie Hall on nd Saturday after- ed a renewal, or a Brahms Festival . On Thursday the is "Academic Over- ccerto in B-flat, his r. On Saturday it academic Overture": ccerto in B minor minor. On both el was the pianist. ds the praise, and

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also the dispraise, that his playing provoked. For the moment orchestra and conductor are the matter in hand. Writing in The Tribune, Mr. Gilman gave them adept and amusing introduction.

"It may be recalled by those who have been privileged to witness or to read Mr. Connelly's inimitable 'Green Pastures' that the Lawd, complaining of an insufficiency of firmament in the seasoning of his custard, is informed that Paradise is at the moment all out of firmament. 'Dey ain't,' reports the custard-maker, 'a drap in de jug.' Whereupon the Lawd determines to make good the deficiency by a miracle. 'Let it be some firmament!' he commands. 'An' when I say let it be some firmament, I don't want jest a little bitty dab o' firmament . . . Let it be a whole mess o' firmament!'

"Mr. Koussevitzky, Lawd of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, appears to have concluded that both musical Boston and musical New York lacked an ingredient essential to their symphonic diet, and he decreed a while ago, 'Let it be some Brahms!' Apparently he added the warning, 'Not jest a little bitty dab o' Brahms. Let it be a whole mess o' Brahms.' And Brahms there was forthwith—a whole mess o' Brahms, a firmament of Brahms, in fact, filled with choiring stars and glorious with symphonic suns.

"Apparently Mr. Koussevitzky, like Mr. Connelly's Lawd, is a benevolently despotic individualist, satisfying his own taste when he feels impelled to do so. There was, admittedly, firmament in the Lawd's custard. And, indisputably, there was Brahms in our musical custard. Was there enough? Ah, that was for the imperious Mr. Koussevitzky to say. But apart from the suiting of his taste, there was really no particular occasion for a Brahms Festival, either in Boston or in New York. There is at the moment no Brahmsian anniversary to celebrate (though there will be one in 1933, when Mr. Koussevitzky may regret that he came in a few bars too soon). And certainly our condition differs from that of the heavenly larder; for there is plenty of Brahms in the jugs of our conductors, and they add it freely to our musical food.

Consequently

"But no matter: Mr. Koussevitzky wanted more Brahms, and he provided it. For the Bostonians, he contrived six all-Brahms concerts, exhibiting samples of the Olympian Johannes as composer of orchestral, choral and chamber works, with the aid of the Harvard and Radcliffe choruses and such luscious soloists as Mme. Matzenauer and the fabulously fashionable Mr. Artur Schnabel the imported pianist who has made intellectualism in music almost as popular (for the moment) as ankle-length skirts.

York we are not being quite provided by Mr. Koussevitzky hmsian firmament. Yet the the Bostonian heaven is doing by us. [Last] Thursday evening Carnegie Hall he set before his not a whole mess of Brahms, much more than a little bitty gave us one of the greatest of phonies, an overture, and the suasive, if not the weightiest no-concertos, with Mr. Schnabel anistic Gabriel, sounding his through Johannes's keyboard of a vernal earth.

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ductor's Share

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scape upon which it hears the funny birds; the mind is lulled by the drowsy murmuring brook. For once hoven does not harrow the emotion once he soothes and quiets and And the conductor gives him his gentle way.

One is still purring in the war light which this music spreads one. Unless one's day has been very particular ax to grind, one tent. One would not, at least not give up this somnolent mood. one could bask in the yellow sun a monument longer, dream out the of those sun-flooded fields. Nine out of ten, indeed ninety-nine out of hundred, would break in upon the erie, would shatter the illusion Koussevitzky found the hundredth which continues just enough of sence of the mood not to disturb storm, the shepherd, the religious are but incidents against the back of this peaceful landscape. There soul-painting, no self-revelation, no gle with cosmic problems. The n at rest in the contemplation of this scape upon which it sees these peasants, now dancing, now caught drenched in the rain, then piously thanks that it was no worse; the

dreamer, changes it just enough to rest him afresh. Rustic plains become Olympian fields, funny people turn into gods and muses. But then (like Beethoven writing his pastorate) having their day off. Not Olympianities and grandeurs are heaped one. Stravinsky, writing about them, is not wracking his brain to fathom the unfathomable. The and muses are engaged in the play of the dance, and the accompaniment and versatile Stravinsky is writing ble measures for their very human. Again the music is objective. A moves about in the outskirts of emotion. Again it reaches the hearer by giving frank pleasure to the After all, why try to "judge" Stravinsky in an unaccustomed way comparing "Apollo" with earlier "Apollo" is a thing in itself, in perfect, giving exquisitely its own of pleasure—pleasure thrice trebling right after that other wonderful composer on a holiday from Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony.

But the hearer also would want "thrill." Sunshine in the meadows Austria or on the fields adjoining mountains of the gods could hardly satisfy forever. Was there to be nothing of the heart this evening? such searching be subtly joined objectivities that had gone before with the many pieces which accomplished this end was also

one which would accomplish it. The hearer was exactly in the proper mellowed mood in which to listen receptively to the murmurings which so slowly and so insinuatingly grew in the heart of Tristan, in the heart of Isolde. It is by no means a far cry from the Epicurean languors of Olympian Dance to the "Slowly and languishingly" of the beginnings of the "Tristan" prelude. It is Wagner then who leads one on and on, deeper and yet more deeply into the recesses and the passions of one's heart. And there comes the thrill which is more than a thrill, which is the sum-total of the heights and the depths of that passion. And by paths well-high insensible the evening has gone a long way from the purling brook in the golden landscapes to the searing passion of two of the world's most ardent lovers.

One can only add that performance was superb in the restraint and the evenness of the flat emotional levels of Beethoven, in maintaining the finely chiselled and perfectly polished surfaces of Stravinsky, in the slowly accumulating forces that mounted and mounted, with Wagner, in the all-engulfing final release. Yes, a perfect program, perfectly given. A. H. M.

From Boston To New York Exceptionally Frank. — April 14, 1930 Dr. Koussevitzky Continues The Brahms Festival To Loud Plaudits

At the final concerts in New York—for the season the Boston Orchestra and Dr. Koussevitzky were applauded by the audiences and praised by the reviewers beyond current custom or recent precedent. The concerts befell in Carnegie Hall on Thursday evening and Saturday afternoon last; were indeed a renewal, or a continuance, of the Brahms Festival lately ended in Boston. On Thursday the program essembled his "Academic Overture," his Piano-Concerto in B-flat, his Symphony in E Minor. On Saturday it again contained the "Academic Overture," added to it the Concerto in B minor and the Symphony in C minor. On both occasions Mr. Schnabel was the pianist. Another column records the praise, and

also the dispraise, that his playing provoked. For the moment orchestra and conductor are the matter in hand. Writing in The Tribune, Mr. Gilman gave them adept and amusing introduction.

"It may be recalled by those who have been privileged to witness or to read Mr. Connelly's inimitable 'Green Pastures' that the Lawd, complaining of an insufficiency of firmament in the seasoning of his custard, is informed that Paradise is at the moment all out of firmament. 'Dey ain't,' reports the custard-maker, 'a drap in de jug.' Whereupon the Lawd determines to make good the deficiency by a miracle. 'Let it be some firmament!' he commands. 'An' when I say let it be some firmament, I don't want jest a little bitty dab o' firmament. . . . Let it be a whole mess o' firmament!'

"Mr. Koussevitzky, Lawd of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, appears to have concluded that both musical Boston and musical New York lacked an ingredient essential to their symphonic diet, and he decreed a while ago, 'Let it be some Brahms!' Apparently he added the warning, 'Not jest a little bitty dab o' Brahms. Let it be a whole mess o' Brahms!' And Brahms there was forthwith—a whole mess o' Brahms, a firmament of Brahms, in fact, filled with choiring stars and glorious with symphonic suns.

"Apparently Mr. Koussevitzky, like Mr. Connelly's Lawd, is a benevolently despotic individualist, satisfying his own taste when he feels impelled to do so. There was, admittedly, firmament in the Lawd's custard. And, indisputably, there was Brahms in our musical custard. Was there enough? Ah, that was for the imperious Mr. Koussevitzky to say. But apart from the suiting of his taste, there was really no particular occasion for a Brahms Festival, either in Boston or in New York. There is at the moment no Brahmsian anniversary to celebrate (though there will be one in 1933, when Mr. Koussevitzky may regret that he came in a few bars too soon). And certainly our condition differs from that of the heavenly larder; for there is plenty of Brahms in the jugs of our conductors, and they add it freely to our musical food.

Consequently

"But no matter: Mr. Koussevitzky wanted more Brahms, and he provided it. For the Bostonians, he contrived six all-Brahms concerts, exhibiting samples of the Olympian Johannes as composer of orchestral, choral and chamber works, with the aid of the Harvard and Radcliffe choruses and such luscious soloists as Mme. Matzenauer and the fabulously fashionable Mr. Artur Schnabel the imported pianist who has made intellectualism in music almost as popular (for the moment) as ankle-length skirts.

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Conductor's Share

mes was like-minded as to Concerto in D minor, saying: "It was not pianist and interpreter of symphonies, and they add it freely to our musical food. . . . better say, a musician who really unexampled felicity the hardness of Brahms's palette, and the Brahmsian instrument take its place, with intuition for the right shading of color scheme. In view of the it is easy to believe that Mr. Koussevitzky and Mr. Koussevitzky had with special care and mutual zeal the best possible coherence and of all the elements of a work less a piano-concerto in the ac-sense of the term than it is one of Brahms's greatest symphonies. Mr.

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AT the final concerts in New York—for the season the Boston Orchestra and Dr. Koussevitzky were applauded by the audiences and praised by the reviewers beyond current custom or recent precedent. The concerts befell in Carnegie Hall on Thursday evening and Saturday afternoon last; were indeed a renewal, or a continuance, of the Brahms Festival lately ended in Boston. On Thursday the program assembled his "Academic Overture," his Piano-Concerto in B-flat, his Symphony in E Minor. On Saturday it again contained the "Academic Overture"; added to it the Concerto in E minor and the Symphony in C minor. On both occasions Mr. Schnabel was the pianist. Another column records the praise, and

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"That everyone was happy there can be little doubt. Brahms is proper Festival material, with or without an anniversary pretext. He has the fullness and variety of content, the volume, the power, the greatness of style, the imaginative reach and depth, to justify and reward an unqualified disclosure of his works. A first-rate genius, a Maker (as the mystically daring Emerson might have called him), he is fecund and inexhaustible. Thursday we had him in two of his major phases: the Brahms who in the Concerto in B-flat is chiefly the poet of southern amplitudes and fervors, radiant, expansive, sensitive and magical, and the austerer Brahms of the Symphony in E minor, the Northern Brahms, bardic, magisterial, and prevaillingly dark hued."

Having passed the Concerto in review, Mr. Gilman ventured this final reflection: "After this, the Fourth Symphony, foal lils blend of Gothic magnificence and bardic speech, was an experience necessarily less revealing. The evening was Mr. Schnabel's, and the Brahms that he conveyed to us. For this our thanks, however, are really due to Mr. Koussevitzky. It was he, let it not be forgotten, who ordained this beneficent enrichment of our Brahmsian skies. If there were any who murmured, like the Paradisaical witnesses in 'The Green Pastures,' 'Now, look, Lawd, dat's too much firmament,' their voices were not audible."

The Conductor's Share

The Times was like-minded as to Concerto and Symphony, saying: "It was not only a pianist and interpreter of symphonic intent who sat before us but a colorist who matched every tint of Brahms's orchestration with one of his own; or, better say, a musician who realized with unexampled felicity the harmoniousness of Brahms's palette, and made his instrument take its place, with infallible intuition for the right shading in the color scheme. In view of the result it is easy to believe that Mr. Schnabel and Mr. Koussevitzky had labored with special care and mutual zeal to achieve the best possible coherence and balance of all the elements of a work which is less a piano-concerto in the accepted sense of the term than it is one of Brahms's greatest symphonies. Mr.

[illegible]

Koussevitzky's exposition of the score and the manner in which he supplemented, as it were, every thought and wish of the soloist was a lesson, from a master of interpretation."

And again: "The orchestral pieces were taken from the best Brahms—the 'Academic' Overture, which is youth itself and the wine of life, and the Fourth Symphony. Perhaps the reading of the Overture, played with balance and clarity by the magnificent orchestra, was a trifle deliberate and over-attentive to detail. Or, again, one might not agree with every tempo, nuance, crescendo and decrescendo of the symphony as the conductor contrived them; but on the whole these were great readings of works none the less great because they are familiar. Mr. Koussevitzky, who came here heralded as a virtuoso conductor not to be esteemed a reader of the classics, proved in this as in so many other concerts his innate understanding of the works of classic masters and his constantly ripening grip of his medium. [The Times

Climax

Once more, of the matinée on Saturday: "On Thursday Mr. Schnabel had a triumph with the Concerto in B-flat. This triumph was but the half of the ovation he received when he finished the Concerto in D minor Saturday afternoon, when he was cheered and applauded and called back to the stage many times. At the end of the concert Mr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra received an even more tumultuous demonstration. All this was testimony to the powers of a magnificent orchestra, conductor, and pianist, but above all it was testimony to the amazing and the increasing appeal to the public imagination of Brahms.

"The performance of the First Symphony was admirably proportioned and had the fine sustained line that the performance of the much more unpretentious 'Academic' Overture had not. Reservations concerning the Overture were recorded here after the first performance. These reservations gained strength under repetition. There was the tendency which is possibly a recurrent weakness of Mr. Koussevitzky to over-refine the music, dress up a simple and vigorous spirited piece with a series of nuance which make it episodic and deprive it of a measure of its movement, spontaneity and vigor. Owing to the same cause the peroration of the Overture, when it came, was not sufficiently imposing. The symphony, however, was played with fine continuity and cumulative power

is indeed as the music is, it is no rule, in the oldest hands, to present and coherently. The test audience showed how deep the impression was felt and appreciated. These concerts have been for a long time and his men a special feature of the season.

s Brahms v York Ears

Also Question for ing Through Concertos

—Apr. 14, 1930.
These columns report not to so many of public and press. The Boston Orchestra and at their final concerts, a New York. At both, the "assisting artist," piano-part in each of the two. Newcomer in his powers, making inevitable deep impression, he conductor the laurels of the matinée. He entered the questioning and disconcerted himself and his playmates so fresh in Bostonian praise and blame delivered.

performance of the Concerto, memorable. It would receive of an exposition of a conductor were more delivering to an audience large moods but all the composition and the deeply little ability of the solo instrument and the orchestra as theories were the drama. attempt the sentimentalism in only serve his perhaps chills his problem for crystalline supernatural for liquidity. On the at it." late sense of the curve of the course his fine perception of of Tuesday general scheme impelled instead of nuances of ravishing need. of his crescendo and so unerringly placed, executed as to lift they occurred into an and radiant glow of in the last movement only interpret Brahms as only a master can.

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The concerto was revealed in all its splendor, which is not the splendor of pageantry but of the last and most precious moments of the sunset. Here is beautiful music filled with nobility of thought and royalty of style. The applause was very warm and the pianist was recalled several times. The whole orchestra should have been recalled also. [The Sun

Mr. Schnabel . . . has pre-eminently that "high seriousness" which issues from absolute sincerity. The crowd, as a thing to be tickled or enticed or overawed, apparently does not exist for him. He is concerned only with the music before him; all else is irrelevant. Against this background of belief and practice he shows us the application of ideas to poetry—of the shaping, governing, proportioning will exerting itself upon the emotional stuff of beauty. Always they constitute an exhibition of reason confederate with loveliness, of logic warmed with sensibility.

The Concerto in B-flat gave Mr. Schnabel occasion and to spare for the influential exhibition of these traits. This abidingly wonderful music he helped us to understand in all its moods, from the vernal horn-call of the opening, with its keyboard echo that is the very voice of prodigality and fervor, as of some magnetic southern Noontide made articulate, to the exquisite musing of the piano at the close of the magical Andante, where the music seems to drift upward into a hovering silence, reminding us of that woman of whom Conrad wrote, "in whose precise saying there were enigmatical prolongations that vanished somewhere beyond the reach." [The Tribune

Doubt and Dissent

It was not a performance, however, to alter materially critical valuations made when Mr. Schnabel was last here. With power, clarity and a prehensile mastery of structure went more than a little harshness, chill and practicality. Though deep and intense absorption were not to be denied this playing, its effect only occasionally possessed atmosphere or romance, as in the closing measures of the slow movement. More often its earnestness seemed pedagogical, its emphasis heavily cerebral. Sturdy technical achievements were brought about in a manner that often implied subjugation of the music by main force rather than an unfoldment from within by means of the interpreter's imposing technique.

The concert otherwise was one which tended to the harshness of forced sonorities. In both the [Academic] Overture and the [Fourth] Symphony, there was which seemed to be a relentless questing after the sort of vitality which results from playing at once bright and edged, taut and loud. It was playing that

the ear aggressively throughout—*rico e passionato*," according to letter of the passacaglia finale of the Symphony.

Impression left on this reviewer one of the most efficient performances of the concerto he had ever heard. This was, indeed, efficiency raised. Mr. Schnabel played every note of music with unheard-of precision. His precise was the pianist's rhythm in his presentation of the themes and developments. Employing a rather ringing tone, Mr. Schnabel laid bare the concerto as uncompromisingly as a man engaged in an important operation. When he relented at times for the passion of the lyrical element he gave the feeling that he was inwardly struggling at the necessity, so grudgingly of the softer qualities of the work poetic flights, the tender interludes. It was a remorseless performance, which placed the concerto in an entirely new light. [The World

yes Again

The Concerto in D minor, Mr. Schnabel, course, made light of the stupendous technical difficulties. For once the orchestral piano-part did not sound when contrasted with the tuttis. Main octave trills in the first movement were delivered with Herculean energy. His reading altogether was cast in Olympian mold. The aristocratic bearing, the absolute faithfulness to the of the composer, the undeviating of good taste, revealed once more the great stature of the Austrian pianist. Are those who find his playing cool intellectual, without the glow of passion. Perhaps the explanation is found in the integral masculinity of Schnabel's style. His art has none of the androgynous elements often to be met in interpretive as well as creative. [The Tribune

Schnabel again showed [on Saturday] that he could play beautifully when he, as in the slow movement of the Concerto. It is worth while to remember this, and also to place by it in memory the gigantic proclamation of roaring drums and in response to instruments of the orchestra, of a theme that flashes like lightning through the instruments. When that theme came—at the beginning with the orchestra, and at the outset of the recitation, with all the power and sur of which piano and orchestra capable—it conferred something to remember. But the fire and nobility of Schnabel's interpretation and his contempt for any device merely intended to please an audience or procure applause could hardly be gainsaid. Performances will remain one of the climaxes of the season that is going to an end. [The Times

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Familiar as the music is, it is no easy, even for the oldest hands, to present it so powerfully and coherently. The testimony of the audience showed how deeply this performance was felt and appreciated. These two concerts have been for Mr. Koussevitzky and his men a special triumph."

Schnabel's Brahms In New York Ears

Praise and Also Question for His Playing Through

The Concertos

3 days. — Apr. 14, 1932

ELSEWHERE these columns report the warmth of public and press toward the Boston Orchestra and Dr. Koussevitzky at their final concerts, for the season, in New York. At both, Mr. Schnabel was the "assisting artist," playing the piano-part in each of Brahms's Concertos. Newcomer in his present note and powers, making inevitably large and deep impression, he shared with the conductor the laurels of the evening and the matinee. He encountered as well questioning and dissenting voices. He himself and his playing of Brahms are so fresh in Bostonian memory that both praise and blame deserve quotation.

Light and Leading

Mr. Schnabel's performance of the Concerto in B-flat was memorable. It would be difficult to conceive of an exposition in which soloist and conductor were more closely united in delivering to an audience not only the large moods but all the details of the composition and the deeply significant relation of the solo instrument to the whole and the orchestra as ment to the whole and the orchestra as ment to the whole and the orchestra as

Mr. Schnabel eschews sentimentality in all its forms, and this perhaps chills his tone, which is admirable for crystalline quality rather than for liquidity. On the other hand his delicate sense of the curve of every phrase and his fine perception of its place in the general scheme impel him to the use of nuances of ravishing gradation. Some of his crescendi and diminuendi were so unerringly placed and so matchlessly executed as to lift the pages in which they occurred into an unusually beautiful and radiant glow of life. Particularly in the last movement did the pianist not only interpret Brahms but play the piano as only a master can.

The concerto was revealed in all its splendor, which is not the splendor of pageantry but of the last and most precious moments of the sunset. Here is beautiful music filled with nobility of thought and royalty of style. The applause was very warm and the pianist was recalled several times. The whole orchestra should have been recalled also. [The Sun

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The Concerto in D minor, Mr. Schnabel course, made light of the stupend- technical difficulties. For once the orchestral piano-part did not sound when contrasted with the tuttis. Main octave trills in the first movement were delivered with Herculean energy. His reading altogether was cast Olympian mold. The aristocratic ng, the absolute faithfulness to the of the composer, the undeviating of good taste, revealed once more eat stature of the Austrian pianist. are those who find his playing cool intellectual, without the glow of nation. Perhaps the explanation is found in the integral masculinity of Schnabel's style. His art has none of androgynous elements often to be in interpretive as well as creative. [The Tribune

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Koussevitzky's exposition of the and the manner in which he supplemented it were, every thought and the soloist was a lesson, from a of interpretation."

And again: "The orchestral piece taken from the best Brahms 'Academic' Overture, which is yet self and the wine of life, and the Symphony. Perhaps the reading Overture, played with balance and by the magnificent orchestra, was deliberate and over-attentive to Or, again, one might not agree every tempo, nuance, crescendo decrescendo of the symphony as duction contrived them; but on these were great readings of work the less great because they are f Mr. Koussevitzky, who came he alded as a virtuoso conductor not esteemed a reader of the classics, in this as in so many other conc innate understanding of the wo classic masters and his constantly ing grip of his medium. [The Th

Climax

Once more, of the matinée on day: "On Thursday Mr. Schnabel triumph with the Concerto in This triumph was but the half ovation he received when he the Concerto in D minor Saturday noon, when he was cheered and plauded and called back to the many times. At the end of the Mr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra received an even more tumultuous stration. All this was testimony powers of a magnificent orchestra duction, and pianist, but above all testimony to the amazing and creasing appeal to the public in tion of Brahms.

"The performance of the First phony was admirably proportion had the fine sustained line that t ment to the whole and the orchestra as formance of the much more unan equal partner in the drama. tious 'Academic' Overture had not. Mr. Schnabel eschews sentimentality in vations concerning the Overture wall its forms, and this perhaps chills his corded here after the first perfor tone, which is admirable for crystalline These reservations gained strength quality rather than for liquidity. On the repetition. There was the te other hand his delicate sense of the curve which is possibly a recurrent weal of every phrase and his fine perception of Mr. Koussevitzky to over-refine its place in the general scheme impel sic, dress up a simple and him to the use of nuances of ravishing spirited piece with a series of gradation. Some of his crescendo and which make it episodic and deprived diminuendi were so unerringly placed a measure of its movement, spor and so matchlessly executed as to lift and vigor. Owing to the same the pages in which they occurred into an the peroration of the Overture, unusually beautiful and radiant glow of came, was not sufficiently imposing life. Particularly in the last movement symphony, however, was played did the pianist not only interpret Brahms fine continuity and cumulative, but play the piano as only a master can.

Familiar as the music is, it is no easy, even for the oldest hands, to present it so powerfully and coherently. The testimony of the audience showed how deeply this performance was felt and appreciated. These two concerts have been to Mr. Koussevitzky and his men a special triumph."

Schnabel's Brahms In New York Ears

Praise and Also Question for His Playing Through

The Concertos

ELSEWHERE these columns report toward the Boston Orchestra and Dr. Koussevitzky at their final concerts, for the season, in New York. At both, Mr. Schnabel was the "assisting artist," playing the piano-part in each of Brahms's Concertos. Newcomer in his present note and powers, making inevitably large and deep impression, he shared with the conductor the laurels of the evening and the matinée. He encountered as well questioning and dissenting voices. He himself and his playing of Brahms are so fresh in Bostonian memory that both praise and blame deserve quotation.

Light and Leading

Mr. Schnabel's performance of the Concerto in B-flat was memorable. It would be difficult to conceive of an exposition in which soloist and conductor were more closely united in delivering to an audience not only the large moods but all the details of the composition and the deeply significant relation of the solo instrument to the whole and the orchestra as

formance of the much more unan equal partner in the drama. tious 'Academic' Overture had not. Mr. Schnabel eschews sentimentality in vations concerning the Overture wall its forms, and this perhaps chills his corded here after the first perfor tone, which is admirable for crystalline These reservations gained strength quality rather than for liquidity. On the repetition. There was the te other hand his delicate sense of the curve which is possibly a recurrent weal of every phrase and his fine perception of Mr. Koussevitzky to over-refine its place in the general scheme impel sic, dress up a simple and him to the use of nuances of ravishing spirited piece with a series of gradation. Some of his crescendo and which make it episodic and deprived diminuendi were so unerringly placed a measure of its movement, spor and so matchlessly executed as to lift and vigor. Owing to the same the pages in which they occurred into an the peroration of the Overture, unusually beautiful and radiant glow of came, was not sufficiently imposing life. Particularly in the last movement symphony, however, was played did the pianist not only interpret Brahms fine continuity and cumulative, but play the piano as only a master can.

The concerto was splendor, which is pageantry but of precious moments of beautiful music filled with thought and royalty, pause was very was recalled several orchestra should have [The Sun

Mr. Schnabel ly that "high serious from absolute sincere a thing to be tickled awed, apparently do He is concerned only fore him; all else is this background of b shows us the appli poetry—of the shapi portioning will exert emotional stuff of be constitute an exhibit federate with loveline with sensibility.

The Concerto in Schnabel occasion an influential exhibition. This abidingly wor helped us to understa from the vernal horn with its keyboard ecl voice of prodigality some magnetic south articulate, to the exqu piano at the close o dante, where the mu upward into a hoveri ing us of that woman wrote, "in whose pr were enigmatical prok lished somewhere be [The Tribune

Doubt and Dissent

It was not a perform alter materially critica when Mr. Schnabel wi power, clarity and a of structure went m harshness, chill and p deep and intense, abso be denied this playing occasionally possessed at mance, as in the closin slow movement. More ness seemed pedagogic heavily cerebral. Sturdy nents were brought a that often implied su music by main force r foldment from within b terpreter's imposing te

The concert otherw tended to the harshne ties. In both the [A and the [Fourth] Sym which seemed to be a after the sort of vital from playing at once taut and loud. It v

smote the ear aggressively throughout—"energico e passionato," according to the letter of the passacaglia finale of the Fourth Symphony.

The impression left on this reviewer was one of the most efficient performances of the concerto he had ever heard. This was, indeed, efficiency raised to art. Mr. Schnabel played every note of the music with unheard-of precision. Equally precise was the pianist's rhythm and his presentation of the themes and their developments. Employing a rather unyielding tone, Mr. Schnabel laid bare the concerto as uncompromisingly as a surgeon engaged in an important operation. When he relented at times for the expression of the lyrical element he gave one the feeling that he was inwardly chafing at the necessity, so grudging was he of the softer qualities of the work—the poetic flights, the tender interludes. It was a remorseless performance, one which placed the concerto in an entirely new light. [The World

The Ayes Again

In the Concerto in D minor, Mr. Schnabel, of course, made light of the stupendous technical difficulties. For once the truly orchestral piano-part did not sound puny when contrasted with the tutti. The chain octave trills in the first movement were delivered with Herculean energy. His reading altogether was cast in an Olympian mold. The aristocratic phrasing, the absolute faithfulness to the spirit of the composer, the undeviating fidelity of good taste, revealed once more the great stature of the Austrian pianist. There are those who find his playing cool and intellectual, without the glow of imagination. Perhaps the explanation is to be found in the integral masculinity of Mr. Schnabel's style. His art has none of those androgynous elements often to be found in interpretive as well as creative talents. [The Tribune

Mr. Schnabel again showed [on Saturday] that he could play beautifully when he chose, as in the slow movement of the D-Minor Concerto. It is worth while to remember this, and also to place by it in the memory the gigantic proclamation over roaring drums and in response to different instruments of the orchestra, of the theme that flashes like lightning through the instruments. When that passage came—at the beginning with the orchestra, and at the outset of the recapitulation, with all the power and grandeur of which piano and orchestra were capable—it conferred something to remember. But the fire and nobility of Mr. Schnabel's interpretation and his complete contempt for any device merely calculated to please an audience or provoke applause could hardly be gainsaid. His performances will remain one of the notable climaxes of the season that is drawing to an end. [The Times

Twenty-third Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 25, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 26, at 8.15 o'clock

Mozart Symphony in C major, No 34 (Koechel No 338)
I. Allegro vivace.
II. Andante di molto.
III. Finale: Allegro vivace.

Chadwick Sinfonietta in D major
I. Risolutamente.
II. Canzonetta.
III. Scherzino.
IV. Finale.

Dukelsky Symphony No. 2, in D-flat major
I. Allegro molto.
II. Menuetto.
III. Allegro giocoso. (First performance)

Strauss "Don Juan," Tone-poem, Op. 20
(after Lenau)

STEINWAY PIANO USED

There will be an intermission after Chadwick's "Sinfonietta"



Vladimir Dukelsky

MUSIC

SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The 23d concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. Mozart, Symphony, C major (K. 338). Chadwick, Sinfonietta in D major. Dukelsky, Symphony, E flat major, No. 2 (first performance). Strauss, tone poem, "Don Juan."

Mr. Chadwick's overture to "Rip Van Winkle" was performed at a concert of the Harvard Musical Association in December, 1879, at a concert of the Handel and Haydn Society in May, 1880. His name first appeared on a program of the Boston Symphony orchestra on Jan. 13, 1883 (overture "Thalia"). It was eminently meet and proper that his jubilee should have been celebrated yesterday by the Boston Symphony orchestra, whose programs he has often enriched. The Sinfonietta, chosen for this occasion, was composed in 1904; the music is still fresh and pleasing by its firm structure, its melodic interest, its harmonic and orchestral expression, and above all by a musical enthusiasm that is kept within artistic bounds. This was no perfunctory work; the music was in the composer and it had to come out. Nor is the Sinfonietta too evidently of any school. There is individuality, which was rare among American composers at the time the Sinfonietta was written. And here, as in an earlier and famous Scherzo and in the earlier Symphonic Sketches there is more than the suggestion of the American spirit finding its voice in music. Perhaps today the first and second movements are the ones that command the most attention; the former by the thematic material—note the charming quasi oriental melody—and its development—Mr. Chadwick writing for orchestra has been especially happy in his use of the symphonic form; the second by the constant beauty of the musical thought, the melancholy that is poetic sentiment, and by the beautiful close with its exquisite orchestral invention.

Mr. Chadwick at the end of the Sinfonietta was most heartily applauded. One might borrow from newspaper jargon and say "he received an ovation," but this would do him an injustice, for among the ancient Romans an ovation was a lesser triumph, when the victorious general entered the city on horseback or on foot, not in a chariot, was crowned with myrtle, not with laurel, and only a sheep was sacrificed in his honor. Surely Mr. Chadwick for his musical activity during the 50 hon-

orable years deserves the laurel.

Mr. Dukelsky, who was at the concert, is not a stranger here. Mr. Koussevitzky had already introduced a ballet-suite and a first symphony. Mr. Dukelsky has not yeached his 30th year—fortunate man! He has told in an amusing manner the story of his musical life from the time he was a boy; told the story in so ingenuous, modest, humorous way, that it should disarm one from severe, much less capricious, criticism of his music. He undoubtedly has talent, which now seems to staid hearers with preconceived, or traditional ideals, wild and irregular. This symphony is a more mature work than his first, yet it is often yeasty. While the reproach of being a poseur, or of striving to make the bourgeois sit up and take notice, cannot justly be brought against him, the impression is made that the thematic treatment and the instrumentation are often experimental; that he too anxiously shuns what to him is the obvious that it might be said of him by his friends in defence, he hears music in his own way, not as even many of his colleagues hear it; that rhythm and curious orchestral effects, sudden and disconcerting contrasts, are more significant, more important to him, than even the orthodoxy of such widely differing geniuses as Strauss and Debussy.

At present Mr. Dukelsky belongs to the extreme radical wing, but there is a vigor, an intensity at times in this symphony that makes one forget the lack of emotional beauty as that beauty has long been and is now in certain quarters recognized. After all, music, as Mozart said, should "klingen." And what a delightful performance of Mozart's symphony was that of yesterday! As delightful as the performance of "Don Juan" was dramatically, superbly eloquent. Seldom is a conductor so sensitive and skilled as Dr. Koussevitzky in the interpretation of works by both composers, Strauss and Mozart. Seldom is an orchestra found that can so aid in the interpretation.

"Don Juan" and Till Eulenspiegel are the two of Strauss's orchestral works that bid fair to live. When he wrote "Don Juan" musical blood was hot in his veins. He might say of his Sinfonia Domestica and his Alpine Symphony, as Lenau's Don Juan: "The fire of my blood has now burned out. . . . Exhausted is the fuel."

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week's concert, the last of the season's, is announced as follows: Weber, overture to "Oberon"; Hill, "Lilacs" (after Amy Lowell); Ravel, Rapsodie Espagnole, Brahms, Symphony C Minor, No. 1.



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50 Years Ago
Played

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A Symphony of Mozart in C major and Strauss' "Don Juan" respectively began and ended a generally diverting concert.

CORDIAL TO CHADWICK

Even if he were avid of adulation, which distinctly he is not, Mr. Chadwick could not have failed to be pleased by the nature of his reception yesterday at the hands of his fellow-townsmen.

Time and again he was compelled to rise from his seat and bow his acknowledgment. In his turn Mr. Dukelsky was liberally applauded and recalled to the stage whither, in accordance with the present custom, he had betaken himself when the last note of his Symphony in D flat major had sounded.

It was possible to wish that, having decided to take official note of Mr. Chadwick's anniversary Dr. Koussevitzky had chosen a score more characteristic, more completely representative of that composer than this Sinfonietta, composed for a student orchestra and purposely written with a certain brevity, preciseness, and economy of musical and orchestral means and resources—for example, the four Symphonic Sketches now generally held to be his masterpiece. But this Sinfonietta, for all its unpretending nature, is in many respects typical of its author. It is buoyant, straightforward and to the point. The invention is free and flowing, the handling always secure. In it, as in much else that Mr. Chadwick has written, there is both a lyricism and a humor that are subtly yet unmistakably American.

Music of Youth

No doubt the idea never entered Dr. Koussevitzky's mind, yet, Mr. Chadwick's Sinfonietta aside, the concert of yesterday was given over to the music of youth. Mozart's Symphony and Strauss' "Don Juan" were each written at the symphonically tender age of 24, and Mr. Dukelsky's Symphony was finished not long after his 25th birthday. The comparison is, of course, unfair; but the fact remains that Mozart's Symphony and "Don Juan" are the works of composers already matured, while Mr. Dukelsky's Symphony shows the prentice hand.

It is to Mr. Dukelsky's credit that he endeavors to write, so far as his thematic invention is concerned, simply and naturally, that he does not disdain melody. But the themes of this Symphony, like those of its predecessor, already heard here, are without physiognomy. They are amiable but undistinguished, and they hardly bear the orchestral weight that they are asked to carry. Had Mr. Dukelsky moulded this same material into a Sinfonietta for chamber orchestra the result might have been happier.

Age Honored, Youth Heard, Heights Won

Symphony Concert Full-Laden,
Chadwick and Dukelsky,
Mozart to Strauss

THE Symphony Concert, Friday afternoon, deserved its name. Thrice over it exhibited the symphonic form. (The end of the season draws near. Promised performances, anniversaries, unfulfilled purposes, what not, press upon conductors till program-making becomes less work of art than of necessity.) Fortunately, in two of the chosen instances, that form was shortened. Mr. Dukelsky's new Symphony contained no slow movement as such. Instead, in the Finale stood episodic slow measures; while the middle Minuet was by no means gay. In turn, Mozart's old Symphony—in C major (No. 34), last heard at Symphony Hall from Sir T. Beecham—omitted any Minuet gay or grave. Finally, Mr. Chadwick's Sinfonietta, though it arrayed all four of the orthodox divisions, kept each as short as the title suggested.

There was other offset to surfeit. For the first time within recollection two composers graced with their presence a single matinée. From the balcony the youthful Dukelsky descended to the stage to take two or three recalls after the performance of his Symphony. Twice the venerable Chadwick rose from his seat to acknowledge still heartier plaudits. . . . Finally, conductor and orchestra outdid themselves in musics so wide apart as the slow division of Mozart's Symphony (Salzburg, 1780) and Strauss's tone-poem, "Don Juan" (Munich, 1888). The performance of the latter—and the piece itself is still thrilling stuff—would have whipped any stranger audience into tumults of applause. Our complacent matinée company merely patted its hands long enough to bring back Dr. Koussevitzky; then streamed through the doors. With sound reason the conductor seemed more disposed to return thanks to the players, still hot with their prowess, than to the retreating audience. If the history-book once written about the Symphony

is extended to the approaching it should contain an edifying on the customs of their public.

reception. Mr. Chadwick was honored by the program-book with four lines of black type. They noted the fact that years ago—come May 6—he made his first appearance in Boston as composer and conductor. To mark the occasion Dr. Koussevitzky was replete with the Sinfonietta. It will be further honored by a concert of Mr. Chadwick's at the Conservatory and by a dinner in his honor. The Sinfonietta itself written in 1904; last heard at the Symphony Concerts in 1910. To most ears, it came new, strange and, as it proved, surprising. For in later years—since there must be an advocate at festal occasions—Mr. Chadwick's just quality and worth have been passed. In his last productive days he worked in the symphonic poem in that neither quickened his imagination nor freed his hand. Most have short memories. The music that sat before "Aphrodite," "The Angel" and "The Adonais" tended to forget the composer Melpomene and the "Adonais" of the Second and the Third Symphonies, the Symphonic Sketches—Chadwickian masterpiece—and the Sinfonietta. The maker of symphonic music of thought and will, care and labor-effaced the free-handed craftsman, the warm inventor, the quick and spry, the humorous American, earlier time had applauded.

the surprise, yesterday, of the Sinfonietta. It is short, especially in the movements—and pithy brevity of the modernistic virtues. It is in high spirits; while to most ears Chadwick has long been a name as there were kings before Agamemnon—so there were composers of earlier scores before these current orchestral grace. One such is the Sinfonietta; dated 1904, Boston and England; while Ravel himself may the fancy and felicity of the horns against the sustaining the end of the slow movement. The Sinfonietta springs away—all elastic and high spirits; a quasi-oriental adds charm to vigor. There is of the working of the musical fertile is their course, so apt the mental vesture.

to believe some of our young might almost be a twentieth-century invention. Yet, "way back" in the past, Chadwick evolves a broad and march, as though for the game of the rhythms of his slow scherzo—less lightly and brightly

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Age Honor Youth Height

Symphony Concert
Chadwick and
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THE Symphony afternoon, thrice over its phonic form. son draws near. Pro- anniversaries, unfulfilled, not, press upon cond- making becomes less, necessity.) Fortuna- chosen instances, th- ened. Mr. Dukelsky contained no slow. Instead, in the F# slow measures; while was by no means ga- old Symphony—in C heard at Symphon- Beecham—omitted) grave. Finally, M- fonietta, though it a orthodox divisions, the title suggested. There was other the first time we composers graced a single matinée. F- youthful Dukelsky to take two or three- formance of his S- venerable Chadwick to acknowledge st- . . . Finally, co- outdid themselves apart as the slow Symphony (Salzbur- tone-poem, "Don- The performance piece itself is still have whipped any- tumults of appla- matinée company long enough to b- vitzky; then strea- With sound reaso- more disposed to players, still hot to the retreating a book once written

Concerts is extended to the approaching jubilee, it should contain an edifying chapter on the customs of their public.

By exception. Mr. Chadwick was honored in the program-book with four lines of bold, black type. They noted the fact that fifty years ago—come May 6—he made his first appearance in Boston as composer and conductor. To mark the anniversary Dr. Koussevitzky was reviving the Sinfonietta. It will be further marked by a concert of Mr. Chadwick's music at the Conservatory and by a dinner in his honor. The Sinfonietta itself was written in 1904; last heard at the Symphony Concerts in 1910. To most, therefore, it came new, strange and, as the event proved, surprising. For in these latter years—since there must be a devil's advocate at festal occasions—Mr. Chadwick's just quality and worth have been eclipsed. In his last productive days he chose to work in the symphonic poem—a form that neither quickened his imagination nor freed his hand. Most publics have short memories. The musical generation that sat before "Aphrodite," "Tam o' Shanter" and "The Angel of Death" tended to forget the composer of the "Melpomene" and the "Adonais" overtures, of the Second and the Third Symphonies, the Symphonic Sketches—the Chadwickian masterpiece—and the Sinfonietta. The maker of symphonic poems out of thought and will, care and pains, over-effaced the free-handed craftsman, the warm inventor, the quick and fertile spirit, the humorous American, that an earlier time had applauded.

Hence the surprise, yesterday, of the Sinfonietta. It is short, especially in the last two movements—and pithy brevity is one of the modernistic virtues. It is written in high spirits; while to most of us Mr. Chadwick has long been a sage. As there were kings before Agamemnon, so there were composers of transparent scores before these current years of orchestral grace. One such is this Sinfonietta; dated 1904, Boston and New England; while Ravel himself might envy the fancy and felicity of the distant horns against the sustaining viola at the end of the slow movement. The beginning springs away—all elasticity and high spirits; a quasi-oriental motif adds charm to vigor. There is no sense of the working of the musical ideas, so fertile is their course, so apt the instrumental vesture.

Rhythm—to believe some of our young lions—might almost be a twentieth-century invention. Yet, "way back" in 1904, Mr. Chadwick evolves a broad and tingling march, as though for the game of it, out of the rhythms of his slow song; tosses about the rhythmic figures of his Scherzo—less lightly and brightly

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What the most of the usual
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or his Symphony. The feeling of feeling as in man and the wanderings of the wanderer. A digression. Now, the future of the fanciful interest. In the Finale Mr. Strauss dreams until the orchestra possess him. Toward the end of his career, the zest of him as a roadrunner. Not for a moment and a bet—down—if his tempering thereat. And if he does some of it now and then at a less inclination, he less imitates his own way—to an influence will come disease is—

disease is—
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In Strauss's "Don Juan," which was closing piece, what did conductor and orchestra not do? They were rich-toned and sensuous. They teemed with vitalizing energy; strode in splendor; sang passionately, deliriously; etched and colored; cut sharp and knife-like. Through a music that time and change and fashion may not dim, burned the Straussian flame. Once more Don Juan himself leaped into tonal being. This page and that, and he was full characterized and panoplied. Measures of passionate sensuousness and as passionate disillusion. The horns sounding the ceaseless quest, the quenchless desire, the interminable adventure; voluptuous tumult, voluptuous torment; at the last, the dissonance of extinction. Music more completely and potently accomplishing its end has not been written in our time. Seldom in Symphony Hall has it received such intensive and all-prevailing performance. And after that Andante of Mozart! Every conductor, every orchestra, must be as manifold as—music itself.

H. T. P.

His Second Symphony for First Times, with Chadwick in Anniversary Days

Invoice. — Apr. 24, 1930

ON the twenty-third program of the season Dr. Koussevitzky places its last novelty, Vladimir Dukelsky's second Symphony, in D-flat. Mr. Dukelsky is no stranger to these concerts. Excerpts from his ballet, "Zephyr and Flore," as well as his first symphony have been played under Dr. Koussevitzky's baton. The key D-flat is an unusual one for a symphony. Memory does not recall another. Asked yesterday morning whether the key had any special significance, Dr. Dukelsky replied: "The key of D-flat has always fascinated me. I chose it because of the special color it has when played by orchestral instruments. Prokofiev's concerto in the same key first gave me the idea of a symphony in this key." The symphony, which is in manuscript, bears the date 1928. Yesterday at a rehearsal

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strings and the shadowing bassoons—the
rest of the orchestra is silent—gained it.
The tone was transparent; the shaping
of every contour delicately clear
and exact: the light flow of the music
itself. Yet underneath this gentle
brightness as gentle a melancholy. At
times it varies and invigorating
ideal that his imagination raises. Once
and again in the concert he captures it—
as yesterday in this Andante of Mozart.

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H. T. P.

New Dukelsky For Symphony Hall Hearing

His Second Symphony for First
Times, with Chadwick in
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—Apr. 24, 1930

ON the twenty-third program of the
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played than the other three m—as to the manner born. An Finale—to crown the whole—high-humored, robustious, honest Chadwick. He is flinging rondo-fashion; singing loud ashamed; even dashing it here with sentiment—the more American composers go their several Heaven, this life and the art have made them. Not one was masculine as this Chadwick of his and fifties, before symphony sapped him.

Over one of his piano-pieces he wrote "Sonata quasi una Fantasia." Inappropriately, Mr. Dukelsky have written over his Symphony in D-flat, heard for the first time in any concert-hall, "Sinfonia quasi Fantasia." True, the first movement orthodox itself—principal, second theme, fugato in the middle, coda—all that symphony may exact. Forthwith, however, Dukelsky begins to stray from straight and narrow path. His division is one of the shortest dance-like of symphonic Minuet, a moody motif it unfolds, short, through harmonies that turn it melancholy. The first measures of the mock it with snapping Spanish and high tonal colors. The English sobers and stays them. By graceful curial temperament, Mr. Dukelsky turns to melancholy and is song, and twice, as though to say to the ring Spanish rhythm "Get thee me, Satan." So to a close in mouthed sonorities dear to any young composer with a many-voiced orchestra for his playground.

By this evidence a symphony individuality. Mr. Dukelsky has a design to please himself, filled with abundant spontaneity and animation. Unquestionably he has the gift of melodic invention. His ripen, but not over-ripen, into measures. As yet this melody is not too distinguished or bear a Dukelskian trade-mark; but it is warm, ingratiating. There is no exact: the light flow of the music is it, and also mood. Being "twenty-first century," Mr. Dukelsky is keen for brightness as gentle a melancholy. At times it variously and invigorating rehearsal Dr. Koussevitzky pursues the age for subtleties, unless a complete over-cerebral—or a pupil of Schoenberg comes not at twenty-seven.

For harmonies and timbres Mr. Dukelsky is also "twentieth century," but with the harmonies he is more for mood and suggestion than for cerebration; while with the timbres he prefers warm clang to pale transparency. Possibly for its plangency out of a twentieth-century orchestra—piano and most of the usual window-dressing—he chose the unusual key of D-flat major—C-sharp minor in the slow episodes—for his Symphony. And he can be as changeable of feeling as the mixed blood in him and the wandering life he has led may warrant. A dignified young composer writes the first movement largely, warmly, vigorously. Melancholy streaks the fanciful intermezzo of the Minuet. In the Finale Mr. Dukelsky dances or dreams until the sonorities of the orchestra possess him. The eagerness, the glow, the zest of him commend his Symphony. Not for a while need he "settle down"—if his temperament ever permits. And if he does glance over his shoulder now and then at his admired Prokofiev, he less imitates than reacts—in his own way—to an influence.

There is one style after another in the little Symphony of Mozart that began the afternoon, as though through that summer of composition in Salzburg, he was "feeling himself out," now in one direction, again in another. For the most part, the first movement might be the suave, decorative, lightly ornate music that he "turned off" to please the Cardinal-Archbishop or such generous patrons as the bourgeois Haffners. Possibly, the performance yesterday a little over-weighted it. Yet in it are moments in which the cool Mozartean perfection, the exquisite Mozartean sensibility—a phrase shaped, a modulation made, a figure set in motion—come uppermost. The Finale, in turn, is a transparent bubble, blown, breaking, blown again, sparkling and gay.

Believably the slow movement preserves the little Symphony. For here is Mozart, pensive, melancholy, romantic (if the hearer likes) but unflinching, limpid, lucid and precise. Blend mood, matter, form and means and they coalesce into a cloudless loveliness that is the Mozartian perfection that most evades twentieth-century performance. With an infinite pains, Dr. Koussevitzky, the strings and the shadowing bassoons—the rest of the orchestra is silent—gained it. The tone was transparent; the shaping of every contour delicately clear and warm, ingratiating. There is no exact: the light flow of the music is it, and also mood. Being "twenty-first century," Mr. Dukelsky is keen for brightness as gentle a melancholy. At times it variously and invigorating rehearsal Dr. Koussevitzky pursues the age for subtleties, unless a complete over-cerebral—or a pupil of Schoenberg comes not at twenty-seven.

In Strauss's "Don Juan" closing piece, what did the orchestra not do? They were sensuous. They teemed energy; strode in splendorately, deliriously; etched sharp and knife-like, that time and change not dim, burned the Once more Don Juan tonal being. This page was full characterized by aures of passionate and passionate disillusion. The ceaseless quest, the the interminable adventure, tumult, voluptuous for the dissonance of extinction completely and potent its end has not been without Seldom in Symphony has such intensive and all-pervading. And after that Every conductor, every be as manifold as—music.

This was the first time its young composer had ever heard it in other than his imagination—or his four-hand piano version. For this, if you please, is a world-première.

Mr. Dukelsky, with protesting up-raised hands and horror in his eye, affirms the complete absence of any program. Which makes him neither more nor less than a child of his own day. Programs are decidedly not in the mode at present. The three movements of the Symphony in D-flat follow the orthodox symphonic plan: the first Allegro moderato is a sonata-form; it is followed by a minuet no more than two minutes in length which, ending somewhat tenuously, is also introduction for the finale, a lively Spanish Zapateado.

Mr. Dukelsky, the heavens be praised, is not afraid to write a melody. There is scarcely a single theme in the three movements which is not frankly and wholesomely melodic. Withal, there is a lightness and a buoyancy in its rhythms which this or that devotee or the good old has been may consider lacking in the dignity suitable to so lofty a form as the symphony. Again, in his rhythm, Mr. Dukelsky is a child of his day. Harmonies of course draw upon all the resources which the last few decades have brought into existence.

After two introductory measures oboes sing the principal theme. This is developed and repeated extensively. With a slowing down of the tempo comes the second theme, warmly from the strings, quasi-religious in character. The exposition of themes ends quietly in D major. The working-out section follows immediately and begins by introducing a new theme, which serves as the subject of a fugue. But this new theme is used chiefly as a counterpoint to the main theme of the movement, which soon enters—as an episode in the fugue. The recapitulation is perfectly normal and regular. The second theme, however, has a new harmonic background and is somewhat abbreviated. The coda is of syncopated rhythmical design.

The short minuet, whose theme is also melodic, moves more slowly and in more melancholy mood than the minuet of classical symphonies. There is no trio. The chief theme of the finale is in the rhythm and the manner of the Spanish Dance for which it is named—the Zapateado. An English horn introduces the chief contrasting melodic idea. Through several rhythmic variants the chief theme moves. At least twice one hears the lyric, contrasting theme. There is a sonorous, hymn-like ending.

New Dukelsky For Symphony Hall

His Second Symphony
Times, with C
Anniversary

ON the twenty-first of the season places its last Dukelsky's second symphony. These concerts. Except "Zephyr and Flore," these symphonies have been unusual one for a day does not recall yesterday morning when any special significance applied: "The key of far color me. I chose orchestral instruments, certainly in the same key idea of a symphony symphony, which is the date 1928. Yesterday



"Novelty" of 1904

Fittingly, since these are anniversary days for Mr. Chadwick, a work of his comes to hearing at these concerts. For "novel" old piece, his Sinfonietta in D, from 1904, has place on this program. Fittingly it may receive a few paragraphs here. Fittingly (for the third and last time), the reviewers who heard it in 1904 when Mr. Chadwick conducted it, and those who heard it in 1910 from Mr. Fiedler, may be called upon for descriptive phrases. Be it said first that the sinfonietta takes only about twenty minutes for performance, that it is cast into four short movements—Risolutamente, Canzonetta, Scherzino, Finale.

From the reviewers of 1904 and 1910, we learn then, that this sinfonietta is "masculine music—robust, elastic, a music of high spirits," that Mr. Chadwick "dared to write as man for man." From other hands we learn that it is "purling, babbling music, light and transparent. The prevailing character of the music, with its lively, snappy motives, is a little Scotch and more plain, home-brewed American." (And this in pre-Volsteadian days!) One reads about the "free untrammelled vein" of the chief theme of the first movement, of "a subordinate theme that is one of the most charmingly Oriental bits imaginable," of another subordinate theme that "smacks of the soil" that (one presumes from its near-Negroid character) is "post-Dvorakian." Knowing Mr. Chadwick, one is sure that he must have appreciated "post Dvorakian."

One learns also that the song of the Canzonetta by the repetition and insistence upon its rhythms develops into a formidable march. But no reviewer called more than passing attention to the beautiful horn call, to be played very softly, at the end of this movement, a solo viola all the while sustaining a high harmonic above it. One finds still further that the piquantly rhythmized scherzo has a "pastoral trio," that the finale is "frankly tuneful, well rhythmized, full of vitality."—One looks upon the score and finds these several items of the reviewers graven upon its pages. In conclusion one may quote, "In the Sinfonietta, his latest work, Mr. Chadwick has probably reached his high water mark." And the Sinfonietta is by no means an early work: at least three symphonies and the Symphonic Sketches, as well as many things of smaller proportions, had been written.

A. H. M.

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program but one the indefatigable st introduce a Boston Symphony concert of April 25, the first time any—d Symphony of that young Russian—those First Sym—Suite from the Flore," had preceded to us by Dr. composer is that an who was "disileff, who writes under an assumed appeared in vaude—t it be known that ernism," but loves ry clever and very you see, whose ty are manifested cores. In a some—career he has by d what has been essors. Indeed, he hest compliment. is cast in three n the second is a o. It has broad distinction, and y upon dance ky in Tin-Pan

George Whitfield tor of the New y of Music, who ring the fiftieth t public appear—conductor, this a" was included posed in 1904, it esh and charm—elodic material. g Scherzino for ere was much nguished com—nt to bow his

with a beauti—rformance of C major. No. a lambent auss's "Don L. A. S.

LIGHT PROGRAM AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

First Performance of Dukelsky's Symphony

Chadwick's Sinfonietta Marks 50th Anniversary of Debut

Dr Koussevitzky chose a program of light music for yesterday's Symphony concert, omitting from it Skriabin's "Divine Poem," originally announced, and adding an early Mozart symphony in C major, and Strauss' "Don Juan." The other numbers were as at first planned, a new symphony by Dukelsky, and a sinfonietta by George Whitefield Cradwick, performed to mark the 50th anniversary of Mr Chadwick's Boston debut.

Mr Dukelsky, who was present to hear his new symphony, came to the stage to bow his acknowledgments of the applause. Mr Chadwick, wishing, perhaps, to minimize the demonstration to be expected from the audience, contented himself with rising and bowing in his place midway on the floor of the hall. The audience applauded him heartily, and Dr Koussevitzky and the orchestra also clapped him.

"Light" is not the adjective one would commonly choose to describe a program including two symphonies and a sinfonietta. But neither Mozart, Chadwick nor Dukelsky wrote in the music heard yesterday with the ponderous intricacy and the considerable lengths one commonly expects of symphonies old and new.

Each in his own way composed ingratiating music, easy to listen to, making no great exactions upon mind or emotions. Strauss' "Don Juan" is much more intricate and much more intensely emotional than these three pieces of symphonic character. But Strauss' tone poem, too, is light compared to his "Ein Heldenleben" or "Zarathustra."

Mr Chadwick, born at Lowell in 1854, made his first public appearance as a musician at a concert of the Handel and Haydn Society in Boston, May 6, 1880, when he conducted a performance of his overture, "Rip Van Winkle." At the New England Conserva-

tory, of which Mr Chadwick has long been the director, an anniversary concert of his music is announced for May 6, 1930, with the "Rip Van Winkle" overture on the program. At the Eastman School in Rochester, N. Y., the anniversary was recently commemorated by the performance of some of Mr Chadwick's music.

The Sinfonietta in D major heard yesterday was written in 1904. Hearing it yesterday, one wished younger American composers might learn from Mr Chadwick the virtues of clarity, simplicity and sincerity of style. His music is always honestly and unpretentiously American. His Americanism owes nothing to the music of the redmen, or of the Negro, or of Broadway.

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This little symphony is full of jolly tunes, and without needless complexities of style. It convinced one hearer that, could he but find somebody to play Gilbert to his Sullivan, Dukelsky would help give the world something now greatly to be desired and not to be had, an operette that would appeal both to the general public and to fastidious tastes.

"Novelty" of 1904

Fittingly, since these are anniversary days for Mr. Chadwick, a work comes to hearing at these concerts, "novel" old piece, his Sinfonietta from 1904, has place on this program. Fittingly it may receive a few paragraphs here. Fittingly (for the third or fourth time), the reviewers who heard it when Mr. Chadwick conducted it, those who heard it in 1910 from Fiedler, may be called upon for descriptive phrases. Be it said first that the Sinfonietta takes only about twenty minutes for performance, that it is cast in short movements—Risolutamente, Zonetta, Scherzino, Finale.

From the reviewers of 1904 and we learn then, that this Sinfonietta "masculine music—robust, elastic, full of high spirits," that Mr. Chadwick "dared to write as man for man." In other hands we learn that it is "pompous music, light and transparent." The prevailing character of the music, with its lively, snappy motives, is Scotch and more plain, homely, American. (And this in pre-Volsky days!) One reads about the "frustrated vein" of the chief theme of the first movement, of "a subordinate theme that is one of the most charmingly Oriental bits imaginable," of a subordinate theme that "smacks of soil" that (one presumes from its Negro character) is "post-Dvorak." Knowing Mr. Chadwick, one is sure he must have appreciated "post-Dvorakian."

One learns also that the song Canzonetta by the repetition of assistance upon its rhythms develops a formidable march. But no more called more than passing attention beautiful horn call, to be played softly, at the end of this movement solo viola all the while sustaining harmonic above it. One finds still further that the piquantly rhythmical has a "pastoral trio," that the first "frankly tuneful, well rhythmical, vitality."—One looks upon the score finds these several items of the composers graven upon its pages. In his latest work, Mr. Chadwick has ably reached his high water mark. The Sinfonietta is by no means a work; at least three symphonies and Symphonic Sketches, as well as things of smaller proportions, have been written.

Boston Orchestra

Even on his last program but one of the season, the indefatigable Koussevitzky must introduce a novelty. Thus the Boston Symphony Orchestra, at its concert of April 25, made public for the first time anywhere the Second Symphony of Vladimir Dukelsky, that young Russian expatriate whose First Symphony and whose Suite from the ballet, "Zéphyr et Flore," had previously been unfolded to us by Dr. Koussevitzky. The composer is that irresistible young man who was "discovered" by Diaghileff, who writes "musical thrillers" under an assumed name, who has appeared in vaudeville and who has let it be known that he "hates all modernism," but loves being modern. A very clever and very facile young man, you see, whose cleverness and facility are manifested in his symphonic scores. In a somewhat breath-taking career he has by no means overlooked what has been done by his predecessors. Indeed, he pays them the highest compliment. This new symphony is cast in three movements, of which the second is a very brief Menuetto. It has broad melodies which lack distinction, and it depends heavily upon dance rhythms. Tchaikovsky in Tin-Pan-Alley.

In honor of George Whitfield Chadwick, the director of the New England Conservatory of Music, who is celebrating this spring the fiftieth anniversary of his first public appearance as composer and conductor, this musician's "Sinfonietta" was included in the program. Composed in 1904, it sounded remarkably fresh and charming. It abounds in melodic material, and it has a captivating Scherzino for its third movement. There was much applause for the distinguished composer, who was present to bow his acknowledgements.

The concert opened with a beautifully proportioned performance of Mozart's Symphony in C major, No. 34, and closed with a lambent proclamation of Strauss's "Don Juan."

L. A. S.

LIGHT PROGRAM AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

First Performance of Dukelsky's Symphony

Chadwick's Sinfonietta Marks 50th Anniversary of Debut

Dr. Koussevitzky chose a program of light music for yesterday's Symphony concert, omitting from it Skriabin's "Divine Poem," originally announced, and adding an early Mozart symphony in C major, and Strauss' "Don Juan." The other numbers were as at first planned, a new symphony by Dukelsky, and a Sinfonietta by George Whitfield Chadwick, performed to mark the 50th anniversary of Mr. Chadwick's Boston debut.

Mr. Dukelsky, who was present to hear his new symphony, came to the stage to bow his acknowledgments of the applause. Mr. Chadwick, wishing, perhaps, to minimize the demonstration to be expected from the audience, contented himself with rising and bowing in his place midway on the floor of the hall. The audience applauded him heartily, and Dr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra also clapped him.

"Light" is not the adjective one would commonly choose to describe a program including two symphonies and a Sinfonietta. But neither Mozart, Chadwick nor Dukelsky wrote in the music heard yesterday with the ponderous intricacy and the considerable lengths one commonly expects of symphonies old and new.

Each in his own way composed ingratiating music, easy to listen to, making no great exactions upon mind or emotions. Strauss' "Don Juan" is much more intricate and much more intensely emotional than these three pieces of symphonic character. But Strauss' tone poem, too, is light compared to his "Ein Heldenleben" or "Zarathustra."

Mr. Chadwick, born at Lowell in 1854, made his first public appearance as a musician at a concert of the Handel and Haydn Society in Boston, May 6, 1880, when he conducted a performance of his overture, "Rip Van Winkle." At the New England Conserva-

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Koussevitzky's Sixth Year at Symphony Hall

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New Courses, Few Regrets,
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As parsons set texts before their sermons, so shall Dr. Koussevitzky's final programs for the current series of Symphony Concerts give cue for casual, rambling retrospect. . . . Opening number on the list, a week ago, was a little Symphony of Mozart in C major. The first and the third of the three movements are bright and gallant. With them conductor and orchestra gained remarkable lightness and plasticity of motion, resiliency and transparency of tone. The intervening slow movement was played with rare felicity of pace and accent, grace of phrasing and transition, delicacy and sweetness of voice. Throughout, the lighter Mozartian quality in general, the particular quality of this Symphony in C major, ran unclouded and unalloyed. Neither was intensified because neither will bear that process; but each was preserved, clarified, animated. Throughout, again, the orchestra was adept, refined, immediately responsive, instrument. Without re-traversing the record—a tedious business—often in the course of the year, it has given proof of such merit.

Now, inspiration is a pretty, if rather weary, word, as easy to knock about in the commerce of the concert-hall as a ball in the tennis court. But inspiration does not bring these things to pass. Insistent, exacting rehearsal accomplishes them, continuing until every detail of performance is shaped and fixed in the conductor's mind, conveyed to the orchestra, there established and enlivened. In the concerts themselves, ease and surety are born of this prepared confidence. Inspiration enters only when the stimulus of public and testing occasion spurs such spontaneity. Most hearers think of Dr. Koussevitzky as the ardent, imperious master of the orchestra, firing it to his will, whipping it to his intensities, out of it, through himself, giving the composer voice and life. They

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ticing on this side of the Atlantic—unless it is Mr. Stock in Chicago—Dr. Koussevitzky gives them opportunity. Mr. Toscanini in New York seldom forsakes his fellow-Italians; Mr. Stokowski in Philadelphia wanders from field to field. Of late new Russians have enamored him. To discovered, rising or established Europeans Dr. Koussevitzky holds out, as he should, a welcoming hand. He is as warmly disposed (as again he should be) to Americans. This season, Mr. Chadwick is honored; Mr. Hill repeated; Mr. Loeffler remembered; Mr. Gardner disclosed; Mr. Josten and Mr. Piston tested; Mr. Eichheim called; Mr. Gruenberg given double room. On the conductor's table for performance next year—it is an open secret—lie a Second Symphony from Mr. Hill, a first Symphony from Mr. Copland. In a word, Dr. Koussevitzky holds American composers to the same standards, gives them also the same consideration and opportunity, as he follows with Europeans. There is no more to be asked; no more to be done. It is the way of a just, open, wisely fostering mind.

At the Symphony Concerts, last week, Mr. Dukelsky's Second Symphony was produced. Again Dr. Koussevitzky as the friend of young abilities. No less to the American Gardner; the Hungarian Lazar; the Corsican Martelli. Various epitaphs are written for men when they finish their work, withdraw and die. Dr. Koussevitzky will deserve one of the choicest and rarest: friend and encourager of youth. And to no neglect of the preceding, semi-established but still ripening generation. Bax, Honegger, Prokofiev, are the proof. And the approved masters—there was the Sixth Symphony of Sibelius; his Violin-Concerto; Debussy's "Saint Sebastian" and "Blessed Damozel"; the whole Brahms Festival. Upon the reviewer's desk drop the programs of this, that and the other symphony orchestra. His eye runs casually down programs in London, Paris, Berlin. Scarcely a conductor chooses his new pieces more widely and deservingly than Dr. Koussevitzky; keeps better balance between ancients and moderns, classics and modernists; with one hand condescends (no oftener than he must) to his less sophisticated and curious public; with the other cultivates his larger, finer ambitions.

So to the final grumbling without which any retrospect of a symphonic year would be incomplete. . . . Last season, Dr. Koussevitzky bravely began the restoration of Bruckner and Mahler to warrantable place in the Symphony Concerts. The public was responsive;

continue; but neither . . . Since the . . . Brussels . . . \$300,- . . . ce . . . k . . . ons met to . . . eide cond . . . 000 repa . . . e floated . . . e meeting . . . o days, w . . . n Fraser, . . . nternatio . . . arrival on . . . ent of the . . . composer of one . . . not more of him? . . . nstant Lambert of . . . as symphonic jazz . . . n reluctant London . . . ding of the piece next season? . . . a minute . . . tra, does Dr. Kous . . . Committe . . . e clarinets as some . . . will begin . . . choir otherwise . . . These hear . . . But next year . . . two weeks . . . fiftieth anniver . . . members o are . . . H. T. P. . . tials of the . . . upon the . . . will l . . . be mo . . . that . . . to Prompt Acts . . . r 100,0 . . . were . . . the 194 . . . Account the Sym . . . 0,000: . . . orchestra Still Needs . . . rease . . . \$15,000 . . . treme . . . of ment . . . ram-book for the Sym . . . y on ti . . . Concerts of this week . . . opulat . . . across two pages, this . . . ate insa . . . and explici . . . table: . . . course; . . . Deficit esti . . . et of ti . . . for year 1929- . . . n the in . . . \$100,000 . . . n actu . . . ons to date. 85,000 . . . r such . . . aggerin . . . Willia . . . unsubscri . . . \$15,000 . . . natio . . . a single sentence is . . . that u . . . ly it w . . . ie orchestra may close . . . pressu . . . (July 31) without a . . . ly acue . . . Trustees hope that . . . usly in . . . \$15,000 will be . . . I bid promptly . . . ne of le . . . ms no more to be . . . ssary . . . omething to be done . . . eulum . . . eadem . . .

Honored by King of Italy



(Photo by Bachrach)

Charles F. D. Belden

The Director of the Boston Public Library, Has Been Made a Cavaliere of the Order of the Crown of Italy in Recognition of His Services to the Appreciation of Italian Art and Letters and His Promotion of Better Understanding Between the United States and Italy

ting on this side of the Atlantic—there was reason to continue; but neither it is Mr. Stock in Chicago—Dr. K. composer returned. . . . Since the vitzky gives them opportunity. M days of Dr. Muck, only transcriptions by canini in New York seldom forsake Schönberg and his early "Verklarte fellow-Italians; Mr. Stokowski in Nacht" have been heard at Symphony delphia wanders from field to field Hall. As not a few believe, it is time to late new Russians have enamored hear him at least once in his present To discovered, rising or established theory and practice, singular, "cerebral" and forbidding though they be. Dr. Kous- ropeans Dr. Koussevitzky holds a sevitzy announced the recent "Varia- he should, a welcoming hand. He tions"; then put them by. Philadelphia warmly disposed (as again he shout and New York heard them from Mr. to Americans. This season, Mr. Stokowski; but neither city is Boston; wick is honored; Mr. Hill repeated Loeffler remembered; Mr. Gardner. . . . Once more most listened gladly closed; Mr. Josten and Mr. Piston to the Strauss of "Don Juan," "Eulenspie- Mr. Eichheim called; Mr. Gruengel," the "Domestica." But after six given double room. On the condueyears of waiting why not "Don Quixote" table for performance next year—it—music in which Dr. Koussevitzky should open secret—lie a Second Symphonyexcel? . . . At single hearing in a Mr. Hill, a first Symphony frompiano-concerto, Toch seemed an engaging Copland. In a word, Dr. Koussevmodernist. Is he a composer of one holds American composers to the piece? If not, why not more of him? standards, gives them also the same . . . There is Constant Lambert of sideration and opportunity, as he "Too Grande" which as symphonic jazz lows with Europeans. There is no carried all before it in reluctant London. to be asked; no more to be done. Shall we enjoy the piece next season? the way of a just, open, wisely fost. . . . For the orchestra, does Dr. Kous- sevitzy quite hear the clarinets as some hear them in a wind choir otherwise weekly pleasure? . . . But next year Mr. Dukelsky's Second Symphony brings an all-absorbing fiftieth anniver- produced. Again Dr. Koussevitzky sary. And there you are. H. T. P.

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Words to Prompt Acts

On Current Account the Symphony Orchestra Still Needs \$15,000

THE program-book for the Symphony Concerts of this week contains, across two pages, this simple, clear and explicit table:

Operating Deficit estimated for year 1929-	
1930	\$100,000
Subscriptions to date.	85,000

Balance unsubscribed. \$15,000

To the table a single sentence is appended:

That the orchestra may close the year (July 31) without a deficit, the Trustees hope that the remaining \$15,000 will be subscribed promptly.

There seems no more to be said—but something to be done.

Honored by King of Italy



(Photo by Bachrach)

Charles F. D. Belden

The Director of the Boston Public Library, Has Been Made a Cavaliere of the Order of the Crown of Italy in Recognition of His Services to the Appreciation of Italian Art and Letters and His Promotion of Better Understanding Between the United States and Italy

CHARLES F. D. BELDEN, director of the Boston Public Library, has been created a Cavaliere of the Order of the Crown of Italy by King Victor Emmanuel. The insignia of the order was conferred on Mr. Belden yesterday afternoon by Commendatore Pio Margotti, the Italian consul general at Boston.

The honor was bestowed in recognition of Mr. Belden's services to the appreciation of Italian art and letters in Boston and his promotion of better understanding between Italy and the United States in matters relating to the general public, as well as of his work as one of the lead-

ers of the International Conference of Librarians at Rome in 1929.

Twice previously Mr. Belden has received honors from Italy. He was honored by the city of Ravenna in 1923 by the award of the Dante Medal and he received the Medal of the Cassa di Dante in Rome in 1924. These were bronze medals bestowed because of his services through the library to the Italian residents of Boston.

The Boston Public Library has more than 16,000 books in Italian and most of these volumes are circulated from the branch libraries in the sections of the city which have the largest Italian population.

Symphony Season's End for Cambridge

LAST evening the Boston Symphony Orchestra gave its last concert of the season in Cambridge. The program followed the same lines of the concerts in Symphony Hall today and tomorrow, save only that in Cambridge the symphony was Brahms's second instead of Brahms's first, as at Symphony Hall. Weber's "Oberon" overture, Hill's "Lilacs," Ravel's Spanish Rhapsody, and the Brahms symphony. The orchestra, which this year has several times distinguished itself at Cambridge, played at top bent. No concert this season aroused more enthusiasm. Mingled with the enthusiasm were rites of the season's farewell. As has happened more than once, applause did not subside at the intermission until the conductor bade the men rise in acknowledgment. When the same scene was repeated at the end of the concert, the audience, to a man, rose with the orchestra. Those who were closely watching Dr. Koussevitzky must have noticed that this tribute more than casually affected him: as his listeners appreciated his work, so he deeply appreciated their expression of approval. Thus the Cambridge season of 1929-30 passed into history.

In the midst of all this no work fared better than Mr. Hill's tone-poem,

"Lilacs," after a poem of the same name by the late Amy Lowell. And the applause was more than tribute to a fellow townsman. "Lilacs" was well received when it was first played three years ago. One could read that it marked a milestone in Professor Hill's career as a composer. Fresh hearing only confirms and strengthens those impressions. "Lilacs" derives (as the phrase goes) from no other composer—though it might possibly have taken somewhat different form had not Debussy done his work. It is in an idiom that has its roots deeply in Mr. Hill's New England ancestry, which has since become more pronounced in the composer's more recent symphony. It is an almost perfect expression of subtle moods born of Miss Lowell's beautiful poem. It is well made beyond the surmise of the casual listener. In several seasons' "novelties" nothing has excelled it in the artistic certainty of its craftsmanship. Add to this craftsmanship a "musicality" to match, a highly poetic idea to be expressed, and the reason for the enthusiasm of last evening becomes apparent.

It had been preceded by a particularly captivating performance of the overture to "Oberon." The mysterious horn call at once set the atmosphere. The lyric melodies sang expressively. The fairy measures tripped more lightly than most fairies (manipulated of course by mere humans) are wont to trip. The bustle and excitement of passage after passage

made telling effect. Audience no less than orchestra were transported to the land of fairy make-believe in which Weber would have had them dwell. A right beginning is sometimes half the battle in a program. It disposes listeners the better to receive. No more propitious beginning could have been made than with this overture.

And after "Lilacs" had in its subtler way sustained the high expectations roused by "Oberon," there followed the four divisions of Ravel's "Spanish Rhapsody,"—the mysterious prelude, "To the Night," the dances Malaguena and Habanera, the final brilliant "Feria." Again, at the beginning, a study in subtleties and in perfumes, in impressions and in fleeting half-realized emotions. To follow it, Ravel, in his own personal manner with the Spanish dances, the almost improvisational Malaguena, the more definitely rhythmical Habanera. And finally all the brilliances, and the sparkle and verve of the "Feria." Again the orchestra responded with a will, the conductor illumined a score. And a rhapsodic suite rounded out a half-program that had auspiciously been brought thus far on its way.

For the other half, Brahms's second symphony. In this Brahmsian year it is perhaps futile to add comment upon a Brahms symphony. For the season Brahms has come into his own in a manner unpredictable even ten years ago. And the season is no more than culmination of Dr. Koussevitzky's way with Brahms. The composer is a high favorite with the conductor. To no other composer, not even the contemporaries whom he takes under his wing, has he done greater service. Last evening was but one more example of that high service. One could not imagine better performance of the symphony. That the audience was also thus persuaded was evident.

A. H. M.

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FORTY-NINTH SEASON, NINETEEN HUNDRED TWENTY-NINE AND THIRTY

Twenty-fourth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 2, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 3, at 8.15 o'clock

Weber Overture to "Oberon"

Hill "Lilacs," Poem for Orchestra, Op. 33
(after Amy Lowell)

Ravel Rapsodie Espagnole
I. Prélude à la Nuit.
II. Malagueña.
III. Habanera.
IV. Feria.

Brahms Symphony No. 1 in C minor, Op. 68
I. Un poco sostenuto; Allegro.
II. Andante sostenuto.
III. Un poco allegretto e grazioso.
IV. Adagio; Allegro non troppo, ma con brio.

STEINWAY PIANO USED

There will be an intermission before the symphony

A series of lectures on these programmes will be given next season at the Boston Public Library on Thursday afternoons beginning October 9.

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May 2, 1930 from
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Maurice Ravel

SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky, conductor, gave the 24th and last concert of its 49th season yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall; last with the exception of the repetition to-night. The program was as follows: Weber, Overture to "Oberon." Hill, "Lilacs" (after a poem by Amy Lowell). Ravel, Rapsodie Espagnolle. Brahms, Symphony No. 1.

A year ago the program of the final concert was arranged by popular vote. "Request" programs are amusing for they show the taste of the majority of the audience: in some instances, the poor taste, a conductor might say. Dr. Koussevitzky formed the program of yesterday to please himself. He at the same time gave the audience great pleasure, for enthusiasm reigned from the time he came on the platform, when the audience stood to do him honor, to the end of the magnificent performance of the symphony when he was recalled again and again. Nor was the orchestra forgotten in the tribute paid. The audience seemed loath to leave the hall.

This program was designed to suit all tastes. For the conservatives there was the brilliant overture with its poetic introduction and its chivalric Allegro with the characteristic Weberian flourishes of bravura; also the symphony dear to Dr. Koussevitzky and to many hearers, among them some who have been brought into the fold by the interpretative genius of the conductor. For those who, respecting the masters of past years, listen eagerly to the music of the contemporaneous school, there was Ravel's Rapsodie which in music, suggested as it is by Spanish pride, melancholy, rhythms, is as Maurice Barres's "Secret of Toledo" and Havelock Ellis's "Soul of Spain" in literature. There was also Hill's "Lilacs," a poetic composition, not too literal in its translation of Miss Lowell's free verse—for there were moments when to one demanding literalism the composer's lilac bushes were at least a hundred feet high—but music expressive of the spirit in which she wrote.

The season has been an interesting one, not "unusually" interesting, for all the seasons of the past half-dozen years have attracted marked attention as one concert followed another, and many have remained fast in the memory. Although the "die-hards," for there are still the poker-backed and those afraid of unfamiliar musical idioms, unwilling to admit that music is in a large measure inspired by the feelings, the sentiments, the materialism or the spirituality, of the years that give it birth—these "hearers"—if only they would hear!—are among us and are voluble in

their non-appreciation. Fortunately for the general public, Dr. Koussevitzky is not shaken in his belief that audiences have a right to know what is going on in the musical world; that it is the duty of a conductor to acquaint them with it. No doubt some of the contemporaneous works will be short-lived, if they are not still-born; but prophecy is never safe in matters of art, and if death follows a performance or a few performances, the corpse shows as corpse, modern tendencies unskillfully worked out, or emotion sacrificed for experiments in form, or contrapuntal weavings, or rhythm.

Nearly 50 composers were represented with 83 performances. Beethoven led with six; Strauss followed with five; Brahms, Mozart, Ravel and Sibelius with four each; but the sixth symphony of Sibelius, heard here for the first time, was performed twice, as was Ravel's Bolero, Haydn's symphony (with the horn call, Schoenberg's orchestration of an organ prelude and Fugue by Bach, and the fine symphony by Bax. The names of Fairchild, Gruenberg, Gardner, Martelli, Pick-Mangialgalli, Fournier, Metzler were on the programs for the first time. Eight compositions—by Bax, Dukelsky, Fairchild, Gardner, Josten, Lazar, Piston, Tournier were played for the first time. Seventeen compositions were performed for the first time in Boston. Povla Frijs, soprano; Messrs. Burgin, Rabinoff, Thibaud, violinists; Iturbi, Prokofieff, Sanroma, Schnabel were the pianists. Mr. Salmond, cellist, and Mr. B. Zighera, harpist, made up the list of soloists.

Among the leading features of the season were the second symphony of Bax, Bloch's "Schelomo," Debussy's "Blessed Damsel" and "Martyrdom of Saint Sebastian," the concert conducted by Glazunov, the charming symphony by Haydn, Lazar's Concerto Grosso, Mr. Iturbi's performance of Liszt's Concerto No. 1, Loeffler's "Canticum Fratris Solis," the performance of Mozart's little symphony in C major, the prelude and Fugue by Pick-Mangialgalli, Prokofieff's playing of his second piano concerto, Mr. Burgin's playing of the violin concerto by Sibelius, the "Apollon Musagete" by Stravinsky, and the remarkable performance of Strauss's "Don Juan" and of Brahms's first symphony. There were admirable performances of other works, led by Dr. Koussevitzky with great gusto and indisputable art.

The guest conductors were Messrs. Burgin, Glazunov, Goossens. Mr. Chadwick's jubilee was appropriately commemorated, nor should the Brahms festival, although only one of the five concerts came in the regular subscription series, be forgotten. The first concert of the 50th season will be on Oct. 10.



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FINAL PROGRAM OF SYMPHONY SEASON

Dr Koussevitzky and
Orchestra Cheered

Music by Prof Hill, Ravel, Weber
and Brahms' First Symphony Played

Dr Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra were greeted with exceptionally cordial applause yesterday afternoon at the beginning of the final concert of the Friday series. At the end of the concert the audience remained for some minutes, stamping its feet, and finally cheering conductor and players. The program, to be repeated tonight, included Prof E. B. Hill's "Lilacs," Weber's overture to "Oberon," Ravel's "Spanish Rhapsody" and Brahms' First Symphony.

The 50th season of Boston Symphony concerts, Dr Koussevitzky, conductor, will begin Oct 10. This season's subscribers, if they wish to retain their seats for next year, should apply promptly, as the lengthy visiting list will probably absorb all season tickets not reengaged by the present holders.

Yesterday's program contained a list of donors to the fund being raised to meet the deficit of the present season, estimated at \$100,000. Its heading read: "The trustees thank all those who by their subscriptions have made these concerts possible." The sum of \$14,264.35 is still needed to meet the estimated deficit.

Every season ticket for the 24 Fridays, 24 Saturdays and six Mondays was sold this year, and almost every ticket for the six Tuesdays. The inevitable great expense of the concerts, and not any lack of public support, is responsible for the deficit.

Dr Koussevitzky, now ending his sixth season as conductor, has won a popularity with the Symphony audiences unsurpassed by that of any of his predecessors. The eloquence, the imaginative intensity of his interpretations of music of all types, the enthusiasm and, what is equally important, the hard work he has lavished

on his tasks of choosing programs and players, and rehearsing the music to be performed, have notably raised the artistic level of the concerts as well as strengthening their hold on the public.

Even those who not infrequently disagree with Dr Koussevitzky's conception of particular pieces of music, and object to his choice of programs, must respect him for the rare and notable qualities he brings to his task. The unusual tribute paid him by yesterday's audience was not undeserved. He has restored the Boston Symphony Orchestra to its old proud position of equality with the best orchestras in other American and European cities. It is again unsurpassed in the entire world, and equalled by a mere handful of other celebrated bands.

Listening to Ravel's "Spanish Rhapsody" one could not but think how much finer it is than that other Spanish piece of his, the Bolero, which has lately made such a sensation with audiences the world over. This rhapsody, finely wrought out of original and ingratiating music material, and clothed in a delicate orchestral texture full of distinctive sonorities, may lack the instantaneous popular appeal of the reiterated commonplace melody and conventional rhythm of the Bolero.

But at a 10th hearing Ravel's Bolero would prove intolerable to any sensitive listener, and the "Spanish Rhapsody" would be even more agreeable than at first hearing. Now, it is the 10th, and not the first hearing of a piece of music, which establishes its claim to merit.

Dr Koussevitzky, in repeating Prof Hill's "Lilacs," paid to an American composition a compliment few such pieces have in the past received. Yet anything worth playing once at the Symphony concerts should be worth playing more than once. On the principle just stated, it is the repetitions that really test the value of a piece. One is sorry to have to add that the repetition of "Lilacs" confirmed the impression the piece made at a first hearing; that, though it is well written, it lacks the imaginative power of Amy Lowell's verses from which Mr Hill drew his inspiration.

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With several details of Dr Koussevitzky's reading one disagreed, but on these enough has been written on previous occasions. The general effect was thrilling, and to the average listener that is enough.

P. R.

So Forward Toward The Jubilee Year

To Full-Mettled Close Comes
The Forty-Ninth Season of
Symphony Concerts

ONE of the usual rites was lacking. One or another was even prolonged beyond custom at the end yesterday, for the matinee audience, of the symphonic year. Loud and general applause hailed Dr. Koussevitzky when he first appeared. At signal from Mr. Burgin the orchestra rose in salute. For a moment the audience hesitated to do likewise; then found its feet in the scraggly fashion that usually makes such "homage" more honored in the breach than the observance. By gesture the conductor returned thanks to the orchestra and blessed it. By redoubled plaudits, the audience did as much. At intermission old hands with the stopwatch reported these mutual salutations as exceptionally prolonged.

The concert then proceeded in customary course, diversified after the playing of "Lilacs" by amusing confusions between the conductor and the composer, Mr. Hill. Amy Lowell, one of whose poems suggested the piece; New England, its bushy flower that the heat of the day might almost have brought into blossom; Mr. Hill's full-throated and warm-hearted music, brought no small gust of applause. The conductor sought him vainly in one direction; he appeared suddenly from another. The bystanders wore a fête-day smile. . . . Weber's Overture to "Oberon" evoked the usual warmth. The audience listened with dutiful admiration to Ravel's "Spanish Rhapsody," heard for the first time from Dr. Koussevitzky. Brahms's Symphony in C minor was again tour de force of conductor, orchestra and — helpfully — composer. Then the final demonstrations—the conductor, twice and thrice recalled, with both hands strewing invisible laurels upon the standing orchestra; clapping, stamping, up-gazing audience. The old hands again held their watches. The matinee subscribers had beaten down five minutes by the clock. In more senses than one a warmish day.

program was discreetly assembled on occasion—Weber's romantic Over—a century passing from the opera to become classic of the concert hall's Rhapsody, dated 1907-08, but years afterward sounding more distinct than most of his later pieces; his Symphony, by many now counted peer of Beethoven's; enjoying for the more ardent vogue than they; a notable symphonic summit in the half of the nineteenth century; a shining instance of the songful, deep-intensified Brahms that a generation of conductors has imposed upon a re-world. (This is not the time for over a twentieth-century Brahms or a twentieth-century Brahms rated, not to say distorted. Possibly this present and persistent incarnation partakes of all three). Add Mr. "Lilacs," American, New-England, born; to make a catholic pro-after Dr. Koussevitzky's familiar Some regretted the absence of an nineteenth-century piece. They have fewer this season—they say—than for example, Bach, only once finished by Schoenberg. But—they—Mozart four times over.

classic Brahms, the romantic Weber take at face value a conventional none too firm-grounded distinction; the quasi-programmatic century, Ravel and Mr. Hill of twentieth; the quasi-programmatic Rhapsody" and "Lilacs," the watch reported these mutual salutations as exceptionally prolonged. Elf-King's Oath"); the pure-lined self-contained Symphony. The "reputable" overture in which our deepest-ing of "Lilacs" by amusing confusions and stiffest-backed conservatives to rejoice perennially; the modern poems suggested the piece; New England to rather different vibrations of sound. A racial and geographical day might almost have brought into sound from German Dresden and blossom; Mr. Hill's full-throated and warm-hearted music, brought no small gust of applause. The conductor sought him vainly in one direction; he appeared suddenly from another. The bystanders wore a fête-day smile. . . . Weber's Overture to "Oberon" evoked the usual warmth. The audience listened with dutiful admiration to Ravel's "Spanish Rhapsody," heard for the first time from Dr. Koussevitzky. Brahms's Symphony in C minor was again tour de force of conductor, orchestra and — helpfully — composer. Then the final demonstrations—the conductor, twice and thrice recalled, with both hands strewing invisible laurels upon the standing orchestra; clapping, stamping, up-gazing audience. The old hands again held their watches. The matinee subscribers had beaten down five minutes by the clock. In more senses than one a warmish day.

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FINAL PROGRAM OF SYMPHONY SEASON

Dr Koussevitzky and
Orchestra Cheered

Music by Prof Hill, Ravel, Weber
and Brahms' First Symphony Played

Dr Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra were greeted with exceptionally cordial applause yesterday afternoon at the beginning of the final concert of the Friday series. At the end of the concert the audience remained for some minutes, stamping its feet, and finally cheering conductor and players. The program, to be repeated tonight, included Prof E. B. Hill's "Lilacs," Weber's overture to "Oberon," Ravel's "Spanish Rhapsody" and Brahms' First Symphony.

The 50th season of Boston Symphony concerts, Dr Koussevitzky, conductor, will begin Oct 10. This season's subscribers, if they wish to retain their seats for next year, should apply promptly, as the lengthy visiting list will probably absorb all season tickets not reengaged by the present holders.

Yesterday's program contained a list of donors to the fund being raised to meet the deficit of the present season, estimated at \$100,000. Its heading read: "The trustees thank all those who by their subscriptions have made these concerts possible." The sum of \$14,264.35 is still needed to meet the estimated deficit.

Every season ticket for the 24 Fridays, 24 Saturdays and six Mondays was sold this year, and almost every ticket for the six Tuesdays. The inevitably great expense of the concerts, and not any lack of public support, is responsible for the deficit.

Dr Koussevitzky, now ending his sixth season as conductor, has won a popularity with the Symphony audiences unsurpassed by that of any of his predecessors. The eloquence, the imaginative intensity of his interpretations of music of all types, the enthusiasm and, what is equally important, the hard work he has lavished

on his tasks of choosing programs and players, and rehearsing the music to be performed, have notably raised the artistic level of the concerts as well as strengthening their hold on the public.

Even those who not infrequently disagree with Dr Koussevitzky's conception of particular pieces of music, and object to his choice of programs, must respect him for the rare and notable qualities he brings to his task. The unusual tribute paid him by yesterday's audience was not undeserved. He has restored the Boston Symphony Orchestra to its old proud position of equality with the best orchestras in other American and European cities. It is again unsurpassed in the entire world, and equalled by a mere handful of other celebrated bands.

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The program was discreetly assembled for the occasion—Weber's romantic Overture, in a century passing from the opera house to become classic of the concert hall; Ravel's Rhapsody, dated 1907-08, but twenty years afterward sounding more modernist than most of his later pieces; Brahms's Symphony, by many now counted the peer of Beethoven's; enjoying for the while more ardent vogue than they; unmistakable symphonic summit in the second half of the nineteenth century; outstanding instance of the songful, deep-colored, intensified Brahms that a generation of conductors has imposed upon a responsive world. (This is not the time for debate over a twentieth-century Brahms released or a twentieth-century Brahms exaggerated, not to say distorted. Possibly in this present and persistent incarnation he partakes of all three). Add Mr. Hill's "Lilacs," American, New-England, Bostonian-born; to make a catholic program after Dr. Koussevitzky's familiar habit. Some regretted the absence of an eighteenth-century piece. They have been fewer this season—they say—than hitherto. For example, Bach, only once unvarnished by Schoenberg. But—they forget—Mozart four times over.

The classic Brahms, the romantic Weber—to take at face value a conventional and none too firm-grounded distinction; Weber and Brahms of the nineteenth century, Ravel and Mr. Hill of the twentieth; the quasi-programmatic "Spanish Rhapsody" and "Lilacs," the quasi-operatic overture to "Oberon" (or "The Elf-King's Oath"); the pure-lined and self-contained Symphony. The "repertory" overture in which our deepest-dyed and stiffest-backed conservatives profess to rejoice perennially; the modernistic "Spanish Rhapsody" for ears open to rather different vibrations of musical sound. A racial and geographical round from German Dresden and Austrian Vienna through French Paris to American Boston and to New-England Franconia, where, by preference, Mr. Hill sits, down to a composer's job.

Men and brethren, Dr. Koussevitzky practises the only wise and salutary way with American composers, treating them like any other, exacting only an equal ability and accomplishment. Likewise with music Boston-made. There has been such music—as from Mr. Foote or Mr. Chadwick—that deserves, and receives, performance at the Symphony Concerts. There is such music, as from Mr. Loeffler or Mr. Hill. There is also music, dull and of no individual quality, whether it is made in the suburbs of Boston, Paris, Budapest or Rome; therefore anywhere and everywhere to be overlooked. Some like to say, clearing their throats, that Dr. Koussevitzky has been slow to musical discovery in the city in which he now practises his profession. He may have reasoned that it were better to wait and be selective.

A program likewise to disclose the virtuosity of conductor and orchestra; the ear of Dr. Koussevitzky, the technical range, the tonal valor, of the players; the response, each to each, of leader and men; of both to the composer. One man upon one instrument might have played the full orchestral chord that divides the Overture to "Oberon." Some conductors, like Mr. Mengelberg, will have it a stinging blow. Dr. Koussevitzky prefers the rapier flash. And how warm the voice, how glowing the accents and the phrasing, how ardent and climactic the progress, through the main body of the Overture! For contrast, the whispered introduction yet still of warm-bodied tone.

Ravel asks recurring feats of his woodwinds and strings. They were done—in the clear color, the high pointing, the dry suggestion, almost to beauty, of this etched Rhapsody—impressionist music in the heyday of that quality, but without the harmonic haze. (From his beginnings Ravel was no Debussy.) Audibly, adroitly and sensitively, Mr. Speyer at the English horn and Mr. Lefranc at the first viola did these feats. And always the conductor exciting or measuring the rhythm that is life to this color.

Nowhere within recollection has Mr. Hill written with the spontaneity, the propulsive freedom, sounding out of "Lilacs." If internal evidence counts, here is music made not only con amore but, under the spell of Amy Lowell, con fuoco as well. Nowhere, again, within recollection, has Mr. Hill upbuilt such tonal mass and movement; handled them so ardently. At the climax his music upswells and glows. It has begun and it ends with the fine-cut Gallic line, that may serve a New-England tone-poet no less. In the warm-blooded, pungent "Lilacs," that line is uncommonly vitalized and supple. Out of it, and what seems the restless rhythm of the blowing bushes, a new found and individual beauty suffuses the piece. Though Mr. Hill has now betaken himself to symphonies, "Lilacs" remains music of personal and poetic quality, of his largest, if not his finest, command of symphonic means. Throughout conductor and orchestra returned him the eloquence—in the better sense of the word—that he sought.

To end the concert and to crystallize the residue of the afternoon, Brahms's Symphony in C minor. The virtuosity of the orchestra, man or man, and in the conductor's ear, was never more in evidence than in the playing of the horns—Mr. Boettcher at the first—and of the flute (Mr. Laurent) in the prelude to the fourth movement; in the subsequent, sonorous, superb intervention of the

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PHONY FINAL CONCERT "Lilacs" Creates Favorable Impression

EN STOREY SMITH and listeners who, to d the untimely summer Symphony Concert of ernoons might well have themselves martyrs in the ic. But there was no nce that they did. The l, so far as spirit was

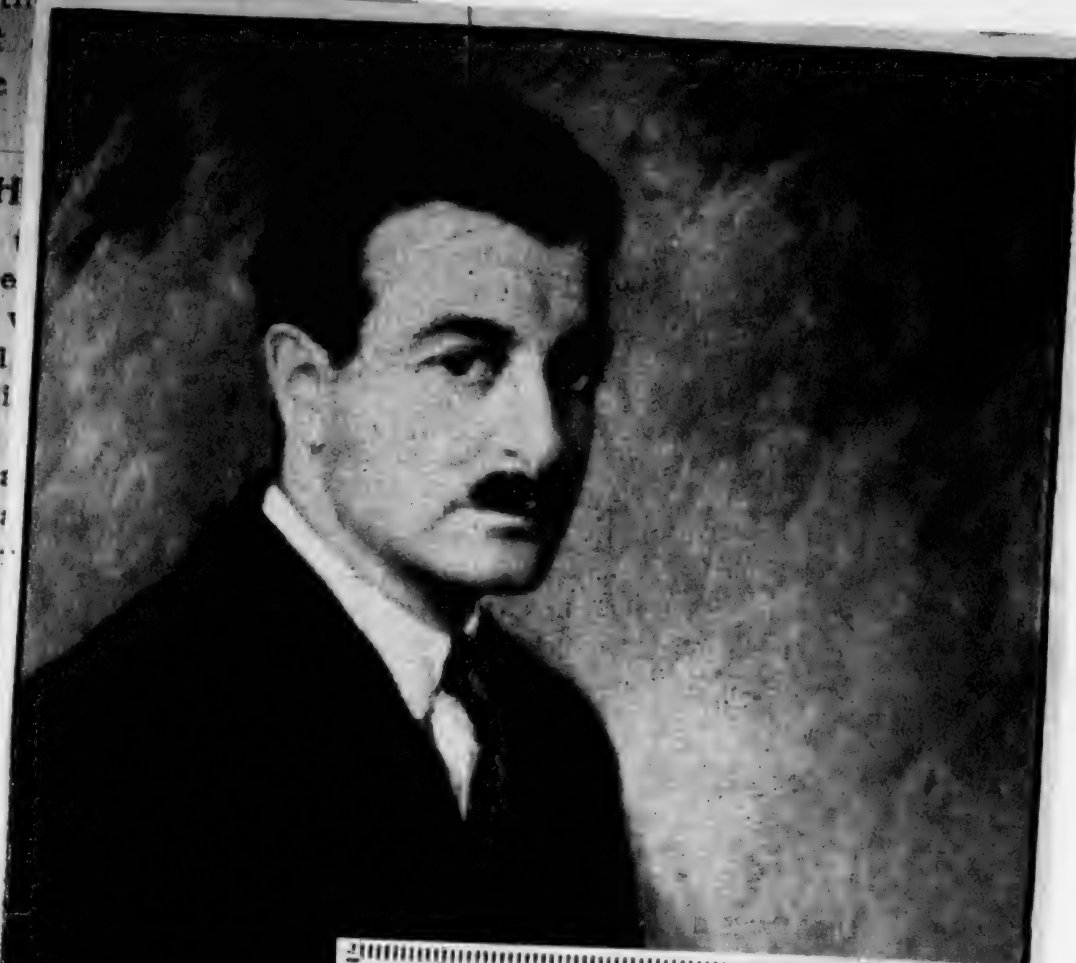
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Nor were the eloquence and fervor that marked so much of the playing yesterday denied to the music of Edward Burlingame Hill, whose tone poem, "Lilacs," after Amy Lowell, first played here three years ago, came yesterday between Overture and Rhapsodie. In "Lilacs," Mr. Hill has made music that is both beautiful and expressive, that summons a rapturous quality that matches Miss Lowell's verses, and suits the vernal season which inspired them. Here is music that moves the listener, music of an emotional quality, doubly welcome in a day when most composers avoid beauty and emotional expression as they would the plague. Mr. Hill, who was present yesterday, was warmly applauded, and, after he had bowed several times, standing at his place in the hall, he was summoned by Dr. Koussevitzky to the front of the auditorium, there to acknowledge further plaudits.



Restored Pops?

A Hint from Arthur Fiedler's First Program

THOSE who would have the Pop Concerts "what they used to be" may take heart and find pleasure in the list of pieces announced by Mr. Fiedler for the "opening night" of Wednesday, May 7. It contains nearly all the old ingredients—introductory march; operatic overture and operatic fantasia; dance-tunes; fragment from Wagner; potpourri from a musical play of the better sort; amiable trifles; the "sensation," not too heavy, from the ended symphonic season. Once more, seemingly, the light-minded and the musically loafing are to have their way with The Pops, as indeed they should. Here is the program:

Pomp and Circumstance.....	Elgar
Overture to "Mignon".....	Thomas
"Rosenkavalier" Waltzes.....	R. Strauss
Fantasia, "Aida".....	Verdi
Siegfried's Rhine-Journey from "Götterdämmerung".....	Wagner
Tambourin Chinois.....	Kreisler
Bolero.....	Ravel
Selection, "New Moon".....	Romberg
Whispering Flowers.....	Blon
American Fantasy.....	Herbert

A program likewise to disclose the virtuosity of conductor and orchestra. Dr. Koussevitzky, the ear of the tonal valor, of the response, each to each, of the men; of both to the composer. O upon one instrument might have the full orchestral chord that divides the Overture to "Oberon." Some conductors like Mr. Mengelberg, will have the stinging blow. Dr. Koussevitzky the raptur flash. And how was the voice, how glowing the accents, phrasing, how ardent and climactic progress, through the main body of the Overture! For contrast, the introduction yet still of warm-bodied winds and strings. They were of the clear color, the high point of dry suggestion, almost to beauty, etched Rhapsody—Impressionist in the heyday of that quality, but the harmonic haze. (From his writings Ravel was no Debussyan.) adroitly and sensitively, Mr. Sp the English horn and Mr. Lefranc first viola did these feats. And the conductor exciting or measuring rhythm that is life to this color.

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To end the concert and to crystallize the residue of the afternoon, Brahms' Symphony in C minor. The virtuosity of the orchestra, man or man, and the conductor's ear, was never more evident than in the playing of the flute (Mr. Laurent) in the prelude to the fourth movement: in the subsequent sonorous, superb intervention of

trombones. The collective virtuosity, the divinity—and the desiring by the conductor, ran as clear in the spacing and the coloring of the introduction to the whole Symphony, or of the movement that follows. Through both went the openness, the fine, transparent, detailing, the subdued but intense coloring of a truly Brahmsian orchestra. For contrast, the gentle accent, the veiled tone, half misty, half sun-lit, of the intermezzo that is third division.

Dr. Koussevitzky's imagination is in play when the musing Brahms, remembering and resigned, dreams through measures of the slow movement. Seldom has the conductor laid out, diversified, proportioned and cumulated a larger, bolder, more intensive design than that in which he uprears the finale from plangent beginning to dithyrambic close. From first measures to last, a spelled audience listened to the Symphony as to beauty unfolded and to power evoked upon them by a conductor and an orchestra for the hour surpassing themselves. In such passage—for so it seemed—to the fiftieth year of the Symphony Concerts, the purpose in which they were founded, stood fulfilled. H. T. P.

SYMPHONY IN FINAL CONCERT

Hill's "Lilacs" Creates
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Impression

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

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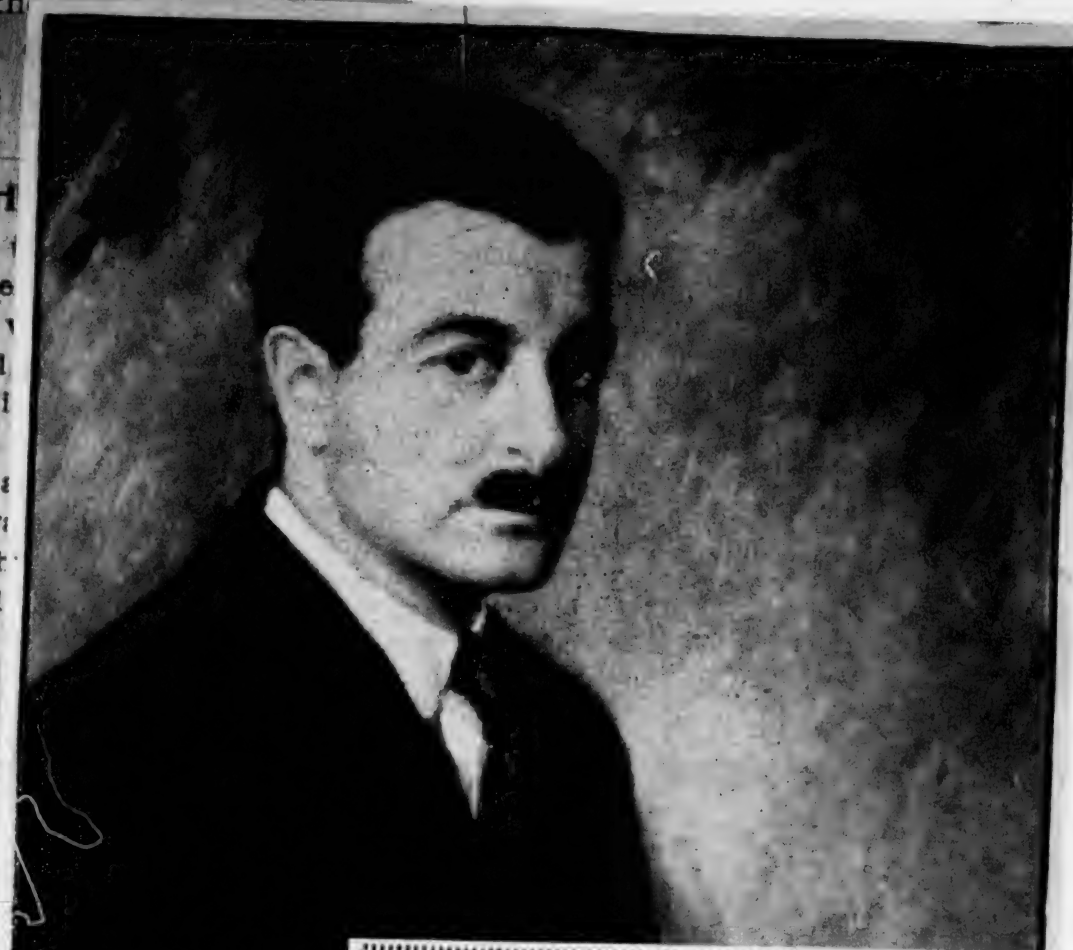
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Impression

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Musicians and listeners who, together, braved the untimely summer heat at the Symphony Concert of yesterday afternoon might well have considered themselves martyrs in the cause of music. But there was no outward evidence that they did. The former played, so far as spirit was

concerned, as though the season were beginning, not ending, and the latter were more than usually responsive.

BRAHMS' FIRST

It has become the custom at the final Symphony concerts for orchestra and audience to rise when Dr. Koussevitzky makes his initial entrance. It is usual, too, for the audience to display a certain enthusiasm at the end, but the hand-clapping, augmented by other signs of approval, that followed the playing of Brahms' First Symphony yesterday was directly attributable to the performance itself. For the performance, in which most of the points made by the composer were underlined, and even doubly underlined, was calculated, as the phrase goes, to knock an audience cold. The purist might complain that certain extravagances in the matter of tempo and dynamics, particularly in the Finale, savored of sensationalism. But Dr. Koussevitzky hears Brahms in his own way. Beyond question, he is chiefly responsible for having made Brahms a popular composer hereabouts, and he is well entitled to play the music in accordance with his own convictions.

Weber of the Overture to "Oberon," with which the concert began, was, like Brahms, somewhat "played up" yesterday; but the performance was generally exhilarating, and often marked by tonal beauty. Better, too, Weber pointed and underscored than Weber in lifeless routine. Here, at least, was orchestral virtuosity, and there was more of it in the Rhapsodie Espagnole of Ravel, a piece that of itself is wearing thin, and needs all the aid that its interpreters can give it.

Nor were the eloquence and fervor that marked so much of the playing yesterday denied to the music of Edward Burlingame Hill, whose tone poem, "Lilacs," after Amy Lowell, first played here three years ago, came yesterday between Overture and Rhapsodie. In "Lilacs," Mr. Hill has made music that is both beautiful and expressive, that summons a rapturous quality that matches Miss Lowell's verses, and suits the vernal season which inspired them. Here is music that moves the listener, music of an emotional quality, doubly welcome in a day when most composers avoid beauty and emotional expression as they would the plague. Mr. Hill, who was present yesterday, was warmly applauded, and, after he had bowed several times, standing at his place in the hall, he was summoned by Dr. Koussevitzky to the front of the auditorium, there to acknowledge further plaudits.

tioning was used. I had, my intestinal trouble, old energy returned. My life with the yeast "

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operatic overture and
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Fsets program:

and Circumstance.....Elgar
to "Mignon".....Thomas
kavaller" Waltzes.....R. Strauss
la. "Aida".....Verdi
id's Rhine-Journey from
terdämmerung".....Wagner
rin Chinols.....Kreisler
ity.....Ravel
on. "New Moon".....Romberg
ring Flowers.....Blond
an Fantasy.....Herbert
Hal
phon

Boston, Bach and a Jubilee

By L. A. SLOPER

AS THE forty-ninth season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra closes, thoughts of its supporters and friends are directed toward its jubilee year. A half-century does not perhaps constitute an amazing span of life for a musical organization, but as matters go on the shores of New England, so lately Indian-infested, it is a quite respectable record. Therefore it is to be duly celebrated.

Details of what is to come to pass next season are not officially available. It is known that our ears are to be saluted by many new compositions written in honor of the event. It is understood that composers thus co-operating include Stravinsky, Prokofieff, Bloch, Hanson and Copland. It is possible that Sir George Henschel, the first conductor of the orchestra, will visit Boston for the celebration; it is certain that he will be invited.

But beyond a bare semi-centennial observance, the Boston Orchestra will give also another festival next season. The festival idea has taken a strong hold on Dr. Koussevitzky, no doubt because of the success of his Beethoven festival in the centenary year. This was followed in the season now closing by a festival of the works of Brahms. There was no anniversary to demand this festival, but Dr. Koussevitzky is not a man to be restricted by the literal limitations of the calendar.

A Bach Festival

If he were, he would not have fixed on Bach to honor next season, in connection with the jubilee; but that is what he has done. In the spring of 1931, a Bach Festival will be given in Symphony Hall. It will last, presumably, about a week. One of the principal items of the programs will be the B minor Mass, in which the orchestra will be assisted by the Har-

Choral Society. There will be other choral numbers, certain of the Brandenburg Concertos and other instrumental compositions still to be specified. It is likely that some famous exponent of the music of Bach, such as Harold Samuel, will present some of the piano works.

Dr. Koussevitzky's present contract with the orchestra, it is understood, will expire at the close of next season. No official word is forthcoming for the present as to its renewal. There is some reason, however, to expect that it will be renewed, if terms can be agreed on. Dr. Koussevitzky has been a box office as well as an artistic success. He has brought the orchestra in the last six years to a level where it need not raise its eyes to any other in America. He is an indefatigable worker, demanding only a brief

vacation period in midwinter. With no sacrifice of his artistic aims, he contrives to get along without unpleasant "incidents." All things considered, it would be difficult to find another man as suitable.

Novelties of the Season

The novelties offered during the present season were perhaps more numerous than impressive; masterpieces are not written every day. Nevertheless, several items stand out as welcome additions to the repertory. Such are Bax's Second Symphony, Sibelius's Sixth, Prokofieff's Second Piano Concerto, the Bach-Schönberg Organ Prelude and Fugue in E flat and Samuel Gardner's "Broadway."

Next season, we trust, Dr. Koussevitzky will control better his generous nature in the matter of permitting soloists. We have had this season an extraordinary crop of them, and not all, we regret to say, have been first or even second rank. It has been in the past one of Dr. Koussevitzky's merits that he let us hear for the most part the orchestra, with an occasional soloist of the first class. We hope that hereafter he will return to that excellent custom.

The final program of the season, heard on the afternoon of May 2 was made up of Weber's "Oberon" Overture, Edward Burlingame Hill's "Lilacs," Ravel's "Rapsodie Espagnole" and Brahms First Symphony.

Thus even to the end the interest of the programs was maintained—this was not a request program; that experiment of last year has been abandoned—for Mr. Hill's poem was one of the novelties introduced three years ago by Dr. Koussevitzky. A rehearing served to strengthen the pleasant impression made by this music at that time. Its fresh, charming and colorful measures mirror exquisitely the mood of the poem by Amy Lowell, on New England's lilacs, which inspired it. The Rapsodie was a nostalgic performance, and the Overture was made amazingly alive by the sharp contrasts which marked its brilliant exposition. The symphony, which was of course the culminating feature of the recent Brahms Festival, was played on this occasion as fervidly as if it had just been snatched from the shelf.

Dr. Koussevitzky, who had been greeted on his appearance by a standing orchestra and audience, was recalled repeatedly at the close to receive the thanks of his Friday afternoon subscribers, whose good wishes could hardly have been more warmly conveyed.

The BRAHMS FESTIVAL

*A preliminary announcement of the
programmes to be performed, with
a description of the music.*

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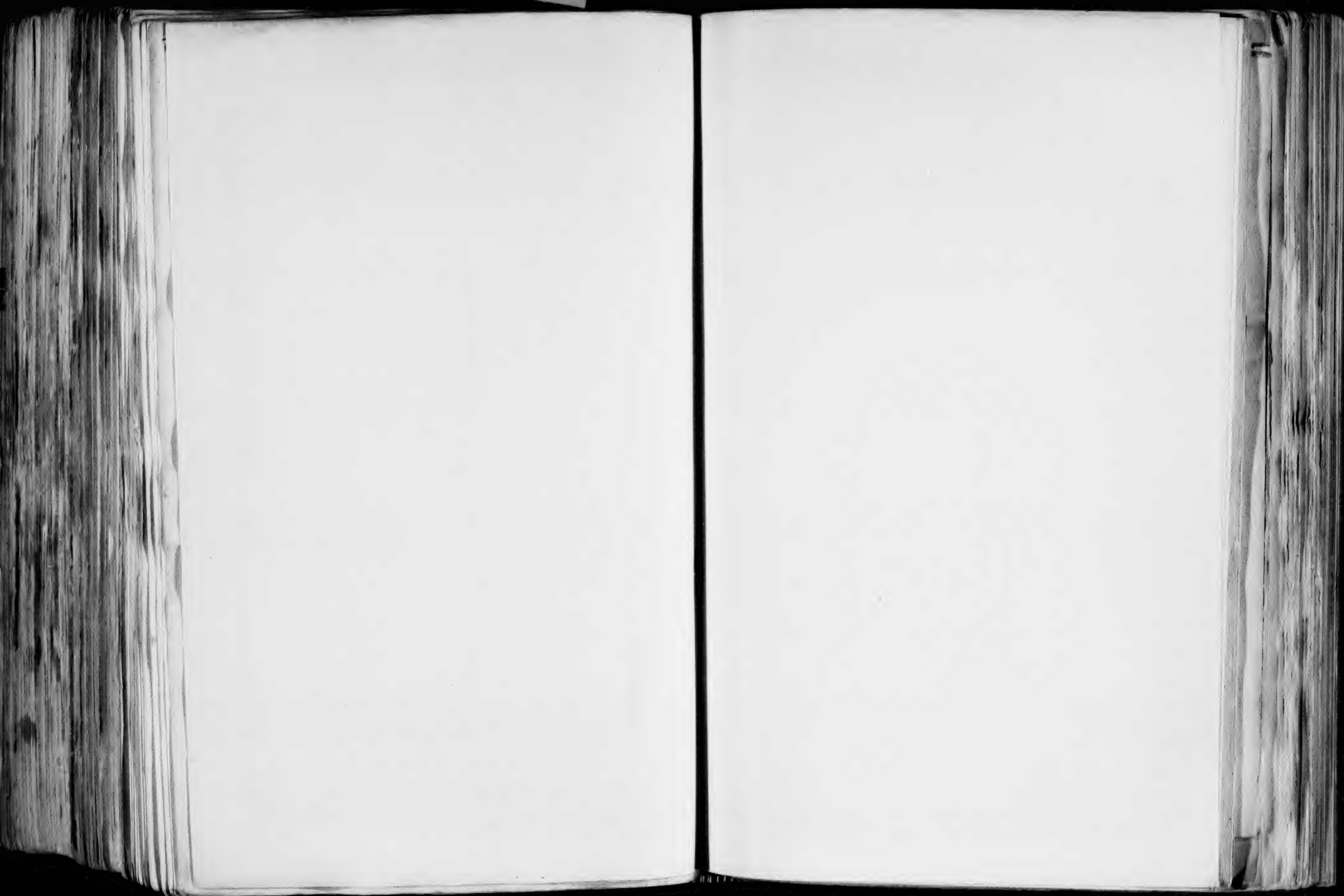
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The BRAHMS FESTIVAL

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Dr. SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY

SYMPHONY HALL - - - - BOSTON

March 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 1930

BRAHMS FESTIVAL



BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Dr. SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, Conductor



Assisted by

HARVARD GLEE CLUB

Dr. ARCHIBALD T. DAVISON, Conductor

RADCLIFFE CHORAL SOCIETY

G. WALLACE WOODWORTH, Conductor

ARTUR SCHNABEL

Piano

MARGARET MATZENAUER

Mezzo-Soprano

JEANNETTE VREELAND

Soprano

FRASER GANGE

Baritone

BURGIN STRING QUARTET

First Violin: RICHARD BURGIN

Viola: JEAN LEFRANC

Second Violin: ROBERT GUNDERSEN

Violoncello: JEAN BEDETTI



DR. SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY

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PROGRAMME

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 21, at 2.30
AND
SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 22, at 8.15

ACADEMIC FESTIVAL OVERTURE, Op. 80

SYMPHONY No. 3 in F major, Op. 90

- I. Allegro con brio.
 - II. Andante.
 - III. Poco allegretto.
 - IV. Allegro.
-

SYMPHONY No. 2, D major, Op. 73

- I. Allegro non troppo.
- II. Adagio non troppo.
- III. Allegretto grazioso, quasi andantino.
- IV. Allegro con spirito.

PROGRAMME

SUNDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 23, at 3.30

VARIATIONS on a Theme by Haydn, Op. 56a

CONCERTO No. 2 in B-flat major for Pianoforte and Orchestra, Op. 83

- I. Allegro non troppo.
 - II. Allegro appassionato.
 - III. Andante.
 - IV. Allegretto grazioso.
-

SYMPHONY No. 4 in E minor, Op. 98

- I. Allegro non troppo.
 - II. Andante moderato.
 - III. Allegro giocoso.
 - IV. Allegro energico e passionato.
-

SOLOIST

ARTUR SCHNABEL

BECHSTEIN PIANO USED

PROGRAMME

MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 24, at 8.15

A SONG OF DESTINY, for Chorus and Orchestra, Op. 54

A GERMAN REQUIEM, for Solo Voices, Chorus and Orchestra, Op. 45

- I. Chorus.
- II. Chorus.
- III. Baritone Solo and Chorus.
- IV. Chorus.
- V. Soprano Solo and Chorus.
- VI. Baritone Solo and Chorus.
- VII. Chorus.

SOLOISTS

HARVARD and RADCLIFFE CHORUSES

JEANNETTE VREELAND, Soprano

FRASER GANGE, Baritone

PROGRAMME

TUESDAY EVENING, MARCH 25, at 8.15

LIEBESLIEDER Waltzes, for Pianoforte duet and four vocal parts, Op. 52

Small Chorus from the Harvard Glee Club, and the Radcliffe Choral Society

PIANISTS: DR. ARCHIBALD T. DAVISON and G. WALLACE WOODWORTH.

PIANO Pieces, Op. 119

Intermezzo in B minor.

Intermezzo in E minor.

Intermezzo in C major.

Rhapsody in E-flat major.

ARTUR SCHNABEL

SONGS with Pianoforte

Sapphische Ode.

Von Ewiger Liebe.

Immer Leiser wird mein Schlummer.

Meine Liebe ist grün.

MARGARET MATZENAUER

PIANO QUINTET in F minor, Op. 34a

I. Allegro non troppo.

II. Andante, un poco adagio.

III. Scherzo: Allegro.

IV. Finale: Allegro.

ARTUR SCHNABEL and the BURGIN STRING QUARTET

PROGRAMME

WEDNESDAY EVENING, MARCH 26, at 8.15

RHAPSODY from Goethe's "Harzreise im Winter," for Alto
Solo, Male Chorus and Orchestra, Op. 53
(Chorus from the Harvard Glee Club)

CONCERTO for Pianoforte No. 1 in D Minor, Op. 15

- I. Maestoso.
 - II. Adagio.
 - III. Rondo: Allegro non troppo.
-

SYMPHONY No. 1 in C minor, Op. 68

- I. Un poco sostenuto; Allegro.
 - II. Andante sostenuto.
 - III. Un poco allegretto e grazioso.
 - IV. Adagio; Allegro non troppo, ma con brio.
-

SOLOISTS

MARGARET MATZENAUER
ARTUR SCHNABEL

BECHSTEIN PIANO USED

Brahms in 1930

The general increase in the popularity of Brahms in the last ten years is fresh proof that a half century is none too little for a more than approximate estimate of a composer. While the "importance" of Wagner, or Mendelssohn, or Tchaikovsky has varied with musical fashions, the graph of Brahms has shown a fairly constant rise through the years.

One critical moment was at the turn of the century. The smoke of the great Brahms-Wagner and Brahms-Bruckner wars having cleared away, people gazed over a battle field strewn with broken friendships, and suddenly realized that this world is large enough comfortably to hold two divergent musical styles at the same time.

Then, it seemed, was the moment for critics to pronounce the last rites over Brahms as an issue, and to give him his just niche among the immortals. As it now appears, the final word was not then spoken. There has been still another accounting by Time, that cool and leisurely critic.

That the symphonies of Brahms could ever be classed as general favorites would have been the last prediction of Brahms' most extravagant champions, not so very long ago. "Brahms is not, even in the best sense of the word, a 'popular' composer," wrote Markham Lee in his book on "Brahms," as recently as 1916. "To the ordinary amateur, who can enjoy his Beethoven or his Schubert, the work of Brahms is very often a sealed book. Not only can he not enjoy it, but it is apt to repel him."

The adjectives "austere," "harsh," "repellent," "obscure," persisted for years, reappearing whenever Brahms was summed up in print. Then there was the metaphor of the "unapproachable altitudes." James Hunecker, with whom Brahms was a hobby, wrote—"His topmost peaks are tremendously remote, and glitter and gleam in an atmosphere almost too thin for dwellers of the plains" (*Mezzo Tints in Modern Music*, 1905). And again Lee—"He rarely descends to earth, and prefers to remain on his pinnacle rather than come to our level; if we want him we must climb to him by steps that are perhaps painful and slow." R. A. Streatfield looked upon Brahms as "wrapped in obscurity," and followed this with the astonishing observation that "he touches no chord of human sympathy!" He continues in his "Modern Music and Musicians" (1906), "It is perhaps this very austerity, this severe self-repression, this remoteness of personality, that constitute to some minds the charm of Brahms' music." In a similar vein, others placed him on lonely heights, expecting him to stay there forever, with a small circle of the elect at his feet.

Such opinions as these need no other answer than the present festival, which perhaps no other 19th century composer except Beethoven or Wagner could have successfully furnished forth on such a scale (One must admit, however, that the Nordic Brahms has never greatly thrived on Mediterranean shores).

As for the "limitations" listed above, they have proved to be in large part the limitations of a tardy world. Time and custom, which solve all musical enigmas and resolve all discords, has thrown a clarifying beam into the dark places of Brahms, that the world might see, and smoothed out his arbitrary harshnesses, that the world might accept. In this way the "murky fog," which in the eighties was supposed to enshroud the symphonies, soon lifted. Still, the atmosphere was not yet clear about these four mountains, for a mist of wordy legends, such as those quoted above, hung over them.

But the sun, strong and patient, has at last cleared the air. It is doubtful whether an audience of 1930, listening to the First Symphony, or the Fourth, is particularly aware of anything austere, harsh, or forbidding about them. One looks in vain for the chords of "pain" which Riemann found in the first movement of the Fourth. Surely the melodious profusion of Brahms' themes, the command of his structure, the splendor of his harmonic coloring—in a word the sheer musical wealth is uppermost in a symphony as it is performed today—and applauded to the echo. As for the graver moods that once repelled—they now only add a special character and impressiveness.

Perhaps outspoken 1930 finds something kindred in the directness of Brahms, and in particular those passages which his contemporaries found too abrupt. The reticence and profundity of his emotional current, and the placid endings of his movements estranged him from many in his day of much romantic inflation and heroic fustian. These qualities are outblown and dated, while the sobrieties of Brahms endure. The lustre of Brahms' essential gold is more fully revealed rather than diminished by time. ✕

50 Years of Brahms in Boston

George Henschel had not long taken charge of the newly organized Boston Symphony Orchestra in 1881, when the public realized that there was no escape for them from the music of Johannes Brahms. As a matter of fact, the promising young German conductor was not only a sworn champion of Brahms, but an intimate friend of this fearful "modern"—(the word seems to have borne the same dread implications which it has for many today toward composers correspondingly advanced).

This was not merely a local attitude, nor was Boston entirely an outpost of musical civilization. Even in Brahms' native Germany his symphonies were scarcely received with unmixed enthusiasm, the principal difference being that his defenders there were more numerous and zealous.

Brahms was no new name to Boston, for Carl Zerrahn, with his Harvard Musical Society Orchestra, had given a bitter foretaste, introducing the First Symphony on January 3, 1878. The critics arose thereupon, and spoke in the lusty, vitriolic manner of the day, calling it "Morbidity (!), strained, unnatural—ugly" (Boston Gazette, Jan. 20, 1878). And that excellent musician, William F. Apthorp, in the "Courier" of the same date found the symphony "on the whole, disappointing." But conductors in those times also knew the spirit of battle. Zerrahn repeated the C minor Symphony on January 31. When he gave the Second Symphony its first Boston performance on January 9, 1879, John S. Dwight voiced the general coldness by saying that even Sterndale Bennett could have written a better symphony.

After such episodes, together with certain descents upon the town by Theodore Thomas, another historic captain in the Brahms cause, Boston knew what to expect with a Brahmsian at the head of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Henschel began on his second programme by giving the first Boston performance of the Tragic Overture, repeating it the following week. He likewise introduced and repeated the Alto Rhapsody, and brought forth the two symphonies each season, apparently unmoved by indignant letters to the newspapers.

Wilhelm Gericke came with a new symphony of Brahms, the Third, (November 8, 1884) about which one critic remarked, "the themes would hardly do credit to a musical primer." The Variations on a Theme by Haydn, performed on December 6, the Transcript pronounced "stupendous," but another paper called it "twenty minutes wasted." The Fourth Symphony was announced for its first performance in this country at the concert of November 29, 1886. But Mr. Gericke was not satisfied with the way this "insuperably difficult" score went at

the public rehearsal, and postponed the first performance until December 23. Meanwhile, Dr. Leopold Damrosch took the honors in New York, introducing the new work on December 11th.

The symphonies apparently had many musical friends by this time—a small, though constantly growing minority. The bulk of the public still wondered why this wrong-headed German insisted upon writing symphonies, instead of his more reasonable Hungarian Dances and Liebeslieder. When Gericke put the Second Symphony at the end of his programme of January 17 in the same season, the audience saw its opportunity, and according to a report of the concert, "there was a general uprising and leave-taking after each of the first two movements." "This is an encouraging sign," the reviewer went on. "Possibly in another season the small claim of this composer to his present prominent position will be more generally acknowledged."

The clarity, thorough musicianship, and high standards of Gericke's performances must have had an immediate effect in elucidating Brahms to the Bostonian public. The reviewer of the Transcript, on November 16, 1885, reported a performance of the First Symphony which was distinctly encouraging, although again many had "walked out":

"One has a shrewd notion that, had it been Beethoven's C minor Symphony, instead of Brahms', almost every one would have kept his seat to the end. It must be admitted that, to the larger part of our public, Brahms is still an incomprehensible terror. People speak of him pretty much as they used to speak of Schumann twenty years ago. Abstruseness and obscurity of style is the charge made against him by those of his dislikers who are frank in the acknowledgment of their own impotence to enjoy his music. In one way or another, Brahms is an unqualified bore to four music-lovers out of five in this good Boston of ours. But is this a reason for not playing Brahms' Symphonies at concerts here? By no manner of means! There is not an inconsiderable portion of our public to whom the announcement of a Brahms symphony is a promise of unspeakable delight; people who look at their programmes with anxious solicitude to see if there be not something by Brahms on it. Let them have their Brahms now and then, and let the rest of the public go hang, if it objects."

This "not inconsiderable portion of our public" did grow apace, and when Arthur Nikisch became the conductor in 1889, Boston was astonished to discover that the symphonies which they had assumed to be learned and dry, were in fact aglow with dramatic fire and romance. This was the magician who also startled the hidebound and wary public of the Leipzig Gewandhaus into an appreciation of Brahms, the melodist, colorist and poet. Under the eloquent apostle there bloomed a flourishing faction. It became a cult, with its fringe of priggishness and other accompanying phenomena. Ere long Boston was spoken of as a Brahms center.

At the news of Brahms' death (April 3, 1897) Emil Paur, who was then conductor, arranged for the regular concerts of April 9 and 10, the following appropriate and impressive, if decidedly sombre, programme—

Tragic Overture, Op. 81
Vier Ernste Gesänge, Op. 121
Concerto for Violin and Violoncello, Op. 102
Symphony No. 4 in E minor, Op. 98

Soloists:

Mr. Max Heinrich
Mr. Franz Kneisel
Mr. Alwin Schroeder

It would be interesting to know who first referred to the Brahms Symphonies as "classics," and when the remark was made. It was probably in the first years of this century. In any case, Emil Paur must have done his admirable part in giving them this label of permanence and universal respect. Boston, fortunate in its Brahms conductors, had surely one of the very finest of them in Dr. Karl Muck, in whose artist's nature the style of the composer seems closely ingrained. He combined the precision of a Gericke with the romance of a Nikisch in performances which are cherished memories.

This retrospect is hardly the place to dwell upon the status of Brahms at the symphony concerts today, or what new and surpassing beauties Dr. Serge Koussevitzky's interpretations may have revealed. We can but record the obvious by pointing out that the composer's genius, lifted free and clear of routine, was never so keenly and generally alive in this town.



Caricature by
DR. OTTO BÖHLER

A Chronology of the Works to be Performed

	Opus Number	Year Composed	Year of First Performance	First Performed by Boston Symphony Orchestra
Pianoforte Concerto No. 1, in D minor	15	1853-8	1861	1900
Piano Quintet in F minor	34a	1864	1865	
A German Requiem	45	1857-66	1868	1926
Song of Destiny	54	1868	1871	1893
Liebeslieder	52	1869	1869	1886
Rhapsody for Chorus	53	1869	1870	1882
Variations on a Theme by Haydn	56a	1872	1874	1884
Symphony No. 1, in C minor	68	1854-76	1877	1881
Symphony No. 2, in D major	73	1877	1878	1882
Pianoforte Concerto No. 2, in B-flat	83	1878-81	1882	1884
Academic Festival Overture	80	1880	1881	1882
Symphony No. 3, in F major	90	1883	1884	1884
Symphony No. 4, in E minor	98	1884-5	1886	1886
Four Piano Pieces	119	1892	1892	

The Four Symphonies

It was not until the age of forty-three that Brahms gave his first symphony to the world. After Beethoven's towering Ninth, his first sketches seemed unworthy to this inwardly modest and self-exacting artist. "I shall never compose a symphony!" he wrote to Levi; "You have no conception of how the likes of us feel when we hear the tramp of a giant like him behind us."

His first attempt at a symphony, at the age of twenty, was diverted to other uses, two movements becoming the basis of the D minor piano concerto. He sketched another first movement at about the same time (1854), but it lay in his desk for years before he felt ready to take the momentous plunge. The sketches emerged as the dark introduction and the abrupt and rugged main theme of the C minor Symphony as it finally appeared in 1876. The first symphony tells its own story of sheer mastery, for, technically speaking, the succeeding symphonies had little to add to this magnificent, perfectly realized, and finely matured score.

That Beethoven should have left some mark on the symphony was of course to be expected. Von Bülow's dictum about "a Tenth Symphony" was more just than wise, for it enabled the enemy to wag their heads in delight over a slogan which was taken as wrongly as slogans immemorably are.

The similarity was immediately noted between the chorale-like proclamation at the close, and the first measures of the Finale of Beethoven's Fifth. The two episodes are undoubtedly similar, although rather as emotional peaks than by a note for note comparison. Here, as elsewhere in the symphony, the cautious Brahms was for once led unawares by the titan of Bonn into an open emotionalism into which he was never betrayed before or since. Beethoven's shadow seems to lie across the impassioned declamation of the first and last movements, the unusually fervid romanticism of the Andante with its characteristic woodwind solo passages, and again, that gathering and outbursting climax. Such *sturm und drang* vividness was hardly like the Brahms who, in moments of intense feeling, tended the more to withdraw into himself. But these external features scarcely deprive the C minor Symphony of its thoroughly Brahmsian character, inherent in its melody, its development and bulk of detail. Nothing could be more completely Brahms than the Allegretto throughout and such episodes as the glamorous horn solo in the last movement. What other "first" symphony, one may ask, ever showed such a proud and imposing independence?

Into the second symphony, composed shortly after the first, Brahms concentrated his rarest expression of that poetic and tender lyricism which runs recurrently through his entire works. Its pastoral, idyllic mood prevails, for the veiled sadness of the adagio is only a cloud passing over the sun's face. Felix Weingartner (unless he has changed his mind since 1905) considers this symphony Brahms' master work—"In none of his other works does Brahms' spring of invention flow so freshly and spontaneously as in this one; never before or afterwards did he handle the orchestra so sonorously."

It was not until after a six years' interval that Brahms gave forth his final two symphonies. In their way, these are the most personal, the most Brahmsian of the four. The proclamatory voice of the first, and the limpid voice of the second are left behind as this sober artist tempers his ardors into a fine, even glow. A golden coloring softly transfuses the third symphony. Richter, and others called it Brahms' "Eroica," but its heroism is surely chivalric in the Old-German sense rather than militant, for the symphony has no great sonorities, no trumpet calls, no funeral march. In the Finale, as if to correct the "extravagance" of his C minor Symphony, he lays open the heavens once more, but this time it is a peaceful unfolding of widening vistas, closing softly, as a sunset from which the last light is departing.

The Fourth Symphony, in E minor, is sombre, autumnal in mood, massive in structure. But the course of years has taken away its forbidding aspect, and left it all the more impressive in its essential grandeur. Needless to say, the public at first found the E minor Symphony hardly to its liking. What consolation Brahms must have had in such a confidante as Elisabeth Herzogenberg to whom he sent the manuscript of the first two movements in 1885. Such paragraphs as the following (from Elisabeth) must have warmed the heart of one who knew that his mighty score was destined for a dimly-comprehending world—

"The *Andante* has that freshness and distinction of character with which only you could endow it, and even you have had recourse to certain locked chambers of your soul for the first time. How free and flowing it is, too! . . . How exquisitely melodious it all is!—the parting phrase of the theme in E major, the beautiful way in which the second subject is ushered in by an abridged version of itself. How every 'cellist, beginning with Hausmann, to whom we played it yesterday, will revel in this glorious, long-drawn-out breathing of summer! And these, I presume, are the cherries which refuse to ripen at Mürzzuschlag! The close, too, is delicious, with its modulation to C, which carries one back so happily to the opening bars, with their tinge of the Phrygian mode."

This lady was no less quick to sense the wonders of the Finale, in Passacaglia form, and particularly that imposing moment when the trombones, appearing for the first time in the symphony, intone the theme. The *passacaglia*, or *chaconne*, the difference between which is a first rate subject for hair-splitting, consists of a series of variations on a short ground bass, always in triple time. Brahms' skill in weaving his eight-bar theme through the middle and upper registers as well as the bass, in thirty-two variations, has been the perennial admiration of structure students.

Joachim, conducting the symphony on February 1, 1886, in Berlin, had the last movement announced as "Variations," and, that the complexities might not be lost to the audience, had the theme of the passacaglia printed in the programme. On early Boston Symphony Orchestra programmes, this movement bore the title *Ciaccona*.

But such precautions were hardly essential. The broad lines of a cathedral are not obscured to the general vision by its filigree, nor does the layman miss the nobility and sweep of Brahms' architecture.

The Two Pianoforte Concertos

To Brahms, appearing as pianist in Germany's concert halls winter after winter, pianoforte concertos would have been eminently useful. The fact that he wrote only two,—one at the age of twenty, and the other in the riper, symphonic years,—is entirely explicable in view of the problem which confronted him.

*Brahms had sent the score from Mürzzuschlag in August, with this comparison—"Cherries never get ripe for eating in these parts, so don't be afraid to say if you don't like the taste."

In the first place Brahms was an avowed opponent of virtuosity of the Lisztian sort. It was not in his nature to compose nor perform piano music for the sake of brilliance and display. This involved, of course, a complete recasting of the concerto style. Moreover, it was not Brahms' way to make the orchestra, nor yet the piano, subsidiary. To combine the two without sacrifice involved a conflict. The stout-hearted Brahms struggled twice with a problem which in each case took him four years to solve.

The early concerto was first conceived as a symphony, and the first movement was even orchestrated. This, with sketches for a second and third movement, he transformed into a sonata for two pianofortes. Clara Schumann and Julius Grimm, who played the work with him, encouraged Brahms to re-score it as a concerto. Having thus tried his material in each medium by turn, he girded himself for two years of travail (1857-8) from which he emerged with the piano concerto in D Minor. The first two movements of the two-piano sonata survived in the concerto. The third appeared in the "German Requiem" upon which he was then working, as the movement, "Behold all Flesh."

The first movement of the concerto bears the conflict not only of two welded media, but the inner conflict of personal sorrow. Its themes were conceived in the heavy year of Robert Schumann's approaching insanity and his attempt at suicide. The slow movement, in the form of a Romanza, bore the motto, *Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini*, a supposed allusion to the bereaved and heart-broken Clara. The finale, the only movement which was new, and not worked over from earlier attempts, is a rondo.

The concerto was first performed at Hanover in January 22, 1859, and Brahms played it five days later at the conservative and in part hostile Gewandhaus concerts in Leipzig. That a concerto of such unexpected proportions and substantial content was greeted with censure as well as praise was hardly surprising. "A brilliant, and decided failure," wrote Brahms to Joachim.

This concerto was first performed at the Boston Symphony concerts on December 30, 1900, by Harold Bauer. It was the pianist's American debut. Mr. Bauer has established himself as a particular protagonist of the work by repeating it at these concerts in 1914 and again in 1920.

It was not until twenty years later, the spring after the completion of the second symphony, that Brahms, having at last mastered the symphonic form to his own satisfaction, turned once more to a piano concerto. His more complete orchestral mastery did not this time make his task easier, for the indefatigable composer proportionately enlarged

his horizon. The Second Concerto in B-flat has often been referred to as a "symphony with piano obligato." The definition is in part justified by the great scope of the work, its abundant orchestral interest, and its four movements. As a matter of fact it remains a concerto, formally speaking, Brahms having added the scherzo as a second movement, because according to Dr. Billroth, "the opening movement appeared to him to be too simple; he required something strongly passionate before the equally simple *andante*."

This interloping "*Allegro appassionata*," of formidable proportions, was what Brahms referred to in a letter announcing a "tiny, tiny piano-forte concerto, with a tiny, tiny wisp of a scherzo"—thereby displaying his playful humor which Lawrence Gilman (a gentleman of apt adjectives) describes as "mastodonic."

The concerto takes its place between the second and third symphonies, filling the gap of time which separates them, as if indeed this were a third symphony, and as if the two following in fairly regular succession, were a fourth and a fifth. Here is the one concerto in history where the orchestra and piano are treated simultaneously in their most fulsome and musically pregnant vein. Even Beethoven's piano concertos, which most nearly approximate Brahms' in this aim, often subside into frank bravura, particularly in their first movements. The slow movements, with their deeper current, have recourse largely to alternating dialogue between piano and tutti, an evasion which our stalwart Brahms, bent upon fusion, would not have permitted himself. The result is a magnificent score which taxes a pianist's utmost powers without properly rewarding him, for its worst difficulties are not apparent to the listener. As Brahms remarked to the young pianist, Ella Pancera, who played it in Vienna, "It is decidedly not for little girls."

The fact that Brahms wrote this concerto after his first spring in Italy, has set many a rhapsodic critic to imagining in it "Italian hills first touched with green," and the "newly mantled groves and valleys of the haunted south." Yet perhaps with this absolutist, such picturings should be understood as strictly personal interpretations. As a matter of fact, Brahms made his first sketches at Portschiach, in May, after his return from Italy. It also happens that the Second Symphony, that most Italian of Brahms' scores, was composed a year before he first set foot in Italy. If it had been otherwise, we can well imagine how Kalbeck, whom Philip Hale calls Brahms "exhaustive and exhausting" biographer, would have read into it Naples, Venice, or the Adriatic! But Portschiach on the Wörthen See gave birth to this second symphony. A lovely spot this Carinthian lake must be, to inspire such rapt lyricism! The concerto suggests the vein of the symphony more than once, as in the opening with its horn call, the slow movement (worthy of any symphony) with its delicate 'cello solo, and the tender, contemplative mood of the Finale. It is interesting to note that the opening notes of the 'cello solo are identical to the first phrase of the song "Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer," which, as it happens, occurs on a later programme of this festival. The song itself was written several years later.

The Variations on a Theme by Haydn, and the Academic Festival Overture

The *Akademische Festouvertüre*, with its complementary companion piece, the *Tragische Ouvertüre*, were composed in the gap between the first two and the last two symphonies. The Variations hold the interesting position of being Brahms' first purely orchestral score (disregarding the two youthful and tentative Serenades). Not yet ready to complete his first symphony, he chose this then unusual form for an orchestral piece. He found his theme in a Divertimento of Haydn, labelled *Chorale St. Antoni*. There are eight Variations and a Finale, the delightful color and rhythmic contrasts by no means interfering with a sense of progression which leads to a climax notably brilliant for Brahms.

According to John Fuller-Maitland, the Academic Festival Overture is proof of Brahms' "sense of humor." But is the piece not rather good humored than humorous? The laughter of Brahms was the overflow of high spirits in the warmth of a friendly circle, good-natured (with an occasional barb), as often as not at a *bürgerlich* tavern table, and quite in accord with the festive mood of German student jollification. It was hardly comparable to the "unbuttoned" Beethoven, touching the fundamentals, Mozart, sparkling on the instant, or Wagner, expansively mocking and loving his Nurembergers. One can imagine Brahms enjoying the kind regard implied by the degree of Doctor of Philosophy which was being bestowed upon him by the University Breslau, while holding off the hated stiffness of its ceremonials with this jovial music.

The "Song of Destiny"

Albert Dietrich was visiting the naval port of Wilhelmshaven with Brahms one summer morning, when he noticed that his companion was unusually thoughtful. The composer admitted that he had happened upon a book of Hölderlin's Poems that morning and had been much impressed with the *Schicksalslied*. A little later Dietrich found him seated on the beach, quietly writing. It was the first sketch for the "Schicksalslied." Brahms foreswore a projected excursion and hurried back to Hamburg, in order to give himself up to his work.

This score, which has been called the "Little Requiem," has something of the mood of veiled sorrow found in the larger work. The poem, from "Hyperion," contrasts the immaculate, undisturbed blissfulness of the celestials, with the cruel sufferings and struggles of fate-ridden man.

The composer treats his subject with characteristic restraint. He tempers its fatalism with an orchestral postlude, which is a final sigh of tender pity, softening the inexorable burden of the poet's concept.

The "German Requiem"

Brahms was thirty-three when he completed his German Requiem: an earnest young composer, who, though loudly championed in certain quarters, had as yet acquired neither a beard nor general fame.

But it did not take Germany, land of *Singvereine*, long to find out that he had produced a splendid score. To be sure, a preliminary per-

formance of the first three movements in Vienna on December 1, 1866 was hissed, and even the loyal Hanslick found it necessary to compare the fugue which concludes the third movement over a pedal point in D to "an express train rattling through a tunnel."

But in the infinitely more favorable setting of the Cathedral at Bremen on Good Friday, April 10, 1868, the Requiem was performed with far different results. This time the score lacked only the fifth chorus, in place of which Frau Joachim sang *I know that my Redeemer Liveth* from *The Messiah*, and Herr Joachim played Schumann's *Abendlied* (the barbarous interpolation seems to have been taken in good part).

The score made a profound impression and soon went the rounds of German-speaking towns. In the following year alone, it was given at Basil, Leipzig (twice), Hamburg, Oldenburg (twice), Karlsruhe, Zurich, and Münster.

Here was another case of complete achievement of a medium, matched with that reflective, inward mood which showed Brahms' stiller pools to be his deepest. Those months had apparently not been wasted, in which he had presided (with many amiable quips) over a ladies' choir in Hamburg, trying his hand at arranging and writing pieces for them. Nor yet his season as director of the *Singakademie* in Vienna, when he delved widely into the past choral masters for his programmes.

Some have tried to prove, by the date of its composition, that Brahms was moved by the death of his mother, others that Robert Schumann's death, which certainly profoundly affected him, was the motive cause. In any case, it is a personal music, transcending ritual and sect, albeit so thoroughgoing a North German as Brahms could scarcely have composed religious music entirely free of Protestant implications. In any case, the awe of death is minimized, save in one arresting passage in the sixth movement, where the *Dies Irae* briefly dominates. The century shows no great choral work so innocent of the sensational. The prevailing mood is gently elegaic, with a quiet but entirely convincing affirmation of faith.

Walter Niemann, whose book on Brahms is refreshingly sane, after the partisan and indiscriminate extravagance of earlier biographers, reserves some of his highest praise for the Requiem. He sums up the score as follows:

"Brahms always has the most beautiful and personal message to give when his aim is to express in music serene resignation, mild, grave consolation, a deep *Weltschmerz*, sorrowful lamentation, deeply agitated moral unrest, an exquisitely idyllic atmosphere, or mystic visionary absorption. To such moods, for instance, belong the whole of the first and last movements, with the wonderful nobility of their ample melodic line and suave cantilena passages, and, again, the rigid, gloomy passage in the form of a funeral march in the second movement, the prayerful passage of the third movement, which only gradually and painfully regains its composure after tortures of moral suffering, the soft, Biblical idyll of the fourth, or, lastly, the melancholy mingling of grief and consolation in the fifth, and the powerful imaginative conceptions of death, the grave, the last judgment, and the resurrection in the sixth movement. Perhaps, indeed, it is precisely these inexorably harsh, wild, and gloomy imaginative passages in the second and sixth movements which form the crown of the whole work, both spiritually and musically."

The Alto Rhapsody

"Conductors will not exactly fight for this opus," wrote Brahms to his friend Dietrich in 1869, in his characteristic way of speaking flippantly of his most deeply felt works. "To you at least it may be gratifying that I do not always express myself in the frivolous $\frac{3}{4}$ time."*

The Rhapsody, for Alto solo, Male chorus and Orchestra, was a setting of four stanzas from Goethe's *Harzreise im Winter*. Brahms had been greatly impressed by the poem, finding in its Wertherian solitude, its romantic melancholy, and its final resurgence of love and life under the spell of the Prussian mountain-range, a kindred mood, setting his musical imagination aglow.

Goethe had visited the Harz mountains in the winter of 1777. He was then twenty-eight, fulfilling his Weimar post, and under the spell of Charlotte von Stein, his passion of the moment. His expedition was in part geological, for these were also the scientific years. But Goethe, the poet, likewise sought the scenic grandeur of the Brocken. *Werthers Leiden* was but four years off his pen, and although he had already parodied it, he had not outgrown its mood.

The Liebeslieder Waltzes

"Brahms and waltzes!" wrote Hanslick when these vocal waltzes appeared. "The two words stare at each other in positive amazement on the elegant title page. The earnest, silent Brahms, a true younger brother of Schumann, and just as North German, Protestant and unworldly as he—writing waltzes!"

And yet it is hardly to be wondered at that a composer who based his songs and instrumental melodies on the German *Volkslied* and succumbed periodically through his life to the sinuous Magyar rhythms, should have fallen, like all of his illustrious predecessors before gay and seductive Vienna.

The sheer delight of Brahms' musical settings of popular melodies, which lend them harmonic distinction without disturbing their native lightness, is nowhere more apparent than in these "Love Songs" for "Pianoforte Duet and Four voices (ad libitum)." Their slow tempo rather suggests the *Ländler* which had tempted Schubert.

The Piano Quintet

Brahms' single Piano Quintet (in F minor, Op. 34a) belongs to that same tortured and formative period in Hamburg when he wrestled with another score, the D minor Piano Concerto, until having assumed the shape of a symphony and a two-piano sonata by turn, it took its final fair form.

The piano quintet presented a second Herculean labor of merging the piano and the string quartet. The piece first saw the light in 1861 as a string quintet with two 'cellos. Its first metamorphosis resulted

*The Liebeslieder had just had their first performance.

in a sonata for two pianos, in 1864. But the indomitable Brahms held the monster firmly by the throat, encouraged by his fair lady, Clara Schumann, until it assumed its final shape in 1865.

The composer was outgrowing the transparent style of Schumann, and courting the emotional conflicts and thematic plenitude of Beethoven, which by no means made matters easier. Again as with Beethoven, these two scores seem to have gained vitality with labor.

The Soloists

ARTUR SCHNABEL was born in Lipnik, Galicia, on April 17, 1882. Although he began to study the pianoforte at the age of six in Vienna with Hans Schmitt, he was not exploited as a prodigy. He was accepted three years later by Theodor Leschitzky into the class of which Ossip Gabrilowitsch was also a member. He graduated at the age of fifteen. For many years, Artur Schnabel has been esteemed as one of the leading pianists in Europe, holding a special reputation as an interpreter of Brahms' music. He has made only a few appearances in America, however. His first performance in this country was in New York on December 27, 1921. He appeared as soloist with the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the regular concerts of March 30-31, 1923, playing the Fourth Concerto of Beethoven—Bruno Walter conducting. Artur Schnabel is coming to America for the special purpose of appearing in this Festival.

MARGARET MATZENAUER was born in Hungary of a family musical on both sides. She began her career as an operatic singer, appearing in "Oberon" in Strassburg, and subsequently became a regular singer in the *Hof Teater* and the *Prinzregenten Teater* in Munich, and the Wagner Festivals in Bayreuth. She made her American debut at the Metropolitan Opera House at New York, in 1911. In her many years' connection with this company, her Wagnerian rôles of Kundry, Brünnhilde, Isolde, Venus, and the contralto roles of Brangaene and Ortrud are particularly remembered. Mme. Matzenauer has appeared as soloist with the Boston Symphony Orchestra a number of times—notably in Stravinsky's "Oedipus Rex" in 1928.

JEANNETTE VREELAND was born in Los Angeles, the daughter of Judge Vreeland of Denver. Her career as a concert singer has included appearances with this orchestra in the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven in 1925, 1927 (Beethoven Festival), and 1928 (Pension Fund Concert).

FRASER GANGE's versatility is shown by the varying character of the parts he has taken as soloist with this orchestra on past occasions. The baritone sang in Handel's "Messiah" at a Pension Fund concert in 1927. He also appeared in "Oedipus Rex" in 1928, and in the Ninth Symphony in 1928 and 1929.

RICHARD BURGIN organized the BURGIN STRING QUARTET during his first season in America as concertmaster of this orchestra (1921). This was in accord with his previous activities in chamber music in Europe, and brings to mind the Kneisel Quartet which was formed in 1885 under similar circumstances.

—JOHN N. BURK.

SYMPHONY HALL, BOSTON

SUNDAY, MARCH 23, 1930

BRAHMS FESTIVAL

SECOND PROGRAMME

HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE NOTES
BY PHILIP HALE

"SONG OF DESTINY" ("SCHICKSALS LIED") FOR CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA,
OP. 54 JOHANNES BRAHMS

(Born at Hamburg on May 7, 1833; died at Vienna on April 3, 1897)

Brahms, sojourning in 1868 in the north of Germany, driving one summer day from Oldenburg to Wilhelmshaven, was unusually absent-minded and serious. He said that he had been much impressed by Hölderlin's* poem "Hyperion's Song of Destiny," which he had read that morning for the first time. After he had inspected the great northern war-harbor, he went to the beach and made the sketches of the music for the poem.

This poem pictures the serene, unchanging existence of the celestials, contrasted with the changing life of the "Complaining Millions of men." It is a wholly fatalistic conception.

*Johann Christian Friedrich Hölderlin was born at Lauffen on the Neckar, March 20, 1770. He made his studies at Tübingen. Having lived as a family tutor in various cities, he became insane in 1806, and thus lived from 1806 at Tübingen, where he died on June 7, 1843.

A limited number of single tickets are available at the Symphony Hall Box Office for the Concerts of March 23, 24, 25, 26

This poem from "Hyperion" is dated 1799:

Ihr wandelt droben im Licht,
Auf weichem Bogen, selige Genien!
Glänzende Götterlüfte
Rühren euch leicht,
Wie die Finger der Künstlerin
Heilige Saiten.

Schicksallos, wie der schlafende
Säugling, athmen die Himmlischen;
Keusch bewahrt
In bescheidener Knospe,
Blühet ewig
Ihnen der Geist,
Und die seligen Augen
Blicken in stiller,
Ewiger Klarheit.

Doch uns ist gegeben,
Auf keiner Stätte zu ruhen;
Es schwinden, es fallen
Die leidenden Menschen
Blindlings von einer
Stunde zur andern,
Wie Wasser von Klippe
Zu Klippe geworfen,
Jahrlang ins Ungewisse hinab.

Ye wander above in light,
On tender soil, blessed immortals!
Glistening divine breezes
Touch you gently,
As the fingers of the artist
Sacred strings.

Calm as the sleeping child
Breathe the celestials;
Chastely guarded
In modest bud,
Their spirits bloom eternally,
And their blissful eyes
Gaze in quiet, eternal stillness.

But to us it is given
On no spot to rest;
Suffering men
Vanish, blindly fall
From hour to hour,
As water thrown
From rock to rock,
Year-long down into uncertainty.

Brahms wrote his orchestral postlude, regarding it as, in a sense, Miss Florence May says from personal knowledge, the most important part of the composition, for it brings "a message of consolation, hope, faith, courage" to those depressed by Hölderlin's gloomy view of life.

The "Schicksalslied" was published in December, 1871, and performed early in Bremen, Breslau, Frankfort, and Vienna, but the first performance was from manuscript on October 18, 1871, under the direction of the composer at a concert of the Carlsruhe Philharmonic Society. The programme also included the overture, garden scene, and the conclusion of the second part of Schumann's "Faust," conducted by Hermann Levi, and two of Schubert's songs, "Griesengesang" and "Geheimes," with the accompaniment orchestrated by Brahms. The solo singers were Johanna Schwarz and Stockhausen. The second performance, the first after publication, was at a Gesellschaft concert in Vienna, on January 21, 1872. Anton Rubinstein conducted.

The first performance in Boston was at a Theodore Thomas concert on November 11, 1874.

"The Song of Destiny" was performed at a concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra on February 4, 1893. The chorus was the Boston Symphony Chorus. The programme comprised Beethoven's Overture to "Coriolanus"; Foote's Ballad for chorus, quartet (Mmes. Barnard-Smith, and Carlsmith; Messrs. Parker and Hay) and orchestra, conducted by Mr. Foote; and Paine's Columbus March and Hymn. A second performance was on March 4, 1927 with the Cecilia Society.

Mr. ARTUR SCHNABEL, born on April 17, 1882, at Lipnik, began at the age of six years to study the pianoforte with Hans Schmitt. In the years 1888-1897 he studied with Leschetizky at Vienna. He soon became known as a virtuoso, especially as a player of music by Brahms. In 1919 he received the title of Professor. He married the contralto, Therese Behr, a distinguished concert singer. Among his compositions are a string quartet, a Dance Suite for the pianoforte, and a solo sonata for violin. With Karl Flesch he edited an edition of Mozart's Sonatas for violin and pianoforte. Mr. Schnabel's dwelling place is Berlin. He visited the United States in the season of 1922-23 and played in Boston with the Boston Symphony Orchestra on March 30, 1923 (Beethoven's Concerto, No. 4, in G major).

CONCERTO NO. 2, IN B-FLAT MAJOR, FOR PIANOFORTE AND ORCHESTRA,
OP. 83 JOHANNES BRAHMS

(Born at Hamburg on May 7, 1833; died at Vienna on April 3, 1897)

This concerto was performed for the first time at Budapest, from manuscript, November 9, 1881, when the composer was the pianist.*

The first performance in Boston was at a concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra on March 15, 1884, when B. J. Lang was the pianist. The concerto has been played at these concerts by Carl Baermann, Rafael Joseffy, Adele aus der Ohe, Ossip Gabrilowitsch, Harold Bauer, Carl Friedberg, Felix Fox, November 21, 1919 (concert in memory of Major Higginson); Moriz Rosenthal.

On April 8, 1878, Brahms, in company with Dr. Billroth and Carl Goldmark, made a journey to Italy. Goldmark, who went to Rome to be present at the last rehearsals of his opera, "Die Königin von Saba,"—production was postponed until the next year on account of the illness of the leading soprano,—did not accompany his friends to Naples and Sicily. Returning to Pörttschach, Brahms sketched themes of the Concerto in B-flat major on the evening before his birthday; but he left the sketches, in which "he mirrored the Italian spring turning to summer," undeveloped.

His violin concerto originally contained a scherzo movement. Conferring with Joachim, he omitted this movement. Max Kalbeck thinks that this Scherzo found a home in the second pianoforte concerto.

In March, 1881, Brahms set out on a second journey in Italy. He visited Venice, Florence, Siena, Orvieto, Rome, Naples, and Sicily.

*The statement made by Miss Florence May in her Life of Brahms (Vol. II., p. 104) that the first performance was at Stuttgart on November 22, 1881, is incorrect.

He returned to Vienna on his birthday of that year with his mind full of Italian scenes in springtime and with thoughts of the pianoforte concerto inspired by his first visit. On May 22 he went to Pressbaum near Vienna, and lived in the villa of Mme. Heingartner. In 1907, Orestes Ritter von Connevay, then the possessor of the villa, erected a monument to Brahms in the garden. A bronze bust stands on a stone pedestal. An iron tablet bears this inscription: "Here in the summer of 1881 Johannes Brahms completed 'Nänie,' Op. 82, and the pianoforte concerto, Op. 83." Brahms was moved by the death of Anselm Feuerbach, the painter, to set music for chorus and orchestra to Schiller's poem, "Nänie."

Miss May says in her Life of Brahms that the manuscript of "Nänie," and portions of the concerto, were soon lent by Brahms to Dr. Billroth,* "the concerto movements being handed to him with the words 'A few little pianoforte pieces.'" "It is always a delight to me," wrote Billroth, "when Brahms, after paying me a short visit, during which we have talked of indifferent things, takes a roll out of his greatcoat pocket, and says casually, 'Look at that and write me what you think of it.'"

Max Kalbeck, the exhaustive and exhausting biographer of Brahms, says that Elisabet von Herzogenberg was the first to know something about the existence of the concerto. In the Brahms-Herzogenberg correspondence, edited by Kalbeck and translated into English by Hannah Bryant (New York, 1909), is a letter written by Brahms to Eliasbet from Pressbaum, July 7, 1881. In it he says: "I don't mind telling you that I have written a tiny, tiny pianoforte concerto with a tiny, tiny wisp of a scherzo. It is in B-flat, and I have reason to fear I have worked this udder, which has always yielded good milk before, too often and too vigorously." In a footnote, Kalbeck says that the concerto was completed on July 7; on July 11, Brahms sent the whole of it to Billroth with this note: "I am sending you some small pianoforte pieces." In her answer Elisabet thanked Brahms for the news of "a tiny, tiny pianoforte *Konzertchen* with a tiny, tiny *Scherzerl* and in B-flat—the true and tried B-flat." "*Scherzerl*," Kalbeck takes pains to say, "is the name given to the crusty ends of a long roll of bread in Vienna."

In a letter to Billroth accompanying the concerto, Brahms begged him not to show "the little pianoforte pieces" to anyone and to return them as soon as possible; if they interested him, he

*Theodore Billroth, the eminent Viennese professor of surgery, was born at Bergen, on the island of Rügen, April 26, 1829. He died at Abbazia on February 6, 1894. He was a thoroughly educated musician. His book, "Wer ist musikalisch?" edited by Hanslick, was published at Berlin in 1896.

would like a word about them. Billroth immediately wrote out his opinion. He praised the "musical music," rejoiced in the happy mood, said that the second concerto was to the first as the man to the youth, but he thought the "charming Scherzo hardly in keeping with the simpler form of the first movement. This Allegro appassionato put between the Allegro non troppo and the Andante gave the concerto the form of a symphony. Indeed, Hanslick, Riemann, and others have described the concerto as "a symphony with pianoforte obbligato." But Brahms did not insert the Scherzo for the sake of symphonic form; he feared that without it the "Adagio mood" would dominate the work. Billroth, who afterwards wrote to Wilhelm Lübke that the Scherzo could be omitted without injury, for, interesting as it was, it was unnecessary, conferring with Brahms in the matter, received the answer that, as the first movement was so simple, there was need of a vigorous and passionate movement before the simple Andante.

The concerto was published in 1882 with the dedication to "his dear friend and teacher Eduard Marxsen."* An edition for two pianofortes was also published in 1882. It was made by Brahms.

At the first performance at Budapest in a Philharmonic concert in the Redouten Saal, the concerto followed, as second number, Cherubini's "Medea" overture. Brahms's Academic Festival overture and C minor symphony followed. They were new to Budapest. The composer conducted them. Alexander Erkel conducted the orchestra of the National Theatre in the performance of the concerto.

Brahms's friends in Vienna first knew the concerto in the version for two pianofortes played by Brahms and Brüll at Ehbar's pianoforte establishment. The hearers were Billroth, Hanslick, Richter, and Kalbeck.

The concerto was played by Brahms at Stuttgart, November 22, 1881; at Zurich, December 6, 1881, when "Nänie," conducted by him, was performed for the first time; at Meiningen, November 27; at Berlin by him with the Meiningen orchestra led by Bülow; at Baden-Baden, December 16; at Breslau, December 20; at Vienna, December 26, where the success was dampened by the composer's "uneven and at times heavy performance." The concerto was heard in other cities: Kiel, Bremen, Hamburg, Münster, Utrecht, Frankfort.

At Leipsic, January 1, 1882, the concerto was coolly received.

*Marxsen was born on July 23, 1806, at Nienstädten near Altona. He died at Altona, November 18, 1887. He studied at Altona, Hamburg, and in 1830 at Vienna; then he made Hamburg his home and taught there. Brahms at the age of twelve began to study with him at Altona and made his first appearance as a pianist, November 20, 1847, at Hamburg. Marxsen received the title of Royal Music Director in 1875.

The accompaniment of the concerto is scored for two flutes, two oboes, two clarinets, two bassoons, four horns, two trumpets, kettle-drums, and strings.

..

I. Allegro non troppo, B-flat major, 4-4. The movement opens with hints at the first theme. The horn gives out a phrase which to Kalbeck is the awakening cry of Spring to cross the Alps and to inspire the longing heart of the composer with a new romantic feeling. The pianoforte answers this phrase; there is another horn phrase, with an answer. The wood-wind, strengthened later by strings, completes the period. Cadenza-like passage work follows for the pianoforte alone. This leads to a tutti in which the first and second themes, also subsidiary themes, are exposed. The development and the free fantasia section are long and elaborate. The coda is in the shape of a decrescendo passage-work, with ornamental arpeggios for the pianoforte. A few fortissimo measures bring the close.

II. Allegro appassionato, D minor, 3-4. The movement is in the form of a scherzo. A middle section in D major answers for the traditional Trio.

III. Andante, B-flat major, 6-4. The movement opens with the announcement and development of an expressive theme, sung first by a solo violoncello, and later by first violins and bassoons. There is a resemblance between this theme and the melody of Brahms's song "Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer"; but Kalbeck says that Brahms had no thought of quoting himself, for he did not know Lingg's poem until five years later, and he set music to it in 1886. (There is also in this movement a reminder of Brahms's "Todessehnen," composed in 1878.) The pianoforte enters with free preluding passages. The orchestra takes up the theme again. There is figuration of a varied character for the pianoforte (B-flat major, B-flat minor). A transitional passage in B major leads to the last return of the theme. The orchestra uses it for the coda, while the pianoforte has trills and arpeggios.

IV. Allegretto grazioso, B-flat major, 2-4. The Finale is in full rondo form. There are three themes: a lively one announced by the pianoforte and developed at length by it and the orchestra; a more cantabile theme of a Hungarian character given out alternately by strings and wood-wind with an arpeggio accompaniment by the pianoforte; a playful theme, which first appears for the pianoforte with a pizzicato string accompaniment. These themes are elaborately developed. There is a long coda, *un poco più presto*.

SYMPHONY IN E MINOR, OP. 98 JOHANNES BRAHMS
(Born at Hamburg, May 7, 1833; died at Vienna, April 3, 1897)

This symphony was first performed at Meiningen, October 25, 1885, under the direction of the composer.

Simrock, the publisher, is said to have paid Brahms forty thousand marks for the work. It was played at a public rehearsal of the Symphony Orchestra in Boston, November 26, 1886. Although Mr. Gericke "did not stop the orchestra"—to quote from a review of the concert the next day—he was not satisfied with the performance. Schumann's Symphony in B-flat was substituted for the concert of November 27; there were further rehearsals. The work was played for the first time in Boston at a concert of this orchestra on December 23, 1886. The first performance in the United States was by the Symphony Society, New York, December 11, 1886.

The symphony was composed in the summers of 1884 and 1885 at Mürzzuschlag in Styria: the Allegro and Andante during the first summer, the Scherzo and Finale during the last. Miss Florence May in her *Life of Brahms* says that the manuscript was nearly destroyed in 1885: "Returning one afternoon from a walk, he (Brahms) found that the house in which he lodged had caught fire, and that his friends were busily engaged in bringing his papers, and amongst them the nearly finished manuscript of the new symphony, into the garden. He immediately set to work to help in getting the fire under, whilst Frau Fellingner sat out of doors with either arm outspread on the precious papers piled on each side of her."

In a letter, Brahms described this symphony as "a couple of entr'actes," also as "a choral work without text." He was doubtful about its worth. He consulted his friends, and he and Ignaz Brüll played a pianoforte arrangement in the presence of several of them. He judged from their attitude that they did not like it and he was much depressed. There was a preliminary orchestral rehearsal at Meiningen in October, 1885, conducted by Hans von Bülow. Brahms arrived in time for the first performance. The symphony was most warmly applauded, and the audience endeavored, but in vain, to obtain a repetition of the third movement. The work was repeated November 1 under Bülow's direction, and was conducted by the composer in the course of a three weeks' tour with the orchestra and Bülow in Germany and in Netherlands. The first performance in Vienna was at a Philharmonic concert, led by Richter, January 17, 1886. "Though the symphony was applauded by the public and praised by all but the inveterately hostile section of the press, it did not reach the hearts of the Vienna audience in the

same unmistakable manner as its two immediate predecessors, both of which had made a more striking impression on a first hearing in Austria than the first symphony in C minor. Strangely enough, the fourth symphony at once obtained some measure of real appreciation in Leipsic, where the first had been far more successful than the second and third." This statement is too friendly towards Brahms. As a matter of fact, the symphony disappointed Brahms's friends. Hugo Wolf wrote a bitter review in which he made all manner of fun at the fact, trumpeted by Brahms's admirers, that at last there was a symphony in E minor. (See "Hugo Wolf's Musikalische Kritiken," Leipsic, 1911, pp. 241-244.) It was performed under the composer's direction at the Gewandhaus concert in Leipsic of February 18, 1886.

This symphony was performed at a Philharmonic concert in Vienna on March 7, 1897, the last Philharmonic concert heard by Brahms. We quote from Miss May's biography: "The fourth symphony had never become a favorite work in Vienna. Received with reserve on its first performance, it had not since gained much more from the general public of the city than the respect sure to be accorded there to an important work by Brahms. To-day [*sic*], however, a storm of applause broke out at the end of the first movement, not to be quieted until the composer, coming to the front of the artist's box in which he was seated, showed himself to the audience. The demonstration was renewed after the second and the third movements, and an extraordinary scene followed the conclusion of the work. The applauding, shouting house, its gaze riveted on the figure standing in the balcony, so familiar and yet in present aspect so strange, seemed unable to let him go. Tears ran down his cheeks as he stood there, shrunken in form, with lined countenance, strained expression, white hair hanging lank; and through the audience there was a feeling as of a stifled sob, for each knew that they were saying farewell. Another outburst of applause and yet another; one more acknowledgment from the master; and Brahms and his Vienna had parted forever."*

In the summers of 1884 and 1885 the tragedies of Sophocles, translated into German by Gustav Wendt, were read diligently by Brahms. It is thought that they influenced him in the composition of this symphony. Kalbeck thinks that the whole symphony pictures the tragedy of human life. He sees in the Andante a waste and ruined field, as the Campagna near Rome; he notes the appearance of a passage from Brahms's song, "Auf dem Kirchhofe," with the words "Ich war an manch vergess'nem Grab gewesen"; to him the

*Brahms attended the production of Johann Strauss's operetta, "Die Göttin der Vernunft," March 13, but was obliged to leave after the second act, and he attended a rehearsal of the Raeger-Soldat Quartet less than a fortnight before his death.—Ed.

Scherzo is the Carnival at Milan. While Speidel saw in the Finale the burial of a soldier, Kalbeck is reminded by the music of the passage in Sophocles's "Œdipus Coloneus": "Not to have been born at all is superior to every view of the question; and this, when one may have seen the light, to return thence whence he came as quickly as possible, is far the next best."

The symphony was published in 1886. It is scored for two flutes (one interchangeable with piccolo), two oboes, two clarinets, two bassoons, one double-bassoon, four horns, two trumpets, three trombones, a set of three kettledrums, triangle, and strings.

• •

Brahms warned Bülow against the acerbity of this symphony. "I have often, while writing, had a pleasing vision of rehearsing it with you in a nice leisurely way—a vision that I still have, although I wonder if it will ever have any other audience! I rather fear it has been influenced by this climate, where the cherries never ripen. You would never touch them."

The tonality of this symphony has occasioned remark. Dr. Hugo Riemann suggests that Brahms chose the key of E minor, on account of its pale, wan character, to express the deepest melancholy. "E minor is the tonality of the fall of the year: it reminds one of the perishableness of all green and blooming things, which the two sister tonalities, G major and E major, are capable of expressing so truthfully to life." Composers of symphonies have, as a rule, avoided E minor as the chief tonality. There is a symphony by Haydn, the "Trauersymphonie" (composed in 1772), and, in marked contrast with Riemann's view, Raff's ninth symphony, "In Summer" (composed in 1878), is in E minor. One of Bach's greatest organ preludes and fugues, Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 90, and one of the quartets of his Op. 59 are in this tonality, which has been described as dull in color, shadowy, suggestive of solitude and desolation. Huber's "Böcklin" symphony is in E minor; so is Rachmaninoff's Second Symphony. Chopin's Concerto in E minor for piano is surely not a long, desolate waste. Riemann reminds us that there are hints in this symphony of music by Handel—"Brahms's favorite composer"—not only in the tonality, but in moments of detail, as in the aria, "Behold and see," from "The Messiah," the structure of which contains as in a nutshell the substance of the first movement; also the dotted rhythm of the violoncellos in the aria, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," which, as will be remembered, is in E major.

Heinrich Reimann does not discuss this question of tonality in his short description of the symphony: "It begins as in ballad

fashion. Blaring fanfares of horns and cries of pain interrupt the narration, which passes into an earnest and ardent melody (B major, violoncellos). The themes, especially those in fanfare fashion, change form and color. 'The formal appearance, now powerful, prayerful, now caressing, tender, mocking, homely, now far away, now near, now hurried, now quietly expanding, ever surprises us, is ever welcome: it brings joy and gives dramatic impetus to the movement.'* A theme of the second movement constantly returns in varied form, from which the chief theme, the staccato figure given to the wind, and the melodious song of the violoncellos are derived. The third movement, *Allegro giocoso*, sports with old-fashioned harmonies, which should not be taken too seriously. This is not the case with the Finale, an artfully contrived Ciacona of antique form, but of modern contents. The first eight measures give the 'title-page' of the Ciacona.† The measures that follow are variations of the leading theme; wind instruments prevail in the first three, then the strings enter; the movement grows livelier, clarinets and oboes lead to E major; and now comes the solemn climax of this movement, the trombone passage. The old theme enters again after the fermata, and rises to full force, which finds expression in a *Più allegro* for the close."

We have seen that, while Dr. Hugo Riemann finds E minor the tonality of fall, Raff, the composer, chose that tonality for his symphony, "In Summer."

Many singular statements have been made concerning the character and influence of ancient modes and modern tonalities. Take this same tonality, E minor. C. F. D. Schubart (1739-91) described it as "naïve, feminine, the declaration of innocent love, a lamentation without querulous complaint, sighing with only a few tears. This tonality speaks of the serenest hope, which finds happiness by flowing into C major. As E minor has naturally only one color, the tonality may be likened unto a maiden robed in white, with a rose-red bow on her breast." Friedrich Zamminer, in his "Die Musik" (1855), quotes from an æthetician of 1838, a popular and fruitful professor of taste, who characterized all the tonalities: "E minor is only limited and restricted life, a struggle, the complaint of compassion, sorrow over lack of strength." A celebrated pianist told Dr. A. Breton, of Dijon, that to her G major was red, E major red, E-flat deep blue, etc.; when any piece of music that she knew was transposed into another key, she was physically distressed. Did not Louis Ehlert declare that A major "says green"?

*Dr. Reimann here quotes from Hermann Kretzschmar's "Führer durch den Concertsaal."—Ed.

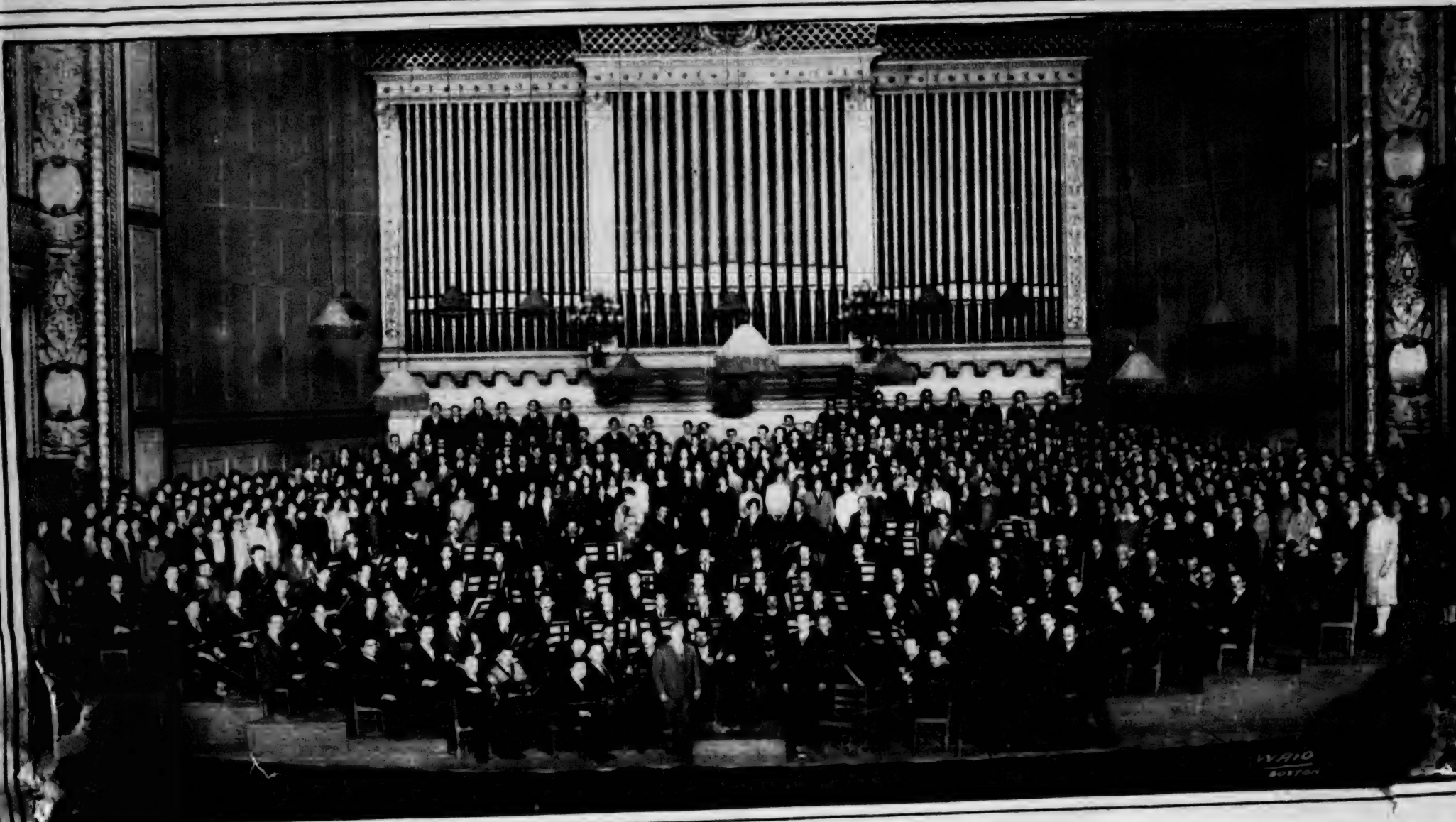
†Ciacona (Chaconne) is the name of an old dance, probably of Spanish origin. The dance was usually in 3-4 time, moderately slow. In many cases there was a set of variations on a ground bass. The chaconne resembles the passacaglia, though the latter was taken at a slower pace, and began as a rule on the third beat of the measure, while the chaconne began on the first. In the chaconne the theme was in the bass; in the passacaglia, the place of the theme was changeable. Couperin wrote a chaconne in 2-4 time.

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A landmark in the history of music in Boston will be the Brahms Festival, to be given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra under Dr. Serge Koussevitzky, in Symphony Hall, on the successive days of March 21-26. The principal orchestral, choral and smaller works of the German master will be presented by the orchestra in collaboration with the choruses of Harvard and Radcliffe, and the soloists here pictured.



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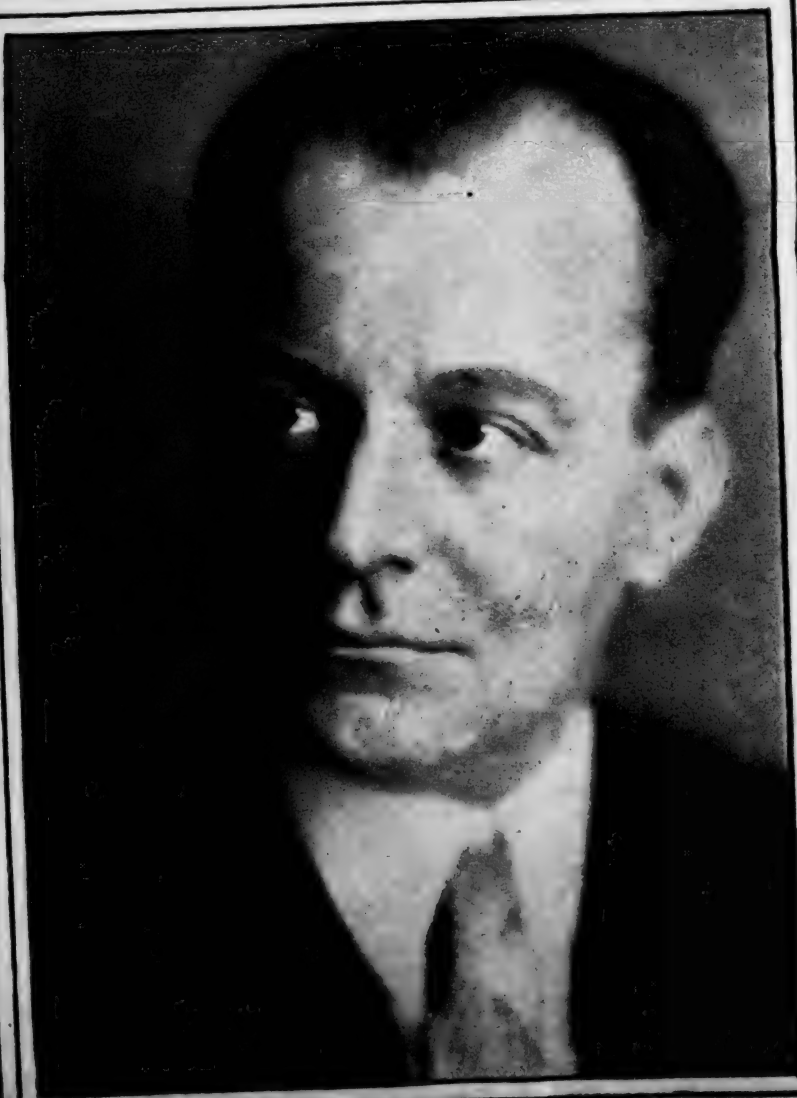


DR. SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, who will lead the Boston Symphony Orchestra as they present, in collaboration with the choruses of Harvard and Radcliffe and the soloists shown below, the principal orchestral, choral and smaller works of Johannes Brahms. (Garo)

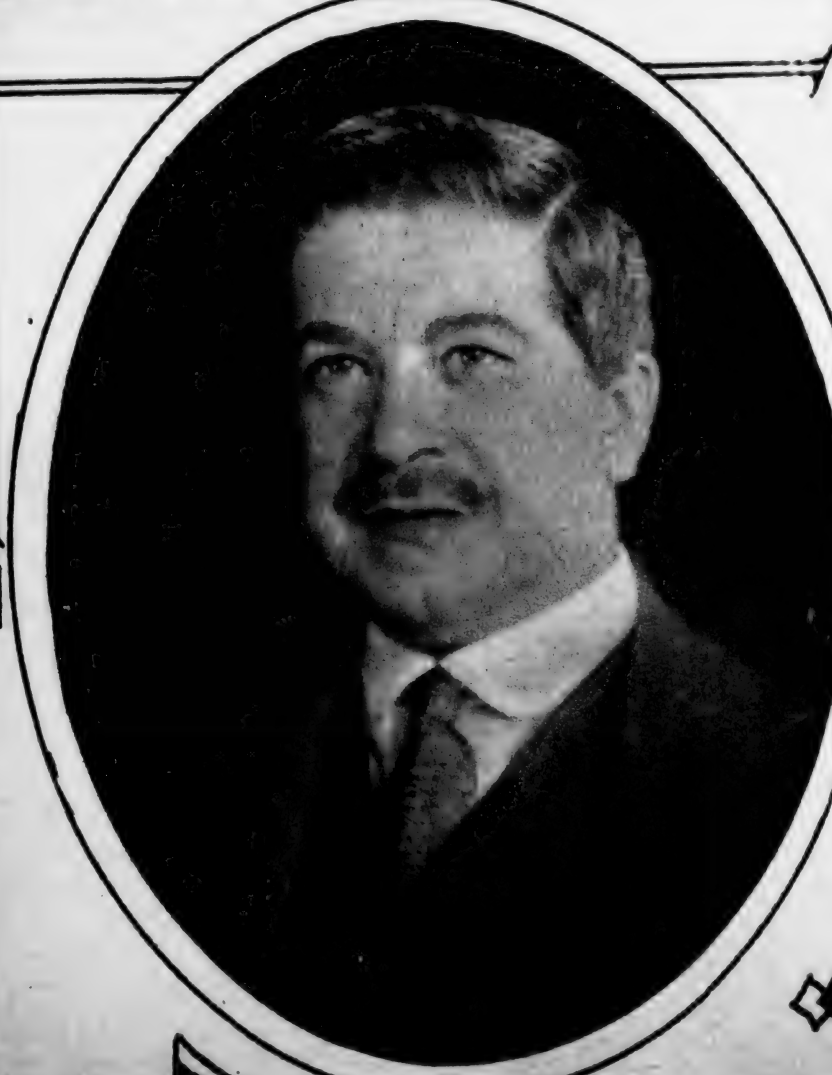


(At left)
JEANNETTE
VREELAND,
soprano.

(At right)
FRASER
GANGE,
baritone.



(At left)
MARGARET
MATZEN-
AUER,
contralto.



(At right)
ARTUR
SCHNABEL,
pianist.

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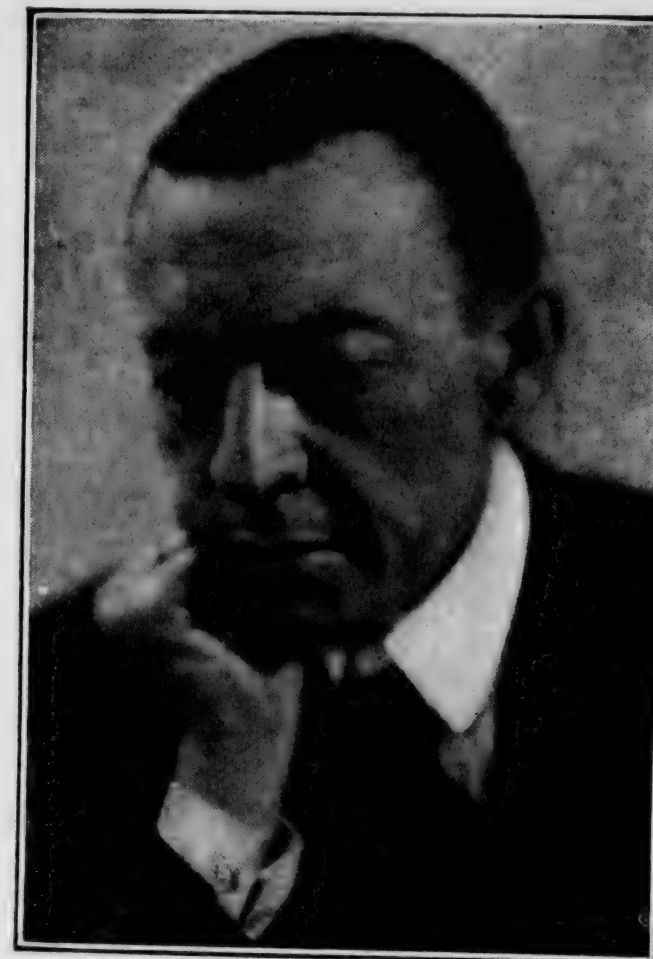
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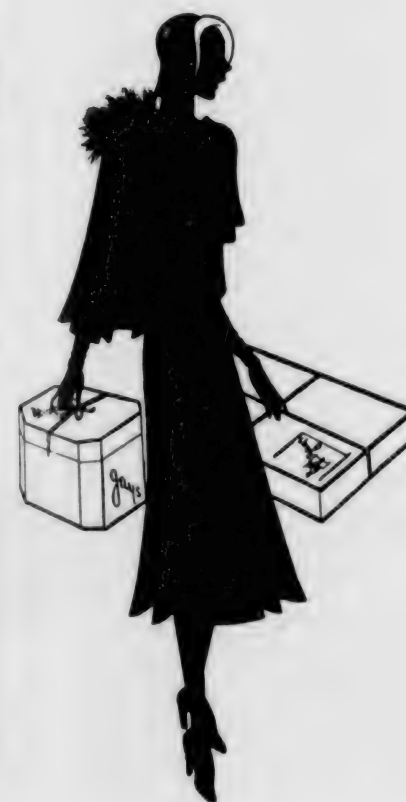
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Assisted by the
HARVARD and RADCLIFFE CHORUSES
Dr. ARCHIBALD T. DAVISON and G. WALLACE WOODWORTH
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- I. Allegro non troppo.
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- IV. Allegretto grazioso.

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(See page 12)

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SATURDAY, MARCH 22, 1930

BOSTON EVENING TRANSCRIPT,

Brahms in Full Feather: First American Festival of His Music

Sorting Out the Backgrounds—Fifty Years of Brahms from the Symphony Orchestra

THE general increase in the popularity of Brahms in the last ten years is fresh proof that a half century is none too little for a composer. While the "importance of Wagner, or Mendelssohn, or Chaikovsky has varied with musical fashions, the graph of Brahms has shown a fairly constant rise through the years. One critical moment was at the turn of the century. The smoke of the great Brahms-Wagner and Brahms-Bruckner wars having cleared away, people gazed over a battle field strewn with broken friendships, and suddenly realized that this world is large enough comfortably to hold two divergent musical styles at the same time. Then, it seemed, was the moment for critics to pronounce the last rites over as an issue, and to give him his niche among the immortals. As it appears, the final word was not then said. There has been still another accounting by time, that cool and leisurely

the symphonies of Brahms could be classed as general favorites have been the last prediction of his most extravagant champions, very long ago. "Brahms is not, in the best sense of the word, a 'composer,'" wrote Markham Lee in his book on "Brahms," as recently as 1906. "To the ordinary amateur, who enjoys his Beethoven or his Schubert, the work of Brahms is very often a sealed book. Not only can he not enjoy it, it is apt to repel him."

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Brahms as an issue, and to give him his just niche among the immortals. As it now appears, the final word was not then spoken. There has been still another accounting by time, that cool and leisurely critic.

That the symphonies of Brahms could ever be classed as general favorites would have been the last prediction of Brahms's most extravagant champions, not so very long ago. "Brahms is not, even in the best sense of the word, a 'popular' composer," wrote Markham Lee in his book on "Brahms," as recently as 1916. "To the ordinary amateur, who can enjoy his Beethoven or his Schubert, the work of Brahms is very often a sealed book. Not only can he not enjoy it, but it is apt to repel him."

The adjectives "austere," "harsh," "repellent," "obscure," persisted for years, reappearing whenever Brahms was summed up in print. Then there was the metaphor of the "unapproachable altitudes." James Huneker, with whom Brahms was a hobby, wrote—"His topmost peaks are tremendously remote, and glitter and gleam in an atmosphere almost too thin for dwellers of the plains" ("Mezzo Tints in Modern Music," 1905). And again Lee—"He rarely descends to earth, and prefers to remain on his pinnacle rather than come to our level; if we want him we must climb to him by steps that are perhaps painful and slow." R. A. Streatfield looked upon Brahms as "wrapped in obscurity," and followed this with the astonishing observation that "he touches no chord of human sympathy." He continues in his "Modern Music and Musicians" (1906), "It is perhaps this very austerity, this severe self-repression, this remoteness of personality, that constitute to some minds the charm of Brahms's music. In a similar vein, others placed him on lonely heights, expecting him to stay there forever, with a small circle of the elect at his feet.

Such opinions as these need no other answer than the present festival, which perhaps no other Nineteenth Century composer except Beethoven or Wagner could have successfully furnished forth on such a scale (One must admit, however, that the Nordic Brahms has never greatly thrived on Mediterranean shores).

As for the "limitations" listed above, they have proved to be in large part the limitations of a tardy world. Time and custom, which solve all musical enigmas and resolve all discords, has thrown a clarifying beam into the dark places of Brahms, that the world might see, and smoothed out his arbitrary harshnesses, that the world might accept. In this way the "murky fog," which in the eighties was supposed to enshroud the symphonies, soon lifted. Still, the atmosphere was not yet clear about these four mountains, for a mist of wordy legends, such as those quoted above hung over them.

But the sun, strong and patient, has at last cleared the air. It is doubtful whether an audience of 1930, listening to the First Symphony, or the Fourth, is particularly aware of anything austere, harsh, or forbidding about them. One looks in vain for the chords of "pain" which Riemann found in the first movement of the Fourth. Surely the melodious profusion of Brahms's themes, the command of his structure, the splendor of his harmonic coloring—in a word the sheer musical wealth is uppermost in a symphony as it is performed today—and applauded to the echo. As for the graver

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same dread implications which it has for many today toward composers correspondingly advanced). This was not merely a local attitude, nor was Boston entirely an outpost of musical civilization. Even in Brahms's native Germany his symphonies were scarcely received with unmixed enthusiasm, the principal difference being that his defenders there were more numerous and zealous.

Brahms was no new name to Boston, for Carl Zerrahn, with his Harvard Musical Society Orchestra, had given a bitter foretaste, introducing the First Symphony on January 3, 1878. The critics arose in euphon, and spoke in the lusty, vitriolic manner of the day, calling it "Morbidity (!), strained, unnatural—ugly" (Boston Gazette, Jan. 20, 1878). And that excellent musician, William F. Apthorp, in the "Courier" of the same date found the symphony "on the whole, disappointing." But conductors in those times also knew the spirit of battle. Zerrahn repeated the C minor Symphony on January 31. When he gave the Second Symphony its first Boston performance on January 9, 1879, John S. Dwight voiced the general coldness by saying that even Sterndale Bennett could have written a better symphony.

After such episodes, together with certain descents upon the town by Theodore Thomas, another historic captain in the Brahms cause, Boston knew what to expect with a Brahmsian at the head of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Henschel began on his second program by giving the first Boston performance of the Tragic Overture, repeating it the following week. He likewise introduced and repeated the Alto Rhapsody, and brought forth the two symphonies each season, apparently unmoved by indignant letters to the newspapers.

Wilhelm Gericke came with a new symphony of Brahms, the Third (November 8, 1884), about which one critic remarked, "the themes would hardly do credit to a musical primer." The Variations on a Theme by Haydn, performed on December 6, the Transcript pronounced "stupendous," but another paper called it "twenty minutes wasted." The Fourth Symphony was announced for its first performance in this country at the concert of November 29, 1886. But Mr. Gericke was not satisfied with the way this "insuperably difficult" score went at the public rehearsal, and postponed the first performance until December 23. Meanwhile, Dr. Leopold Damrosch took the honors in New York, introducing the new work on December 11.

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moods that once repelled—they now only add a special character and impressiveness.

Perhaps outspoken 1930 finds something kindred in the directness of Brahms, and in particular those passages which his contemporaries found too abrupt. The reticence and profundity of his emotional current, and the placid endings of his movements estranged him from many in his day of much romantic inflation and heroic fustian. These qualities are outblown and dated, while the sobrieties of Brahms endure. The lustre of Brahms's essential gold is more fully revealed rather than diminished by time.

George Henschel had not long taken charge of the newly organized Boston Symphony Orchestra in 1881 when the public realized that there was no escape for them from the music of Johannes Brahms. As a matter of fact, the promising young German conductor was not only a sworn champion of Brahms, but an intimate friend of this fearful "modern"—(the word seems to have borne the

"Largamente"



Brahms Conducting

same dread implications which it has for many today toward composers correspondingly advanced). This was not merely a local attitude, nor was Boston entirely an outpost of musical civilization. Even in Brahms's native Germany his symphonies were scarcely received with unmixed enthusiasm, the principal difference being that his defenders there were more numerous and zealous.

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"Largamente"



Brahms Conductor | Mrs. Charles E. Guild, Miss



Miss

Miss Clark Is the Daughter of Lakeview Avenue, Cambridge, Mass. Miss Clark's Engagement to O. at the Episcopal Theological School. Returned from

though constantly growing minority. The bulk of the public still wondered why this wrong-headed German insisted upon writing symphonies, instead of more reasonable Hungarian Dances and Liebeslieder. When Gericke put the Second Symphony at the end of his program of January 17 in the same season, the audience saw its opportunity, and according to a report of the concert, "there was a general uprising and leaving after each of the first two movements." "This is an encouraging sign," the reviewer went on. "Possibly in another season the small claim of this composer to his present prominent position will be more generally acknowledged."

The clarity, thorough musicianship, and high standards of Gericke's performances must have had an immediate effect in elucidating Brahms to the Bostonian public. The reviewer of the Transcript, on November 16, 1885, reported a performance of the First Symphony which was distinctly encouraging, although again many had "walked out":

One has a shrewd notion that, had it been Beethoven's C minor Symphony, instead of Brahms's, almost every one would have kept his seat to the end. It must be admitted that, to the larger part of our public, Brahms is still an incomprehensible terror. People speak of him pretty much as they used to speak of Schumann twenty years ago. Abstruseness and obscurity of style is the charge made against him by those of his dislikers who are frank in the acknowledgement of their own impotence to enjoy his music. In one way or another, Brahms is an unqualified bore to four music-lovers out of five in this good Boston of ours. But is this a reason for not playing Brahms's Symphonies at concerts here? By no manner of means! There is not an inconsiderable portion of our public to whom the announcement of a Brahms symphony is a promise of unspeakable delight; people who look at their programs with anxious solicitude to see if there be not something by Brahms on it. Let them have their Brahms now and then, and let the rest of the public go hang, if it objects.

This "not inconsiderable portion of our public" did grow apace, and when Arthur Nikisch became the conductor in 1889, Boston was astonished to discover that the symphonies which they had assumed to be learned and dry, were in fact aglow with dramatic fire and romance. This was the magician who also startled the hidebound and wary public of the Leipzig Gewandhaus into an appreciation of

his death (April 1896) was then considered a regular concert, the following appearance, if decidedly a masterpiece, Op. 121; Concerto for Cello, Op. 102; minor, Op. 98. Heinrich, Franz

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The adjectives "austere," "harsh," "pellent," "obscure," persisted in reappearing whenever Brahms was summed up in print. Then the metaphor of the "unapproachable altitudes." James Huneker, with Brahms was a hobby, wrote—"most peaks are tremendously and glitter and gleam in an atmosphere almost too thin for dwellers of the earth." ("Mezzo Tints in Modern Music") And again Lee—"He rarely descends to earth, and prefers to remain on a nacle rather than come to our level. We want him we must climb to steps that are perhaps painful and R. A. Streatfield looked upon him as "wrapped in obscurity," and this with the astonishing observation that "he touches no chord of sympathy!" He continues in his "Modern Music and Musicians" (1906) perhaps this very austerity, this self-repression, this remoteness of quality, that constitute to some the charm of Brahms's music. In a vein, others placed him on lonely heights, expecting him to stay there forever in a small circle of the elect at his side.

Such opinions as these need no answer than the present festival perhaps no other Nineteenth century composer except Beethoven or Schumann could have successfully furnished on such a scale (One must admit, I think that the Nordic Brahms has greatly thrived on Mediterranean).

As for the "limitations" listed they have proved to be in large measure limitations of a tardy world. The custom, which solve all musical problems and resolve all discords, has thrown a clarifying beam into the dark path of Brahms, that the world might see smoothed out his arbitrary hars that the world might accept. The way the "murky fog," which the eighties was supposed to enshrine symphonies, soon lifted. Still, there was not yet clear about the mountains, for a mist of wordy such as those quoted above hung about them.

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Brahms Conducting Mrs. Charles E. G.

Guild, Mrs. Ralph Hornblower, Mrs. Ernest Hocking, Mrs. Edward J. Holmes, Mrs. M. Hunnewell, Mrs. Charles Richard Hamlin Jones, Mrs. F. Nedy, Miss Mabel Lyman, Miss E. Miss Emily McKibbin, Mrs. R. man, Mrs. John F. Moors, Mrs. ray, Miss Rose Standish Nichols, Packard, Mrs. George L. Pair, Gorham Palfrey, Mrs. F. Wain, Mrs. Josiah Quincy, Miss Evelyn Arthur A. Shurtleff, Mrs. Charles Robert G. Valentine, Mrs. Wadsworth, Mrs. Fiske Warren, Mrs. Wentworth, Mrs. Walter Mrs. William Morton Wheeler, Burt Wolbach.

Final Wednesday Musical Ma

Concluding a successful Boston School of Occupation under whose auspices the Musical Ma have been given winter on Wednesdays in the ballroom, the final series of six will be given on day morning, with a recital by Onegin, the world-famous.

Special arrangements have been made for the final program in the high professional standard. Mrs. John W. Myers, chairman, committee, and Mrs. H. Parson, who has been active in the series, as co-chairman. Mrs. Theodore T. Whitney.

It is of interest that a majority of this season's subscribers requested an assignment for 1930-31, of the seats for the committee asks that all in this class be made by April.

Mrs. John F. Capron of the Center and Mrs. Walter A. Cline have been asked to preside the hour preceding the concert begins at eleven o'clock. Mrs. be assisted by Mrs. Wilton and Mrs. Ernest V. Alley of ton and Mrs. William Aye Center. Mrs. Carl will have the honor of Mrs. Charles Cott Howard Turner of Boston; L. Bunce and Mrs. William rett of Brookline, and Mrs. and Mrs. Prescott Bigelow Hill.

At the ballroom door will be D. Adams of Brookline, M. C. Bacon and Mrs. Winthrop of Belmont, Mrs. Frederic of Boston, Mrs. Charles T. Cotton, Mrs. Lawrence Black, R. C. Borden of Brookline, Plimpton of Hingham, Mrs. stock of Dedham, and Mrs. Plimpton of Norwood.

In charge of the ticket

Brahms, the melodist, colorist and poet. Under the eloquent apostle there bloomed a flourishing faction. It became a cult, with its fringe of priggishness and other accompanying phenomena. Ere long Boston was spoken of as a Brahms center.

At the news of Brahms's death (April 3, 1897) Emil Paur, who was then conductor, arranged for the regular concerts of April 9 and 10, the following appropriate and impressive, if decidedly sombre, program. Tragic Overture, Op. 81; Vier Ernste Gesänge, Op. 121; Concerto for Violin and Violoncello, Op. 102; Symphony No. 4 in E minor, Op. 98. Soloists were: Max Heinrich, Franz Kneisel and Alwin Schroeder.

It would be interesting to know who first referred to the Brahms Symphonies as "classics," and when the remark was made. It was probably in the first years of this century. In any case, Emil Paur must have done his admirable part in giving them this label of permanence and universal respect. Boston, fortunate in its Brahms conductors had surely one of the very finest of them in Dr. Karl Muck, in whose artist's nature the style of the composer seems closely ingrained. He combined the precision of a Gericke with the romance of a Nikisch in performances which are cherished memories.

This retrospect is hardly the place to dwell upon the status of Brahms at the symphony concerts today, or what new and surpassing beauties Dr. Serge Koussevitzky's interpretations may have revealed. We can but record the obvious by pointing out that the composer's genius, lifted free and clear of routine, was never so keenly and generally alive in this town. JOHN N. BURK

Miss Clark is the daughter of Lakeview Avenue, Cambridge. Miss Clark's Engagements at the Episcopal The

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As Memory Summons Him—Brahms In The Eyes and The Ears of An American Student

IT was on December 12, 1891, that I first heard Brahms play the piano. It was at a Joachim Quartet Concert at the venerable Singakademie in Berlin. The famous composer had come to the Prussian capitol to attend the performance of his clarinet quintet and to play the piano part in his new trio in A minor op. 114 for piano, cello and clarinet. He had written both works, which were still in manuscript, for Richard Muehfeld of Meiningen, who was by far the greatest virtuoso on the clarinet I have ever heard.

On this occasion the Joachim Quartet, which was then the foremost chamber music organization in the world, broke with its traditions, which had been in force 1869, and played for the first time works not written exclusively for strings. The interest to see and hear the great man from Vienna was intense and when Brahms stepped onto the stage he was given a rousing welcome.

The great composer was by no means a piano virtuoso in the modern sense of the word, and yet he had a big technique although a faulty one. He went rough shod over difficult passages, often hitting false notes, but he had a great deal of facility and remarkable independence and strength of fingers. Two years later I heard Brahms play again and both times I gained the impression that he never would have been a really great pianist even if he had devoted himself exclusively to the instrument. Considering how little time he had for practice, however, his playing was wonderful. There was something sublime about his conceptions and his attitude toward the compositions. He was utterly oblivious to the audience and was concerned only with the interpretation of the music; and his readings were all the more interesting because he was discoursing his own works.

He played the cantabile parts beautifully, proclaiming the themes in a very individual manner, with great warmth and feeling, and he lingered lovingly on certain details that particularly pleased him. I was struck by the freedom with which he played and by his precision of rhythm and elasticity of tempo. In his trio Brahms paid no attention whatever to his partners, Richard Muehfeld, clarinet, and Robert Hausmann, cello. They

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new technique more particularly in my Paganini variations and in my Capricelli. I admit that many of the passages lie awkwardly for the hands. This new kind of technique seems inconvenient ("unbequem," was the word he used) because arms, hands and fingers are used in a new way. The new idiom requires greater strength, freedom and independence of fingers than the traditional classical piano technique. But this is no reason why my innovations should be called unpianistic. I know that there are some very mean places in the Paganini Variations, but my original intention in writing the two sets was that they should be technical exercises for practice only. It was not until later that I decided to have them published as concert pieces, and that was partly because von Buelow, Clara Schumann and Tausig advised me to do so. Musically, I consider my Handel Variations more important.

In later years, when such great virtuosi as Joseffy, Pachmann, Busoni, and Godowsky began to play the Paganini Variations and to take delight in the new kinds of pianistic difficulties, I recalled the famous composer's words and realized how wisely he had expressed himself on this point.

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Notwithstanding his technical shortcomings, to which even the greatest Brahms enthusiast could not be oblivious, if he was at all discriminating, it was inspiring and uplifting to hear him in his own works, for there was a divine spark in his playing as well as in his compositions. I was twenty-three years old in 1891, when I first heard Brahms, so I was old enough to appreciate the greatness of the occasion.



When I first met Brahms, I had no opportunity to discuss his music with him, but two years later, in 1893, with the help of Joachim I succeeded in drawing him into a musical discussion. Brahms was very touchy on certain points, as I had meanwhile ascertained, and I drew him out by bringing up one of his hobbies for which he had been much criticized.

Brahms seemed to be utterly indifferent to what the critics wrote about his compositions, but when I touched on the censure of professional pianists who called his piano pieces "unpianistic," he warmed up and made with considerable asperity the following remarks, which I noted down immediately afterward because I realized their great significance:

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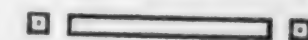
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they not more concerned with the tonal effects? They are all so absorbed with the technique that they overlook euphony (Klang). Hardly any of them can make the passages of the first movement and finale sound well, and that is why I can't bear to hear the younger violinists play it any more. It bores me to death when some young fiddler comes and asks permission to play my concerto for me. Now you know why I shall never write another violin concerto.

Joachim, to whom Brahms had been speaking quite as much as to me, afterward said to me, "those were two intensely interesting statements by Brahms concerning his new piano and violin idioms. And for him they were unusually long ones, for he is generally very taciturn."

The great composer's last visit to Berlin was in 1896, the year before his death. Joachim, who was his most intimate friend, had invited him to hear a private performance of one of his string quartets at a small select social company. This was my last meeting with Brahms. He had aged visibly. His complexion which had formerly been ruddy had turned to a sickly yellowish brown. He had cancer of the liver, of which he died in April of the following year.

The first thing Brahms said to me on this occasion was, "You are an American, do you play the banjo?"

Astonished at such a question from him, I replied "No, I am sorry to say I do not, but why do you ask?"

"Because I met an American girl in Leipzig," he replied, "who played the banjo for me. It was the first and only time I ever heard the instrument and I was much interested in the rhythm of ragtime which she played very cleverly."

Ragtime was then all the rage in America, and Brahms seemed so interested in it that I asked him if he intended to utilize the rhythm in one of his own compositions. A far-away look came into his expressive blue eyes while he said, "I had thought of doing so but I doubt if I shall ever get to it. My ideas no longer flow as easily as they used to."

There have been in the Brahms biographies contradictory reports concerning his transposing a Beethoven Sonata half a tone higher when playing in public with Eduard Remenyi, with whom he made a tour of northern Germany in 1853. In the sketch of Brahms's life,

for instance, in the Encyclopedia Britannica, it is stated that the illustrious composer compassed this feat at Goettingen and that he and Remenyi were playing the Beethoven "Kreutzer" Sonata. I questioned Brahms concerning this and he said that it happened in the little town of Celle and that the Sonata was not the "Kreutzer" but the Beethoven C Minor Sonata. Joachim once told me that he had played the "Kreutzer" Sonata with Brahms at Goettingen when they were both young men in the fifties, and that Brahms had transposed it from A major to B flat major, because the piano was half a tone flat.

Speaking of the concert in Celle, the composer said, "The piano was half a tone flat and as Remenyi had absolute pitch, he could not possibly play with it as it was, so he tuned his violin to the B flat of the piano, which was real" and I transposed the program half a tone higher."

Brahms's attitude toward this historic affair seemed to me to be altogether too modest. He seemed to attach no importance whatever to it. What pianist in our day would consider it a small feat to transpose the C Minor Sonata to C sharp minor. It was a stroke of genius!

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Further conversation revealed the interesting news that Brahms was Liszt's guest at the "Altenburg" (Liszt's home in Weimar) for two weeks, and that he met many interesting people there, including the Princess Wittgenstein, Peter Cornelius, Carl Klindworth, William Mason and Carl Tausig, who was then a boy of twelve, but "already a formidable pianist," as Brahms put it.

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The Puissant Brahms Ends The Festival

High - Pitched Performance Brings An Evening Of Excitements

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By many a sign through these four concerts, Dr. Koussevitzky is establishing the occasional festival in the musical life of Boston. Three years ago the hundredth anniversary of Beethoven's death gave him first opportunity. Six concerts then assembled the symphonies, the mass, the chamber pieces of the master. They drew and stirred as much of the town as frequents symphonic music. The quality of performance ran high. When the conductor proposed a second festival, this time to the greater glory of Brahms,

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Dr. Koussevitzky persisted; Mr. Schnabel was at hand; not a doubt or a fear now stands justified. Again a festival has assembled and excited the musical town. Again the standard of performance has run high. Again as much of the achieving Brahms as could be compressed into five programs has held as many audiences intent. (Only the Haydn Variations were really missed.) On second occasion the end has crowned the work and the conductor, if for so long he tarries here, may go courageously forward to a third festival. Some predict Debussy. But is there enough of him and in sufficient variety? Moreover, "Pelleas and Melisande" is essential; whereas Symphony Hall is no opera house. More probably, the manifold and inexhaustible Bach, with the Mass in B minor, through a whole generation unheard in Boston, for climax.

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It pleased Brahms to talk now and again of an opera, to pretend to be groping for a suitable text. Though he frequented the theater, it was alien to him as field for composition. His clear, self-critical mind readily perceived that limitation. None the less, the "Winter Rhapsody" is clear proof of his occasional will, his commensurate ability, to make music-drama for the stage of the imagination. It was not less so with the graphic and passioned singing of Mme. Matzenauer; with the vocal background, warming and brightening, of the Harvard choir.

Then ensued the Piano-Concerto of Brahms's young years, the First, in D minor, with Dr. Koussevitzky, Mr. Schnabel and the orchestra with them mutually resolved to carry it in the grand style, the sonorous voice, the utmost release, at need, of tone and passion. The first movement ran in titanic conflict. The orchestra flung out its declamation; the piano, though it was but a single man—and a composer—answered and overtopped it. (Remember the superb trills between them divided). A seething, swirling music cried its passion of defiance and revolt; was hardly to be stilled when the piano at last adventured the gentler calming motif. There was "development" that developed, inasmuch as each new measure had motion and meaning; sonorities that smote the air; rhythms that clove it; the sense, rare from Brahms, of incandescent phrase and tone. The "Winter Rhapsody," likewise from his younger years, had discovered him as dramatic composer. Now, through the first movement of the Piano-Concerto he raged in native wildness. Mr. Schnabel emerged as heroic pianist of boundless yet measured power; of conquering resonances that were never mere violence upon the ear; of great sweeps of tone out of which salient detail suddenly flashed. Or else they softened and stayed into some euphony with the orchestra. Dr. Koussevitzky was riding a music of contrasts, now torrential, again rigid. The orchestra played as though pianist and conductor were looking over each man's shoulder.

The foil was the beauty of the slow division, played by Mr. Schnabel with sensibility to every note and phrase, yet as though the whole were a chorale in noble and aspiring course. Under the conductor's hand and ear, the orchestra was his complement. They passed to the final Rondo, which is music of a semi-exhausted Brahms withdrawing within

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phony in C minor with conductor, orchestra besides, lifted by the evening well above in memory the violins with such wealth and nter Tar-e. The whole string in the bill full-rounded unity or an in they as the composer twice of the clarinets, the deep and twice were truly Brahmsian. hands and pianist accomplished 262. Then, in turn, Dr. Koussevitzky and kindle, passion unced the Brahms, Nikisch-like; ous ques reason, might say him immediate symphony. The tran- riefly and roduction to the first port. It turns of the principal count the n into the musical uestion. Second, gentler subject, uestion of ms, the distribution ialist mo- instrumental color— return of, and conductor, laid a London-imagination. Toward r of lively was Brahms lifted; g Tardieu, movement as well, decided to itzky does not spare ards, with winds and horns may At one gly. The light, misty so violent veil of beauty upon t left the Allegretto. Neither test. The uck himself wrought nler a 57 the slow introduction ived from the horns from the trombones a. And the finale It- ne of us who love not shouting Ode to Joy h Symphony, would ith the Adagio. For idice or blasphemy, ches a spare and ex- r. Koussevitzky has ed horns and trom- oven's blindly flails is a Brahmsian time.

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Brahms in Middle Years

From a Little-Known Photograph Belonging to William Willeke

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The foil was the beauty of the division, played by Mr. Schnabel with sensibility to every note and phrase as though the whole were a choral noble and aspiring course. Under conductor's hand and ear, the orchestra was his complement. They passed the final Rondo, which is music of an exhausted Brahms withdrawing with

himself, recalled to the necessities of the occasion only when he must make a pianist's cadenza. Mr. Schnabel, who can be subjective as well as objective, followed him; yet would not have such an end to such a Concerto decline altogether into musical reflection upon three motifs. Underneath the fire still smoldered; the heroic voice yet spoke out. One and the other pianist and conductor have played this Concerto in Symphony Hall. It remained for Mr. Schnabel and Dr. Koussevitzky to transpose it into grandeur.

The First Symphony in C minor brought the end, with conductor, orchestra, and audience besides, lifted by the excitements of the evening well above themselves. Within memory the violins have not played with such wealth and unanimity of tone. The whole string choir, indeed, was full-rounded unity or measured diversity as the composer willed. The horns, the clarinets, the deep-voiced trombones, were truly Brahmsian. The valiant tympanist accomplished prodigies of rhythm. In turn, Dr. Koussevitzky could light and kindle, passion and dramatize, his Brahms, Nikisch-like; while no one, with reason, might say him nay in this First Symphony. The transition from the introduction to the first movement, the returns of the principal theme, the infusion into the musical structure of the second, gentler subject, the tossing rhythms, the distribution of harmonic and instrumental color—all, from orchestra and conductor, laid hold upon the imagination. Toward grandeur again was Brahms lifted; through the slow movement as well, where Dr. Koussevitzky does not spare vigor, though woodwinds and horns may sing never so musingly. The light, misty orchestral tone was veil of beauty upon the intermezzo-like Allegretto. Neither Nikisch nor Dr. Muck himself wrought more suspensively the slow introduction to the finale; received from the horns more mysterious, from the trombones more sonorous, tone. And the finale itself? There are some of us who love not Beethoven's jigging, shouting Ode to Joy to climax the Ninth Symphony, would fain have it end with the Adagio. For them, be it prejudice or blasphemy, Brahms's finale touches a spare and exultant grandeur—Dr. Koussevitzky has reason for his added horns and trombones—while Beethoven's blindly flails the air. And this is a Brahmsian time.

H. T. P.



Brahms in Middle Years

From a Little-Known Photograph Belonging to William Willeke

It pleased Brahms to talk now himself, recalled to the necessities of the again of an opera, to pretend to be occasion only when he must make a ing for a suitable text. Though pianist's cadenza. Mr. Schnabel, who quented the theater, it was alien t can be subjective as well as objective, as field for composition. His clear followed him; yet would not have such critical mind readily perceived tha an end to such a Concerto decline alto- tation. None the less, the "V gether into musical reflection upon three Rhapsody" is clear proof of his motifs. Underneath the fire still smol- sional will, his commensurate abili- dered; the heroic voice yet spoke out. make music-drama for the stage. One and the other pianist and conductor imagination. It was not less so wil- have played this Concerto in Symphony graphic and passionate singing of Hall. It remained for Mr. Schnabel and Matzenauer; with the vocal backgr- Dr. Koussevitzky to transpose it into warming and brightening, of the Ha- grandeur. choir.

Then ensued the Piano-Concer- Brahms's young years, the First, in- nor, with Dr. Koussevitzky. Mr. Schnabel and the orchestra with them mutual- solved to carry it in the grand style: sonorous voice, the utmost releas- need, of tone and passion. The movement ran in titanic conflict. The orchestra flung out its declamation piano, though it was but a single n- and a composer—answered and topped it. (Remember the superb between them divided). A seething, ing music cried its passion of de- and revolt; was hardly to be stilled the piano at last adventured the a- calming motif. There was develop- that developed, inasmuch as each measure had motion and meaning; ties that smote the air; rhythms clove it; the sense, rare from Brahms incandescent phrase and tone. "Winter Rhapsody," likewise from younger years, had discovered him a- matic composer. Now, through the movement of the Piano-Concerto he in native wildness. Mr. Schnabel em- as heroic pianist of boundless yet- ured power; of conquering reson- that were never mere violence up- ear; of great sweeps of tone out of salient detail suddenly flashed. Or they softened and stayed into euphony with the orchestra. Dr. sevitzy was riding a music of con- now torrential, again rigid. The or- tra played as though pianist and co- tor were looking over each man's- der.

The foil was the beauty of the division, played by Mr. Schnabel sensibility to every note and phrase as though the whole were a chora- noble and aspiring course. Under conductor's hand and ear, the orch- was his complement. They passed the final Rondo, which is music of an exhausted Brahms withdrawing w-

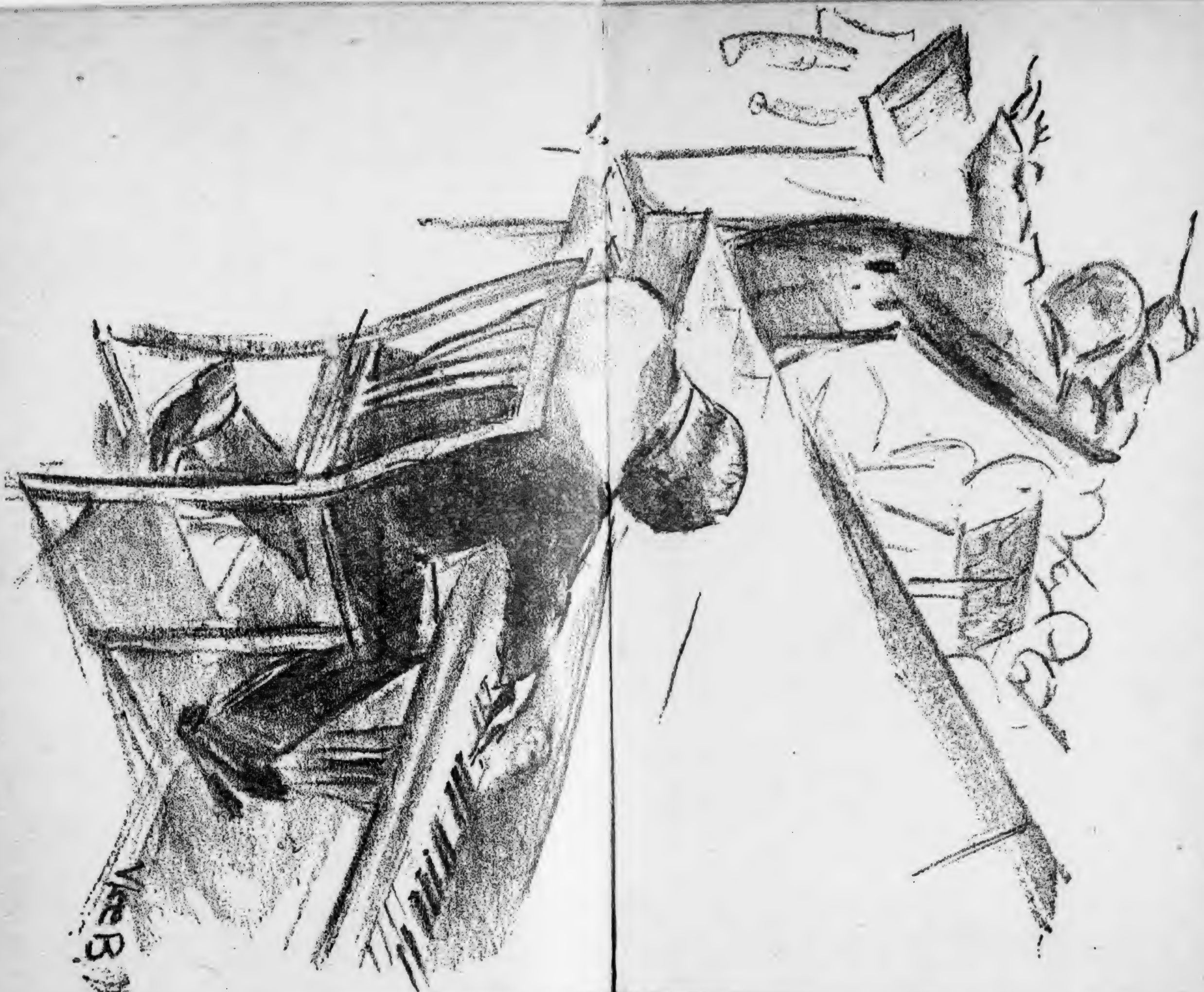
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Brahms in Middle Years

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Putting Their Backs Into It



Artur Schnabel and Serge Koussevitzky

BRAHMS FESTIVAL

By PHILIP HALE

The first concert of the Brahms festival took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. Dr. Koussevitzky conducted. The program was as follows: Academic Festival overture; Symphony, F major, No. 3; Symphony, D major, No. 2. The audience was enthusiastic throughout the concert.

One had supposed that Brahms knew what he was about when he described his overture, the Academic Festival, as "a very jolly potpourri on students' songs" music written in the manner of Franz Suppe, of "Fatinitza" fame. Brahms was to receive a degree from the University of Breslau and it was natural that he chose student songs for themes. It was also natural that he should describe the work as a "jolly" potpourri. But we are now told that he spoke "flippantly;" that there is a vein of sadness in the music; that the lively chatter at the beginning is really gloomy comment on the fleeting joys of university life. Why should Brahms have thus been a "Dismal Jemmy"? Because he had not enjoyed what are called the advantages of a collegiate education? Because the degree would put him in a class with some no doubt estimable persons who had written respectably dull music?

No. One likes to think that Brahms meant exactly what he said; that he wrote a jolly potpourri for a joyous occasion.

Surely this light-hearted work should be played in a light-hearted manner as students would sing the tunes. The music does not admit of dramatization for the interpretation. Nor does it admit of an infinite number of nuances; of changes in tempi other than those indicated. In this music eloquence is out of place. Whatever may be said against Brahms he was never bombastic.

It is the tendency in these days to find pessimism in works of Brahms that to Philistines, enjoying them, are conspicuous for serenity, sunshine and courage. There are works of his that are charged with a sadness akin to despair; a melancholy that is black with the blackness of darkness. He was often obsessed by the thought of death. So was Tchaikovsky. If Tchaikovsky groaned lustily, shrieked, as a strong man in agony, Brahms would often whine. It is as if he had said with Brachiano in John Webster's tragedy:

"On pain of death, let no man name death to me: it is a word infinitely terrible."

But how can recent biographers find the symphony in D major a work of epic grandeur? It has hitherto been regarded as agreeable in the Mendelssohnian manner, tuneful, with a piquant Scherzo, and a reassuring Finale, music that is free from storm, stress and passion; music that almost as a quotation pays a graceful compliment to

Mendelssohn in flowing measures, as there is a tribute to Wagner in the first movement of the Third Symphony, a glimpse of Venus and her voluptuous train, refreshing after the crashing, defiant opening measures.

There is also a wide-spread tendency in performing the orchestral music of Brahms to make it more dramatic than the contents suggest. This comes from the wish to avoid the academic, respectful, perfunctory, one might say obsequious readings that in times past led many to find the symphonies too sober, it not dull. If jog-trot interpreters thought to reveal "the spirit of Brahms"—meaningless phrase to apply to any composer, but one that sounds well and impresses some—contemporary interpreters are often tempted to treat Brahms as if he were possessed with a demon; as if he were a daring innovation, with fire, not celestial ichor in his veins. Or in order to make the music more intense, there is undue importance given to episodes so that there is no continuous musical flow. The latter course appeals to the great majority. The music is, then, exciting; the dynamic contrasts hold the attention; the composer in the minds of the hearers is glorified; they might exclaim: "Is this Brahms? Who would have thought the old man to have so much blood in him?"

After all, whatever the purist may say, it is better to be pleasurably excited at a concert than to be lulled to sleep. In all probability the magnificent performance by the orchestra and the roaring applause of the audience would have delighted Johannes, for he was mortal, and all mortals like appreciation.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week is as follows: Haydn, Symphony, D-major (with the horn call); Piston, Suite for orchestra (first performance); Sibelius, Symphony No. 6; Bach, Organ Prelude and Fugue in E-flat major, arranged for orchestra by Schoenberg.

The second concert of the Brahms festival will take place tomorrow afternoon in Symphony hall. Song of Destiny, Piano Concerto, B-flat, No. 2 (Arthur Schnabel, pianist); Symphony, E-minor, No. 4. Dr. Koussevitzky, conductor.

Quintet in F major (Mendelssohn)

Quintet in F major

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and Orchestra)

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D minor, No. 1

. 1 in C minor

concerts now on sale

Herald BRAHMS FESTIVAL ^{Mar. 27, 1930}

The second concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra's Brahms festival took place yesterday afternoon at Symphony hall. The amended program contained the Song of Destiny (Schicksalslied), op. 54, for chorus and orchestra; the 2d pianoforte concerto, op. 83, in B flat major, and the 4th symphony, op. 98, in E minor. Arthur Schnabel, the eminent pianist who has not been heard here since 1923, appeared as soloist in the concerto; the Harvard Glee Club and the Radcliffe Choral Society joined forces with the orchestra in the Song of Destiny.

The highwater mark of an afternoon which gave evident pleasure throughout to a numerous and vigorously plauditory audience was Mr. Schnabel's magnificently virile and intelligent performance of the concerto. The great length of this work, the number of its movements, and the relative subordination of the exceedingly difficult piano part, have caused it to be called "a symphony with piano obbligato." It has also been remarked that the strenuousness of its piano part is out of all proportion to the result achieved. Certainly there is less than usual here either of the placid cantilena in which a pianist may revel in beauty of tone and elegance of phrase or of the artfully disposed bravura by which he may easily delight and astonish his hearers. The pianist has too often to work like a demon with the unpleasing knowledge that the results of his toil, however excellent, are covered up by the orchestra. So it has been said. But Mr. Schnabel demonstrated yesterday that it is possible to play this music respectfully, with full sense of its unity and of his own inglorious function as part of the orchestra (though this view of the B flat concerto is a greatly exaggerated one) and still astonish an audience by brilliant virtuosity, stir it to excitement by urgently impelling rhythm, arouse its admiration by finely sensitive phrasing and tasteful musicianship. Yesterday's audience applauded loud and long, banged the seats, and shouted in token of its enthusiasm.

A careful but not emotionally convincing performance of the Schicksalslied had left the impression that in 1868 Brahms was more successful in depicting the bliss of the inhabitants of the celestial regions than the distress of mortal men. The serene and uplifting beauty of the orchestral prelude and epilogue, and of the earlier choral portions of the work, are what remain in the memory.

Mr. Koussevitzky's well-known interpretation of the E minor symphony, perhaps a shade too stressful and vigorous a performance for music so purely musical (despite its elegiac or tragic feeling), music which relies so little on emotional clichés for its effect. Mr. Koussevitzky was warmly applauded.

Tomorrow's program will be devoted to the German Requiem. S. S.

BRAHMS'S "GERMAN REQUIEM"

For the third program of the Brahms festival at Symphony hall, the Boston Symphony orchestra co-operated last night with the Harvard Glee Club and the Radcliffe Choral Society in a performance of the "German Requiem." The soloists were Jeannette Vreeland, soprano, and Fraser Gange, baritone. Dr. Koussevitzky, of course, was in command.

If, as is very probable, the "German Requiem" was composed in memory of Robert Schumann (and nothing could be more appropriate, not only by reason of the love, admiration, and gratitude he bore him, but also because it was Schumann who had urged the promising young composer to turn his attention to choral and orchestral forms), nevertheless, last night's performance must have been felt by most of those present as a solemn tribute to Brahms himself. It was on the whole an admirable performance that was given of this great but intensely human and German music, that matches so thoroughly the comfortable and reassuring doctrine of the chosen text. It was a performance lifted to occasional heights of superlative beauty by the superb singing of the soloists (how rarely can such a thing be said!). The powerfully dramatic effort achieved by chorus and orchestra in the second chorus ("Behold, All Flesh Is as the Grass"), the moments of brilliance and expressive beauty in which these young Radcliffe and Harvard singers reminded one of their splendid work in the great Beethoven Mass two years ago, were offset by barren stretches in which the timidity of the sopranos and altos, the gentlemanly restraint of the male singers, a certain lack of movement in the slower tempi, made for an effect lacking in the fullest conviction.

But the vitality and beauty and expressive force of Mr. Gange's singing in the solos "Lord, make me to know the measure of my days" and "Here on earth have we no continuing place," the exquisite charm of Miss Vreeland's beautiful voice and her delightfully modulated and expressive phrasing in "Ye now are sorrowful"—surely one of

the loveliest things in the whole "Requiem"—were things to be long remembered. The enthusiasm of the audience was unbounded.

Tonight's program will contain piano pieces played by Mr. Schnabel, songs rendered by Mme. Matzenauer, and the F minor quintet performed by Mr. Schnabel and the Burgin string quartet. S. S.

BRAHMS FESTIVAL

By PHILIP HALE

The fourth concert of the Brahms festival took place last night in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: "Liebeslieder" waltzes for pianoforte duet (Mr. Davison and Mr. Woodworth), and four vocal parts (small chorus from the Harvard Glee Club and the Radcliffe Choral Society). Piano pieces: op. 119—intermezzo, B minor, intermezzo, E minor, intermezzo, C major, rhapsody, E flat major (Arthur Schnabel, pianist). Songs: Sapphische Ode, Von ewige Liebe, Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer, Meine liebe ist gruen (Margaret Matzenauer). Pianoforte quintet, F minor, op. 34a (Mr. Schnabel and the Burgin string quartet).

Again an enthusiastic audience that completely filled the hall, an audience impartial in its distribution of applause, and by its rapt attention during each performance paying, after all, the highest tribute. The waltzes were a revelation to some who had known the composer only by his austere, granitic works. If they expected waltz melodies after the manner of Schubert, Lanner or Johann Strauss, father and son, they could not have been reasonably disappointed, so admirable was the interpretation. Especially noteworthy were the pure, fresh virginal voices of the Radcliffe girls. How admirably, how musically this little chorus had been trained! The varied colors of the girls' costumes, artistically contrasted, delighted the eye.

Some one, and one not ignorant nor unappreciative of Brahms's instrumental works, had the courage to say that the composer would be longest and best remembered by his songs. The management of the Festival was fortunate in securing Mme. Matzenauer to sing the ones selected for the occasion. Her rich, luscious voice and her technical skill were at the service of the composer, not merely for her own glory. Whether the song called for tenderness or passion; whether the spirit of text and music was contemplative or one of wild regret for days that would be no more, the singer gave each sentiment and emotion full expression with an intimacy of appeal. Here was a singer famous in opera, that worked

an irresistible spell by her art and womanly feeling as a mistress of the Lied. Mr. Schnabel's sympathetic, beautiful accompaniments emphasized the worth of the music and the rare ability of the singer.

Mr. Schnabel played the Intermezzi and the Rhapsody with a fine understanding that was something more than painstaking dissection of the musical body. He was especially fortunate in the performance of the Intermezzo in E minor. His playing as a whole was more objective than subjective. Perhaps that is what Brahms demands, but could not the individuality of a pianist be fused with that of the composer? If tone did not always carry, but stopped abruptly, if tone did not always sing, that no doubt was due to a condition over which Mr. Schnabel had no control. In the piano quintet, which was for years a stumbling block to many admirers of Brahms, he showed himself again the true artist, regarding himself as one of five, all working together in eloquent preaching. The gospel according to Johanns.

The fifth and last concert of the Festival will take place tonight: The Alto Rhapsody (Mme. Matzenauer, male chorus and orchestra); piano concerto, D minor, No. 1 (Mr. Schnabel, pianist); Symphony C minor, No. 1. Dr. Koussevitzky will conduct.

Herald BRAHMS FESTIVAL ^{Mar. 27, 1930}

Scenes of overwhelming enthusiasm marked the end last night of the Boston Symphony orchestra's Brahms Festival. Not only did cordial and evidently spontaneous applause indicate the audience's appreciation of the fine quality of last night's performance, but Dr. Koussevitzky, at the close of the concert, was treated to perhaps the most remarkable ovation that he has ever received in Boston. Frantic applause, the banging of seats, shouts of approval, and an enormous bouquet of red roses rewarded him for the devotion and energy with which he had planned and conducted the festival—one both interesting as an experiment and memorable for the admirable work of orchestra, chorus, and the exceptionally well-chosen soloists who have graced the occasion.

Last night's program—the fourth and last of the series—offered the following works: Rhapsody from Goethe's "Harzreise in Winter," for alto, male chorus, and orchestra, Op. 53; Concerto for pianoforte and orchestra in D minor, Op. 15; Symphony No. 1 in C minor, Op. 68. Mme. Matzenauer and Mr. Schnabel were the soloists; the Harvard Glee Club lent its aid in the performance of the "Rhapsody."

Few of those who heard the Rhapsody last night can have disagreed with

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Brahms's high opinion of its quality, which led him to sleep with it under his pillow, "so as to have it always with him." Nor can one fail to applaud his conscious abandonment of the slightly complacent, if not necessarily trivial, 3-4 time for the flexible "common time" that here prevails. This music has a depth and movingly sombre expressiveness, a freedom of movement, that ranks it high among Brahms's choral compositions, though it never attains the ecstatic beauty of the best parts of the Requiem. Mme. Matzenauer sang the prominent solo part with marvellous beauty of tone, with delightfully flexible and expressive phrasing. The Harvard Glee Club performed its share with its customary fine taste and with excellent balance of tone.

In the D-minor concerto, a work of more immediate appeal than that in B flat, Mr. Schnabel once more demonstrated his outstanding musicianship and his brilliant technical qualities. The superb vitality of his rhythm, his power of giving structural unity and logical

cohesion to a work of large scale, the brilliance of his climaxes, were as striking as ever. In addition, there was a new emotional intensity felt, especially in the beautiful adagio, which must have given pleasure to those listeners who had heretofore suspected a certain coldness and purely intellectual fire in his playing.

Dr. Koussevitzky's reading, and the orchestra's performance, of the C minor symphony was of surpassing brilliance

and expressive force. This is perhaps the most "symphonic" of the Brahms four experiments in the form; it has the largest share of the "grand manner" in whose evocation Dr. Koussevitzky excels. He succeeded eloquently in drawing forth its full majesty, its deep beauty, though the andante, with a slightly faster tempo, might have gained in grace.

So ended the festival. It will be interesting to note its effect on the local appreciation of the composer. S. S.

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(Gabrilowitsch and the Detroit Symphony Orchestra.)

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(Stokowski and the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra.)

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The Festival Adds Brahms's Master Work

In Full-Rounded Performance

The "German Requiem" for

Choral Concert

March 25, 1930

THIS generation of the concert-hall knows Brahms best, honors him most, as composer of symphonic music. A glance around Symphony Hall last evening affirmed as much. For the "German Requiem" not every seat was taken; whereas for the Concerto and the Symphony of Sunday afternoon hardly a place stood empty. Next, for most of us, stands Brahms the composer of songs. Publicly, we hear him as such in too standard a repertory. Privately, we cultivate him according to our own choice. Third, place the composer of chamber-music. The pianists and the violinists have their favorite Sonatas; the foursomes (as Mr. Grainger likes to call them) their favorite Quartets; the virtuosi-musicians risk on their programs even the later Intermezzi, Caprices, Rhapsodies. We shall hear Mr. Schnabel play four of them this evening. Fourth and last, in the general ear, sounds Brahms the composer of choral music. The catalogues of his "collected works" list a page or two of such pieces; but, outside Germany and Austria, we are fortunate if we hear aught else than the "German Requiem" and the "Song of Destiny"—and them not too often. To these two at the current festival, by happy exception, the Rhapsody for Alto and Men's Chorus will be added.

Every one of the Symphonies bears marks of the labor that Brahms spent upon it. They were conceived and accomplished in mental and spiritual travail. The choral vein flows more freely, more amply. By instinct, predilection and habit, Brahms is composer of music for choirs variously constituted and variously accompanied. He read of a morning in Hölderlin's eighteenth-century poetry and that same afternoon began the making of the "Song of Destiny." Composers nowadays, unless like Stravinsky, they throw back to Handel, achieve their choral pieces by will and application, as part of their duty to the whole art of music. Only Holst comes readily to mind as possessed, like Brahms, of the choral instinct.

Mozart wrote a Requiem Mass because the dread of death and of the undiscovered country haunted him, and he would dispel it. Berlioz wrote another because he would transform the Roman office into a grandiose spectacle in tones. Verdi wrote a third that he might clothe that office in Italian fervors, infuse into it the tradition that he honored and

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would practise of Italian song demanding out of liturgy and madrigal. Small blame to him if the theater in which he had worked a lifetime occasionally had the better of it. The venerable editor of the program-sheet noted last evening the "abundant proof" that Brahms intended the "German Requiem" as "a last great funeral rite for Schumann." In the text and the music themselves, the "proof" seems quite as "abundant" that Brahms looked in the Scriptures, looked in his heart, and wrote.

In spite of the learned discourse—page and chapter and book of it—about the Protestantism, the Germanism, the backgrounds and environment of the "German Requiem," the years resolve it more and more into the meditation of Johannes Brahms, a devout mind and a believing spirit, upon the life of this world and of the world to come, of the death and resurrection and judgment that may be bridge between. Brahms put together his text out of a Bible that he read and knew in the faith of a truly religious and Christian man. Run through it hastily and it seems a congeries of detached verses awkwardly thrown together. Conned more closely, it becomes a carefully matched mosaic not only to serve a musical design but to bear witness to an inner continuity, contrast, significance. "Blessed are they that mourn; for they shall be comforted." . . . "All flesh is as the grass; but the redeemed of the Lord shall come rejoicing into Zion." . . . "Lord, make me know the measure of my days; but the righteous souls are in the hand of God." . . . "Here on earth have we no continuing place; but blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." . . . They rest from their labors." Pervasive these contrasts, yet with two Intermezzi and one masterful transition. The first Intermezzo sings "the courts of the Lord"; the second expatiates on sorrow and solace. The transition traverses death and resurrection. Brahms's poetry dwells usually in his tones. In itself the verse of his songs seldom engages the mind or quickens the heart. Yet into this text for the "German Requiem," he has infused a veritable poetry of scheme and word.

And what a text for such a music as Brahms would make! Earthly sorrow and woe and lamentation, the brevity and the emptiness of human living, touched his imagination—and he wrote the anguished pages, yet not without a recurring undertone of compassion. He saw in vision the tribulation and the struggle of men and the sight evoked the tortured music that falls to the baritone with chorus. This human fate was inexorable—in the Christian Brahms, composing, there lurked often the fatalist—and he wrote the rigid march of the second chorus to be as the endless stream of human suffering. He meditated upon death and resurrection, upon the trumpets of the Judgment Day—and rose to the close-packed, darksome imagery of the sixth division. The light came upon him and he saw the "courts of the Lord" in a music in which the evening stars sing as well as the human voices. Deep pity possessed him and he added the

Brahms's high opinion of its quality, which led him to sleep with it under his pillow, "so as to have it always with him." Nor can one fail to applaud his conscious abandonment of the slightly complacent, if not necessarily trivial, 3-4 time for the flexible "common time" that here prevails. This music has a depth and movingly sombre expressiveness, a freedom of movement, that ranks it high among Brahms's choral compositions, though it never attains the ecstatic beauty of the best parts of the Requiem. Mme. Matzenauer sang the prominent solo part with marvellous beauty of tone, with delightfully flexible and expressive phrasing. The Harvard Glee Club performed its share with its customary fine taste and with excellent balance of tone.

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March 25, 1930

THIS generation of the concert-hall knows Brahms best, honors him most, as composer of symphonic music. A glance around Symphony Hall last evening affirmed as much. For the "German Requiem" not every seat was taken; whereas for the Concerto and the Symphony of Sunday afternoon hardly a place stood empty. Next, for most of us, stands Brahms the composer of songs. Publicly, we hear him as such in too standard a repertory. Privately, we cultivate him according to our own choice. Third, place the composer of chamber-music. The pianists and the violinists have their favorite Sonatas; the foursomes (as Mr. Grainger likes to call them) their favorite Quartets; the virtuosi-musicians risk on their programs even the later Intermezzi, Caprices, Rhapsodies. We shall hear Mr. Schnabel play four of them this evening. Fourth and last, in the general ear, sounds Brahms the composer of choral music. The catalogues of his "collected works" list a page or two of such pieces; but, outside Germany and Austria, we are fortunate if we hear aught else than the "German Requiem" and the "Song of Destiny"—and them not too often. To these two at the current festival, by happy exception, the Rhapsody for Alto and Men's Chorus will be added.

Every one of the Symphonies bears marks of the labor that Brahms spent upon it. They were conceived and accomplished in mental and spiritual travail. The choral vein flows more freely, more amply. By instinct, predilection and habit, Brahms is composer of music for choirs variously constituted and variously accompanied. He read of a morning in Hölderlin's eighteenth-century poetry and that same afternoon began the making of the "Song of Destiny." Composers nowadays, unless like Stravinsky, they throw back to Handel, achieve their choral pieces by will and application, as part of their duty to the whole art of music. Only Holst comes readily to mind as possessed, like Brahms, of the choral instinct.

Mozart wrote a Requiem Mass because the dread of death and of the undiscovered country haunted him, and he would dispel it. Berlioz wrote another because he would transform the Roman office into a grandiose spectacle in tones. Verdi wrote a third that he might clothe that office in Italian fervors, infuse into it the tradition that he honored and

would practise of Italian song descending out of liturgy and madrigal. Small blame to him if the theater in which he had worked a lifetime occasionally had the better of it. The venerable editor of the program-sheet noted last evening the "abundant proof" that Brahms intended the "German Requiem" as "a last great funeral rite for Schumann." In the text and the music themselves, the "proof" seems quite as "abundant" that Brahms looked in the Scriptures, looked in his heart, and wrote.

In spite of the learned discourse—page and chapter and book of it—about the Protestantism, the Germanism, the backgrounds and environment of the "German Requiem," the years resolve it more and more into the meditation of Johannes Brahms, a devout mind and a believing spirit, upon the life of this world and of the world to come, of the death and resurrection and judgment that may be bridge between. Brahms put together his text out of a Bible that he read and knew in the faith of a truly religious and Christian man. Run through it hastily and it seems a congeries of detached verses awkwardly thrown together. Conned more closely, it becomes a carefully matched mosaic not only to serve a musical design but to bear witness to an inner continuity, contrast, significance. "Blessed are they that mourn; for they shall be comforted." . . . "All flesh is as the grass; but the redeemed of the Lord shall come rejoicing into Zion." . . . "Lord, make me know the measure of my days; but the righteous souls are in the hand of God." . . . "Here on earth have we no continuing place; but blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." . . . They rest from their labors." Pervasive these contrasts, yet with two Intermezzi and one masterful transition. The first Intermezzo sings "the courts of the Lord"; the second expatiates on sorrow and solace. The transition traverses death and resurrection. Brahms's poetry dwells usually in his tones. In itself the verse of his songs seldom engages the mind or quickens the heart. Yet into this text for the "German Requiem," he has infused a veritable poetry of scheme and word.

And what a text for such a music as Brahms would make! Earthly sorrow and woe and lamentation, the brevity and the emptiness of human living, touched his imagination—and he wrote the anguished pages, yet not without a recurring undernote of compassion. He saw in vision the tribulation and the struggle of men and the sight evoked the tortured music that falls to the baritone with chorus. This human fate was inexorable—in the Christian Brahms, composing, there lurked often the fatalist—and he wrote the rigid march of the second chorus to be as the endless stream of human suffering. He meditated upon death and resurrection, upon the trumpets of the Judgment Day—and rose to the close-packed, darksome imagery of the sixth division. The light came upon him and he saw the "courts of the Lord" in a music in which the evening stars sing as well as the human voices. Deep pity possessed him and he added the

measures in which the soprano voice forgets grief in consolation. He heard the great hosts of "the redeemed of the Lord" and he wrote the upswelling choral fugues, one above a vast pedal-point, that end three movements. Before his eyes swam the majesty and the mercy of God, the celestial peace and healing. Toward them mounts the final chorus.

Under such inspiration—for it is nothing less—Brahms's invention runs ready and full; the musical thought glows into musical emotion; the achieving hand seldom flags. The books say that Brahms worked at the score through five years. Yet of his larger works none sounds more spontaneous; none seems more nearly accomplished in a long, white heat of creation. His melodies unfold in breadth, warmth and vitalized motion. Each goes characterized. At one end of the range set the tortured song of the baritone; at the other the suffused compassion of the soprano's measures. Or array the black tense-rhythmed march of the human souls against the luminous harmonies that clothe the house of the Lord. In surge and power the fugues descend from Bach and Handel.

When he will, Brahms can infuse into his measures either the exaltation which is never mere eloquence or the tenderness which is seldom mere sentiment. And these are his own attributes. The heavens open and he declares the mercy of God. The earth is outspread and he comforts the sorrows of men. The glow within him burns away any thickness, any awkwardness in the orchestral voices. For once they do his imaginative bidding. The designing, the up-rearing of the choruses seem less a studious technical mastery than an ardor of accomplishment. The symphonies and the concertos are the symphonies and the concertos; but here in the Requiem is the masterpiece in which Brahms sloughed his inhibitions away. As long as nineteenth-century music sounds in the ears of men, it will hold them fast.

The performance last evening came nearer to the full accomplishment of the music and text than any within Bostonian memory. It fell short conspicuously only in Miss Vreeland's singing of the soprano part which was both superficial and marred by technical shortcoming; whereas the large, bold, graphic style, the rough-textured tones of Mr. Gange were the very medium for the baritone measures. The clear timbre of the Radcliffe women-chorus released Brahms's notes from the bondage of the printed page. The clean thrust of its singing gave them life. There were tenor tones to be heard from the Harvard choir; no sluggishness in the deeper voices stayed the rhythmic movement. Once the first chorus had steadied the full choir, the unity of attack and release, of phrasing and accent were but the outer expression of an inner unity of understanding and of feeling. In the antiphonal passages choir matched choir; while the larger sonorities suffered hardly at all from voices all youthful.

The end indeed crowned the work of Dr. Davison and Mr. Woodworth. The youth of Harvard and Radcliffe have at least learned to do one thing well for the sake of the doing, which is rather what makes life worth while. For their elders, the orchestra was alive to Brahms's changeful rhythms; measured its tone to his subdued colorings; darkened in or opened out his instrumental patterns. An elder generation recalls Nikisch as the conductor who first upon their ears released and vitalized Brahms's symphonies. We, their children, will say as much and think as high of Dr. Koussevitzky with the "German Requiem."

H. T. P.

Schnabel's Brahms In New York Ears

Praise and Also Question for His Playing Through

Ap 19, 1930
ELSEWHERE these columns report toward the Boston Orchestra and Dr. Koussevitzky at their final concert for the season, in New York. At both, Mr. Schnabel was the "assisting artist," playing the piano-part in each of Brahms's Concertos. Newcomer in the present note and powers, making inevitably large and deep impression, he shared with the conductor the laurels of the evening and the matinée. He encountered as well questioning and dissenting voices. He himself and his playing of Brahms are so fresh in Bostonian memory that both praise and blame deserve quotation.

Light and Leading

Mr. Schnabel's performance of the Concerto in B-flat was memorable. It would be difficult to conceive of an exposition in which soloist and conductor were more closely united in delivering to an audience not only the large moods but all the details of the composition and the deeply significant relation of the solo instrument to the whole and the orchestra as an equal partner in the drama.

Mr. Schnabel eschews sentimentality in all its forms, and this perhaps chills his tone, which is admirable for crystalline quality rather than for liquidity. On the other hand his delicate sense of the curve of every phrase and his fine perception of its place in the general scheme impel him to the use of nuances of ravishing gradation. Some of his crescendi and diminuendi were so unerringly placed and so matchlessly executed as to lift the pages in which they occurred into an unusually beautiful and radiant glow of life. Particularly in the last movement did the pianist not only interpret Brahms but play the piano as only a master can.

The concerto was revealed in all its splendor, which is not the splendor of pageantry but of the last and most

precious moments of the sunset. Here is beautiful music filled with nobility of thought and royalty of style. The applause was very warm and the pianist was recalled several times. The whole orchestra should have been recalled also. [The Sun]

Mr. Schnabel . . . has pre-eminent-ly that "high seriousness" which issues from absolute sincerity. The crowd, as a thing to be tickled or enticed or over-awed, apparently does not exist for him. He is concerned only with the music before him; all else is irrelevant. Against this background of belief and practice he shows us the application of ideas to poetry—of the shaping, governing, proportioning will exerting itself upon the emotional stuff of beauty. Always they constitute an exhibition of reason confederate with loveliness, of logic warmed with sensibility.

The Concerto in B-flat gave Mr. Schnabel occasion and to spare for the influential exhibition of these traits. This abidingly wonderful music he helped us to understand in all its moods, from the vernal horn-call of the opening, with its keyboard echo that is the very voice of prodigality and fervor, as of some magnetic southern Noontide made articulate, to the exquisite musing of the piano at the close of the magical Andante, where the music seems to drift upward into a hovering silence, reminding us of that woman of whom Conrad wrote, "in whose precise saying there were enigmatical prolongations that vanished somewhere beyond the reach." [The Tribune]

Doubt and Dissent

It was not a performance, however, to alter materially critical valuations made when Mr. Schnabel was last here. With power, clarity and a prehensile mastery of structure went more than a little harshness, chill and practicality. Though deep and intense absorption were not to be denied this playing, its effect only occasionally possessed atmosphere or romance, as in the closing measures of the slow movement. More often its earnestness seemed pedagogical, its emphasis heavily cerebral. Sturdy technical achievements were brought about in a manner that often implied subjugation of the music by main force rather than an unfoldment from within by means of the interpreter's imposing technique.

The concert otherwise was one which tended to the harshness of forced sonorities. In both the [Academic] Overture and the [Fourth] Symphony, there was which seemed to be a relentless questing after the sort of vitality which results from playing at once bright and edged, taut and loud. It was playing that smote the ear aggressively throughout—"energico e passionato," according to the letter of the passacaglia finale of the Fourth Symphony.

The impression left on this reviewer was one of the most efficient performances of the concerto he had ever heard. This was, indeed, efficiency raised to art. Mr. Schnabel played every note of the music with unheard-of precision.

Equally precise was the pianist's rhythm and his presentation of the themes and their developments. Employing a rather unyielding tone, Mr. Schnabel laid bare the concerto as uncompromisingly as a surgeon engaged in an important operation. When he relented at times for the expression of the lyrical element he gave one the feeling that he was inwardly chafing at the necessity, so grudging was he of the softer qualities of the work—the poetic flights, the tender interludes. It was a remorseless performance, one which placed the concerto in an entirely new light. [The World]

The Ayes Again

In the Concerto in D minor, Mr. Schnabel, of course, made light of the stupendous technical difficulties. For once the truly orchestral piano-part did not sound

puny when contrasted with the tutti. The chain octave trills in the first movement were delivered with Herculean energy. His reading altogether was cast in an Olympian mold. The aristocratic phrasing, the absolute faithfulness to the spirit of the composer, the undeviating fidelity of good taste, revealed once more the great stature of the Austrian pianist. There are those who find his playing cool and intellectual, without the glow of imagination. Perhaps the explanation is to be found in the integral masculinity of Mr. Schnabel's style. His art has none of those androgynous elements often to be found in interpretive as well as creative talents. [The Tribune]

Mr. Schnabel again showed [on Saturday] that he could play beautifully when he chose, as in the slow movement of the D-Minor Concerto. It is worth while to remember this, and also to place by it in the memory the gigantic proclamation over roaring drums and in response to different instruments of the orchestra, of the theme that flashes like lightning through the instruments. When that passage came—at the beginning with the orchestra, and at the outset of the recapitulation, with all the power and grandeur of which piano and orchestra were capable—it conferred something to remember. But the fire and nobility of Mr. Schnabel's interpretation and his complete contempt for any device merely calculated to please an audience or provoke applause could hardly be gainsaid. His performances will remain one of the notable climaxes of the season that is drawing to an end. [The Times]

Boston's Week of Brahms

March 29, 1930

Monitor

By L. A. SLOPER

JOHANNES BRAHMS wrote no music for the theater. Perhaps the fact requires no elaborate explanation. It is difficult to imagine the irreproachable Brahms enriching the lyric stage with the charm of a Mozart, the fervor of a Wagner or the dramatic genius of a Verdi. Mr. Fuller Maitland surmises that Brahms realized at once the sterility of conservative stage music and his own incapacity to write in the style of Wagner. But need we be sad because Brahms paused before the frivolous portals of the theater? There is ample dramatic content in the music he did write. All he needs is a Koussevitzky, a Schnabel or a Matzenauer for interpreter. All these, and more, he had for the six-day festival of his music given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Of course Dr. Koussevitzky, who never can be persuaded that things are well enough as they are, was primarily responsible. Having already directed celebrations for the centenaries of Beethoven and Schubert, he cast about for another composer to honor. There was no centenary of a master in 1930, but that did not deter the conductor. He admires Brahms, and excels as an interpreter of his music, just as Nikisch—as we are told—did. Sufficient reasons for a Brahms Festival. Thus large numbers of Bostonians have listened to a series which included the four symphonies, the two piano concertos, the "German Requiem," the "Song of Destiny," some of the Liebeslieder Waltzes, the "Academic Festival" Overture, the Piano Quintet, some songs and the piano pieces of op. 119.

Extraordinary Enthusiasm

As John N. Burk reminded us, in an admirably balanced pamphlet issued by the orchestra in preparation for the festival, Boston has been as slow as other capitals of music to embrace Brahms. His conclusion that "the composer's genius, lifted free and clear of routine, was never so keenly and generally alive in this town" as at present, was justified by the response to these concerts. As one young person from the middle West remarked: "And they call Boston a cold town!" The enthusiasm at all the concerts was quite extraordinary, and on the final evening (March 26) there was an ovation for Dr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra which has hardly been duplicated during the six years of his Boston seneschalship, unless

at the close of the Beethoven Festival. No one, surely, will begrudge the tribute to leader or men. The conductor, who never does anything halfheartedly, labored devotedly in preparation and performance, and the orchestra's work was quite up to its standard.

It was not to be expected that all the results would be equal in value. You can hardly give a Brahms Festival without including some of the chamber pieces. But Symphony Hall holds more than 2500 persons; scarcely the place for intimate music. No one should have been surprised, then, that the Piano Quintet, with Arthur Schnabel and the Burgin String Quartet, was not the most successful item in the cycle. Heard in a small hall, this music has the power to stir admiration and emotion; in these vast reaches, the piano overwhelmed the strings and the finest effects were lost.

On the program with the quintet, however, the three Intermezzi and the Rhapsody of op. 119 came to entrancing utterance at the hands of Mr. Schnabel; who then, with a fine gesture of unselfed artistic devotion, became the unobtrusive accompanist for Margaret Matzenauer in four songs. His superb fellow-artist was heard to better advantage in "Von Ewig Liebe" and "Meine Liebe ist Grüne" than in the "Sapphische Ode" or the "Immer Leiser." Opening this program there was a charming performance of some of the Liebeslieder Waltzes by a small chorus from the Harvard Glee Club and the Radcliffe Choral Society, with their respective conductors. Dr. Archibald T. Davison and G. Wallace Woodworth, at the piano.

The Collegiate Chorus

These young collegians, by the way, although their personnel changes annually, remain one of the most satisfying choral bodies of our experience. Trained to uncompromising ideals, they place their fresh voices and their inspiring fervor at the service of art. And when their part in the program is finished, they add immeasurably to the volume of applause for the more famous artists, constituting themselves, without in the least being aware of it, a volunteer clique in thrall to music.

Mme. Matzenauer joined a group of the singers in a moving interpretation of the "Harzreise" Rhapsody. In the Requiem the choruses were augmented by Jeanette Vreeland, soprano, and Fraser Gange, baritone. They had the

choral field to themselves in the "Song of Destiny."

Another acclaimed hero of the series was of course Mr. Schnabel, whose playing of the concertos for piano not only was authoritative but brought these works to pulsing life. Where, by the way, originated the tradition that the first of these concertos is finer than the second. Hearing them in close proximity, from the hands of an exponent whose readings can hardly be challenged, we feel the superiority of the B flat major, pianistically and musically, to be evident.

The Symphonies

Finally the symphonies, played in this order: Nos. 3, 2, 4 and 1. Under this test the F major seemed clearly entitled to less and the D major to more consideration than is usually accorded. We shall not presume to sit as judge upon the merits of the other two. Nor shall we seize upon the occasion to pronounce a conclusive estimate of the music of Johannes Brahms, nor to forecast the effect of the six-day examination upon his reputation. Attention no doubt has been drawn by it to his learning. His romantic characteristics have been set forth in the most persuasive manner. In retrospect of the six days he seems more a romanticist than a classicist, closer to Beethoven and to Schumann than to Bach or Mozart. Further, from this fresh review, we are impressed less by his material than by his handling of it, and we find even in the handling more cerebration than inspiration. It seems to us, too, that there is wisdom in those who say that the Brahms of the songs, the piano pieces and the chamber ensembles is greater than he of the symphonies and of the bigger choral compositions. After so protracted a bout, we see Brahms as a big fellow who, not realizing his own strength, should not be allowed too heavy implements to play with.

Is it possible that Brahms, like Wagner, is doomed, after a struggle of long years for recognition, to fall back at last to a plane below that of the greatest masters? At all events, we render thanks to Dr. Koussevitzky and his associates for the opportunity to survey his work.

From Boston

To New York

Exceptionally

Ap 14, 1930
Dr. Koussevitzky Continues

The Brahms Festival

To Loud Plaudits

AT the final concerts in New York—for the season the Boston Orchestra and Dr. Koussevitzky were applauded by the audiences and praised by the reviewers beyond current custom or recent precedent. The concerts befell in Carnegie Hall on Thursday evening and Saturday afternoon last; were indeed a renewal, or a continuance, of the Brahms Festival lately ended in Boston. On Thursday the program essembled his "Academic Overture," his Piano-Concerto in B-flat, his Symphony in E Minor. On Saturday it again contained the "Academic Overture"; added to it the Concerto in B minor and the Symphony in C minor. On both occasions Mr. Schnabel was the pianist. Another column records the praise, and also the dispraise, that his playing provoked. For the moment orchestra and conductor are the matter in hand. Writing in The Tribune, Mr. Gilman gave them adept and amusing introduction.

"It may be recalled by those who have been privileged to witness or to read Mr. Connelly's inimitable 'Green Pastures' that the Lawd, complaining of an insufficiency of firmament in the seasoning of his custard, is informed that Paradise is at the moment all out of firmament. 'Dey ain't,' reports the custard-maker, 'a drap in de jug.' Whereupon the Lawd determines to make good the deficiency by a miracle. 'Let it be some firmament!' he commands. 'An' when I say let it be some firmament, I don't want jest a little bitty dab o' firmament . . . Let it be a whole mess o' firmament!'

"Mr. Koussevitzky, Lawd of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, appears to have concluded that both musical Boston and musical New York lacked an ingredient essential to their symphonic diet, and he decreed a while ago, 'Let it be some Brahms!' Apparently he added the warning, 'Not jest a little bitty dab o' Brahms. Let it be a whole mess o' Brahms!' . . . And Brahms there was forthwith—a whole mess o' Brahms, a firmament of Brahms, in fact, filled with choiring stars and glorious with symphonic suns.

"Apparently Mr. Koussevitzky, like Mr. Connelly's Lawd, is a benevolently despotic individualist, satisfying his own taste when he feels impelled to do so. There was, admittedly, firmament in the Lawd's custard. And, indisputably, there was Brahms in our musical cus-

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lard. Was there enough? Ah, that was for the imperious Mr. Koussevitzky to say. But apart from the suiting of his taste, there was really no particular occasion for a Brahms Festival, either in Boston or in New York. There is at the moment no Brahmsian anniversary to celebrate (though there will be one in 1933, when Mr. Koussevitzky may regret that he came in a few bars too soon). And certainly our condition differs from that of the heavenly larder; for there is plenty of Brahms in the jugs of our conductors, and they add it freely to our musical food.

Consequently

"But no matter: Mr. Koussevitzky wanted more Brahms, and he provided it. For the Bostonians, he contrived six all-Brahms concerts, exhibiting samples of the Olympian Johannes as composer of orchestral, choral and chamber works, with the aid of the Harvard and Radcliffe choruses and such luscious soloists as Mme. Matzenauer and the fabulously fashionable Mr. Artur Schnabel the imported pianist who has made inflectualism in music almost as popular (for the moment) as ankle-length skirts.

"In New York we are not being quite so lavishly provided by Mr. Koussevitzky with Brahmsian firmament. Yet the Lawd of the Bostonian heaven is doing very well by us. [Last] Thursday evening in Carnegie Hall he set before his people if not a whole mess of Brahms, certainly much more than a little bitty dab. He gave us one of the greatest of the symphonies, an overture, and the most persuasive, if not the weightiest of the piano-concertos, with Mr. Schnabel as the pianistic Gabriel, sounding his clarion through Johannes's keyboard evocation of a vernal earth.

"That everyone was happy there can be little doubt. Brahms is proper Festival material, with or without an anniversary pretext. He has the fullness and variety of content, the volume, the power, the greatness of style, the imaginative reach and depth, to justify and reward an unqualified disclosure of his works. A first-rate genius, a Maker (as the mystically daring Emerson might have called him), he is fecund and inexhaustible. Thursday we had him in two of his major phases: the Brahms who in the Concerto in B-flat is chiefly the poet of southern amplitudes and fervors, radiant, expansive, sensitive and magical, and the austerer Brahms of the Symphony in E minor, the Northern Brahms, bardic, magisterial, and prevaillingly dark hued."

Having passed the Concerto in review, Mr. Gilman ventured this final reflection:

"After this, the Fourth Symphony, for all its blend of Gothic magnificence, and bardic speech, was an experience necessarily less revealing. The evening was Mr. Schnabel's, and the Brahms that he conveyed to us. For this our thanks, however, are really due to Mr. Koussevitzky. It was he, let it not be forgotten, who ordained this beneficent enrichment of our Brahmsian skies. If there were any who murmured, like the Paradisaical

witnesses in 'The Green Pastures,' 'Now, look, Lawd, dat's too much firmament, their voices were not audible.'"

The Conductor's Share

The Times was like-minded as to Concerto and Symphony, saying: "It was not only a pianist and interpreter of symphonic intent who sat before us but a colorist who matched every tint of Brahms's orchestration with one of his own; or, better say, a musician who realized with unexampled felicity the harmoniousness of Brahms's palette, and made his instrument take its place, with infallible intuition for the right shading in the color scheme. In view of the result it is easy to believe that Mr. Schnabel and Mr. Koussevitzky had labored with special care and mutual zeal to achieve the best possible coherence and balance of all the elements of a work which is less a piano-concerto in the accepted sense of the term than it is one of Brahms's greatest symphonies. Mr. Koussevitzky's exposition of the score and the manner in which he supplemented, as it were, every thought and wish of the soloist was a lesson, from a master of interpretation."

And again: "The orchestral pieces were taken from the best Brahms—the 'Academic' Overture, which is youth itself and the wine of life, and the Fourth Symphony. Perhaps the reading of the Overture, played with balance and clarity by the magnificent orchestra, was a trifle deliberate and over-attentive to detail. Or, again, one might not agree with every tempo, nuance, crescendo and decrescendo of the symphony as the conductor contrived them; but on the whole these were great readings of works none the less great because they are familiar. Mr. Koussevitzky, who came here heralded as a virtuoso conductor not to be esteemed a reader of the classics, proved in this as in so many other concerts his innate understanding of the works of classic masters and his constantly ripening grip of his medium. [The Times

Climax

Once more, of the matinee on Saturday: "On Thursday Mr. Schnabel had a triumph with the Concerto in B-flat. This triumph was but the half of the ovation he received when he finished the Concerto in D minor Saturday afternoon, when he was cheered and applauded and called back to the stage many times. At the end of the concert Mr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra received an even more tumultuous demonstration. All this was testimony to the powers of a magnificent orchestra, conductor, and pianist, but above all it was testimony to the amazing and the increasing appeal to the public imagination of Brahms."

"The performance of the First Symphony was admirably proportioned and had the fine sustained line that the performance of the much more unpretentious 'Academic' Overture had not. Reservations concerning the Overture were recorded here after the first performance.

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These reservations gained strength under repetition. There was the tendency which is possibly a recurrent weakness of Mr. Koussevitzky to over-refine the music, dress up a simple and vigorous-spirited piece with a series of nuances which make it episodic and deprive it of a measure of its movement, spontaneity and vigor. Owing to the same cause, the peroration of the Overture, when it came, was not sufficiently imposing. The symphony, however, was played with a fine continuity and cumulative power. . . . Familiar as the music is, it is not easy, even for the oldest hands, to present it so powerfully and coherently. The testimony of the audience showed how deeply this performance was felt and appreciated. These two concerts have been for Mr. Koussevitzky and his men a special triumph."

Schnabelana

Op 8, 1930
Sayings from An Interview in the
Newest Mails from London

I ASKED him what he thought of those artists who "play down" to an audience. "They never do," he replied. "They like the music they play, although they may wish they didn't. When they play better things it is because they ascend for the time being. I judge a man's musical taste by his habitual level, not by his occasional heights."

THE career of the popular virtuoso, who obtains that popularity largely by lowering his musical standards, arouses no envy in Schnabel. "They live poor and die rich," he remarked. And of a certain well-known performer he said: "He would genuinely like to be a great artist, but his moral character won't afford it."

I AGREE that we have no Beethoven, said Schnabel. "But don't forget that the mediocrities of Beethoven's day are dead and forgotten, whereas ours are alive and insistent. The general level in Beethoven's time may have been no higher than in our own, but we see his time in a perspective where only the peaks remain. There are serious artists living even today." [The Observer

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YOUNG PEOPLE'S CONCERTS

THE AFTERNOONS OF

Tuesday, January 28, and Wednesday, January 29,
1930

at 4 o'clock

BY THE

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Dr. SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, Conductor

W. H. BRENNAN, Manager

G. E. JUDD, Asst. Manager

Dr. Serge Koussevitzky and Richard Burgin will conduct.
There will be brief explanatory remarks with stereoptican slides, by Alfred H. Meyer

PROGRAMME FOR BOTH CONCERTS

Rameau Ballet Suite from "Acante et Cephisse"
(Edited by H. Kretzschmar)
I. Musette. II. Rigaudon and Minuet. III. Gavotte.
Tournier "Fairie," for Harp and Orchestra
Harp Solo—BERNARD ZIGHERA
Prokofieff March from the "Love of Three Oranges"
Saint-Saëns "The Animals' Carnival"
a. Cocks and Hens.
b. The Elephant. (Solo double-bass—M. Kunze.)
c. Aquarium.
d. Personages with long ears.
e. The Cuckoo in the depth of the forest.
f. Aviary. (Solo Flute) G. Laurent.
g. The Swan. (Solo Violoncello) Jean Bedetti.

Pianos, Jesús María Sanromá, Arthur Fiedler.

Wagner The Ride of the Valkyries.

Three hundred desirable floor seats have been reserved, to be sold directly to individuals for their children. These special reserved tickets are available to Symphony Subscribers at the Symphony Hall box office at \$1.00 each.

No adult will be admitted unless accompanied by one or more children. The balance of the seats will, as before, be offered the schools of Greater Boston at 35 cents each.



Ernest Schelling, called "The Pied Piper of Music," photographed in the Audiographic room of the Aeolian exhibit at the United Parents' Exposition held in New York city. Mr. Schelling's charming manner with children is plainly shown in this picture; his talks about music are as fascinating to the boys and girls as fairy stories of tales of adventure.

PEOPLE'S RTS

3 OF

nesday, January 29,

ORCHESTRA

, Conductor

i. E. JUDD, Asst. Manager

urgin will conduct.

atican slides, by Alfred H. Meyer

4 CONCERTS

suite from "Acante et Cephisse"

iet. III. Gavotte.

"Fairie," for Harp and Orchestra

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n the "Love of Three Oranges"

"The Animals' Carnival"

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The Ride of the Valkyries.

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eater Boston at 35 cents each.

CHILDREN'S CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

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Early in this month a concert for children was given in London, and what was the program? Overture to "The Marriage of Figaro"; Elgar's transcription of Bach's C minor fantasia and fugue; Schubert's "Unfinished" symphony and the overture to "Tannhauser." Even the English children take

their pleasures sadly. The program presented yesterday was much more to the point; a program that should please children from 10 to 80 years of age. Take this ballet music of Rameau's, for example. The fact that Rameau in this "heroic pastoral" was the first to introduce clarinets in the Paris Opera House would not interest children, nor would they be thrilled if they were told that as the first performance was in celebration of the birth of the Duke of Burgundy, Rameau endeavored in the overture to express the popular joy "as far as it is possible in music." Surely the music itself would be enough. Nor are children, unlike some of their elders, frightened by the name Prokofieff, nor do they argue that his music must be of a barbaric nature. And what music is more appropriate for a concert of this nature than Saint-Saens's Animals and Ravel's Bolero.

The hall was filled from top to bottom. The children were much more appreciative, more enthusiastic than on certain preceding occasions. Some of the slides amused them greatly. What would the comedians and ballet dancers of Rameau's time have said had they known that their costumes and poses would have excited laughter when shown to children of Boston in the 20th century? Yesterday the audience enjoyed the heavy tread of the elephantine double-bass, the virtuosity of Mr. Laurent, and the song of the swan so beautifully sung by Mr. Bedetti's violoncello. Unsophisticated, they applauded Rameau, Prokofieff, Tournier and Ravel with delightful impartiality.

The order of the program was changed from that given above. Mr. Burgin conducted the ballet suite and Saint-Saens's zoological music. He was succeeded by Dr. Koussevitzky, who conducted the remaining numbers with the care and interest that he would display at one of the Friday afternoon or Saturday evening concerts.

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YOUNG PEOPLE'S CONCERTS

Wednesday, April 23, and Thursday, April 24, at 4

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There will be brief explanatory remarks with stereopticon slides, by Alfred H. Meyer

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As the children were entering Symphony hall, other children were skipping the rope near the door. One might have asked whether those entering envied those in joyful exercise; or

whether the rope-skippers wished that they, too, could enter. Children do not invariably appreciate what are loosely described as educational advantages. Too much stress, by the way, is put on music as an educational force. Possibly some of the contemporaneous compositions being purely cerebral, or reminding one of the Pythagorean theory of music, might be called educational—at least its admirers hope that the general public will be educated up to this advanced art, but the music played yesterday appealed to the emotions and the fancy. And so the children, not unduly impressed by the name of Beethoven, did not sit reverentially as in a concert of prayer, but honestly enjoyed what they heard with their ears. They also enjoyed the skill of the soloists in Haydn's Variations and Mr. Piller's double bassoon voicing the amorous pleading of the Beast. They would have gladly joined with Till in his merry pranks; they mourned his fate when he was brought to judgment by stern men without a sense of humor; and at the end the children rode gaily with the Valkyries. Truly a real entertainment. The concert will be repeated this afternoon.

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SCHELLING CONCERTS

No one understands the psychology of children better than Ernest Schelling, who will again conduct a series of four concerts in Jordan Hall next season.

"There is no use," says Mr. Schelling, "having a series of great symphonic concerts all over the country if we are to be forever fighting for audiences. The real lover of symphonic music in most cases will not be the person who has gained his first acquaintance with music in adult years. The time to begin is with children, and the interest must be aroused not by the mere dragging of children to concerts but by more active and more direct means. The greatest possible danger is that a child should be bored!"

"The desire for song, for melody, harmony and rhythm exists in most of us. It is only a matter of awakening good taste at as early an age as possible. You may be sure that children who are having their interest aroused by concerts especially prepared for them will develop such a genuine love for symphonic music that they will always be patrons of symphony concerts. Giving concerts for children is not at all like giving concerts for adults. In the first place, children must be kept at attention every minute, from the beginning to the end of the performance, which lasts about an hour and a quarter. There is no intermission and there are hardly any pauses. The affair must be what the children call 'snappy,' or they are likely to grow restless. You must never watch children play. You must get right down on the floor and play with them. It is for this reason that I talk to the children at my concerts, and ask them to answer, that we sing themes and that we look over the different instruments of the orchestra. "Of course I feel that the lantern

slides I use play quite a role and I try to find as many beautiful and inspiring pictures as possible. For instance, in giving Scheherazade, I spent hours at the Metropolitan Museum and discovered many Persian miniatures which I had made into colored slides. Then for the MacDowell 'To a Water Lily' I found a beautiful Claude Monet. I also have an irresistible Monet of a little boy playing the fife.

"Children have an inborn love of the beautiful, an unconscious natural feeling for rhythm. And do not let us make the mistake of believing that they are not up to an appreciation of the finest in art and of what is real beauty. We cater entirely too much to the cheap side of children's natures. Let us give them a chance. Their instinct usually tells them the good from the bad, unless the bad is foisted upon them, or made especially attractive to them. Let a child's first impression in whatever domain it be, be one of beauty!"

"I feel that we cannot have too many children's concerts in this country. When I say children's concerts, I mean children's concerts given in many different ways, because where I make an appeal in certain directions, concerts given in another way may appeal to another group of children. To awaken in a child at an early age an interest in the best in music, to stimulate curiosity as to the way in which it is created and performed, these are to me the main objects in symphony concerts for children."

The renewal of subscription for next season's series of four Saturday morning Ernest Schelling concerts is well under way. The first concert will take place early in December. The remaining three, in January and February. No concerts will be given during the period of the Chicago Opera visit to Boston. Mr. Schelling will again be assisted by a large contingent of players from the Boston Symphony Orchestra and occasional soloists. He is already at work on a new collection of stereopticon slides. Applications for renewals, as well as inquiries from new subscribers, should be addressed to Aaron Richmond, 208 Pierce building.

May 11, 1930

Boston Symphony Programs

The program book of the final pair of Boston Symphony concerts each season contains elaborate lists and summaries of the works performed that year. Similar statistics are published in Chicago, Philadelphia, and New York for the great orchestras in those cities. Some comparisons and comment on these programs may tend to show whether the current remarks about the music Boston is permitted by Dr. Koussevitzky to hear have any justification. Do we hear too few classics? Is the American composer neglected? Do we hear too much modern music?

First, about the classics. A fair test of these is the performances of symphonies by Beethoven, Mozart, and Brahms. In Boston we had in the subscription series of 24 Fridays and 24 Saturdays the fourth, fifth, and sixth of the Beethoven symphonies, the first, second, and third of the Brahms symphonies, and from Mozart the E flat and an early symphony in C.

In Philadelphia, in 30 pairs of concerts, the audiences heard the third, fifth, seventh and eighth of the Beethoven symphonies; the first, second, and fourth by Brahms, and by Mozart only an early one in D major (K 385).

In Chicago, in 28 pairs of concerts, the audiences heard only two Beethoven symphonies; and of the Mozart symphonies only the E flat.

A comparison more extended in scope of the programs in these three cities would only confirm what this brief one shows, that Dr. Koussevitzky gave his audiences as much, if not more, music by the great classic composers than Mr. Stock in Chicago, or Mr. Stokowski and his colleagues in Philadelphia.

The New York concerts of the Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra are arranged in series much shorter than those in the other three cities, and do not lend themselves to exact comparison. In 10 different subscription series in New York and Brooklyn, including 99 concerts in all, Mr. Tescanini, Mr. Mengleberg, and guest conductors, gave 13 different works by Beethoven (not all symphonies) and nine works by Mozart, and six by Brahms.

American Compositions

Next, the case of the American composer. In Boston Dr. Koussevitzky included in the 24 pairs of concerts these American compositions, of which those marked * were first performances here. Sinfonietta in D major, G. W. Chadwick; "Java,"* and "Burma,"* Henry Elchheim; "Chants Negres,"* Blair Fairchild "Broadway,"* Samuel Gardner; "The Enchanted Isle," "Jazz Suite,"* Eugene Gruenberg; "Lilacs,"* E. B. Hill; "Jungle,"* Werner Josten; "Canticum Fratris Solis,"* C. M. Loeffler; Suite for Orchestras,* Walter Piston; or 11 works by nine different composers.

In Philadelphia Mr. Stokowski, Mr. Gabrilowitsch and guest conductors led the following American compositions, in the 30 pairs of subscription concerts. "Java,"* Henry Elchheim; "Masquerade,"* Carl McKinley; "Morocco,"* Ernest Schelling; "Jurgen,"* Deems Taylor; Concerto for quarter tone piano, Hans Barth; Concerto for piano, Abram Chasins, or six pieces by six composers.

In Chicago, Mr. Stock's 28 programs included these American works. Suite from "The Birthday of the Infanta,"* John Alden Carpenter; "Jazz Suite,"* Eugene Gruenberg; Overture, "In Bohemia,"* Henry Hadley; "A Pagan Poem" and "Canticum Fratris Solis,"* C. M. Loeffler; Concerto No. 2 for piano, Edward MacDowell; "Morocco,"* Ernest Schelling; Suite "From the Northland,"* Leo Sowerby; Concerto for violin, and "Psalmic Rhapsody" for chorus and orchestra, Frederick Stock; making 10 different works by eight composers.

In New York, Mr. Toscanini included no American works on his programs, nor has he put any on the programs for the European tour of the New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra, now in progress, an omission even more serious. Other conductors included works by two recently naturalized Americans, and that was all. Obviously, Dr. Koussevitzky is more generous than his rivals to American composers, if the past season's programs are to be the test.

Provincial New York

New York, which hears much less music by American composers at its orchestral concerts than is played in Boston, Chicago and Philadelphia, not to mention several lesser musical capitals, can hardly claim to be the chief musical center of the United States judged by what in other Nations has always been the chief test, the performance of new works by the composers of the Nation.

It is not, by the way, always clear just which composers are to be counted as Americans. In the tables above resident composers like Bloch and Goossens, who grew up and won reputations abroad before coming here, are omitted and only Americans by birth or by residence for most of their lives in the United States are counted as American.

Finally, about modern music by foreigners. In Boston we had in the regular series performances of works by living composers not Americans as follows. If the title is given for a work that indicates the first Boston performance. Symphony No. 2 Bax (played at two pairs of concerts, "Schelomo,"* Bloch; two works by de Falla; Second Symphony, Dukelsky; three works by Glazunov (all conducted by the composer); Concertino, Goossens; Concerto grosso, Lazar; "Assylian Bas Reliefs,"* Martelli; Prelude and Fugue, Pick-Mangliagalli; Piano Concerto No. 2, and another work ("Scythian Suite") Prokofeff; Bolero (repeated) and three other works, Ravel; "Feste Romane,"* and another work ("Pines of Rome"), Respighi;

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Sixth Symphony and two other works, Sibelius; Interlude from "Intermezzo," and four other works, Richard Strauss. Two works by Stravinsky; "Feerie," Tournier; an overture by Walton; Symphonic Dance, Wetzler.

In Chicago the composers and number of works were as follows: Atterberg, 1; Bloch, 3; Bessl, 1; Dohnanyi, 1; Enesco, 1; Glazunov, 5; Gramatte, 2; Holst, 1; Honegger, 2; d'Indy, 2; Kodaly, 1; McEwen, 1; Miaskovsky, 2; Pederewski, 1; Pick-Mangiagalli, 1; Pizzetti, 1; Prokofieff, 2; Rachmaninoff, 1; Ravel, 5; Respighi, 2; Georg Schumann, 2; Richard Strauss, 5; Stravinsky, 1; Szymanowski, 1; Tansman, 2; Tommassini, 1; Walton, 1.

Stock the Modernist

In Philadelphia the composers and number of works were as follows: Charpentier, 1; Bloch, 1; Coppola, 1; Elgar, 1; Enesco, 1; Grammatte, 3; Glazunov, 1; Krehn, 1; Miaskovsky, 1; Pizzetti, 1; Prokofieff, 2; Ravel, 1; Roussel, 1; Schoenberg, 2; Sibelius, 3; Richard Strauss, 4; Stravinsky, 2; Wetzler, 1.

To summarize, Boston heard 33 works, by 18 living foreign composers; Chicago heard 49 works by 27 living composers not Americans; and Philadelphia heard 28 works, by 18 such composers. It is Mr Stock in Chicago, and not Dr Koussevitzky, who offers his audiences the greatest amount, and one may add, the most wide ranging and impartial choice of modern pieces. Philadelphia heard less than any of the other cities enumerated. Again New York has no claim to be the principal musical center in the United States, since such cities as Cincinnati and Minneapolis listen each year to as much or more modern orchestral music as our beautiful metropolis hears at its orchestral concerts. Were it not that the Philadelphia and Boston orchestras perform some of their modern pieces, which their own cities hear beforehand, of course, at their respective series of 10 New York concerts, Manhattan would be even worse off. Like Washington it is at the mercy of visiting orchestras, since it has none of its own willing to play much modern music.

This is the list of modern novelties played by the New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra, not including repetitions of works already given in New York. Under Mr Mengelberg, Sinfonietta, Bernard Wagenaar; under Mr Molinari, Suite from the opera "Guilietta e Romeo," Zandonai; under Mr Tescanini; excluding arrangements from the classics, Symphonic Variations, Castelnuovo, Tedesco; Sinfonietta, Goossens; "Summer Evening," Kodaly; Venetian Ronde, Pizzetti; Bolero, Ravel; Venetian Carnival, Tommassini or in all, only eight works by eight composers, as against, to count only novelties, 22 works by 22 composers in Boston.

Dr Koussevitzky's programs, judged by those of his rivals, have this season steered a careful middle course between the wide ranging moderns of Mr Stock and the hidebound conservatism that rules in New York.

Dr. Koussevitzky For First "Monday"

LAST evening at Symphony Hall, Dr. Koussevitzky led the Boston Symphony Orchestra through the first of the series of supplementary concerts that are given on Monday evenings. As on Fridays and Saturdays, and on Mondays in recent years, a house that appeared to be fully "sold-out" was present to greet him. And the term "greet him" is on this occasion no idle phrase. For when Dr. Koussevitzky appeared, a great wave of hand-clapping welled up, which persisted through his numerous bows, and refused to subside until he made signs of turning his back on the audience and addressing himself to the music of the evening.

As at the first Friday and Saturday concerts of this year, Dr. Koussevitzky began with Beethoven's "Egmont" overture and ended with the same composer's fifth symphony. Between the two came moderns, Strauss with an interlude from the opera, "Intermezzo," Stravinsky with the suite from the ballet "Firebird."

Much comment and favorable has been made upon the conductor's Beethoven. Mr. Newman, here at the Beethoven festival of a few years ago, paid high tribute to it. One wonders what he would say to these performances with which the year 1929-30 is beginning. Last evening there were those in the halls who showed little enthusiasm at the prospect of hearing again the fifth symphony. Some of the same, seen again after the concert, said that they would not have missed this present fifth for anything that might have been substituted for it. Its high points are the last portions of the first movement and most of the last movement. The first movement grows and grows until it ends with a full-blooded weightiness that words cannot well describe. (After all, is it not the function of music to utter something that is crying for utterance, but which words cannot express?). And the last movement is nothing short of a blaze of glory. Between stands, of course, the expressive song of the cellos with its triumphant answer from winds, both repeated more and more elaborately; the scherzo with its humors variously; and

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that long, tense, subdued ascent which leads to the blinding, overpowering

exceedingly pleasant bit of music—the interlude from Strauss's opera "Intermezzo." It is love-music,—of the kind which makes a wife thinking of her absent husband just before the arrival of the letter will make her so suspicious, so nervous. But it is far from being a music of youthful passion. Domestic contentment, conjugal satisfactions, a feeling that all is well with the world as long as this and this husband remain "one", these emotions emanate from the music. Once Strauss is a painter in tones of music of domesticity—not from many composers a theme for musical treatment. The strings sing, other instruments sing, there are rich smooth harmonies, expansive positions. And one says, "Isn't it nice? Strauss can write," and passes on to the next number in the program book.

That next number last evening happened to be Stravinsky's "Firebird." A suggestive music was never written. The story stands plain upon the pages of the score for those who can read,—and those who can hear. And last evening surely more than an average number must have been among "those who can hear." Surely there were none who did not experience the very feel of the greyness before the dawn, with its spooks, its tings of fireflies, its unexpected weirdness, its uncanny mystery; who did not see gravely with the gorgeous bird; who did not join him (perhaps better her) supplicating entreaty to be freed from his hands and the embrace of the reconquering stranger; who could not see in music the flashing golden apples and princesses, released for the moment from the wicked sorcerer, at their innocent play with them. And then the play elops into a dance. (A tune to hum those who desire it.) Music suave and graceful and sedate. Not a riotous piece, this. Riot indeed, is reserved for the final "Infernal Dance of all the Subjuncts of Katschei." All the hellish brood that sorcerer is let loose. It is nothing but a riot of bedlam. Pictorial music, all in misty gray dawn to final rout; and ended with as vivid a power of suggestion as though the orchestral palette were for eye rather than for ear.

A. H. M.

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Stock the Modernist

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To summarize, Boston heard 33 works, by 18 living foreign composers; Chicago heard 49 works by 27 living composers not Americans; and Philadelphia heard 28 works, by 18 such composers. It is Mr Stock in Chicago, and not Dr Koussevitzky, who offers his audiences the greatest amount, and one may add, the most wide ranging and impartial choice of modern pieces. Philadelphia heard less than any of the other cities enumerated. Again New York has no claim to be the principal musical center in the United States, since such cities as Cincinnati and Minneapolis listen each year to as much or more modern orchestral music as our beautiful metropolis hears at its orchestral concerts. Were it not that the Philadelphia and Boston orchestras perform some of their modern pieces, which their own cities hear beforehand, of course, at their respective series of 10 New York concerts, Manhattan would be even worse off. Like Washington it is at the mercy of visiting orchestras, since it has none of its own willing to play much modern music.

This is the list of modern novelties played by the New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra, not including repetitions of works already given in New York. Under Mr Mengelberg, Sinfonietta, Bernard Wagenaar; under Mr Molinari, Suite from the opera "Guilietta e Romeo," Zandonai; under Mr Tescanini, excluding arrangements from the classics, Symphonic Variations, Castelnuovo, Tedesco; Sinfonietta, Goossens; "Summer Evening," Kodaly; Venetian Ronde, Pizzetti; Bolero, Ravel; Venetian Carnival, Tommassini or in all, only eight works by eight composers, as against, to count only novelties, 22 works by 22 composers in Boston.

Dr Koussevitzky's programs, judged by those of his rivals, have this season steered a careful middle course between the wide ranging moderns of Mr Stock and the hidebound conservatism that rules in New York.

Dr. Koussevitzky For First So

LAST evening at 8 Koussevitzky led the phony Orchestra of the series of suppers that are given on Mondays and Saturdays in recent years, appeared to be fully "so" to greet him. And he is on this occasion no when Dr. Koussevitzky great wave of hand which persisted through bows, and refused to made signs of turning audience and address music of the evening.

As at the first Friday concerts of this year, began with Beethoven's fifth symphony. Between moderns, Strauss with the opera, "Intermezzo," the suite from the ball. Much comment and made upon the conduct Mr. Newman, here at the festival of a few years ago to it. One wonder say to these performances the year 1929-30 is beginning there were those showed little enthusiasm of hearing again the Some of the same, seen concert, said that they missed this present fit that might have been it. Its high points are of the first movement last movement. The grows and grows until full-blooded weightiness not well describe. (After function of music to that is crying for utter words cannot express? movement is nothing of glory. Between stand expressive song of the triumphant answer from repeated more and more scherzo with its humor

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then that long, tense, subdued ascent which leads to the blinding, overpowering finale.

An exceedingly pleasant bit of music is the Interlude from Strauss's opera "Intermezzo." It is love-music,—of the musing wife thinking of her absent husband just before the arrival of the letter that will make her so suspicious, so jealous. But it is far from being a music of youthful passion. Domestic contentment, conjugal satisfactions, a feeling that all's well with the world as long as this wife and this husband remain "one", these emanate from the music. Once again Strauss is a painter in tones of a music of domesticity—not from many composers a theme for musical treatment. Cellos sing, other instruments sing, there are rich smooth harmonies, expansive transitions. And one says, "Isn't it nice? Indeed Strauss can write;" and passes on to the notes on the next number in the program book.

That next number last evening happened to be Stravinsky's "Firebird". A more suggestive music was never written. The story stands plain upon the pages of the score for those who can read,—and those who can hear. And last evening surely more than an average number must have been among "those who can hear." Surely there were none who did not experience the very feel of the greyness just before the dawn, with its spooks, its dartings of fireflies, its unexpected weird sounds, its uncanny mystery; who did not dance gravely with the gorgeous bird; who did not join him (perhaps better her) in supplicating entreaty to be freed from the hands and the embrace of the reconnoitering stranger; who could not see in the music the flashing golden apples and the princesses, released for the moment from the wicked sorcerer, at their innocent play with them. And then the play develops into a dance. (A tune to hum for those who desire it.) Music suave and graceful and sedate. Not a riotous dance, this. Riot indeed, is reserved for the final "Infernal Dance of all the Subjects of Katschei." All the hellish brood of that sorcerer is let loose. It is nothing short of bedlam. Pictorial music, all, from misty gray dawn to final rout; and played with as vivid a power of suggestion as though the orchestral palette were for eye rather than for ear.

A. H. M.

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Mme. Longy-Miquella gave a clear, crisp and thoroughly musical interpretation of Mozart's concerto. The music calls for elegance in its simplicity, apparent simplicity in the bravado passages. There is little or no emotion as emotion is understood today, nor Mozart's day and generation of passionate outbursts to be expected desired in instrumental music. A tinge of melancholy, yes; tender sentiment, yes; but no more. Mme. Longy-Miquella, who was heartily applauded and for her own sake, not merely for recollection of her father—is to be thanked for not inflicting on the audience Reinecke's cadenza for the movement—the cadenza that so longer than the movement itself. We are informed that the one she chose commendably short, is by Al. Casella.

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The Prelude and Closing Scene from "Tristan" is familiar even to a Monday audience. Hence, it is affectionately received as an old and well-liked friend, however inappropriately the phrase may seem to apply to the music in question. Into these close-packed sonorities, Dr. Koussevitzky plunges with the all consuming fervor with which he approaches any composer from Frank to Stravinsky. There is no shading, no preparatory tenseness, no exotic surge or intoxicating quiver which escapes him. All efforts drive toward the ultimate in emotional exaltation. Orchestrally, the performance is magnificent and perhaps beyond comparison. Whether it is over-accentuated in detail, we shall leave to those who can recall the accomplishments of Dr. Muck and other exponents of German master works.

From the enthusiasm of the audience, from the excited delight of individual disciples of Brahms and from the brightness, vigor and "aliveness" of the performance itself, one is inclined in the belief that Dr. Koussevitzky surpassed himself in the Symphony. Here were contrasts, piquancies and thematic vitalities which appeared lacking in the first two pieces. The "genial" Brahms is an apt term as far as the Second Symphony is concerned. And as for Dr. Koussevitzky, he whipped the final movement to a conclusion that was exhilarating beyond memory. N. M. J.

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The reactions to the "Apollo" music in a Monday audience no less than in a Saturday and a Tuesday audience are natural and to be expected. There are those who will not accept Stravinsky matter what guise he appears in, and, as far as this composer is concerned, give themselves as Little Red Riding Hoods before a wolf in grandmother's hes. Then, too, even to his most enthusiastic disciples Stravinsky is not to be himself in this music. Of course, may be argued plausibly enough that he never more himself than when writing like somebody else; yet in his more significant pieces, whether dealing in established or modern idioms, he has led to expect an unmistakable individuality.

In the case of "Apollo," what individuality there is comes very close to stiness and monotony. The music is sweet and as inoffensive as the ballets of Delibes and Chaikovsky; yet in studiously avoiding the frank melodies and clear contrasts which characterize music of these earlier composers, he has exposed himself to the charge of insincerity. His apparent insincerity, however, is not much in the avoidance of what is obvious as in the accompanying sweetness of timbres and harmonies. The tonal effect is always pleasing, but it appears to have been made so unnaturally and deliberately. For his artifice and intellect, the composer wins admiration but not enthusiasm.

The Prelude and Closing Scene from "Tristan" is familiar even to a Monday audience. Hence, it is affectionately received as an old and well-liked friend, however inappropriately the phrase may seem to apply to the music in question. Into these close-packed sonorities, Dr. Koussevitzky plunges with the all-consuming fervor with which he approaches any composer from Frank to Stravinsky. There is no shading, no preparatory tenseness, no exotic surge or intoxicating quiver which escapes him. All efforts drive toward the ultimate in emotional exaltation. Orchestrally, the performance is magnificent and perhaps beyond comparison. Whether it is over-accentuated in detail, we shall leave to those who can recall the accomplishments of Dr. Muck and other exponents of German master works.

From the enthusiasm of the audience, from the excited delight of individual disciples of Brahms and from the brightness, vigor and "aliveness" of the performance itself, one is inclined in the belief that Dr. Koussevitzky surpassed himself in the Symphony. Here were contrasts, piquancies and thematic vitalities which appeared lacking in the first two pieces. The "genial" Brahms is an apt term as far as the Second Symphony is concerned. And as for Dr. Koussevitzky, he whipped the final movement to a conclusion that was exhilarating beyond memory. N. M. J.

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The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky conductor, gave the fourth concert of the Monday night series last evening in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Mozart, Ein Kleine Nachtmusik. Strauss, "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks." Honegger

The next concert of the series will be on Monday, March 17. Renee Long Miquella, pianist, will be the soloist.

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BOSTON SYMPHONY MONDAY CONCERT

Dec 3, 1929
Martha Baird Soloist in
Schumann Concerto

Last night, in Symphony Hall, occurred the second Symphony concert of the Monday evening series, Serge Koussevitzky conducting. As usual there was a large and enthusiastic audience.

Opening the program with Handel's "Concerto Grosso" for string orchestra, the conductor drew from his men their customary smoothness of tone and beauty of color. There are, however, those to whom Dr Koussevitzky's conducting is a thing unpleasingly studied, too definitely planned and posed. With not a note from the orchestra, the full emotional content of the music would have been vividly portrayed, now tensely dramatic, now languid. Surely music is enough in itself; it cannot need additional interpretation through plastic expression. The orchestra, however, admirably sustained the mood of the Lento, and to the Allegro it brought enticing grace.

The soloist of the evening was Martha Baird, already known to her Boston public thorough Jordan Hall programs. This time she was heard in the Schumann Concerto in A minor for pianoforte and orchestra. Unfortunately Miss Baird is not possessed of a tone of sufficient body to be altogether successful in appearance with so large an orchestra and in so large a hall. Again, one felt that her music was confined to two planes only. Gently she did her work, with a certain continuity, a certain tonal beauty. Occasionally she rose to bigger moments, but for the most part, it remained on

a single level. However, she had the good taste to refrain from forcing, even if such restraint meant the sacrifice of interest.

The program closed with the Tchaikovsky "Symphony in B minor" (Pathetic), long a favorite with Symphony audiences. Here was emotionalism at its darkest. Sheer pathos against a background of storm and stress. Emotion grippingly sensuous;

morbid sullen, relentless and inevitable, tearing its way along towards poignant climaxes. Rich and full was the Allegro con grazia, stormy the Allegro molto vivace. Well equipped, both technically and temperamentally were conductor and orchestra for an interpretation vivid and moving. A spell-bound audience waited breathlessly for a final note, then gave its customary tribute of delighted approval.

SIX TUESDAY AFTERNOON CONCERTS

December 10 January 7 February 11 February 25 March 11 April 22

THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

(110 Musicians)

Dr. SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, Conductor

OPENING PROGRAMME

(December 10)

BACH	Brandenburg Concerto No. 3
MOZART	Symphony in E-flat
BEETHOVEN	Symphony No. 5, in C minor

LAST CONCERT OF THE TUESDAY AFTERNOON SERIES

Tuesday Afternoon, April 22, at 3 o'clock

PROGRAMME

Beethoven	Overture to "Leonore" No. 3, Op. 72
Beethoven	Symphony No. 6 in F major, Op. 68, "Pastorale"
Brahms	Symphony No. 4 in E minor, Op. 98

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Dr. Koussevitzky And the "Classics"

Trans — Dec. 11, 1930

THE classics. Thus have the programs for Tuesday afternoons come to be known at Symphony Hall; to play "classics" at that time is Dr. Koussevitzky's intent. And for the hearing of them there is an audience in Boston both ripe and ready. Yesterday they assembled for the season's first concert of this, the most youthful series of the orchestra. In one aspect this audience is like every other audience for Symphony concerts in Boston—it fills all the available seats. Aside from this, the Tuesday audience is its distinctive own. It has not the hearers, who surfeited from much hearing of the "masterpieces," turn a "superior" front toward them; nor those whose chief joy in music is the repeated hearing and re-hearing of these same works (though such would find themselves admirably at home on Tuesdays); nor yet those who, with sophisticated mind and sharpened ears, are always lying in wait, ready to drink in the delights of the latest novelty. In the main, it is an assemblage of "the people," a company to whom the spreading fame of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and the report that on Tuesdays are played only things long tried and fully proven, has brought the desire to add to their lives the hearing of such music. An eager company, healthily active in their listening.

To them yesterday Dr. Koussevitzky brought three works which are classic of the classic. In every one of the debated senses of the word do they deserve the much-used and much-abused adjective. No composers have won greater approbation than Bach, Mozart and Beethoven. Bach's Brandenburg concertos, the third of which was yesterday's, are upon the heights of his orchestral work; Mozart's symphony in E-flat is among the three "great" ones of the year 1788; Beethoven's "Fifth" is the symphony which by general consent our schools and colleges, doing their bit toward musical "appreciation," first feed the youth of the land.

The glories of Bach have been expounded in season and out of season. They are real glories still. They survive even their friends. Who would not warm to that sea of sonorities which in great billows surged toward him which again glintingly receded, yesterday afternoon? Who could remain unaffected by the drive of the rhythm, the sparkle of the figures? This was a Bach, not of dry-as-dust commentators, but a living and very vital "modern." And an audience unspoiled rose to him.

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A. H. M.

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The sixth and last of the Tuesday series of concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. Dr. Koussevitzky conducted. The program comprised Beethoven's "Leonore" overture No. 3 and "Pastoral" symphony; also Brahms's symphony, E minor, No. 4.

Some might say that this was a stiff program; others might welcome it as a relief from programs devoted largely to contemporaneous music of the extreme radical variety. There was no difference of opinion yesterday as to the quality of the performance or the dramatic and poetic interpretations.

The Tuesday audiences have fared well this season. The older masters were represented by a concerto of Bach, a concerto by Handel, Mozart's symphony in E flat major; Haydn's symphony (with the horn call); Beethoven came in with two symphonies and an overture; Schubert, with the "Unfinished" and music from "Rosamunde"; Schumann with a symphony and the overture to "Manfred."

There was a symphony by Brahms; Tchaikovsky's "Pathetic"; Cesar Franck's symphony. The brilliant performance of Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel" again awakens enthusiasm, there were four Wagnerian numbers; Debussy's "The Sea," Ravel's Bolero.

Admirable programs that gave the receptive but not too easily pleased audiences great pleasure; audiences that expected the best and have not been disappointed.
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SYMPHONY CONCERT

The second of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's Tuesday series of concerts took place yesterday in Symphony hall. Dr. Koussevitzky conducted. The program was as follows: Schumann, Overture to Byron's "Manfred"; Schumann, symphony No. 2, C major; Wagner, prelude to "Lohengrin." The Ride of the Valkyries from "Die Walkure"; introduction to the third act of "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg"; prelude to "The Mastersingers." Schumann and Wagner, both romantics; yet the juxtaposition is ironical to those who recall the mutual attitude of the two men: one towards the music of the other. It is true that Schumann did not know any of Wagner's works after "Tannhaeuser," of which he at first said that Wagner, this clever fellow, full of mad ideas, was incapable of conceiving and writing four beautiful measures, indeed hardly good ones in succession. But soon afterward Schumann found deep and original things in the opera and thought Wagner could be of great importance to the stage. Wagner, on the other hand, called Schumann's D minor symphony "banal." He formally inspired Joseph Rubinstein to write a malignant article against Schumann's compositions. Nor did the two men when they met find their meeting agreeable. Schumann complained that Wagner talked incessantly; Wagner found it impossible to discuss music with a man who would hardly open his mouth.

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SECOND TUESDAY SYMPHONY CONCERT

Schumann and Wagner

Fill Program

Gluck Jan. 1930

The second program of the Tuesday afternoon Symphony concert series consisted of the overture to Byron's "Manfred" and the Second Symphony of Schumann, and four Wagner excerpts—the "Lohengrin" prelude, the "Ride of the Valkyries," the prelude and the introduction to Act 3 of "Die Meistersinger."

Schumann's orchestral works are interesting solely because seldom played. Hearing these two compositions of his, it is evident that he never fully grasped the orchestral and symphonic concept. His attitude is too thoroughly pianistic to permit him to go farther from his naturale genre than chamber music. He seems to find no necessity for contrast and color.

When he does try original combinations of instruments, they are often bizarre. The kettledrum strokes in the overture stand out like the proverbial sore thumbs; though in the first movement of the symphony they fit in admirably. Schumann's instrumentation is insecure and erratic.

The musical substance of both the overture and the symphony is so original that it stands out in spite of the clumsy scoring. The principal motive in the symphony is, curiously enough, identical both rhythmically and melodically with the beginning of the introduction to Haydn's D-major symphony.

Unfortunately Dr Koussevitzky substituted for the "Siegfried Funeral Music," originally announced, the more obvious "Ride of the Valkyries." It is a question whether such an excerpt as the introduction to Act 3 of "Die Meistersinger" is suitable for concert performance. The other three Wagner excerpts played were more or less self contained units. The beautiful music of the introduction became almost uninteresting taken out of its proper context. The "Meistersinger" prelude, while played with a great attention to detail, did not have the plasticity it inherently possesses.

Dr Koussevitzky quite outdid himself, particularly in the Schumann Symphony. This should have raised the level of the performance to unusual heights, but unfortunately the orchestra showed the ill effects of either scanty rehearsal or carelessness. There were several unfortunate slips, noticeably in the "Meistersinger" prelude, and in the end of the "Lohengrin" prelude.

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Trans. — Dec. 11, 1930

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For each, its kind. Three works yesterday assembled the orchestra in three seatings. For Bach the strings grouped around the conductor, cellos taking the place usually occupied by wood-winds. Indeed from those wood-wind players one or two, adept upon the cello also, were added to the massed cellists. For Mozart, played according to Dr. Koussevitzky's wise custom by little more than half a "modern" orchestra, double-basses came "in close" (as baseball fans would say) to be near the rest of the diminished strings. And the transparent lightness of Mozart came with a double transparency after the resounding Bach.

And finally, with Beethoven, the orchestra in their usual places. The "knocking of fate" sounded; and in its time, lyric melody answered. Again, cellos and violas sang that most lovely melody which seems so spontaneous and natural but which cost Beethoven so much labor; and winds and brasses proclaimed in reply. Further, winds and strings alike sounded the humors of a scherzo; and double-basses with agility played passages which their brethren had once declared impossible. And finally, a burst of glory from brasses ended the concert, even as the glories of strings had begun it. A. H. M.

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SECOND TUESDAY SYMPHONY CONCERT

Schumann and Wagner

Full Program

Globe Jan. 1930

The second program of the Tuesday afternoon Symphony concert series consisted of the overture to Byron's "Manfred" and the Second Symphony of Schumann, and four Wagner excerpts—the "Lohengrin" prelude, the "Ride of the Valkyries," the prelude and the introduction to Act 3 of "Die Meistersinger."

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SYMPHONY IN 2ND MATINEE

Romantic List Played for

Tuesday Series

Jan 8, 1930, Pub

Yesterday brought the second of the Tuesday afternoon series of Symphony Concerts. The first, of a few weeks ago, offered only the classics, Bach, Mozart and Beethoven. Yesterday's list was, on the other hand, as emphatically romantic, comprising as it did Schumann's Overture to "Manfred" and Second Symphony and Wagner's Preludes to "Lohengrin," to the first and third acts of "Die Meistersinger," and "The Ride of the Valkyries."

Save for the "Lohengrin" Prelude, the Wagner excerpts were all heard at the recent Pension Fund Concert, while the Schumann Symphony had place not long ago at a Friday and Saturday pair. The "Manfred" Overture, however, had never before appeared on one of Dr. Koussevitzky's Boston programmes, though his plans for his initial season here once included a performance of the whole of Schumann's music to Byron's play, enlisting the services of solo singers, a chorus and a reader. The Overture itself has more than once been called the finest of Schumann's orchestral compositions. In it is a sweep and a freedom, a passion and a dramatic quality certainly not to be found in any of the symphonies. It received from Dr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra yesterday a performance of expected eloquence, and it is to be hoped that the conductor will see fit to play the piece ere long at the regular concerts.

Even more successfully than before did Dr. Koussevitzky yesterday reveal the beauties and conceal the defects of Schumann's long and uneven Symphony. The performances of the Wagnerian fragments, tintured here and there with the conductor's individual approach to the music, were effective and much relished by the large audience which, in fact, took exceptional pleasure in the entire concert.

TUESDAY SYMPHONY

The first concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's Tuesday series took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program included Bach's Brandenburg Concerto No. 3, G major for strings; Mozart's Symphony, E flat major (K. 543); Beethoven's Symphony, C minor, No. 5. Dr. Koussevitzky conducted.

These compositions were all played by the orchestra this season, and the perfection of the performances has already been praised. The playing of a symphony by Mozart tests the proficiency of an orchestra severely, more so than any excerpt from Wagner's music dramas or any wild work of an ultra-modern. It also tests the taste and musical sensitiveness of a conductor. How successfully leader and players meet this test was again made known; as was the brilliancy of the string section in Bach's concerto. The audience that filled all parts of the hall was enthusiastic over the program and the performance.

The object of these Tuesday afternoon concerts is to show symphonic development from the time of Bach to the present day. May one venture to remark that it might be interesting to present with a reduced orchestra works by the lesser known contemporaries of Bach and Mozart? Haydn, of course, is represented in the series of 24 concerts, but only a few, two or three, of his many symphonies are performed in the course of years and they are repeated again and again. One of the earlier symphonies by Mozart would be a refreshing novelty: there are works by him, not dignified by the name of symphonic, that, wholly unknown to these audiences, would be refreshingly novel. And is it not possible that frequent performances of Beethoven's symphonies are injurious to the symphonies themselves, making them too familiar so that their great value is taken as a matter of course?

The next concert of the Tuesday series will be on Jan. 7. H. L. M.

BOSTON SYMPHONY

Herald By PHILIP HALE Jan 12, 1930
The third concert of the Tuesday afternoon series given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky conductor, took place yesterday in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Schubert, Overture to "Rosamunde" and the first Ballet, also the "Unfinished" Symphony; Strauss, "Death and Transfiguration" and "The Eulenspiegel."

The music from Schubert's music for the half-crazed Wilhelmine von Chezy's drama reminds one of his little success when he attempted to write operas and of his lack of taste in choosing librettos and poems for many of his songs. His musical nature was pre-eminently lyrical. In some of his songs he showed uncommon dramatic force, but not in his operas, and though there have been attempts in recent years to revive one or two of them—even with a new libretto—they have obtained only a respectful hearing. He was as indifferent in transferring the overture for one opera to another as the great Rossini. Take this overture to "Rosamunde": it first prefaced a melodrama; later "Rosamunde," also his operetta, "Der Vierjahrige Posten," while the overture that really belonged to "Rosamunde"

and revolving wheels," and so on, and so on.

The overture to "Rosamunde" was written hurriedly and in the prevailing Italian form of that day. The music is melodious, but it is in the charming ballet music that the true Schubert is revealed. This and the symphony were finely performed.

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Symphony Concert

By PHILIP HALE

The fourth concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra's Tuesday afternoon series, Dr. Koussevitzky, conductor, took place yesterday in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Handel, Concerto Grosso for strings, op. 6, No. 10. Haydn, Symphony with the Horn Call. Tchaikovsky, "Pathetic" symphony.

The audience—it completely filled the hall—was enthusiastic and justly so. It was even tempted to break rules and applaud after each movement of Haydn's fresh, gay and delightful symphony with its florid solo measures for various instruments. It was impressed by Handel's majesty and tenderness; by Tchaikovsky's symphony, that Iliad of woe. No wonder that Dr. Koussevitzky will take Haydn's symphony to New York next week. Has it ever been heard there? Had it been performed in this country before the Symphony concerts of last week?

The eloquent reading of Tchaikovsky's symphony and the music itself

again excited surprise at the attitude of the French toward this composer and his orchestral works. Whenever a Parisian conductor ventures to put one of the symphonies on a program, the vials of contempt and wrath are uncorked. Rimsky-Korsakov on the contrary is applauded. Tchaikovsky's "Pathetic" symphony is especially the abomination of desolation to the Parisian critics. They find nothing in it; but they find all the terms of critical abuse. Perhaps their attitude comes from a dislike of the aggressively personal note; the wailing, the pessimism. Rimsky's music, his delicacy, his super-refined instrumentation are much more to their taste. Nor was Tchaikovsky highly regarded by the big "Five." He was an outsider; not a true Russian composer; he had been Germanized and so on. Cesar Cui was especially bitter; one might say small-minded, incapable of appreciating the strength in what they called Tchaikovsky's weakness. Yet within a year one finds Stravinsky, for a time ultra-Russian, now deliberately attempting to write in Tchaikovsky's vein or even borrowing

from him and acknowledging gratefully the debt.

The next of the Tuesday concerts will be on March 11.

SYMPHONY IN 2ND MATINEE

Romantic List Played for

Tuesday Series

Jan 8, 1930, Pub
Yesterday brought the second of the Tuesday afternoon series of Symphony Concerts. The first, of a few weeks ago, offered only the classics, Bach, Mozart and Beethoven. Yesterday's list was, on the other hand, as emphatically romantic, comprising as it did Schumann's Overture to "Manfred" and Second Symphony and Wagner's Preludes to "Lohengrin," to the first and third acts of "Die Meistersinger," and "The Ride of the Valkyries."

Save for the "Lohengrin" Prelude, the Wagner excerpts were all heard at the recent Pension Fund Concert, while the Schumann Symphony had place not long ago at a Friday and Saturday pair. The "Manfred" Overture, however, had never before appeared on one of Dr. Koussevitzky's Boston programmes, though his plans for his initial season here once included a performance of the whole of Schumann's music to Byron's play, enlisting the services of solo singers, a chorus and a reader. The Overture itself has more than once been called the finest of Schumann's orchestral compositions. In it is a sweep and a freedom, a passion and a dramatic quality certainly not to be found in any of the symphonies. It received from Dr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra yesterday a performance of expected eloquence, and it is to be hoped that the conductor will see fit to play the piece ere long at the regular concerts.

Even more successfully than before did Dr. Koussevitzky yesterday reveal the beauties and conceal the defects of Schumann's long and uneven Symphony. The performances of the Wagnerian fragments, tintured here and there with the conductor's individual approach to the music, were effective and much relished by the large audience which, in fact, took exceptional pleasure in the entire concert.

TUESDAY SYMPHONY

The first concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's Tuesday series took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program included Bach's Brandenburg Concerto No. 3, G major for strings; Mozart's Symphony, E flat major (K. 543); Beethoven's Symphony, C minor, No. 5. Dr. Koussevitzky conducted.

These compositions were all played by the orchestra this season, and the perfection of the performances has already been praised. The playing of a symphony by Mozart tests the proficiency of an orchestra severely, more so than any excerpt from Wagner's music dramas or any wild work of an ultra-modern. It also tests the taste and musical sensitiveness of a conductor. How successfully leader and players meet this test was again made known; as was the brilliancy of the string section in Bach's concerto. The audience that filled all parts of the hall was enthusiastic over the program and the performance.

The object of these Tuesday afternoon concerts is to show symphonic development from the time of Bach to the present day. May one venture to remark that it might be interesting to present with a reduced orchestra works by the lesser known contemporaries of Bach and Mozart? Haydn, of course, is represented in the series of 24 concerts, but only a few, two or three, of his many symphonies are performed in the course of years and they are repeated again and again. One of the earlier symphonies by Mozart would be a refreshing novelty: there are works by him, not dignified by the name of symphonic, that, wholly unknown to these audiences, would be refreshingly novel. And is it not possible that frequent performances of Beethoven's symphonies are injurious to the symphonies themselves, making them too familiar so that their great value is taken as a matter of course?

The next concert of the Tuesday series will be on Jan. 7. H. L. M.

BOSTON SYMPHONY

Herald By PHILIP HALE Feb. 12, 1930
The third concert of the Tuesday afternoon series given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky conductor, took place yesterday in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Schubert, Overture to "Rosamunde" and the first Ballet, also the "Unfinished" Symphony; Strauss, "Death and Transfiguration" and "The Eulenspiegel."

The music from Schubert's music for the half-crazed Wilhelmine von Chezy's drama reminds one of his little success when he attempted to write operas and of his lack of taste in choosing librettos and poems for many of his songs. His musical nature was pre-eminently lyrical. In some of his songs he showed uncommon dramatic force, but not in his operas, and though there have been attempts in recent years to revive one or two of them—even with a new libretto—they have obtained only a respectful hearing. He was as indifferent in transferring the overture for one opera to another as the great Rossini. Take this overture to "Rosamunde": it first prefaced a melodrama; later "Rosamunde," also his operetta, "Der Vierjaehrige Posten," while the overture that really belonged to "Rosamunde" afterward served "Alfonso and Estrella."

When Liszt revived this opera at Weimar the overture then performed was one by Rubinstein—Liszt wrote in a hifalutin manner of Schubert's failures on the operatic stage. "His sublime Muse with gaze fixed ever in the clouds, preferred to cast her azure mantle over asphodel fields, woods and mountains, and was unversed in the artificial raiment in which the dramatic muse moves cautiously between curtain and footlights. His winged strophes took alarm at the rattle of machinery

and revolving wheels," and so on, and so on.

The overture to "Rosamunde" was written hurriedly and in the prevailing Italian form of that day. The music is melodious, but it is in the charming ballet music that the true Schubert is revealed. This and the symphony were finely performed.

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Of the two-tone poems played yesterday, "Till" is indisputably the greater work. It is more personally Strauss himself. "Death and Transfiguration," however masterly the performance, has not the amazing vitality of "Till Eulenspiegel," in which the genius of the composer shines triumphantly. The fever of the dying man in the other tone poem no longer excites the anxiety of those in the sick room; his sentimental recollections when he is not delirious, no longer affect those standing by his bed; only in the transfiguration section does the structural proficiency of the composer, his building with material that in itself is not remarkable, compel admiration. The performance of the Rondo—for such in effect "Till" is, was amazingly brilliant, showing as it did the incomparable elasticity and euphony that this orchestra has attained under Dr. Koussevitzky.

The next concert of the series will be on Feb. 25.

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As the Tuesday Symphonies End

Man's. — Apr. 23, 1932
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Yesterday afternoon the orchestra played two symphonies and an overture. The symphonies were Beethoven's sixth, called the "Pastoral"; Brahms's fourth. The overture was Beethoven's so-called "Leonore No. 3." The program, about five minutes short of two hours, would have been long enough without the overture. But the number of late-comers amply justified the presence of an overture at the beginning. Even with the overture for first piece, there were those who did not see fit to arrive until after the first movement of the symphony. And the continuity of the "Pastoral" prefers to remain unbroken.

Dr. Koussevitzky was entirely in the vein with this music. The gentle, placid "Pastoral" went its way through smiling fields; by the side of the purling brook; through the droll peasant dances; through the storm with the sunshine just around the corner, the storm which makes its point just as surely as though it had been set loose by Straussian or Stravinskian machinery, the storm, however, which would not drive many a hardy soul indoors; and finally, through the pious thanksgivings and rejoicing of the good peasant folk. Such qualities the conductor emphasizes in this score. The deeply emotional he does not seek there; the flashingly brilliant he does not superimpose upon this music; the aggressively stirring he does not distill out of it. The

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SYMPHONY HALL

Wednesday, May 7

OPENING NIGHT

45th Season

POPS

Orchestra of 80 Symphony
Players

ARTHUR FIEDLER, Conductor

PROGRAMME

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| 2. OVERTURE to "Mignon" | Thomas |
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| 7. BOLERO | Ravel |
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As the Tuesday Symphonies I

Trans. — Apr. 23

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To the Beethoven in whom are min-gled verdant spring and drowsy summer, succeeded the Brahms of mellow, darken-ing, autumnal qualities. The program-mist in his comprehensive researches dis-covered that Brahms once had doubts about the value of this, his last sym-phony. Such doubts the world has long since resolved. To us the towering out-lines, the somber yet rich glowing moods are irresistible. In a second movement the long, supple melodies blend in unbeliev-able perfection moods of restrained exalta-tion with moods of high and noble res-ignation. A third shows energies and activities beyond those of the conven-tional, yes, from some points of view beyond those even Beethovenian scherzos. While the last, the passacaglia, com-bines tremendous difficulties of construc-tion with sustained musical and emo-tional progress. Thus to character the movements of the symphony is no more than to hint at the beauties of the music as heard yesterday afternoon—as Dr. Koussevitzky conceives it, brings it to his hearers. Time was when Brahms's orchestration was considered drab and colorless. Yet no one has reasonably denied that that orchestration was highly suitable to the lofty thought of Brahms. And surely from Dr. Koussevitzky, no one yesterday afternoon, would have im-agined that such adjectives could ever have been applied to the Brahmsian man-ner of handling an orchestra.

Even though Beethoven's overture was hardly more than curtain-raiser in yes-terday's scheme of things, it was thrilling and exciting experience. That it is high drama in its most concentrated form, has been a commonplace of commentators these many years. The successive moods come with compelling force; the trum-pet calls from back-stage are unexpected and unusual thrill for the uninitiated not much less for all but the most hope-lessly blasé. And of the blasé there are few at the Tuesday afternoon concerts.

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1930-1931

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Dr. SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, Conductor

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24 Saturday Evening Concerts

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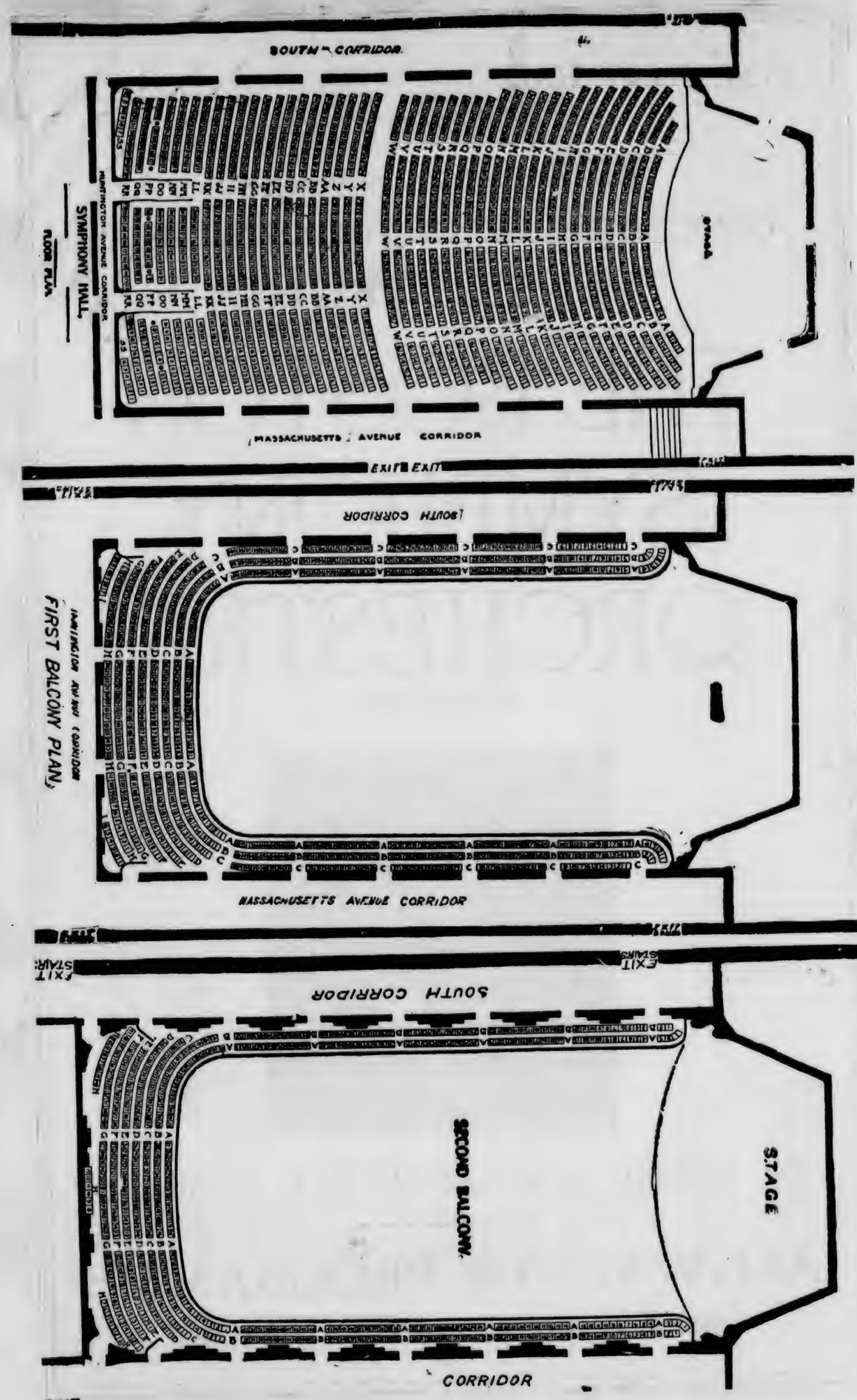
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ARTHUR FIEDLER

announced as the next conductor of

THE POPS

FORTY-FIFTH SEASON TO OPEN MAY 7, 1930

AT SYMPHONY HALL, BOSTON

Lightening Boston's Pops

Reviving The Pops

Timely Task for Which Arthur Fiedler Seems the Fittest Man

NO easy task faces Arthur Fiedler, announced this morning as conductor of the Pop Concerts through next spring and summer. The balance of the programs has admittedly gone awry. A new conductor must restore the happy proportion between light and serious numbers, between classic, modern and popular items, to which relation "The Pops" have long owed their vogue. There are many publics to please; some indeed to be won back after a year or two of abstinence; one or another, perhaps, to be restrained, since it would have the concerts too routinized and muted.

Fortunately, Mr. Fiedler knows them all. Like them, he is native to this town—the first conductor of The Pops to be such. Fortunately also, he is a musician of flexible mind and wide-ranging taste, asking only of a given piece that it be of interest and merit in the kind, whether Beethoven or George Gershwin is the signature. He has also the knack of pleasing an audience without yielding too often or too much to its chance whims. He spurs his men and they work for him. It is an open secret that of late he has revitalized the chorus of The Cecilia. By the same token it is his turn to revitalize The Pops, of late gone dull. Three months more and most of us may be applauding not only "Bolero" but also "Strike Up the Band."

Boston Transcript, Feb. 4, 1930.

Appointment of Arthur Fiedler as conductor of Boston's Symphony Hall Pop concerts next spring promises well for the continued success of that characteristic institution. Every spring, for forty-five years, at the close of the regular Boston Symphony Orchestra season, it has been the custom to clear away the seats from the floor, to install tables and to embark upon a two-months season of popular concerts, with refreshments available. These concerts have always been popular. With prohibition they became more popular and more successful. They are a pleasant and a typical feature of Boston life.

Like most human institutions, the Pops require occasional overhauling and modification to adapt them to the changing times. Unfortunately, during the last few years, progress has been made a bit too rapidly. Pops' programs had come to be hardly "lighter" than those of the regular symphony season. Result, a falling off in attendance.

Clearly, a more moderate policy was in order. Good standards of music must be maintained, of course; but it was not desirable to frighten off musical explorers by offering them programs of too forbidding mien. It was possible to soften these rigors now and then with more caressing zephyrs.

Who could best accomplish this result, restore the Pops to popularity and build up new supporters? Since last summer it has been apparent to well-informed observers that Mr. Fiedler was the man. For five weeks in July and August he conducted popular symphony concerts on the Charles River Basin Esplanade. During that time he built programs that struck a happy medium between the severely classic and the popular, thereby attracting constantly increasing audiences. Here, obviously, was the man to restore the Symphony Hall Pops.

EDITORIAL

Christian Science Monitor, Feb. 6, 1930.

POPS BACK TO NORMAL THIS YEAR

Light, Semi-Serious
Music Blended at
Opening

May 8, 1930 Pmt
BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

The Pops, beginning their 45th season at Symphony Hall last evening, looked both forward and backward. The hall, itself, newly and gaily dressed and decorated by no less distinguished a hand than that of Robert Edmond Jones, had been reincarnated as a fitting home for lighter musical pleasures. But the programme that Arthur Fiedler had prepared for his first concert as regular conductor of the Pops was reminiscent of those of a much earlier and more innocent day.

NEW DECORATIONS

It was Mr. Jacchia who conceived the idea of turning the Pops into a supplementary season of symphonic concerts, though it remained for his successor, Mr. Casella, to bring that scheme to something approaching complete fulfillment. Mr. Casella is one of the eminent musicians of our day and he lent the Pops a glamour that they had not hitherto known. But many complained, and rightly, that under his leadership these concerts were losing their distinctive character. Now comes Mr. Fiedler with a programme savoring of the Pops of old and with more of the same sort to follow, and the grumblings will cease. The Pops are back to normal.

To return to the new decorations, the wall under the first balcony has been changed from red to green in hue; green is the color of the tables, and the chairs both in the hall and on the stage are gold. A gold trellis against a green background encircles the stage and the doors along the sides of the auditorium are bordered with the same. On each side of the stage and at the rear is set a sconce with three electric candles, and finally, the stage is framed by side portieres and a valance of tan and gold. The entire effect is singularly happy, and altogether appropriate.

Fiedler Warmly Received

And to return to Mr. Fiedler's programme, not only did it follow an earlier order that among other things placed a march as opening number, an operatic selection at the end of the first division, and a musical comedy selection in the third, but it held throughout to a judicious blending of the light and the semi-serious and avoided altogether the sort of music that requires concentrated attention on the part of the listener.

The march was Elgar's "Pomp and Circumstance"; the inevitable overture, that to Thomas' "Mignon"; the equally inevitable waltz; the chain of waltzes from Strauss' "Der Rosenkavalier"; the contrasted operatic selections were from "Aida" and "New Moon"; Blon's "Whispering of the Flowers" and Herbert's "American Fantasy," returned to their familiar places in the final division; the usual tribute to Wagner was paid by the "Rhine Journey," from "Die Goetterdaemmerung"; Kreisler's "Tambourin Chinois," appeared as the artful tid-bit; and Ravel's "Bolero," as the sensation of the recent symphony season, had its due place on the first Pops programme. It may be added that the extra pieces were not announced on a placard upheld by a member of the orchestra, as in the past. Rather was their identity left to conjecture.

Had Mr. Fiedler taken over the Pops three years ago there might have been some doubt as to his success with orchestra and audience. But during Mr. Casella's regime Mr. Fiedler, on his occasional appearances, proved his mettle as leader and established himself in popular favor, while his Esplanade concerts of last summer spread his reputation far and wide. Last evening Mr. Fiedler was received with genuine and unmistakable enthusiasm by an audience that filled every seat. The orchestra played far better for him than in the past, when it was wont to play for a conductor come from its ranks. By every sign the Pops have entered upon a new era of prosperity. Once again they are to deserve their picturesque title.

Gala Throng at Pops Opening Enjoys Program and Approves Decorations

May 8 - 1930 Herald

The Golden Era of the Pops has arrived. Those ardent seekers of good music who assembled last evening in Symphony hall to greet Mr. Arthur Fiedler, the new conductor of the 80-piece orchestra, were the first to realize this epochal event. One glance around was amazingly revelatory. Gone the hot red wall colorings, the drooping fronds which once segregated band from audience. In their place welts of grass green, cool, refreshing. Tables done in a lighter shade of green, with gold embroideries on the edges; chairs gilded as if awaiting royalty. On the stage, gray and gold lattice work for a background, reaching up to the organ pipes, and broken by colonades in pearl gray; the musicians' platforms edged with the same gray-gold effect. At each side of the proscenium dignified drapes in old gold, with a narrow border spanning the arch above. Over all a golden chandelier, resplendent and proud, with more modest wall light fixtures at the back. Even the 12 doors opening on to the flood carried the same latticed trimming. All this was the achievement of none other than Robert Edmond Jones, an artist of high reputation. It is to his everlasting credit that he chose to be consistent in his designing in that he followed in every line the original decorative scheme of the hall. Treatment and color were the innovations only.

This phase of last evening's entertainment is passed on first because it preceded the concert itself. Mr. Fiedler, the first American-born conductor of these summer concerts, came to his position and task with a splendid record of musical achievement, as violinist, pianist, leader of choral bodies,

originator and conductor of last season's esplanade concerts. He was greeted vociferously, immediately turned to his program. He does not await silence from his audience. He obtains it by going ahead. He has no superfluous gestures, no marring mannerisms. Without effort he has his way with his band. His gratification at deserved applause is all-embracing. When he responds to deafening salvos his men must stand with him. That happened several times last evening.

It is as program-maker as well that Mr. Fiedler will enhance his musicianly record. Unlike his predecessors of recent years he tries to give his hearers what they as a whole want. He will not lower his own standards but he will respect a legitimate desire for music which has melody, which is comprehensible. His first-night selections indicated this attitude, his subsequent programs confirm it. Opening with Elgar's "Pomp and Circumstance," he ran through a cycle of representative composers, Thomas, Richard Strauss, Verdi, Wagner, Kreisler, Romberg, Blon, Herbert, McDowell, Gershwin, Schubert and Ravel. In fact, it was in Ravel's "Bolero," already made fairly familiar by Mr. Koussevitsky and the full symphony orchestra, that Mr. Fiedler reached the heights. A distant side drum fixes the rhythm, a piping flute the melody. Various solo instruments enter, then the strings as a unit, the brass, and all the time the drums roll louder but in that same fascinating rhythm, to a stirring climax. From that to George Gershwin's "Strike Up the Band," was anti-climax, yet not unwelcome. Said one excited miss, "I bet they like to play that kind of music themselves, for a change!"

W. E. G.

Incidents and Prospects

The first Sunday Concert under the new régime at The Pops falls on May 18. For it Mr. Fiedler has put together a Russian program. Instead of a whole Symphony, he prefers favorite symphonic fragments—the songful slow movement of Chalkovsky's Fifth Symphony, the up-swelling march movement of the "Pathetic" Symphony.



Boston Globe 1930

FIEDLER TO CONDUCT THE POP CONCERTS

Arthur Fiedler is to be the conductor of the Pop concerts next Spring, according to an announcement from Symphony Hall.

Arthur Fiedler, well known as the conductor of chamber concerts, of the Esplanade concerts last Summer, of the Cecilia Society Chorus, as pianist and viola player of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, will be the first Bostonian conductor of the Pops. The coming Pops season will be the 45th. It will open on Wednesday, May 7, and will last for nine weeks. Special nights are now being engaged by schools, colleges, clubs and other organizations.

The son of Emmanuel Fiedler, for 25 years a violinist in the Boston Symphony Orchestra and one of the original members of the Kneisel Quartet, Arthur Fiedler comes of a long musical line, his grandparents (both Austrians) having been musicians. Born in Boston in 1894, Arthur Fiedler went to the Royal Academy of Music in Berlin to study, after graduating from the Boston Latin School. He studied conducting, piano and violin, but the coming of the war prevented him from graduating. Fiedler joined the Boston Symphony Orchestra in 1915.

As conductor of the "Sinfonietta" he has been a pioneer of modern music in smaller forms. He has on numerous occasions conducted special nights at the Pops. It was he who organized and instituted as well as conducted the Esplanade concerts on the Charles River Embankment last August.



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Boston Globe 1930

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**ARTHUR FIEDLER WILL
CONDUCT POP CONCERT**
Feb 4, 1930, Herald.
Will Be First Bostonian to Appear
In That Role

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Mr. Fiedler was born in Boston in 1894 and will be the first Bostonian to conduct the Pop concerts. He was graduated from the Boston Latin school, after which he studied in the Royal Academy of Music, Berlin. He joined the Boston symphony orchestra in 1915.

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Bird's Eye View



The Balcony at The Re-Opening Pops

(The Sketch by V. Lee B.) May 7, 1930 -

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ing From the Enthusiastic Reception Accorded Does Not Mean That the Classical Is Ignored Under the
 at Evening to Arthur Fiedler at the "Pops" Pre-New Baton but That It Is Pleasantly Relieved by Tunes
 ere at Symphony Hall, in Which Both the Audi-of the Lighter Sort—in Fact, Even Jazz, Good Jazz, Har
 ce and Members of the Orchestra Heartily Joined, a Place in the Varied Repertory Mr. Fiedler Offers
 Would Seem That the Gifted Conductor Has Hit Decorations by Robert Edmond Jones Make a Pleasing
 e Taste of Boston's Spring Concert-Goers. This Frame for a Pleasing Entertainment.

Concert-Chronicle

May 9, 1930 11 am
Jonny at the Pops

AGAIN the Pops are in full swing. In their new green and gold heaven Mr. Fiedler and his men played the second concert of the season last evening, were vigorously applauded by a company which all but filled Symphony Hall, responded with such eminently proper encores as Mendelssohn's "Spring Song" or Rimsky-Korsakov's "Flight of the Bumble Bee." One was not slow in discovering the good old Pops repertory; the "Rakoczy" march, the "William Tell" overture, Sibelius's "Valse Triste," Chalkovsky's "Marche Slave," a waltz, "Girls of Baden." To which was added, by way of slightly heavier fare, the prelude to Wagner's "Mastersingers." Modernism crept in with the berceuse from Stravinsky's "Firebird" and Respighi's "Pines of Rome." Modernism, novelty, operatic potpourri were all three served by selections from Krenek's "Jonny spielt auf" — of which the program book informed that it included "Shimmy, Jazz, Negro Spiritual, Blues."

It is well known that Europeans have taken to writing jazz almost more than Americans; that Herr Ernst Krenek has ventured an entire jazz opera, the much heralded and widely discussed "Jonny spielt auf." Until last evening Boston (except in Suburbia) had heard none of it. Mr. Fiedler, with the American feeling for jazz in his blood, was ideal conductor for it. Too often other conductors, holding back a little here, playing somewhat too literally there, make passages which look like perfect jazz on paper, sound tame and "proper." Not so with Mr. Fiedler. And as performance came vastly nearer the "real thing" than is often the case from symphony orchestras, the music itself sounded more "jazzy" than any which the writer has happened to hear from the platform of Symphony Hall. There were the exciting, piquing rhythms of "Shimmy" and "Jazz," the doleful slow movement of the blues, the lushly harmonized Negro spiritual. And yet the illusion was not quite complete. This type of music is so associated with the now conventionalized "jazz" orchestrations, that one said to oneself over and over again, "That passage would sound perfect with saxophones," and similar sayings almost without end. One experienced somewhat the same feeling that the habitue of a ballet might feel if suddenly and for the first time he heard ballet-music without seeing the ballet. Jazz without a jazz orchestra more than ever last evening seemed more than ever an anomaly. Good jazz and of the first water Krenek's music seems to be. But where, oh where, were the saxophones?

Through the rest of the program Mr. Fiedler proved himself adept and sensitive conductor. Imaginatively he molds the melodic line, shapes formal masses, flings out exciting rhythms. Thus last evening he gave stirring performances of the "Rakoczy" march, of "España," of Chalkovsky's Slavic march; sang persuasively the songs of the "Firebird," of various passages in "William Tell"; did an especially fine piece of work with the waltz rhythms of "Girls of Baden"; brought forth a wide range of expressive effect in Sibelius's waltz; proved his mettle in a larger way with Wagner's prelude.

"Pines of Rome" is not yet exactly routine of the "Pops." The romping and the play near the Villa Borghese, vividly portrayed, the descent to the Catacombs with poetic and mystic song, the "nature" music of the "Pines of the Janiculum," the final pounding march of the "Pines of the Appian Way" — to those who do not attend the winter concerts must have given much of the thrill of a few seasons ago when the piece was new. To those who have heard it before the novelty of the phonographic nightingale has turned into wonderment as to how well the "record" may be holding out, or how badly it may have worn. From the men of the orchestra one could learn in the intermission that at the rehearsal the "record" but not the phonograph was present. So that when the moment for Mistress Nightingale came, some accommodating soul among the men whistled her trills and warblings. And the report goes that the whistler gave excellent account of himself. Perhaps Signor Respighi and his publishers would do better to prescribe one of the various "human birds" of the vaudeville stage than the phonographic recording of an actual bird. One missed at this performance only the accumulative pounding rhythms of the march. Mr. Fiedler produced his climax, but it was more than a degree removed from the almost unbelievable Koussevitzkian ascent with this same music. A. H. M.

Pop Concert, in Bright New Dress, Delights Big First Night Audience

May 8, 1930 11 am

By L. A. SLOPER

Symphony Hall, in smart new spring garb, inaugurated last night its forty-fifth season of Pop concerts, amid scenes of enthusiasm such as have not graced a similar occasion for years.

When Arthur Fiedler, first native Bostonian conductor of these concerts, came to the podium, he received an ovation from the audience, which filled the hall. It was several minutes before he was permitted to launch into the stirring first number, Elgar's "Pomp and Circumstance."

The warmth of the applause, in which the orchestra joined, was eloquent testimony to the regard in which the new director is held by the public. Already known as a member of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, in which he plays the viola and the celesta, and as conductor of the Boston Sinfonietta and of the Cecilia Society, Mr. Fiedler last summer won the acquaintance of a larger public by organizing and conducting a series of free concerts on the Esplanade. This new public, as well as the regular attendants at the Pop concerts, evidently has followed him to Symphony Hall.

Decorations by Jones

The decorations which had been provided to mark the rejuvenation of the Pops also won much admiration. They had been designed by Robert Edmond Jones, distinguished young American draftsman of many important stage settings, including those of the Russian Ballet, John Barrymore's "Hamlet," Marc Connelly's "The Green Pastures" and Schöenberg's "Die Glückliche Hand."

Mr. Jones's treatment is masterly in its simplicity and taste. With admirable restraint, he has provided ornamentation in harmony with the architectural design of the hall and in sympathy with its dignity and charm. His color scheme is green, gray and gold. The side walls have been painted a deep, cool green. The walls of the stage has been covered with a lattice work of gold, illumined by golden candlesticks, and a gilded chandelier is suspended over the orchestra. The gold motif is carried out in narrow stage draperies, in the borders of the conductor's stand and

or the players' raised platform, and in the frames of the entrance doors. The tables on the floor have been painted a light green, with gilt decoration, and the chairs are gilded. The color scheme is carried even to the electric light bulbs in the chandeliers of the ceiling, which diffuse a soft light through the hall.

Back to Melody

This setting, which serves at once to pay tribute to Boston's Tercentenary and to mark the beginning of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's fiftieth year, gave a fillip to the inauguration of Mr. Fiedler, whose dictatorship, it seems certain, is to restore the Pop concerts to their old popularity. The Pops have always been attractive to Bostonians and to visitors. They achieved their greatest success in the years immediately following prohibition, which brought a marked increase in attendance. In the last few years they have experienced a slight slump, caused apparently by a conductorial tendency to turn them into symphonic rites at which audiences were expected to listen in awesome silence to the "serious" music characteristic of regular symphony programs.

It is Mr. Fiedler's task to restore to the Pops their original nature, that of an agreeable entertainment at which one may hear light and tuneful music, expertly played, and yet speak to one's neighbor, sip a cold drink and even perhaps drop a spoon without fear of being expelled from the hall.

If last night's experience is any criterion, there can be no doubt that the good old-new ways have been successfully restored, to the satisfaction of everybody. The applause which greeted Mr. Fiedler was renewed after every number, indicating that his ideas of program-making were those of his hearers. A thorough musician and an able conductor, he is closely enough in touch with the taste of the great public to understand their requirements. Without sacrifice of musical standards, he is able to contrive programs which contain plenty of tunes and plenty of lilting rhythms. This is what Pops audiences want, and it is what they are entitled to have.

Last night's program contained the Overture to Thomas's "Mignon," Waltzes from "Rosenkavalier," the "Aida" Fantasia, Siegfried's Rhine Journey, Kreisler's "Tambourin Chinois," Ravel's "Bolero," selections from "The New Moon," Blon's "Whispering of the Flowers" and Herbert's "American Fantasy." An admirably contrasted list, with gestures toward classical music and with good measure of popular numbers. The "Bolero" instantly captured the Pop audience, as it had the symphony audiences of last winter.

Programs to come hold equal interest. Tonight, for example, you may hear not only old favorites like Chabrier's "España" and Tchaikovsky's "Marche Slave," but the Berceuse from Stravinsky's "Fire-Bird" and Respighi's "Pines of Rome," with its famous nightingale. Nor is jazz to be barred. Tonight's program contains also selections from Křenek's jazz opera, "Jonny Spielt Auf," which in the last two years has been performed in every opera house and has made its composer a fortune.

Decidedly, the Pops have come back.

Pops New Born, Signs, Wonders, And Surprises

May 8, 1930
**Symphony Hall Transformed,
New Conductor, Old Ways,
Returned Public**

THE WORLD may be feminized; but it is still possible to keep a secret where men are most concerned. Consider, for example, last evening for the beginning of a fifth summer of Pops. A year and a half ago it went into rehearsal, as it, at the Opéra in Paris. The orchestra had not "run it" half "through" before everyone within earshot perceived that it would make no small sensation. Yet somehow the secret was kept—and with a woman leader in the deed—until the first public performance. Thereafter a stirred audience "told the world" and enough of us in America, when Mr. Toscanini and Dr. Koussevitzky produced the piece, knew what to expect.

Or consider the surroundings in which, last evening, Mr. Arthur Fiedler and the orchestra played "Bolero." In our time (as the editorial writers like to say) Symphony Hall has not undergone such change of aspect. Since the end of the Symphony Concerts last Saturday, the making of it was a day-and-night job, finished barely two hours before the first audience began to assemble. Yet not a word oozed out of Symphony Hall nor did "the sleuth-hounds of journalism" pick up the scent until word came to them—with next to no particulars—to despatch photographers, one of whose work appears in neighboring columns on this page.

When Mr. Fiedler was chosen for conductor, a general refitting of The Pops was evidently in prospect. The authorities resolved to extend it to the concert-room. It is their good custom to seek able and sympathetic ability for whatever may be in hand. Accordingly, they asked Mr. Robert Edmond Jones—first, in both senses of the word, of American designers for the theater—to undertake the summer redecoration of Symphony Hall. His work once more praises him. (He was present last evening and must have caught many an echo of the general surprise and approval.) A theater seen in Venice suggested the general scheme

to Mr. Jones. To some that scanned the outcome, it also recalled the Redoutensaal in the Hapsburg Palace at Vienna, say with a touch of Schönbrunn, as summer-villa, added. Anyhow in it was hint of the eighteenth century before rococo came, as there must be to suit with the lines, the spacing, the decoration, of the original design by the illustrious McKim.

As it is, to right, left and behind the orchestra runs a deep wainscot of green and gold lattice-work. Above it, by a distribution of soft-colored globes among the usual electric lamps, the familiar grayish panelling takes on a lighter hue. The platforms upon which the players sit, the conductor's stand, the chairs and the music-racks are painted to harmonize with this gray, relieved here and there, where the eye quickly meets it, by arabesques in pale gold. Above the center of the stage hangs a many branched and globed chandelier, around it are sparse and slender brackets, both of distinctly eighteenth-century design.

Finally, to right and left of the proscenium arch are curtains drawn back and looped; while a lambrequin of the same fabric hangs horizontally above them. Precisely of what color this nameless fabric bids fair to become a subject of pleasing controversy among frequenters of The Pops. Certainly it is crossed and relieved by pale gold arabesques. The authorities at Symphony Hall affirmed that the basic color was gray. Yet under the lights it seemed to the casual eye tawny brown. Which divergence of fact and impression left most in the confusion besetting Hamlet and Polonius in the play, as they speak of camels, ales and such like.

For the auditorium, around each entrance-door to the floor and the tables is a frame of the green and gold lattice-work, while the warm winter red of the walls is now painted a cool summer grey, a grey, with spaciousness and "coolth" its train—there was need of both in the reeking heat of last evening—cones to the top of the auditorium. From chandeliers descends the gently diffused light already noted. The chairs and the tables repeat the golden tint. (How much will not a little gilding do!) The tables themselves are painted in pale green with pale gold arabesques. . . . So in Symphony Hall is divested of winter aspect; wears now green and gold and grey befitting oncoming spring and burgeoning summer; suggests a chaste and elegant haunt of light pleasure, (as my Lord Chesterfield, or even Dr. Johnson, might have written); for a warm-weather concert-room, is unique in America, and, may be, overseas.

From top to bottom, the first audience filled floor and balconies, everywhere suggesting new-born interest in the reborn Pops. To see, it was rather more modish

than it has run of recent years. Dinner coats and evening gowns were as plentiful as the jackets and skirts of the daily round; while the student of feminine apparel—spring 1930—might observe that the fine-meshed, full-brimmed straw hat has come back—definitely and becomingly. It was to be noted also that Boston—to no small credit—remains an obstinate community against the return of the toe-touching skirt, even for evening wear. The evidence of one's eyes was proof at Symphony Hall, as it was last winter at the Opera House. A connoisseur, who makes his living in such things, confirmed the ocular impression. And out of the Middle West, where it is almost rule and habit, we are borrowing white flannel trousers under a dark jacket as semi-formal summer dress for youth and youngish men.

Less the mode than the new conductor engrossed the audience. It greeted Mr. Fiedler long and loud. It applauded him heartily—and discriminatingly—after every piece and performance. Plainly, it liked his alert, business-like procedures; his swift readiness with extra numbers the moment the clapping warranted them. It took pleasure as well in his youth, agreeable aspect, pleasing manners, flowing and exuberant energy. And before a company in which young women are many, it is no detriment—in this gossiping town—to be an eligible bachelor, not without that quality which is movie-custom to denote by initials or else by the neuter pronoun. For the first time, moreover, a son of the Symphony Orchestra had risen, by sheer ability, to be conductor of its Pops.

As such, Mr. Fiedler's unflagging energy and quick versatility were most in evidence. He likes sonorities and did not spare them in the pageant and ensemble music from "Aida." Yet his hand was light and flexible upon the changeful overture to "Mignon." His sense of color and contrast ran clear in Kreisler's "Tambourin Chinois." He beat out the implacable tune, the relentless rhythm, the unrelaxing crescendo, the final burst of modulation in Ravel's "Bolero." (Tempo of Koussevitzky, not Toscanini.) He felt and conveyed the sensuous rhythm, the sensuous Straussian strings, of the waltzes from "Der Rosenkavalier." He "put over" a potpourri from Mr. Romberg's "New Moon" as though the musical plays were his conducting trade. In fact, with two exceptions, and for no small merit, he "put over" every piece, "extras" included. One exception was the "Rhine Journey" of Siegfried—by no means Wagner incandescent in the concert-hall; the less for lack of propulsive force in Mr. Fiedler's version. The other, and minor, was the familiar "Moment Musical" of Schubert, which he might have taken with lighter touch and finer-spun

melody. . . . And from beginning to end the orchestra—Mr. Theodorowicz again in the concert-master's chair—worked for and with him.

Throughout, again, there was no mistaking the satisfaction of the audience in the return to the long-standing type of Pop program, with lighter and easier-going numbers to the fore. Those who would have The Pops symphony concerts in miniature and at modest prices, enjoyed an inning three seasons long with the departed Casella. They may or may not be a majority of the habitués; certainly they are an insufficiently sustaining public. By the signs of last evening, the casual, idling, trifling audience has returned in numbers, prepared to stay if within reason, and by no means selfishly, it is humored.

After all, it is a good rule of life to play about as much as possible—particularly in the concert-hall—from May to October. Seven or eight months of "due diligence" are quite enough, in human infirmity, for most of us. Slip in the two Richards, Wagner and Strauss; Chalkovsky and Rimsky; Ravel and Debussy, Weber, Mendelssohn, Beethoven even, as Mr. Fiedler intends to do. But let us also hear the sighing or the jiggling tunes, not yet quite threadbare, of "Mignon"; Kern and Kálmán and Herbert of the musical plays; Krének fondly fancying he is writing American jazz and Gershwin actually glorifying it. Not too often gladiators may march or flowers whisper. . . . The more, the merrier.

H. T. P.

Concert-Chronicle

May 14, 1930 *Tram*
"Skyscrapers" and Mr. Fiedler

A CONDUCTOR could hardly be in more fortunate position than Arthur Fiedler at The Pops. His orchestra likes and respects him; will also work for him. Though the "regular season" is ended at Symphony Hall, it does not demur to three hours of rehearsal when an exacting piece is to be added to the repertory. Once in the concert-room, it adds good will to due diligence; gives back warm and flowing tone, spirited rhythm, a pervading precision and alertness that more than one of Mr. Fiedler's predecessors was unable to command. The audience is as friendly and good-tempered. It likes the range of the programs; is expectant of the "extras"; welcomes the freedom from every musical snobbishness. If a novel piece is in hand, it listens curious and well-disposed.

For the first time, yesterday, Mr. Carpenter's ballet, "Skyscrapers," was played "in concert form" at The Pops. An unfac-customed audience found it a little lengthy, say in the Coney-Island section, but applauded it as heartily as could be expected at first acquaintance. It may hardly have believed its ears when it heard three-quarters of the Symphony Orchestra playing "sweet jazz" and playing it uncommonly well. "A ballet of American life" said the program—evidently a "high-brow" ballet, yet pounding or snapping out discords when Americans were at work, falling into popular idioms when they were at play, quite as though the composer were to the manner born. Indeed he is—this Mr. Carpenter of Chicago, writing for the Metropolitan Opera House and symphony concerts. After Carpenter, Bartók—in six brief Roumanian Dances, so short that the end surprised many, yet not lacking the harsh rhythms, the pungent melodies, the strident or languorous voice he is wont to find in mid-European folk-music. Two modernists on one program. Evidently Mr. Fiedler believes that we listeners like to live in our own time.

Freshly heard and idiomatically played, "Skyscrapers" renewed every impression that sets the ballet high in American music and high among Mr. Carpenter's "works." The beginning, rough-coated with dissonance, piercing and hammering at the ear, is the sound of daily work translated into tones. Nervously and with a din up go our towers of steel and stone. After the day's work, the night's play. To it in crowds; to it with excitement. Thousands of feet shall beat out the syncopated rhythms. Thousands of voices sing the jazzy tunes, half-gay, half-smeary. The sentimental mood deepens and the Spiritual, or something next of kin, sounds. The sportive mood returns; jazz it up. . . . Somewhere in

the distance the skyscrapers are looming through the shining night. Soon it will be morning and work again. Mr. Carpenter readily finds his final "apotheosis," as the journeymen of the old ballet called it; finds and also poetizes. American rhythms,

American tunes, American notions, the American temperament, yet all in the terms of symphonic music by an expert hand imaginatively made. As yet neither Mr. Gershwin—for lack of science—nor Mr. Gruenberg—for lack of personal feeling—challenges Mr. Carpenter. Safely, for the present, "Skyscrapers" remains our paragon of "symphonic jazz."

Cecilia at the Pops

May 15, 1930

THE "Pops," like their winter brethren, the Symphony Concerts, have their novelties. But let these have the qualities which quickly catch the popular imagination, and they soon cease to be novelties and are added to the regular Pops repertory. Thus not so many years ago the presence of music by Ravel on a Pops program would have been matter for special comment. The presence of his "La Valse" there now leads only to the comment that it has come to take its place side by side with "L'Arlesienne," the "Flight of the Bumble Bee," the meditation from "Thais" admirably played last evening by Mr. Theodorowicz, and Sousa's march, "Stars and Stripes Forever." Further is it worth noting that its performance was greeted with such volume of applause as to cause Mr. Fiedler bid his men rise to their feet in acknowledgment.

Last evening too had its novelties; novelties which could easily win place in the repertory did they not call for too great an amount of assistance from outside the orchestra. This assistance requires nothing less than a full chorus—provided last evening by the Cecilia Society of which Mr. Fiedler is also the conductor. The reference is to the presence on this program of the "Coronation Scene" from Musorgsky's opera "Boris Godunov," of Henschel's "Morning Hymn," of the Polovtsian Dances out of Borodin's opera "Prince Igor." That these gave pleasure there can be no doubt. For the "Cecilia" was in fine form and Mr. Fiedler conducted with an excellent blending of skill and imagination. Musorgsky's gorgeous music wanted only its pictorial setting to complete its gorgeousness; the chorus provided its portion, the orchestra exceeded that sometimes provided by opera orchestras, Mr. Harry Newcombe sang persuasively the solo passages. And Mr. Fiedler read the score in manner to provide no little thrill. Henschel's "Morning Hymn" sounded as fresh, in its sustained mood, as the day it was first heard. But a final "punch" in an excellent program came from the barbaric dances from "Prince Igor." If memory slips not, it was Dr. Koussevitzky who first brought them to the Symphony Concerts in their choral form. Mr. Monteux has played them as purely orchestral pieces. Thus new are they to the repertory of the orchestra. And now they come to the "Pops." Could the "Cecilia" be a sort of auxiliary chorus to the "Pops" they would keep their place in its repertory. Mr. Fiedler gave to these dances that virility, more, that barbaric energy which is the making of them. From tempo to increased tempo the activity grew wilder. Frenzy followed frenzy in this music. It is putting it mildly to say that the young conductor was masterly in the reading of this score, that chorus and orchestra gave him all he required of them. A. H. M.

FIRST POP CONCERT OF SUNDAY SERIES

Program of Russian Music

Is Performed

May 19, 1930 *glor*

The first Pop concert of the series to be given on alternate Sunday evenings was played last night. The audience, which nearly filled the auditorium, applauded the music most enthusiastically.

Compositions by Tchaikovsky occupied the latter half of the program, which was entirely Russian in authorship. The more substantial pieces were the third movement from his "Pathetic" Symphony, the second movement from his Fifth Symphony, Rimsky-Korsakov's "Capriccio Espagnol," and the "Wedding March" from the same composer's "Le Coq d'Or." Other pieces were by Rubinstein and Glazunov.

Under Mr Fiedler's leadership, there were high-spirited rhythms, orchestral color, and melodies warmly sung. His reading of the Spanish Caprice was highly imaginative and zestful. The march section of the "Pathetic" Symphony excerpt was forceful and curt, without expanding into noise.

In certain sections of the andante from Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony one wished that the principal melodies might have been done in higher relief, for at times the accompanying harmonies almost overpowered the chief theme. Mr Fiedler showed himself to be a conductor of ability, imagination, and zeal. He received many recalls to the platform during the concert.

George Mager was accorded much applause for the excellent playing of the solo part for trumpet in Jacchia's arrangement of the "Elli, Elli."

The Pops this year seem to have a somewhat more intense and youthfully vital atmosphere. A portion of this new spirit may be attributed, no doubt, to the excellent decorative scheme.

The next Sunday night concert open to the general public will be given on June 15.

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SEP 30 1932



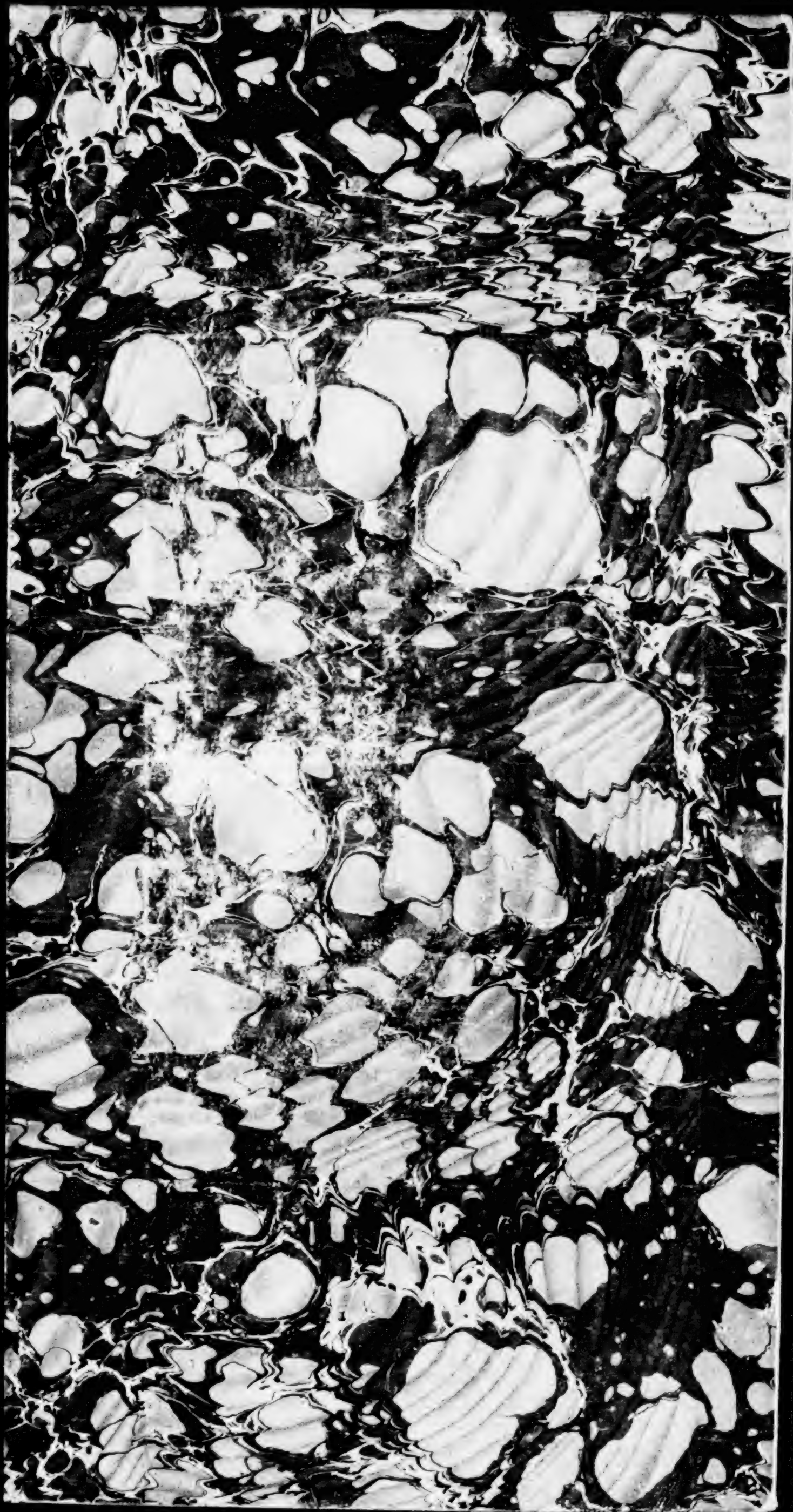
VOLUME 50

1930-1931

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Miss Mary Brown

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Miss Mary Brown

†† In 125.5.50

July 25, 1932

From Mary Brown

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SYMPHONY HALL, BOSTON

HUNTINGTON AND MASSACHUSETTS AVENUES

Branch Exchange Telephones, Ticket and Administration Offices, Commonwealth 1492

Boston Symphony Orchestra

INC.

Dr. SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, Conductor

FIFTIETH SEASON, 1930-1931

Programme

WITH HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE

NOTES BY PHILIP HALE

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THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

(110 Musicians)

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, Conductor

*Miss Mary Brown
July 25, 1932*

Boston Symphony Orchestra

Fiftieth Season, 1930-1931

Dr. SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, Conductor

PERSONNEL

VIOLINS.

Burgin, R. <i>Concert-master</i> Theodorowicz, J.	Elcus, G. Kreinin, B.	Gundersen, R. Kassman, N.	Sauvlet, H. Hamilton, V.	Cherkassky, P. Eisler, D.
Hansen, E. Pinfield, C.	Lauga, N. Mariotti, V.	Fedorovsky, P. Leveen, P.	Leibovici, J. Tapley, R.	
Thillois, F. Mayer, P.	Zung, M. Diamond, S.	Knudson, C. Zide, L.	Gorodetzky, L. Fiedler, B.	
Bryant, M. Murray, J.	Beale, M. Del Sordo, R.	Stonestreet, L. Erkelens, H.	Messina, S. Seiniger, S.	

VIOLAS.

Lefranc, J. Artières, L.	Fourrel, G. Cauhapé, J. Avierino, N. Gerhardt, S.	Bernard, A. Van Wynbergen, C.	Grover, H. Werner, H. Deane, C. Jacob, R.	Fiedler, A.
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VIOLONCELLOS.

Bedetti, J. Zighera, A.	Langendoen, J. Barth, C.	Chardon, Y. Droeghmans, H.	Stockbridge, C. Warnke, J.	Fabrizio, E. Marjollet, L.
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BASSES.

Kunze, M. Vondrak, A.	Lemaire, J. Oliver, F.	Ludwig, O. Frankel, I.	Girard, H. Dufresne, G.	Kelley, A.
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FLUTES.

Laurent, G.
Bladet, G.
Amerena, P.

OBOES.

Gillet, F.
Devergie, J.
Stanislaus, H.

CLARINETS.

Polatschek, V.
Arcieri, E.
Allegra, E.
(*E-flat Clarinet*)

BASSOONS.

Laus, A.
Allard, R.
Panenka, E.
Bettoney, F.

PICCOLO.

Battles, A.

ENGLISH HORN.

Speyer, L.

BASS CLARINET.

Mimart, P.

CONTRA-BASSOON.

Piller, B.

HORNS.

Boettcher, G.
Pogrebniak, S.
Van Den Berg, C.
Lorbeer, H.

HORNS.

Valkenier, W.
Schindler, G.
Lannoye, M.
Blot, G.

TRUMPETS.

Mager, G.
Lafosse, M.
Grundey, T.
Perret, G.
Voisin, R.
Mann, J.

TROMBONES.

Raichman, J.
Hansotte, L.
Kenfield, L.
Adam, E.

TUBAS.

Sidow, P.
Adam, E.

HARPS.

Zighera, B.
Caughey, E.

TIMPANI.

Ritter, A.
Polster, M.

PERCUSSION.

Ludwig, C.
Sternburg, S.
White, L.

ORGAN.
Snow, A.

CELESTA.

Fiedler, A.

LIBRARIAN.

Rogers, L. J.



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Hansen, E. Pinfield, C.	Lauga, N. Mariotti, V.	Fedorovsky, P. Leveen, P.	Leibovici, J. Tapley, R.	
Thillois, F. Mayer, P.	Zung, M. Diamond, S.	Knudson, C. Zide, L.	Gorodetzky, L. Fiedler, B.	
Bryant, M. Murray, J.	Beale, M. Del Sordo, R.	Stonestreet, L. Erkelens, H.	Messina, S. Seiniger, S.	
VIOLAS.				
Lefranc, J. Artières, L.	Fouré, G. Cauhapé, J. Avierino, N. Gerhardt, S.	Bernard, A. Van Wynbergen, C.	Grover, H. Werner, H. Deane, C. Jacob, R.	Fiedler, A.
VIOLONCELLOS.				
Bedetti, J. Zighera, A.	Langendoen, J. Barth, C.	Chardon, Y. Droeghmans, H.	Stockbridge, C. Warnke, J.	Fabrizio, E. Marjollet, L.
BASSES.				
Kunze, M. Vondrak, A.	Lemaire, J. Oliver, F.	Ludwig, O. Frankel, I.	Girard, H. Dufresne, G.	Kelley, A.
FLUTES.				
Laurent, G. Bladet, G. Amerena, P.	OBOES.			
	Gillet, F. Devergie, J. Stanislaus, H.	CLARINET'S.		
		Polatschek, V. Arcieri, E. Allegra, E. (E-flat Clarinet)	BASSOONS.	
			Laus, A. Allard, R. Panenka, E. Bettoney, F.	
PICCOLO.				
Battles, A.	ENGLISH HORN.			
	Speyer, L.	BASS CLARINET.		
		Mimart, P.	CONTRA-BASSOON.	
			Piller, B.	
HORNS.				
Boettcher, G. Pogrebniak, S. Van Den Berg, C. Lorbeer, H.	HORNS.			
	Valkenier, W. Schindler, G. Lannoye, M. Blot, G.	TRUMPETS.		
		Mager, G. Lafosse, M. Grundey, T. Perret, G. Voisin, R. Mann, J.	TROMBONES.	
			Raichman, J. Hansotte, L. Kenfield, L. Adam, E.	
TUBAS.				
Sidow, P. Adam, E.	HARPS.			
	Zighera, B. Caughey, E.	TIMPANI.		
		Ritter, A. Polster, M.	PERCUSSION.	
			Ludwig, C. Sternburg, S. White, L.	
ORGAN.				
Snow, A.	CELESTA.			
		Fiedler, A.	LIBRARIAN.	
			Rogers, L. J.	

Henry Lee Higginson

(Recalled by the Symphony Concert in his honor)

Mourn ye, lament,
The great, the glorious-hearted.
He the wise in counsel,
He the strong of soul,
Dauntless 'mid peril,
Stranger to fear
Alike through storm of battle—
Alike through stress of life—
He the constant leader,
Patriot deeply dear.

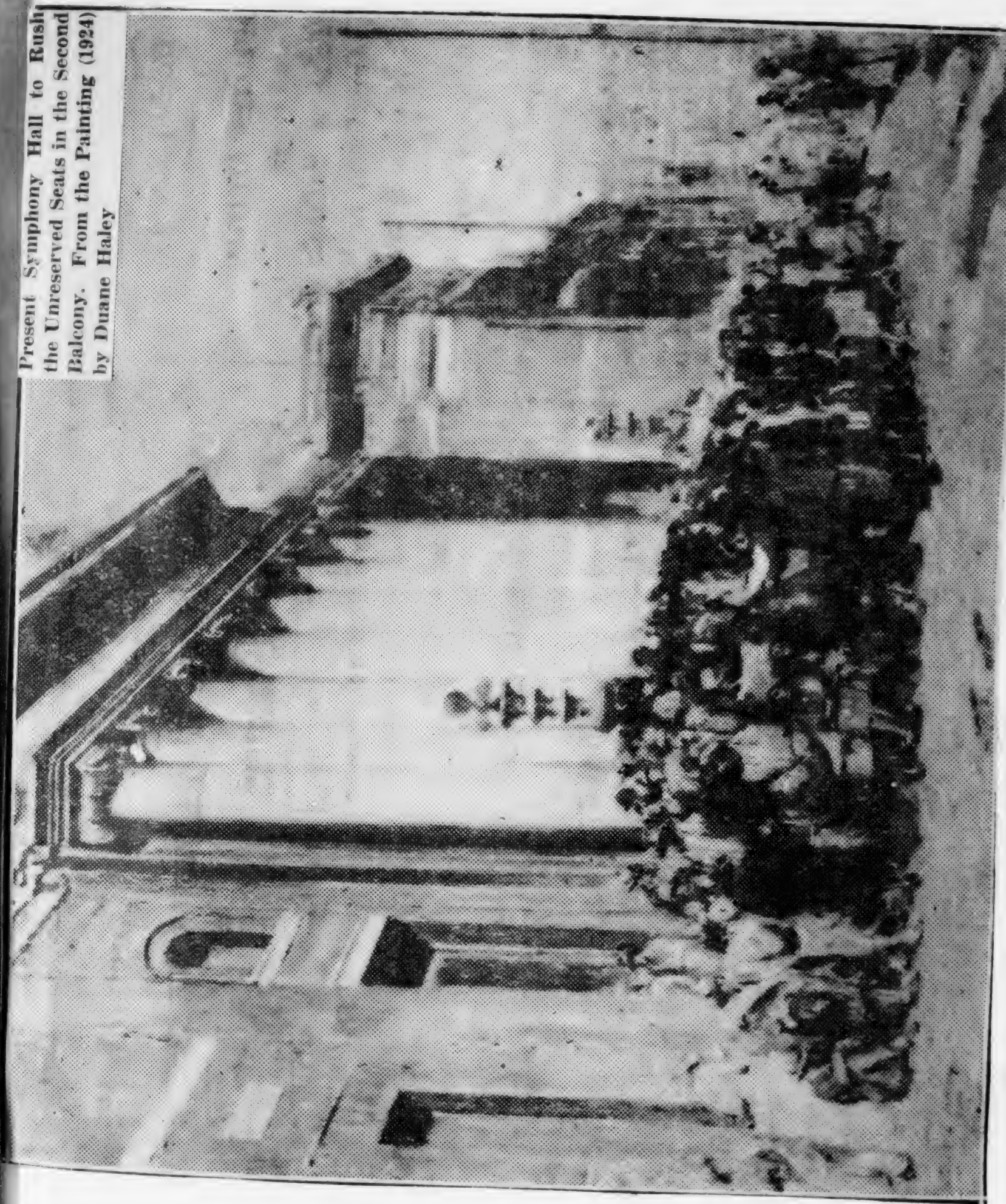
Gone is he now, as gone the leaves of
autumn,
Gone is he now, his years as garnered
sheaves.
Safe is he now where dwell the great
Departed:
Where he who saw but half sees now the
rounded whole.

Wrap him close, ye colors,
Starry flag above him,
Hark! Up-thrilling life,
Bugle, roll of drum,
Speak of goal achieved,
Tell of sunset come
Far, song-winged they sound it,
Clear-voiced taps resound it,
Martial music's paeon,
"Warrior, welcome home."

ANNA LYMAN GRAY
(MRS. JOHN CHIPMAN GRAY)

Nov. 17, 1919.

Present Symphony Hall to Rush
the Unreserved Seats in the Second
Balcony. From the Painting (1924)
by Duane Haley



By PHILIP HALE

The 50th season of the Boston Symphony orchestra will open next Friday afternoon, when the concert will have a sentimental interest. Sir George Henschel, the first conductor of the orchestra, will then present the program, with one exception, that he prepared for the first concert on Oct. 22, 1881: Beethoven, "Consecration of the House"; Gluck, "Che faro senza Eurydice" from "Orfeo ed Eurydice"; Haydn, Symphony, B flat (B. & H. No. 12); Schubert, ballet music from "Rosamunde"; Bruch, Penelope's Lament; but instead of Weber's festival overture, Sir George, for some unknown reason, will conduct the prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg"; Annie Louise Cary was the singer at the first concert; Mme. Matzenauer will sing next Friday.

In the late seventies Mr. H. L. Higginson was planning the establishment of a permanent orchestra. The time of the players for "careful training" and for the 20 concerts each season was to be engaged in advance. But who was to be the conductor?

Isidor Georg Henschel, born at Breslau on Feb. 18, 1850, came with his betrothed, Lillian Bailey, to Boston in 1880 for a concert tour in the United States. He was then known and applauded in Europe as a singer. He had sung in England with Miss Bailey, having been one of her teachers. Their first appearance in Boston was at a concert in the Old Bay State Course on Nov. 1, 1880.

On March 3, 1881, an Overture (ms.) by Mr. Henschel was performed for the first time at a concert of the Harvard Musical Association. Mr. Henschel was invited to conduct his overture. Mr. Higginson was in the audience, which was pleased by the vigor of the performance. The newspapers of Boston in April, 1881, published his plan for the new concerts. He then named Mr. Henschel as the conductor. Now Mr. Henschel had had no experience in Europe in training an orchestra or in the interpretation of orchestral works.

Any one can learn by consulting the newspapers published during the three years of Mr. Henschel's conductorship that the concerts were often bitterly criticised; that criticism of the conductor was often savage. Mr. Henschel had no easy time of it. Even his friend Mr. Apthorp, writing to the Evening Transcript in 1911, about the early years, said that the choice of the conductor was made "without due circumspection"; that Mr. Higginson was "in plain English paying Mr. Henschel a high salary for those days, for learning his trade in public." It should not be forgotten that there were "unfortunate elements" in the orchestra. Bernhard Listemann, the concert master, a remarkable violinist in certain ways, and a sound musician, was a nervous, high-strung man, constitutionally unfit for the position. He was wont to hurry the tempo; he insisted on playing the music in his own way; without the intention of usurping the conductor's throne, he could not follow any conductor. Then there were intrigues against Mr. Henschel in the orchestra and out of it.

Mr. Henschel's programs were generally well arranged and interesting—in those years. How many of the "novelties" in 1882-84 are heard today? Who is now familiar with Cowen's "Scandinavian" symphony, Volkmann's symphony No. 2, Raff's "Winter" symphony, Dvorak's symphony No. 1? The conductor did not refuse a hearing to light overtures, as Auber's "Lac des Fees," Herold's "Zampa," Nicolai's "Merry Wives of Windsor." There

should be room today during a season for a light and joyous overture, a waltz by Strauss, ballet music by Goldmark, Rubinstein, Gounod, Massenet, Delibes. Too much of the ballet music written today and performed at the Symphony concerts, is sour and laboriously contrived.

The experience thus gained by Mr. Henschel—he was knighted in 1914—no doubt profited him when he returned to England. Even while he was busy as a singer and teacher of singing he established in 1886 the London Symphony Concerts, a feature of that city's musical life for 11 years. He revived forgotten works, and brought out many that were unknown. In 1893-95 he conducted the Scottish Orchestra in Glasgow. Though he gave his farewell song recital at London in April 1914, he has appeared occasionally in recent years as orchestral conductor and as singer.

In December, 1902, at a concert of the Cecilia Society he conducted his "Requiem," composed in memory of his wife. His daughter Helen then sang the music for the soprano. His first wife had died at London in 1901.

Dr. Koussevitzky will first appear at the concerts on Oct. 17 and 18, to conduct an ode for orchestra and chorus, written for the orchestra's anniversary by Edward Burlingame Hill. The text is by Robert Hillyer. This will be the first of a list of new scores which have been especially composed for the orchestra's jubilee year by foremost composers. They include a "Symphonie de Psaumes" by Stravinsky; also symphonies by Roussel, Honnegger, Prokofieff and Hill. There will be a symphonic ode by Copland, and shorter pieces by Ravel, Dukas, Hindemith and Sibelius; also a piano concerto by Bax. The Russian composers Lourie, Nabokoff and Trebinsky and the French composer Ferroud will also be represented. This music will be performed in the course of the regular concerts.

Other features of the season will be a Beethoven festival, to be given in Washington, D. C., through the first week of December, and a Bach festival to be given in Boston next spring in memory of Henry L. Higginson.

In honor of the 50th anniversary of the foundation of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Arthur Foote, one of America's most distinguished composers, will speak in the lecture hall of the Boston Public Library next Thursday, at 5:15 P. M., on the subject, "Fifty Years of the Boston Symphony Orchestra." He has been personally acquainted with all the conductors and with many of the players and soloists who have appeared at the concerts of the orchestra. He has known many of the composers whose works have received their first performance in Boston. As an attendant at most of the concerts for 50 seasons his opinions and reminiscences should be of importance and interest. This talk is the first of a series of lectures on the programs of the orchestra and is open free to the public. Mr. Foote's friends, the subscribers, and all former members of the University Extension classes are invited to be present. No seats are reserved. The doors open at 4 P. M. and entrance is from Boylston street.

Of special musical interest in connection with the convention of the American Legion will be the first public performance of a new composition by a Boston composer. The work is entitled, "In Flanders Fields," a chorus for men's voices, and the composer is Richard Gilmore Appel. Its performance at the legion dinner to the press of America at the Bradford Hotel on Monday evening will be the tribute of a young American to the valor of American youth. In parts of the composition, Mr. Appel introduces French and American folk airs; the work is said to be an inspired setting of the text by Col. McCrae, the famous Canadian poet. On this occasion it will be performed by the University male quartet: Clifton Johnson, first tenor; Norman Arnold, second tenor; Ralph Tailby, baritone; Robert Isensee, bass; Earl Weidner, accompanist.



SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY

Several years ago, London and Paris became aware of a quite extraordinary Russian conductor. Under the transforming hand of Serge Koussevitzky, a classic symphony would glow with fresh life, a romantic score would sing with a new and unprecedented eloquence, a composition of our own day would reveal an unsuspected creative vitality.

When it was announced five years ago

that such a leader would have such an instrument as the Boston Symphony Orchestra to do his bidding, new marvels in symphonic performance were anticipated.

Koussevitzky's first season with the Boston Symphony Orchestra astonished even those who had expected the most from this ideal union. And in succeeding seasons, conductor and orchestra have touched new heights of executive perfection, tonal splendor, and interpretative vision.

In a word, Koussevitzky has once more proven himself the genius to whom an achievement, however great, can only be the starting point towards a still subtler beauty and a still deeper significance.

Thus, a transcendent chapter is being added to the history of what has been, these many years, the finest symphony orchestra in the world. To the forward-looking leader of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, its fiftieth season (1930-1931) is the next horizon.

Boston Orchestra Praised

Henry Prunieres, well-known French critic of music, has written for the New York Times his impressions of four American orchestras, which he heard on a recent visit to this country. He says that all four are better than the Berlin Philharmonic, which he thinks is now the best in Europe. And of the four he inclines to prefer the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

This testimony from an impartial foreign critic of high standing would justify any claim local pride in our orchestra may make. According to M. Prunieres, the Boston Symphony is today the best orchestra in the world. What would he have said of the old Boston Symphony under Dr. Muck, which by common consent of all who remember it surpassed the present orchestra.

M. Prunieres is editor of the leading serious magazine in France devoted to music, the *Revue Musicale*. His point of view is not that of the popular journalist, nor does it appear that he aims to flatter Americans. As he says, the presence in the Boston Symphony of 38 Frenchmen suffices to prove that Paris could have just as good an orchestra as Boston has today if anyone in Paris were prepared to spend the necessary large sum of money. The \$100,000 annual deficit of the Boston Symphony would look almost astronomical if counted in French francs.

Excerpts from M. Prunieres' article, published by the New York Times Dec 7 follow:

"I am quite sure that if the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, which is the best in Europe, in my opinion, were to visit America, it would be adjudged as being in the fifth or sixth rank, certainly below that of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, which seems to me to be inferior to those in Boston, Philadelphia and New York.

Boston Orchestra Preferred

"Which American orchestra is to be ranked the first? I find it difficult to choose among such orchestras as those in New York, Boston and Philadelphia. When Toscanini stands before the New York orchestra the result seems to be an absolute perfection. When he is replaced, even by such a great conductor as Erich Kleiber, whose worth, as I see it, was not sufficiently recognized in New York, the qualities of certain of the solo instruments may be criticized.

"At Boston and Philadelphia, despite every effort, I have been unable to discern a weak point in the composition of the orchestras. If my preferences should incline toward Boston, it is because the quartet there appeared to me to possess a sonority more glowing than even that in Philadelphia. There are simply nuances to differentiate these three orchestras, which deserve to be classed and proclaimed equally the best in the whole world.

Dec 14, 1930 glrk

"Serge Koussevitzky is very popular in Paris, where we are grateful to him for some magnificent concerts which he has given here, and for all the great new works which he has introduced.

No other conductor has done so much for modern music in France as Mr. Koussevitzky. I am happy to see that he continues along these lines in the United States, for it is due to his initiative that the Boston Symphony Orchestra has commissioned some new works for its 50th anniversary by the best contemporaneous composers, and has brought into existence symphonies by Stravinsky, Prokofiev, Albert Roussel, etc.

"Koussevitzky is a great conductor, and I was enthusiastic when I heard him conduct Albert Roussel's Third symphony, Debussy's 'La Mer' and excerpts by Rameau. To judge him, one must hear him at the head of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. May we have this pleasure soon in France!"

Parisian Report Jan 12, 1931

RETURNED to Paris, Monsieur Prunieres, the eminent writer about music and the performance thereof, is discoursing again—this time in *Le Temps*—about his autumn experiences in American concert-halls. The whole article, traversing the field from Boston to Chicago, will be reproduced in these columns on Saturday next. For the moment, here in free translation are three paragraphs about the Boston Orchestra and Dr. Koussevitzky: "There is a fertile rivalry between the Boston and the Philadelphia orchestras, between Serge Koussevitzky and Leopold Stokowski. They come in turn to New York with their orchestras, sometimes (sic) exchanging them courteously. Both are prodigious virtuosi of the baton. Koussevitzky is popular in France; but his concerts in Paris gave no true idea of the marvels that he accomplishes in Boston. To me his orchestra seems superior to the best in America. No words can express the splendor of the strings—power with no loss of velvet-like texture; brilliance without hardness; precise and edged attack yet never dry; exhaustless softness and sweetness in pianissimo. The brass and the woodwinds are not less admirable.

"The Bostonians play the classics in free-handed versions, in which much is left to the will and mood (fantaisie) of the conductor who inspires them. With music of our own time, he is notably respectful of the composers' wishes. It was my good fortune to be present at the rehearsals of the new symphony written by Albert Roussel for the jubilee of the orchestra. I have rarely encountered a conductor so concerned with the exact conveyance of the intentions of the composer. The performance was beyond praise. This Third Symphony of Roussel (which is surely his masterpiece) ascended skywards."



SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY

Several years ago, London and Paris became aware of a quite extraordinary Russian conductor. Under the transforming hand of Serge Koussevitzky, a classic symphony would glow with fresh life, a romantic score would sing with a new and unprecedented eloquence, a composition of our own day would reveal an unsuspected creative vitality.

When it was announced five years ago

that such a leader would have such an instrument as the Boston Symphony Orchestra to do his bidding, new marvels in symphonic performance were anticipated.

Koussevitzky's first season with the Boston Symphony Orchestra astonished even those who had expected the most from this ideal union. And in succeeding seasons, conductor and orchestra have touched new heights of executive perfection, tonal splendor, and interpretative vision.

In a word, Koussevitzky has once more proven himself the genius to whom an achievement, however great, can only be the starting point towards a still subtler beauty and a still deeper significance.

Thus, a transcendent chapter is being added to the history of what has been, these many years, the finest symphony orchestra in the world. To the forward-looking leader of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, its fiftieth season (1930-1931) is the next horizon.

Boston Orchestra Praised

Henry Prunieres, well-known French critic of music, has written for the New York Times his impressions of four American orchestras, which he heard on a recent visit to this country. He says that all four are better than the Berlin Philharmonic, which he thinks is now the best in Europe. And of the four he inclines to prefer the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

This testimony from an impartial foreign critic of high standing would justify any claim local pride in our orchestra may make. According to M. Prunieres, the Boston Symphony is today the best orchestra in the world. What would he have said of the old Boston Symphony under Dr. Muck, which by common consent of all who remember it surpassed the present orchestra.

M. Prunieres is editor of the leading serious magazine in France devoted to music, the *Revue Musicale*. His point of view is not that of the popular journalist, nor does it appear that he aims to flatter Americans. As he says, the presence in the Boston Symphony of 38 Frenchmen suffices to prove that Paris could have just as good an orchestra as Boston has today if anyone in Paris were prepared to spend the necessary large sum of money. The \$100,000 annual deficit of the Boston Symphony would look almost astronomical if counted in French francs.

Excerpts from M. Prunieres' article, published by the New York Times Dec 7 follow:

"I am quite sure that if the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, which is the best in Europe, in my opinion, were to visit America, it would be adjudged as being in the fifth or sixth rank, certainly below that of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, which seems to me to be inferior to those in Boston, Philadelphia and New York.

Boston Orchestra Preferred

"Which American orchestra is to be ranked the first? I find it difficult to choose among such orchestras as those in New York, Boston and Philadelphia. When Toscanini stands before the New York orchestra the result seems to be an absolute perfection. When he is replaced, even by such a great conductor as Erich Kleiber, whose worth, as I see it, was not sufficiently recognized in New York, the qualities of certain of the solo instruments may be criticized.

"At Boston and Philadelphia, despite every effort, I have been unable to discern a weak point in the composition of the orchestras. If my preferences should incline toward Boston, it is because the quartet there appeared to me to possess a sonority more glowing than even that in Philadelphia. There are simply nuances to differentiate these three orchestras, which deserve to be classed and proclaimed equally the best in the whole world.

"Serge Koussevitzky is very popular in Paris, where we are grateful to him for some magnificent concerts which he has given here, and for all the great new works which he has in-

troduced. No other conductor has done so much for modern music in France as Mr. Koussevitzky. I am happy to see that he continues along these lines in the United States, for it is due to his initiative that the Boston Symphony Orchestra has commissioned some new works for its 50th anniversary by the best contemporaneous composers, and has brought into existence symphonies by Stravinsky, Prokofieff, Albert Roussel, etc.

"Koussevitzky is a great conductor, and I was enthusiastic when I heard him conduct Albert Roussel's Third symphony, Debussy's 'La Mer' and excerpts by Rameau. To judge him, one must hear him at the head of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. May we have this pleasure soon in France!"

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-Caricature (1924) of Dr. Koussevitzky, Guest Conductor in Madrid. The Upper Inscription Reads: "My People and My Sovereigns Applauded You. Do not Forget that my Unschooled Philharmonic Orchestra Follows your Baton Soulfully and with Good Will—Admiring your Art, Madrid."



The Symphony Orchestra (1929) at Rehearsal

Dr. Koussevitzky is Leading in a Tan-Colored Pull-Over, His Jacket at the Foot of the Conductor's Stand
From the Painting, Here Reproduced for the First Time, by Marie Danforth Page



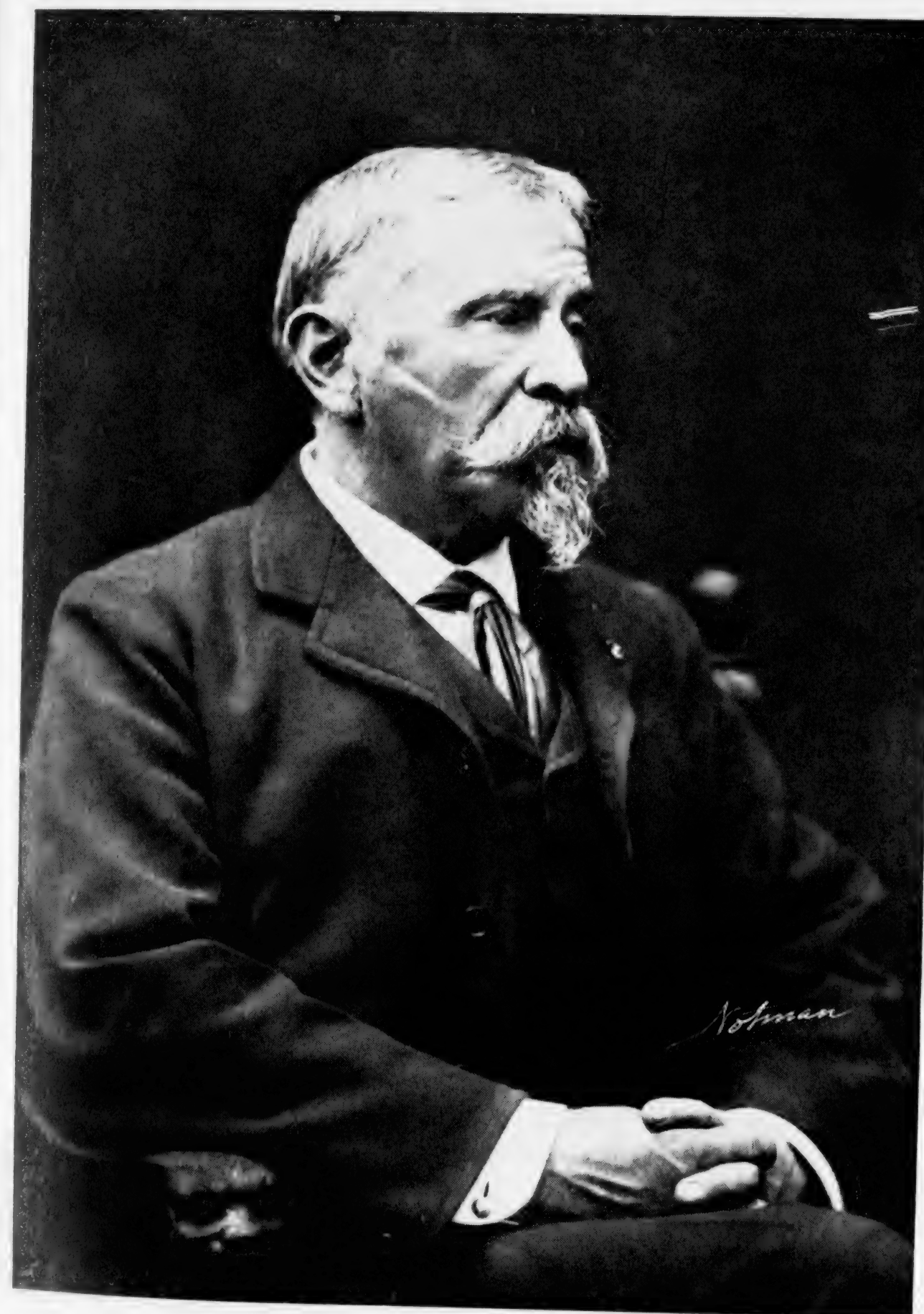
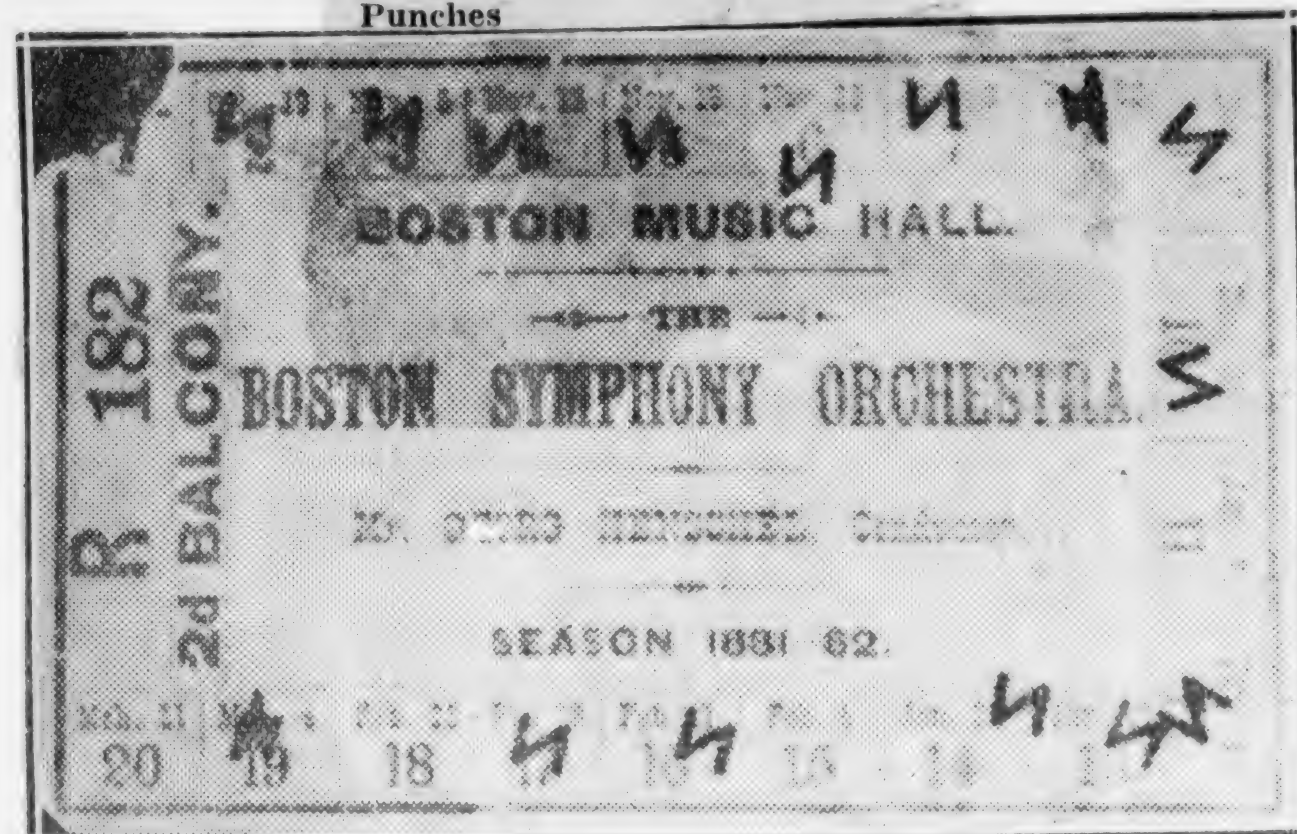
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Tickets for the First
Season, 1881-82, of the Symphony
Concerts, with the Doorkeeper's
Punches

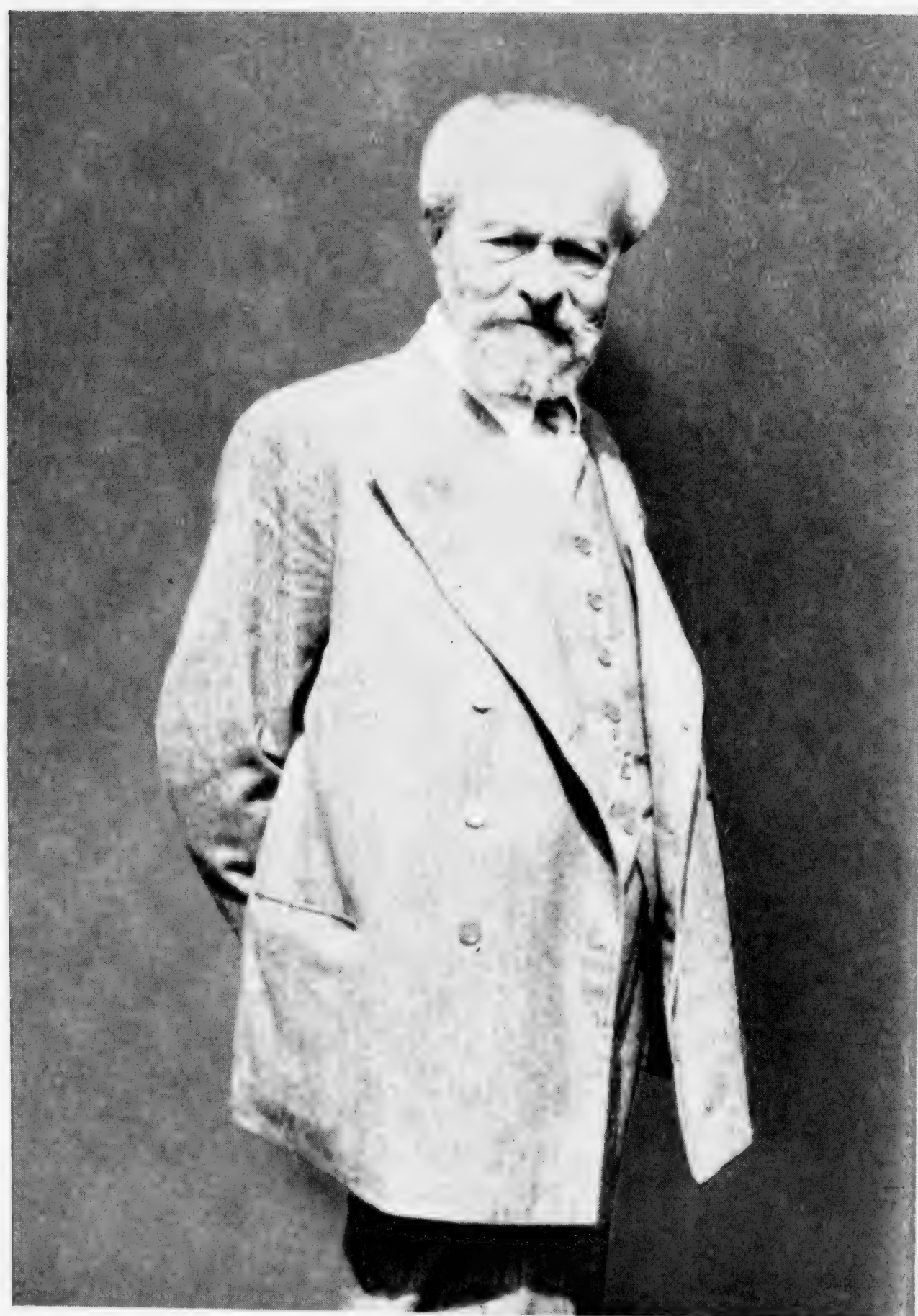


HENRY L. HIGGINSON

-Tickets for the First
Season, 1881-82, of the Symphony
Concerts, with the Doorkeeper's
Punches



HENRY L. HIGGINSON



SIR GEORGE HENSCHER



DR. SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY

Boston Music Hall.

SEASON 1881-82.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

MR. GEORG HENSCHEL, Conductor.

I. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22D, AT 8, P. M.

PROGRAMME.

OVERTURE, Op. 124, "Dedication of the House." BEETHOVEN.

AIR. (Orpheus.) GLUCK.

SYMPHONY in B flat. HAYDN.
(No. 12 of Breitkopf's edition.)

BALLET MUSIC. (Rosamunde.) SCHUBERT.

SCENA. (Odysseus.) MAX BRUCH.

FESTIVAL OVERTURE. WEBER.

SOLOIST:

MISS ANNIE LOUISE CARY.

The first programme of the Boston Symphony Orchestra

WORKS PERFORMED AT THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS
DURING THE SEASON OF 1930-1931

Works marked with an asterisk were performed for the first time at these concerts.
Works marked with a double asterisk were performed for the first time in Boston.
Works marked with a dagger were performed for the first time anywhere.
Artists marked with an asterisk appeared at these concerts for the first time.
Artists marked with a double asterisk appeared for the first time in Boston.
Artists marked with a dagger are members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

ALBENIZ: Two Pieces, "El Albaicin"*** and "Navarra,"*** transcribed for orchestra by E. F. Arbos, January 23, 1931 (conducted by ARBOS)

ANONYMOUS (*See KOUSSEVITZKY*).

ARENSKY*: Variations on a Theme of Tchaikovsky,* Op. 35a, December 26, 1930

BACH: Two Preludes (Adagio, Vivace),† arranged for string orchestra by PICK-MANGIAGALLI, October 17, 1930 .

Prelude and Fugue in E-flat for organ (arranged for orchestra by SCHÖNBERG), December 19, 1930 . . .

Suite for Orchestra, No. 3, D major, March 27, 1931 . .

Brandenburg Concerto No. 5, March 28, 1931

Concerto, D minor, for two violins and string orchestra (RICHARD BURGIN† and JULIUS THEODOROWICZ†), March 27, 1931

Preludes and Fugues from "Well-Tempered Clavichord": G minor, No. 16; D major, No. 5; B-flat minor, No. 22; C-sharp major, No. 3 (ALEXANDER BOROVSKY), March 28, 1931

Cantatas No. 85,* "Ich bin ein Guter Hirt," and No. 20,* "O Ewigkeit, du Donnerwort" (Bach Cantata Club and AMY EVANS,** soprano; MARGARET MATZENAUER, contralto; RICHARD CROOKS, tenor; FRASER GANGE, bass), March 27, 1931 (sung in German)1391-

Cantatas No. 4,* "Christ lag in Todesbanden" and No. 80,* "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott," March 28, 1931 (singers as on March 27) (sung in English) 1394-

BEETHOVEN: Symphony No. 1, C major, Op. 21, January 2, 1931

Symphony No. 5, C minor, Op. 67, May 1, 1931

Symphony No. 7, A major, Op. 92, October 17, 1930 . . .

Overture, "Consecration of the House," October 10, 1930 (conducted by GEORGE HENSCHEL)

Overture to "Egmont," February 27, 1931

Concerto for pianoforte, No. 5, E-flat major (WALTER GIESEKING), November 28, 1930

Concerto for violin, D major (JASCHA HEIFETZ), February 27, 1931

BERLIOZ: Symphonie Fantastique, C major, Op. 14A, February 20, 1931

- BRAHMS: Symphony No. 1, C minor, Op. 68, April 3, 1931 . . .
 Symphony No. 2, D major, Op. 73, November 7, 1931 . . .
 Concerto for violin, D major, Op. 77 (NATHAN MILSTEIN**). March 13, 1931
 Two Hungarian Dances: No. 2, F major; No. 1, G minor, March 13, 1931
 BRUCH: "Penelope's Sorrow," from "Odysseus" (MARGARET MATZENAUER), October 10, 1930
 CHABRIER: Prelude to Act II of "Gwendoline," February 27, 1931
 CORELLI: Suite** (arranged by PINELLI), January 23, 1931 (conducted by E. F. ARBOS)
 DEBUSSY: "La Mer," October 24, 1930
 Prelude to "The Afternoon of a Faun" (Eclogue by S. Mallarmé) May 1, 1931
 ELGAR: Introduction and Allegro, Op. 47,** for string orchestra, January 30, 1931
 FALLA, DE: Suite from "El Amor Brujo," January 23, 1931 (conducted by E. F. ARBOS)
 FRANCK: Symphony, D minor, January 23, 1931 (conducted by E. F. ARBOS)
 GLUCK: "Che farò senza Eurydice," from "Orfeo ed Eurydice" (MARGARET MATZENAUER), October 10, 1930
 GRIFFES: "The Pleasure-Dome of Kubla Khan," April 24, 1931
 HADLEY: "Salome," Tone Poem (after Wilde's tragedy), Op. 55 (conducted by the composer), January 16, 1931
 Suite for orchestra, "Streets of Pekin"*** (conducted by the composer), January 16, 1931
 HANDEL: Concerto Grosso for string orchestra, B minor, No. 12, November 7, 1930
 Concerto Grosso for string orchestra, Op. 6, No. 6, G minor, February 20, 1931
 HANSON: Symphony No. 2, "Romantic,"† November 28, 1930
 HAYDN: Symphony, B-flat (B. & H. No. 12), October 10, 1930 (conducted by GEORGE HENSCHER)
 Symphony No. 1, E-flat major, January 16, 1931 (conducted by HENRY HADLEY)
 Symphony, D major (B. & H. No. 10), March 13, 1931
 HILL: An Ode† (Poem by ROBERT HILLYER) (Harvard Glee Club and Radcliffe Choral Society; Reader, Mr. HILLYER), October 17, 1930
 Symphony No. 2,† in C major, February 27, 1931
 HINDEMITH: Konzertmusik for String and Brass Instruments,† April 3, 1931
 HONNEGGER: Symphony,† February 13, 1931; March 19, 1931 1930,
 KOUSSEVITZKY (See Anonymous): Overture,† October 31, 1930
 KŘENEK: Little Symphony, Op. 58,** December 12, 1930 (conducted by Mr. BURGINT)

- LAMBERT: "The Rio Grande,"*** for chorus (CECILIA SOCIETY), orchestra, and solo pianoforte (JESÚS MARÍA SANROMÁ); poem by Sacheverell Sitwell, April 24, 1931
 LOEFFLER: Canticum Fratris Solis (After St. Francis of Assisi) for voice (POVLA FRIJSH) and orchestra, February 13, 1931
 A Pagan Poem (after Virgil), Op. 14, for orchestra, English horn, and three trumpets obbligati, February 13, 1931
 LOURIÉ: "Sonate Liturgique"*** in the form of Four Chorales (with alto voices), January 2, 1931
 MCKINLEY: Masquerade,* January 16, 1931 (conducted by HENRY HADLEY)
 MAHLER: "Das Lied von der Erde" (RICHARD CROOKS,* tenor; MARGARET MATZENAUER, contralto), December 26, 1930
 MENDELSSOHN: Overture and Scherzo from music for "A Midsummer Night's Dream," March 19, 1931
 MOUSSORGSKY-RAVEL: "Pictures at an Exhibition," October 17, 1930
 MOZART: Overture to "The Magic Flute," November 14, 1930
 Concerto for clarinet (VICTOR POLATSCHEK†**), November 14, 1930
 Concerto in A major for pianoforte (BRUCE SIMONDS) and orchestra, December 12, 1930 (conducted by RICHARD BURGINT)
 Symphony in G minor (K. 550), December 19, 1930
 NABOKOV: "Symphonie Lyrique,"*** October 31, 1930 (first time in the United States)
 PICK-MANGIAGALLI (See BACH).
 PILATI: Suite for Pianoforte (JESÚS MARÍA SANROMÁ) and string orchestra,** February 13, 1931
 PROKOFIEFF: Symphony No. 4, Op. 47,† November 14, 1930
 RAMEAU-MOTTL: Ballet Suite ("Platée," "Les Fêtes d'Hébé"), October 24, 1930
 RAVEL: La Valse, October 24, 1930
 Bolero, November 28, 1930
 (See MOUSSORGSKY.)
 RESPIGHI: Metamorphoseon, Modi XII (Theme and Variations),† November 7, 1930
 RIMSKY-KORSAKOV: Caprice on Spanish Themes, November 14, 1930
 "The Russian Easter," Overture on Themes of the Russian Church, Op. 36, April 3, 1931
 ROUSSEL: Symphony, G minor, Op. 42,† October 24, 1930
 SCHOENBERG (See BACH).
 SCHUBERT: Symphony, C major, No. 7, April 24, 1931
 Ballet Music from "Rosamunde," October 10, 1930 (conducted by GEORGE HENSCHER)
 SCHUMANN: Symphony No. 1, B-flat major, Op. 38, April 17, 1931

Concerto for Violoncello (GREGOR PIATIGORSKY**), A minor, Op. 129, April 17, 1931

Overture to Byron's "Manfred," April 17, 1931

SIBELIUS: Symphony No. 1, E minor, Op. 39, December 12, 1930 (conducted by Mr. Burgin)

Symphony No. 7, Op. 105, January 30, 1931

STEINERT: Leggenda Sinfonica,** March 13, 1931 (first time in the United States)

STRAUSS: "Ein Heldenleben," tone poem, Op. 40, January 2, 1931

Symphonia Domestica, Op. 53, January 30, 1931

Salome's Dance from "Salome," March 19, 1931

"Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks," Op. 28, May 1, 1931

STRAVINSKY: "Symphonie de Psaumes,"** for orchestra with chorus (Cecilia Society), December 19, 1930 (first time in the United States), February 20, 1931 594,

Capriccio** for piano (JESÚS MARÍA SANROMÁ) and orchestra, December 19, 1930 (first time in the United States)

Suite from "L'Oiseau de Feu," April 24, 1931

TCHAIKOVSKY: Symphony No. 4, F minor, Op. 36, October 31, 1930

Concerto for pianoforte (VLADIMIR HOROWITZ) and orchestra, B-flat minor, No. 1, Op. 23, March 19, 1931

WAGNER: Overture to "Der Fliegende Hollaender," November 28, 1930

Prelude to "Parsifal," April 3, 1931

Prelude to "Die Meistersinger von Nuernberg," October 10, 1930; May 1, 1931 51,

ORCHESTRAL WORKS PERFORMED FOR THE FIRST TIME ANYWHERE

BACH: Two Preludes (arranged for string orchestra by PICK-MAN-GIAGALLI).

HANSON*: Symphony No. 2, "Romantic."

HILL*: An Ode (chorus and orchestra).
Symphony No. 2 in C major.

HINDEMITH*: Konzertmusik for string and brass instruments.

HONEGGER*: Symphony.

KOUSSEVITZKY*: Overture.

PROKOFIEFF*: Symphony No. 4, Op. 47.

RESPIGHI*: Metamorphoseon Modi XII.

ROUSSEL*: Symphony, G minor 10

SUMMARY

The following composers were represented for the first time at these concerts: Koussevitzky, Křenek, Lambert, Lourié, McKinley, Nabokov, Pilati.

ALBENIZ	2	LAMBERT	1
ARENSKY	1	LOEFFLER	2
BACH	14	LOURIÉ	1
BEETHOVEN	7	McKINLEY	1
BERLIOZ	1	MAHLER	1
BRAHMS	5	MENDELSSOHN	1
BRUCH	1	MOUSSORGSKY	1
CHABRIER	1	MOZART	4
CORELLI	1	NABOKOV	1
DEBUSSY	2	PILATI	1
ELGAR	1	PROKOFIEFF	1
FALLA, DE	1	RAMEAU	1
FRANCK	1	RAVEL	2
GLUCK	1	RESPIGHI	1
GRIFFES	1	RIMSKY-KORSAKOV	2
HADLEY	2	ROUSSEL	1
HANDEL	2	SCHUBERT	2
HANSON	1	SCHUMANN	3
HAYDN	3	SIBELIUS	2
HILL	2	STEINERT	1
HINDEMITH	1	STRAUSS	4
HONEGGER	2	STRAVINSKY	4
KOUSSEVITZKY	1	TCHAIKOVSKY	2
KŘENEK	1	WAGNER	4

GUEST CONDUCTORS

ARBOS, ENRIQUE FERNANDEZ. January 23, 1931. Corelli-Pinelli, Suite**; Franck, symphony in D minor; De Falla, Suite from "El Amor Brujo"; Albeniz-Arbos, "El Albaicin,"**

BURGIN,† RICHARD. December 12, 1930. Křenek, Little Symphony**;
Mozart, Piano Concerto in A major (K.488) (BRUCE SIMONDS, pianist); Sibelius, Symphony No. 1, E minor, Op. 39.

HADLEY, HENRY. January 16, 1931. Haydn, Symphony No 1, E-flat major; McKinley, Masquerade*; Hadley, "Salome" (after Wilde's Tragedy), Op. 55; Hadley, Suite for orchestra, "Streets of Pekin."**

HENSCHEL, SIR GEORGE. October 10, 1930. Beethoven, Overture to the "Consecration of the House"; Gluck, "Che farò senza Eurydice" (Mme. MATZENAUER); Haydn, symphony in B-flat (B. & H. No. 12); Schubert, Ballet Music from "Rosamunde"; Bruch, Penelope's Lament from "Odysseus" (Mme. MATZENAUER); Wagner, Prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg." The programme, with the exception of Wagner's Prelude, of the first concert of the orchestra (October 22, 1881), when Weber's Festival Overture was played.

TERCENTENARY RADIO CONCERT

Saturday	Evening	Oct. 4 at 7.00	Symphony Hall	Boston
Friday	Afternoon	Oct. 10 at 2.30	Symphony Hall	Boston
Saturday	Evening	Oct. 11 at 8.15	Symphony Hall	Boston
Thursday	Evening	Oct. 16 at 8.00	Sanders Theatre	Cambridge
Friday	Afternoon	Oct. 17 at 2.30	Symphony Hall	Boston
Saturday	Evening	Oct. 18 at 8.15	Symphony Hall	Boston
Wednesday	Evening	Oct. 22 at 8.00	Alumnæ Hall	Wellesley
Friday	Afternoon	Oct. 24 at 2.30	Symphony Hall	Boston
Saturday	Evening	Oct. 25 at 8.15	Symphony Hall	Boston
Friday	Afternoon	Oct. 31 at 2.30	Symphony Hall	Boston
Saturday	Evening	Nov. 1 at 8.15	Symphony Hall	Boston
Thursday	Evening	Nov. 6 at 8.00	Sanders Theatre	Cambridge
Friday	Afternoon	Nov. 7 at 2.30	Symphony Hall	Boston
Saturday	Evening	Nov. 8 at 8.15	Symphony Hall	Boston
Monday	Evening	Nov. 10 at 8.15	Symphony Hall	Boston
Wednesday	Afternoon	Nov. 12 at 4.00	Young People's Concert	Boston
Thursday	Afternoon	Nov. 13 at 4.00	Young People's Concert	Boston
Friday	Afternoon	Nov. 14 at 2.30	Symphony Hall	Boston
Saturday	Evening	Nov. 15 at 8.15	Symphony Hall	Boston
Tuesday	Evening	Nov. 18 at 8.15	Albee Theatre	Providence
Thursday	Evening	Nov. 20 at 8.30	Carnegie Hall	New York
Friday	Evening	Nov. 21 at 8.15	Academy of Music	Brooklyn
Saturday	Afternoon	Nov. 22 at 2.30	Carnegie Hall	New York
Tuesday	Afternoon	Nov. 25 at 3.00	Symphony Hall	Boston
Friday	Afternoon	Nov. 28 at 2.30	Symphony Hall	Boston
Saturday	Evening	Nov. 29 at 8.15	Symphony Hall	Boston
Thursday	Evening	Dec. 11 at 8.00	Sanders Theatre	Cambridge
Friday	Afternoon	Dec. 12 at 2.30	Symphony Hall	Boston
Saturday	Evening	Dec. 13 at 8.15	Symphony Hall	Boston
Monday	Evening	Dec. 15 at 8.15	Symphony Hall	Boston
Tuesday	Evening	Dec. 16 at 8.15	Albee Theatre	Providence
Friday	Afternoon	Dec. 19 at 2.30	Symphony Hall	Boston
Saturday	Evening	Dec. 20 at 8.15	Symphony Hall	Boston
Friday	Afternoon	Dec. 26 at 2.30	Symphony Hall	Boston
Saturday	Evening	Dec. 27 at 8.15	Symphony Hall	Boston
Sunday	Afternoon	Dec. 28 at 3.30	Pension Fund Concert	Boston
Friday	Afternoon	Jan. 2 at 2.30	Symphony Hall	Boston
Saturday	Evening	Jan. 3 at 8.15	Symphony Hall	Boston
Tuesday	Afternoon	Jan. 6 at 3.00	Symphony Hall	Boston
Thursday	Evening	Jan. 8 at 8.30	Carnegie Hall	New York
Friday	Evening	Jan. 9 at 8.15	Academy of Music	Brooklyn
Saturday	Afternoon	Jan. 10 at 2.30	Carnegie Hall	New York
Thursday	Evening	Jan. 15 at 8.00	Sanders Theatre	Cambridge

Friday	Afternoon	Jan. 16 at 2.30	Symphony Hall	Boston
Saturday	Evening	Jan. 17 at 8.15	Symphony Hall	Boston
Tuesday	Evening	Jan. 20 at 8.15	Albee Theatre	Providence
Friday	Afternoon	Jan. 23 at 2.30	Symphony Hall	Boston
Saturday	Evening	Jan. 24 at 8.15	Symphony Hall	Boston
Monday	Evening	Jan. 26 at 8.15	Symphony Hall	Boston
Friday	Afternoon	Jan. 30 at 2.30	Symphony Hall	Boston
Saturday	Evening	Jan. 31 at 8.15	Symphony Hall	Boston
Monday	Evening	Feb. 2 at 8.30	Mosque Auditorium	Richmond
Tuesday	Afternoon	Feb. 3 at 4.30	Constitution Hall	Washington
Wednesday	Evening	Feb. 4 at 8.30	Lyric Theatre	Baltimore
Thursday	Evening	Feb. 5 at 8.15	Academy of Music	Brooklyn
Friday	Evening	Feb. 6 at 8.30	Carnegie Hall	New York
Saturday	Afternoon	Feb. 7 at 2.30	Carnegie Hall	New York
Tuesday	Afternoon	Feb. 10 at 3.00	Symphony Hall	Boston
Friday	Afternoon	Feb. 13 at 2.30	Symphony Hall	Boston
Saturday	Evening	Feb. 14 at 8.15	Symphony Hall	Boston
Monday	Evening	Feb. 16 at 8.15	Symphony Hall	Boston
Thursday	Evening	Feb. 19 at 8.00	Sanders Theatre	Cambridge
Friday	Afternoon	Feb. 20 at 2.30	Symphony Hall	Boston
Saturday	Evening	Feb. 21 at 8.15	Symphony Hall	Boston
Tuesday	Afternoon	Feb. 24 at 3.00	Symphony Hall	Boston
Friday	Afternoon	Feb. 27 at 2.30	Symphony Hall	Boston
Saturday	Evening	Feb. 28 at 8.15	Symphony Hall	Boston
Tuesday	Evening	Mar. 3 at 8.00	John M. Greene Hall	Northampton
Wednesday	Evening	Mar. 4 at 8.15	Woolsey Hall	New Haven
Thursday	Evening	Mar. 5 at 8.30	Carnegie Hall	New York
Friday	Evening	Mar. 6 at 8.15	Academy of Music	Brooklyn
Saturday	Afternoon	Mar. 7 at 2.30	Carnegie Hall	New York
Tuesday	Afternoon	Mar. 10 at 3.00	Symphony Hall	Boston
Thursday	Evening	Mar. 12 at 8.00	Sanders Theatre	Cambridge
Friday	Afternoon	Mar. 13 at 2.30	Symphony Hall	Boston
Saturday	Evening	Mar. 14 at 8.15	Symphony Hall	Boston
Monday	Evening	Mar. 16 at 8.15	Symphony Hall	Boston
Saturday	Evening	Apr. 18 at 8.15	Symphony Hall	Boston
Tuesday	Afternoon	Apr. 21 at 3.00	Symphony Hall	Boston
Friday	Afternoon	Apr. 24 at 2.30	Symphony Hall	Boston
Saturday	Evening	Apr. 25 at 8.15	Symphony Hall	Boston
Monday	Evening	Apr. 27 at 8.15	Symphony Hall	Boston
Thursday	Evening	Apr. 30 at 8.00	Sanders Theatre	Cambridge
Friday	Afternoon	May 1 at 2.30	Symphony Hall	Boston
Saturday	Evening	May 2 at 8.15	Symphony Hall	Boston

Boston Symphony Orchestra

Fiftieth Anniversary Exhibition

The exhibition includes —

The portrait of Henry L. Higginson by John S. Sargent.

Paintings of the "rush line" by Duane Haley, and the orchestra in rehearsal by Marie D. Page.

Pictures of the Orchestra under various conductors, from its second season.

Pictures of the conductors, guest conductors, and prominent players.

Pictures and autographed letters of composers.

Press books from 1889, and programmes from the earliest days.

Manuscript scores written for the Orchestra's anniversary.

This exhibition is on view in the Huntington Avenue lobby (first balcony).

THE FOLLOWING HAVE ASSISTED IN PERFORMANCES

AMY EVANS,** soprano; MARGARET MATZENAUER, contralto; RICHARD CROOKS,* tenor; FRASER GANGE, bass, in Bach's cantatas Nos. 85 and 20, March 27, 1931, and Nos. 4 and 80, March 28, 1931 (part of the Bach Festival). (Mme. EVANS was first heard here with the orchestra in Bach's Mass in B minor, March 24, 1931.)

MARIE MURRAY, contralto in Lambert's "Rio Grande," April 24, 1931. The BACH CANTATA CLUB, rehearsed by G. WALLACE WOODWORTH, its conductor, sang the choruses in the above-mentioned cantatas of Bach.

The HARVARD GLEE CLUB, DR. DAVISON conductor, and the RADCLIFFE CHORAL SOCIETY, MR. WOODWORTH conductor, sang Hill's "Ode" on October 17, 1930.

The CECILIA SOCIETY, ARTHUR FIEDLER conductor, was the chorus in Stravinsky's "Symphonie de Psaumes,"** December 19, 1930, and February 20, 1931; also in Lambert's "The Rio Grande," April 24, 1931.

Alto voices trained by Mr. FIEDLER sang in Lourié's "Sonate Liturgique" on January 2, 1931. December 19, 1930. JESÚS MARÍA SANROMÁ, pianist. Stravinsky's Capriccio** for piano and orchestra.

February 13, 1931. Mr. SANROMÁ, pianist. Pilati's Suite** for piano and string orchestra; Lambert's "The Rio Grande," April 24, 1931.

March 27, 1931. RICHARD BURGINT† and JULIUS THEODOROWICZ,† violinists. Bach's Concerto for two violins and string orchestra (Bach Festival).

March 28, 1931. ALEXANDER BOROVSKY, piano; RICHARD BURGINT,† violin; GEORGES LAURENT,† flute. Bach's Brandenburg Concerto No. 5 (Bach Festival).

<i>Singers:</i> Soprano, Povla Frijsh	1
Contralto, Margaret Matzenauer	1
Tenor, Richard Crooks*	1
<i>Violinists:</i> Jascha Heifetz, Nathan Milstein**	2
<i>Violoncellist:</i> Gregor Piatigorsky**	1
<i>Clarinetist:</i> Victor Polatschek†**	1
<i>Pianists:</i> Alexander Borovsky, Walter Giesecking, Vladimir Horowitz, Bruce Simonds	4
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	11

WORKS PREVIOUSLY PERFORMED IN BOSTON, PLAYED FOR THE FIRST TIME AT THESE CONCERTS

McKINLEY: Masquerade.

OTHER WORKS PERFORMED IN BOSTON FOR THE FIRST TIME

ALBENIZ-ARBOS: "El Albaicin," "Navarra."

CORELLI-PINELLI: Suite.

ELGAR: Introduction and Allegro for string orchestra, Op. 47.

HADLEY: Suite for orchestra, "Streets of Pekin."

KŘENEK: Little Symphony, Op. 58.

LAMBERT: "The Rio Grande."

LOURIÉ: Sonate Liturgique. (First time in the United States.)

NABOKOV: Symphonie Lyrique. (First time in the United States.)

PILATI: Suite for piano and string orchestra.

STEINERT: Leggenda Sinfonica. (First time in the United States.)

STRAVINSKY: "Symphonie de Psaumes." (First time in the United States.)

THE FOLLOWING ARTISTS HAVE APPEARED AS SOLOISTS THIS SEASON

BOROVSKY, ALEXANDER, pianist (Four Preludes and Fugues from "Well-Tempered Clavichord"), March 28, 1931

CROOKS,* RICHARD, tenor (Mahler's "Lied von der Erde"), December 26, 1930

FRIJSH, POVLA, soprano (Loeffler's "Canticum Fratris Solis"), February 13, 1931

GIESEKING, WALTER, pianist (Beethoven, Concerto No. 5, E-flat major), November 28, 1930. Sketch

HEIFETZ, JASCHA, violinist (Beethoven's Concerto), February 27, 1931. Sketch

HOROWITZ, VLADIMIR, pianist (Tchaikovsky's Concerto, No. 1), March 19, 1931. Sketch

MATZENAUER, MARGARET, contralto (Gluck, "Che farò senza Euridice"; Bruch, "Penelope's Lament"), October 10, 1930 (Mahler's "Lied von der Erde"), December 26, 1930

MILSTEIN,** NATHAN, violinist (Brahms, Concerto), March 13, 1931. Sketch

PIATIGORSKY,** GREGOR (Schumann, Concerto), April 17, 1931. Sketch

POLATSCHEK,†** VICTOR, clarinetist (Mozart's Concerto for clarinet), November 14, 1930. Sketch

SIMONDS, BRUCE, pianist (Mozart's piano concerto, A major) (K. 488)

EXTRA SYMPHONY CONCERTS

Six symphony concerts were given in Symphony Hall on Monday evenings, Dr. Koussevitzky conductor.

1930. November 10. Bach, Two Preludes (arranged for string orchestra by Pick-Mangiagalli); Respighi, Metamorphoseon, Modi XII; Beethoven, Symphony No. 7, A major.

December 15. Dr. Koussevitzky sick; Richard Burgin conducted. Handel, Concerto Grosso for String Orchestra, B minor, No. 12; Mozart, Concerto for violin, No. 5, A major (K. 219) (ANTON WITEK, violinist); Brahms, Symphony No. 2, D major.

1931. January 26. Mozart, Symphony in G minor (K. 550); Mozart, Piano Concerto, D minor (K. 466) (HORTENSE MONATH, pianist); Moussorgsky-Ravel, "Pictures at an Exhibition."

February 16. Elgar, Introduction and Allegro for string orchestra, Op. 47; Stravinsky, Capriccio for piano and orchestra (JESÚS MARÍA SANROMÁ, pianist); Strauss, Symphonía Domestica.

March 16. Beethoven, Overture to "Leonore," No. 3; Berezowsky, Symphony No. 1, Op. 10 (first performance; the composer conductor); Mendelssohn, Violin Concerto (LÉON ZIGHERA, violinist; his first appearance in the United States); Rimsky-Korsakov, Caprice on Spanish Themes.

April 27. Bach, Suite for Orchestra, D major, No. 3, "The Rio Grande," poem by Sacheverell Sitwell, and set for chorus, orchestra, and solo pianoforte by Constant Lambert (CECILIA SOCIETY, trained by ARTHUR FIEDLER); Brahms, Symphony, C minor, No. 1.

Six symphony concerts were given in Symphony Hall on Tuesday afternoons, Dr. Koussevitzky, conductor:

1930. November 25. Bach, Two preludes (arranged for string orchestra by Pick-Mangiagalli); Beethoven, Symphony No. 7, A major; Brahms, Symphony No. 2, D major.

1931. January 6. Wagner, Overture to "Rienzi"; Bacchanale from "Tannhaeuser"; Introduction to Act III of "Lohengrin"; Ride of the Valkyries from "The Valkyrie"; Prelude and Love-Death from "Tristan and Isolde"; Prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg."

February 10. Beethoven: Symphony No. 3, E-flat major, "Eroica"; Piano Concerto No. 4, G major (MYRA HESS, pianist); Overture to Goethe's "Egmont."

February 24. Sibelius, "Finlandia," Symphonic Poem; Sibelius, Symphony No. 7, Op. 105; Tchaikovsky, Symphony No. 4, F minor, Op. 36.

March 10. Mozart, Symphony, G minor (K. 550); Berlioz, Symphonie Fantastique, Op. 16A.

April 21. Chadwick, "Noël" from the "Symphonic Sketches" (in memory of the composer, who died on April 5, 1931); Schumann, Symphony, B-flat major, No. 1; Stravinsky, Capriccio for piano and orchestra (JESÚS MARÍA SANROMÁ, pianist); Strauss, "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks."

PENSION FUND CONCERTS

1930. December 28. Wagner, Overture to "The Flying Dutchman"; Prelude to "Lohengrin"; Stravinsky, Capriccio for piano and orchestra (JESÚS MARÍA SANROMÁ, pianist); Tchaikovsky, Symphony, F minor, No. 4. Dr. Koussevitzky, conductor.

1931. March 29. Bach's Mass in B minor. (AMY EVANS, soprano; MARGARET MATZENAUER, contralto; RICHARD CROOKS, tenor; FRASER GANGE, bass. HARVARD GLEE CLUB and RADCLIFFE CHORAL SOCIETY.) Dr. Koussevitzky, conductor. A repetition of the performance on March 24, the first day of the Bach Festival.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S CONCERTS

1930. November 12-13. Bach, Prelude arranged for string orchestra by Pick-Mangiagalli; Beethoven, Allegretto from Symphony No. 7; Mozart, Adagio from the Concerto for Clarinet (VICTOR POLATSCHEK,† clarinetist); Moussorgsky-Ravel, "Pictures at an Exhibition" (Promenade, Gnome, Tuileries, Bydlo, Promenade, Ballet of the Chicks in their Shells, Samuel Goldenberg and Schmuyle); Borodin, Polovetskian Dances from "Prince Igor." Dr. Koussevitzky and Mr. Burgin, conductors. Explanatory remarks (with lantern slides) by ALFRED H. MEYER.

1931. April 6, 7. Haydn, Symphony, D major (B. & H., No. 10), First Movement; Mendelssohn, scherzo from Incidental Music to "A Midsummer Night's Dream"; Handel-Casadesus, Andante from Concerto (JEAN LEFRANC,† viola solo); Honegger, "Pacific 231"; Rimsky-Korsakov, Caprice on Spanish Themes. Dr. Koussevitzky and Mr. Burgin, conductors. Explanatory remarks (with lantern slides) by ALFRED H. MEYER.

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BACH FESTIVAL

Festival of the music of Johann Sebastian Bach, Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky conductor, given in the Orchestra's 50th season in honor of its founder, Henry L. Higginson. Assisted by HARVARD GLEE CLUB (Dr. ARCHIBALD T. DAVISON, conductor); RADCLIFFE CHORAL SOCIETY (G. WALLACE WOODWORTH, conductor); BACH CANTATA CLUB (Mr. WOODWORTH, conductor); AMY EVANS, soprano; ADELLE ALBERTS, soprano; MARGARET MATZENAUER, contralto; RICHARD CROOKS, tenor; FRASER GANGE, baritone; ALEXANDER BOROVSKY, piano; Mme. PATORNI-CASADESUS, harpsichord; WALLACE GOODRICH, organ; Messrs. BURGIN† and THEODOROWICZ,† solo violins; Messrs. LAURENT,† flute, GILLET,† oboe, SPEYER,† oboe d'amore, DEVERGIE,† oboe d'amore, MAGER,† trumpet, SNOW,† organ. Address on "H. L. Higginson" by BLISS PERRY.

Tuesday, March 24, 4.30 P.M., 8.30 P.M. Mass in B minor.

Wednesday, March 25, 8.30 P.M. Organ: Fantasia in C minor, Adagio from the Toccata in C major, Fugue in C major (Mr. GOODRICH). Address (Mr. PERRY). Harpsichord: Italian Concerto, Fantasia No. 3 in C minor, Gigue in D minor (Mme. PATORNI-CASADESUS). Organ: Choral Prelude, "Schmucke dich, o liebe Seele"; Fugue in G minor (Mr. GOODRICH).

Thursday, March 26, 8.30 P.M. Brandenburg Concerto No. 2, F major (solo violin Mr. BURGIN; flute, Mr. LAURENT; oboe, Mr. GILLET; trumpet, Mr. MAGER). Concerto for piano and orchestra, D minor (Mr. BOROVSKY, pianist). Magnificat.

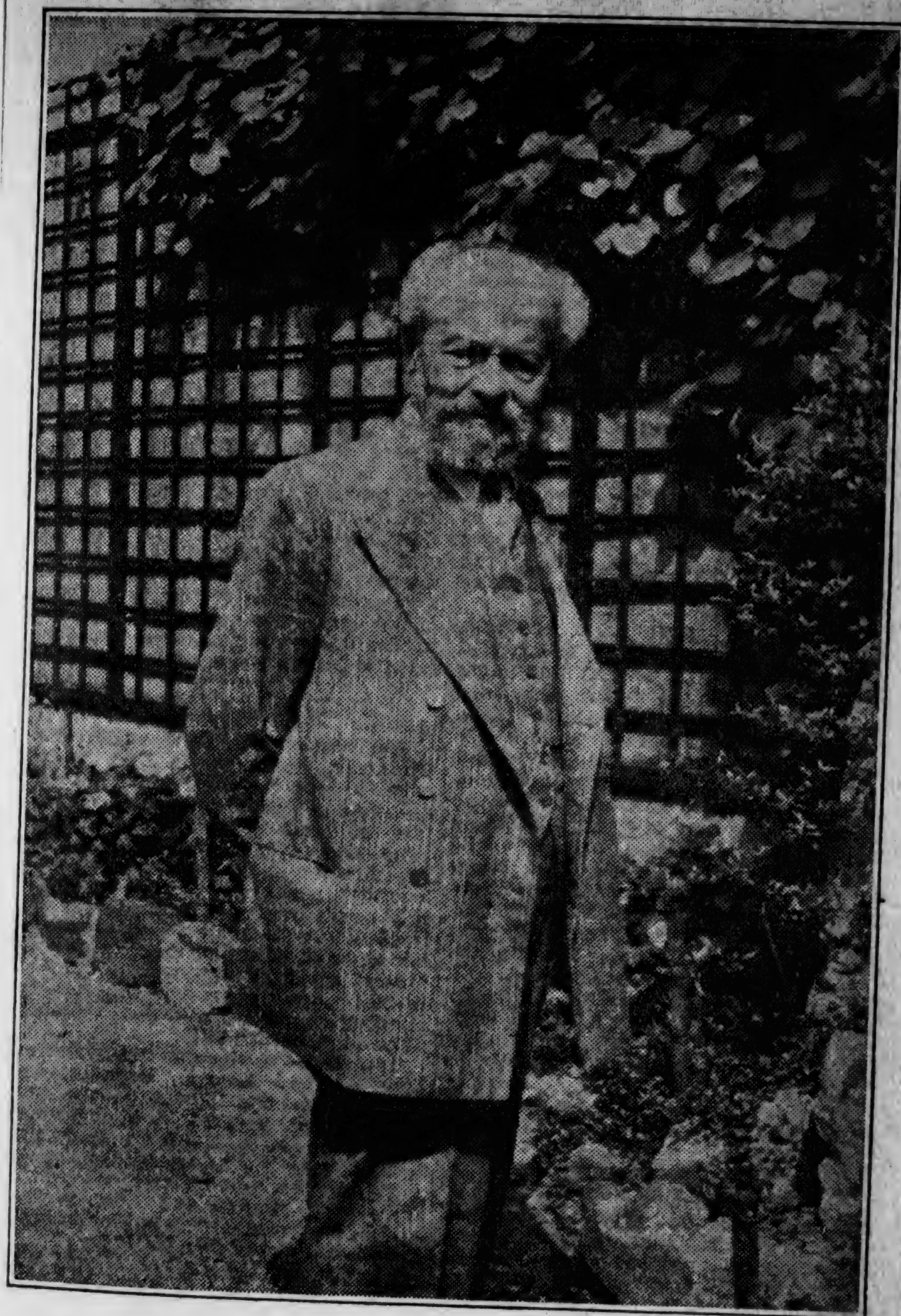
Friday, March 27, 2.30 P.M. (20th Symphony Concert). Suite for orchestra No. 3, D major. Concerto, D minor, for two violins and orchestra (Messrs. BURGIN and THEODOROWICZ). Cantata No. 85, "Ich bin ein Guter Hirt" (sung in German). Cantata No. 20, first half of "O Ewigkeit, du Donnerwort" (sung in German).

Saturday, March 28, 8.15 P.M. (continuation of Symphony Concert No. 20). Easter cantata, "Christ lag in Todesbanden" (sung in English). Brandenburg Concerto No. 5 (solo piano, Mr. BOROVSKY; violin, Mr. BURGIN; flute, Mr. LAURENT). Preludes and Fugues from the "Well-Tempered Clavichord," Book I: Prelude and Fugue, G minor, No. 16; D major, No. 5; B-flat minor, No. 22; C-sharp major, No. 3 (Mr. BOROVSKY, pianist). Cantata No. 80, "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott" (sung in English).

Sunday, March 29, 4.30 and 8.30 P.M. Repetition of Bach's Mass in B minor (in aid of the Orchestra's Pension Fund).

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Eighty—but Still Keen



Sir George Henschel

From a Photograph Privately Taken at His Country House, Alt-na-Criche in the Scottish Highlands

YOUNG PEOPLE'S CONCERTS

1930. November 12-13. Bach, Prelude arranged for string orchestra by Pick-Mangiagalli; Beethoven, Allegretto from Symphony No. 7; Mozart, Adagio from the Concerto for Clarinet (VICTOR POLATSCHEK,† clarinetist); Moussorgsky-Ravel, "Pictures at an Exhibition" (Promenade, Gnome, Tuileries, Bydlo, Promenade, Ballet of the Chicks in their Shells, Samuel Goldenberg and Schmuyle); Borodin, Polovetskian Dances from "Prince Igor." Dr. Koussevitzky and Mr. Burgin, conductors. Explanatory remarks (with lantern slides) by ALFRED H. MEYER.

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Sir George Henschel

From a Photograph Privately Taken at His Country House, Alt-na-Criche in the Scottish Highlands

EARLY on Saturday afternoon, the conductor of the Symphony Orchestra, the president of the trustees, the managerial staff at Symphony Hall, went to meet the first guest of the Jubilee Year. With them was one of the surviving friends of his distant Bostonian day—Arthur Foote, the composer. The guest was Sir George Henschel, arriving at Commonwealth Pier from London and Liverpool, accompanied by his wife and their daughter. The greeters went cheerfully, inasmuch as Providence, a sound constitution and discreet living had preserved the conductor of the first pair of Symphony Concerts in the first season (1881-82) to return to that post, able and eager, for the first pair in the fiftieth (1930-31). They came back well content, having found Sir George less the man of eighty than the date-books will have him than the practicing musician of sixty, alert in body and mind, still keen for fresh and crowning adventure.

Other friends were waiting to escort Sir George to the house where he will be guest during his fortnight in Boston. (Since 1905, when he conducted at a concert for the Pension Fund of the orchestra, he has not revisited the city.) This morning he begins rehearsals at Symphony Hall, to continue daily through Thursday; on Friday and Saturday come the appointed concerts. Not to overtax himself, he will make it a week of work. Next a week of social opportunity; the hearing of the orchestra under Dr. Koussevitzky in music of this immediate day; thereafter, leisurely return to London.

Air-Minded

Early on Saturday evening, in unusual circumstances, the preliminary concert of the new season. Long ago, the Symphony Orchestra promised a contribution to the Tercentenary rites. Last spring, they had hardly begun before Dr. Koussevitzky departed to Paris. Now, they were nearly ended; but there was still room for a radio concert—the first ever undertaken by the orchestra for the air only. Originally, station WEEI was to broadcast it. Quickly the National Broadcasting Company proposed that it be relayed over its circuit—Southern Cities, Middle-Western cities, cities in California and Oregon, twenty-nine in all.

Symphony Hall readily agreed. Through an hour and a half, on this first Saturday of the Jubilee Year, it would be the seat of a national orchestra. The program, however, kept Bostonian quality: the longer half to three resident and living composers—Foote of the Suite that at each repetition brings fresh pleasure; Hill of "Lilacs" (after Amy Lowell's like-named verses); Loeffler, with "Pagan Poem"; the shorter half to two modern classics—Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun" and Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel."

All five are in the "active repertory"; but they were as carefully prepared as though the subscribers of Boston and New York awaited them. Dr. Koussevitzky does not "condescend" to a "radio audience."

Visible and Invisible

The circumstances, however, were different. At first, there were to be no guests at Symphony Hall. By itself the orchestra was to play for its invisible hearers through two microphones, suspended a third of the way down the auditorium. A visible audience had uses in that long tunnel. It might, as they used to say in wartime, stimulate morale. The conductor suggested that the families of the players be invited, along with a few friends of the orchestra. All told, they might have made a hundred-odd, seated just back of the broad cross-aisle. Of course, they were bidden, more than once, not to applaud. They took the command so urgently that they were the stillest audience yet known to Symphony Hall. They stirred neither hand nor foot; they almost breathed short. Not a coat or a skirt rustled. Through an hour and a half no cough, suppressed or unsuppressed, disturbed the musical peace. It can be done.

The orchestra was in usual place, but clothed as the subscribing public never sees it. One and all wore the jackets of rehearsal; while summer gray was as permissible as autumn black. Nor—if the faithful reporter is to tell the whole truth—did they sit the chairs with quite the dignity proper to Friday afternoons and to Saturday or Monday evenings. To every man his congenial position. The old hands noted also that the piano of "Pagan Poem" was now set at the left and in front of the orchestra; the celesta of other numbers moved equally forward. "Radio transmission" doubtless. These old hands further observed that, conducting to an "invisible audience," Dr. Koussevitzky used the same gestures to which he has accustomed his visible and watchful listeners. They are not mannerisms nor are they made "for effect." They are the conductor's natural expression of the music and himself upon the orchestra. (Memorandum: However much pianists and violinists may cultivate the short jacket for matinees, a long coat is essential to the conductor's "line.")

When there is no "visible audience," a symphony orchestra may tune its instruments on the stage—in these days rare experience in any concert-hall. When five numbers, two or three of appreciable length, must be crowded into ninety minutes—and not a moment over—it must also play virtually without pause. Add two speeches, though of the briefest, and not a second must be wasted. The Announcer's foot was on the step to the stage-microphone, as the last phrase of the orchestra sounded. Dr. Koussevitzky dropped his baton; spun

on his heel; faced it manuscript in hand—all in a single motion. Accustomed to signify the pleasure of the court, Judge Cabot now stood by the stage waiting the pleasure of the Announcer. A radio world indeed; but one in which that same Announcer did himself credit by the reticence and the good taste of his introductory sentences. Neither the scandalous life and works of the inexhaustible Eulenspiegel, nor the Vergilian Eclogue behind Mr. Loeffler's tone-poem, nor even the "experiences"—as he chastely named them—of Mallarmé's and Debussy's "Faun" tempted him to overdo.

Speeches, But Brief

Said Dr. Koussevitzky for first interlude:

I am happy that my first speech on the radio is to welcome the Tercentenary of the State of Massachusetts. Today the Boston Symphony Orchestra takes part in your celebrations. We congratulate you on your great achievements during these three hundred years. Massachusetts possesses immense intellectual treasures: Harvard University, known as the most important center of culture and enlightenment; the Boston Symphony Orchestra, considered to be the leading orchestra of the whole musical world; a great number of first-class writers, painters, sculptors and composers of whom you may be proud—not only you people of Massachusetts but all the citizens of the United States.

Let me welcome you again, in the name of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and express our wish that the cultural life of Massachusetts always remains in the first rank, as it has been up to this day.

Said Judge Cabot when his moment came:

Fittingly, as part of the observance of Massachusetts's three hundredth anniversary, it is made possible for the people of Massachusetts and of our Nation to hear the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The early settlers set great store by the spoken word. They listened eagerly to exhortations expounding the ways of the spirit. Through their hearing, their imaginations were stirred. The first minister of Salem, the Reverend Francis Higginson, was a man of courage, patriotism and faith, giving all that he had to love of his people. It is well said that "he who dedicates his life to the beauty of holiness is not far from the sight of all beauty."

His direct descendant, Henry Lee Higginson, in the beginning of the last fifty-year period of the past 300 years, founded the Boston Symphony Orchestra, because, as he said, music was his inner world which he enjoyed in the depths of his soul as nothing else and he wished to make

possible for others this great happiness. His characteristics, too, were courage, patriotism, friendship. He had faith that the great musical compositions could be produced by artists playing each year ever more perfectly under an interpreting master, so that the listeners would go forth rejoicing and live their lives refreshed.

What began thus in Boston has marvellously widened, extending today to countless numbers throughout the land. Yet the greatest happiness comes from listening in the presence of the artists themselves. Fittingly, therefore, in this fiftieth year of its assembly, this orchestra will hold a festival in the nation's capital and there in December, during four days, it will play the symphonies of Beethoven.

May each succeeding fifty years add to the orchestra's excellence and lasting significance in the life of Massachusetts and of the nation.

Reviewer's Epilogue

The purpose of this article is descriptive, not critical; but it would be at fault as record did it fail to note the quality of the orchestra. After three rehearsals it was unmistakably itself—in the vitalizing energy of its tone; the sensuous richness, the luminous texture, the instant plasticity. At call it gave back vigor or subtlety; its ear for euphony was unfailing; its technical prowess, the means to the musical end. For each composer and each music, it found the individualizing, intensifying voice. As for the chosen numbers, the "radio ear" may be this, that or the other; but it must have caught something of the poetizing and jewelling Debussy; of the keen-witted and keen-voiced Strauss. The grace and the fancy of Mr. Foote's Suite could not have escaped it, though it may have missed the fineness of his composing fingers. It must have felt the spring air blowing through Mr. Hill's "Lilacs," the note of reverie upon which it begins and ends—the New Englander musing over his own countryside. And which of us at first hearing, twenty-odd years ago, absorbed every spell of Mr. Loeffler's "Pagan Poem"? After all they have made and still make music in New England. Not yet is Euterpe chained "exclusively" in the market place of Manhattan.

As for the radio "up against" symphonic music from an orchestra of the first rank, the young Suzanne shall be spokeswoman. Her years are eleven and she listened on Saturday to Foote, Hill and Loeffler in the concert hall; to Debussy and Strauss off a neighboring set. "But, father," she said, as the last measures of "The Afternoon of a Faun" sounded, "there's something between." There is—machinery. H. T. P.

1930-31
A CONCERT GIVEN FOR THE RELIEF
OF SUFFERERS FROM THE RECENT DISASTER
IN HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA

BY

Hellie Melba
Fritz Kreisler
Dr. Karl Muck

AND THE
BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

AT

SYMPHONY HALL, BOSTON
SUNDAY AFTERNOON, DECEMBER 16, 1917

Upper Left—Autographed Program
of One of the Notable Concerts of
the Symphony Orchestra when
Disaster Came Upon a Neighbor-
ing Community



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Tickets for

William F. Apthorp Recalls and Judges The Beginnings of George Henschel And the Symphony Orchestra

THURSDAY, March 3, 1881, is a memorable date in Boston musical annals, although it may be doubted whether more than one person suspected it at the time. On the afternoon of that day came the eighth, and last, of the sixteenth season of symphony concerts given in the Music Hall by the Harvard Musical Association, an affair which surely no one in those days—with the possible exception of John Sullivan Dwight—regarded as an "event." The fifth number on the program was: Henschel: Concert Overture (MS. 1870), first time. This was conducted by the composer in person; and hereby hangs the tale.

The Harvard Musical Association's symphony concerts, begun in December, 1865, and immensely successful at first, had been for some years dragging out a rather neglected and financially feeble existence; and there seemed little chance of anything turning up to check their decline. Most people who cared to think about the matter at all thought our local musical conditions in a discouragingly bad way; for very few knew that, for several years, there had been a man in Boston with a whole new scheme of symphony concerts fully matured in his head and ready to subsidize them out of his own pocket; and, of these few, only one or two had any inkling of who the man was. But he was there, waiting patiently for but one thing to enable him to make his scheme a fact. This man, as all Boston soon found out, was Henry L. Higginson. The whole plan was his conception, and like Colonel Sellers, he was only waiting for a "missing ingredient," for an orchestral conductor in whom he should have sufficient confidence to warrant his taking the first practical step. And it was the H. M. A. symphony concert of March 3, 1881, that at last brought this "missing ingredient" to his appreciative notice.



Miss Lillian Bailey, the admirable young soprano, had recently returned from Europe for a concert tour in this country, bringing in her train her London teacher, Mr. George Henschel, the baritone, who soon afterwards married her. Both sang at the concert in question, which billed a quite unusual array of solo performers; for, beside the two artists already named singing solos and a duet, Dr. Louis Maas played a pianoforte concerto of his own. There were only three purely orchestral numbers on the program, one of which was Mr. Henschel's overture; and the H. M. A. concert-com-

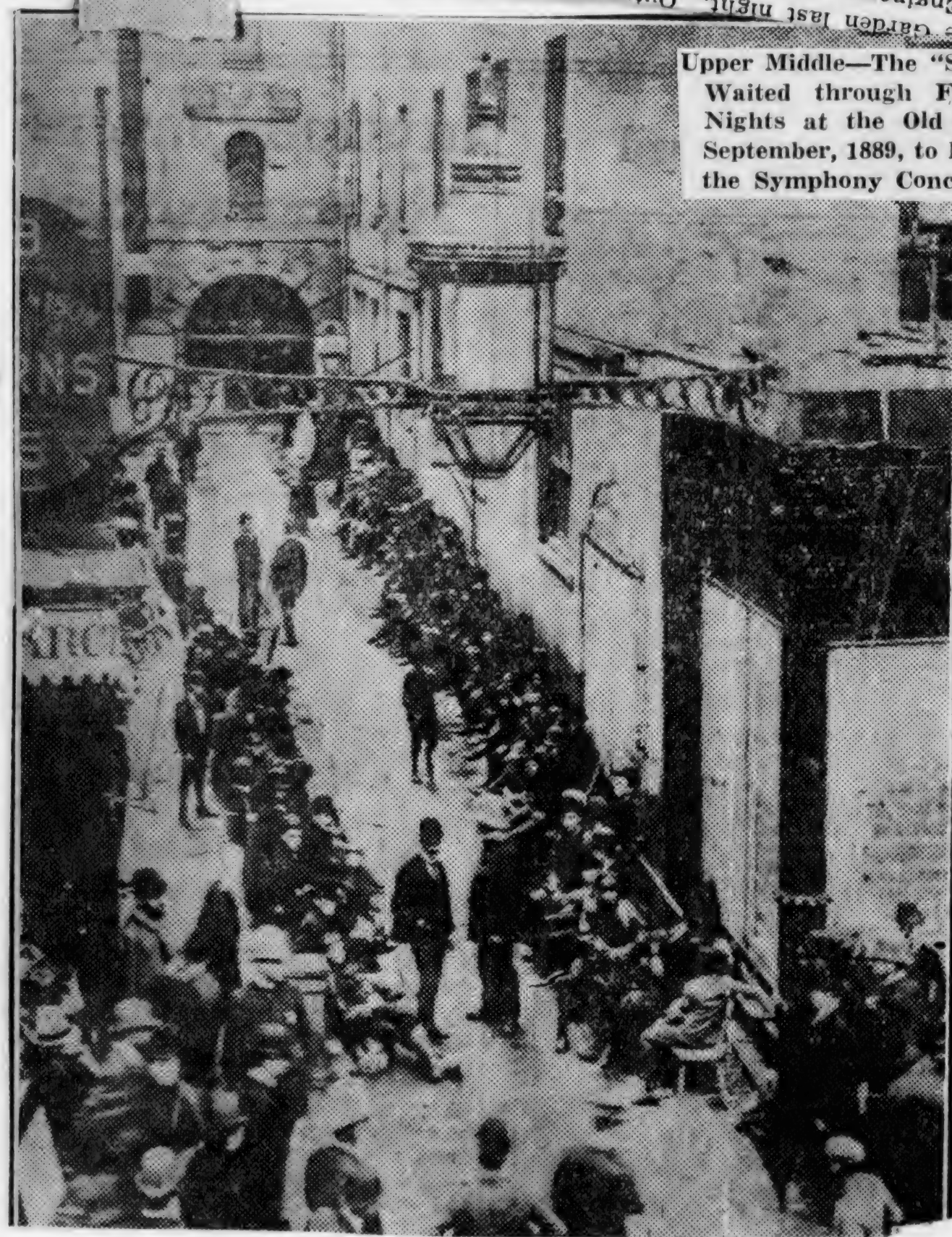
mittee had willingly granted his request to be allowed to conduct it himself. The result was an overwhelming "Veni, vidi, vici" success. It may even be said that the quality of the composition itself was well-nigh lost sight of in the general enthusiasm for the vigor, power and effectiveness of the performance. Here seemed to be a man who held an orchestra in the very hollow of his hand, and could make it do what he list! Mr. Higginson, who was in the audience, may be fancied as breathing a soft, but heartfelt, "Eureka!"

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Upper Middle—The "Seat Line" that Waited through Five Days and Nights at the Old Music Hall in September, 1889, to Buy Tickets for the Symphony Concerts

Boys' four-piece suits
sized 8 to 16; were \$25
coat, vest, two knicker
\$16.50 to \$30 now!

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1930-31

last night's score would have been
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dustly still to be developed. Against
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William F. Apthorp Recalls and Judges The Beginnings of George Henschel And the Symphony Orchestra

THURSDAY, March 3, 1881, is a memorable date in Boston musical annals, although it may be doubted whether more than one person suspected it at the time. On the afternoon of that day came the eighth, and last, of the sixteenth season of symphony concerts given in the Music Hall by the Harvard Musical Association, an affair which surely no one in those days—with the possible exception of John Sullivan Dwight—regarded as an "event." The fifth number on the program was:

Henschel: Concert Overture (MS. 1870), first time
This was conducted by the composer in person; and hereby hangs the tale.

The Harvard Musical Association's symphony concerts, begun in December, 1865, and immensely successful at first, had been for some years dragging out a rather neglected and financially feeble existence; and there seemed little chance of anything turning up to check their decline. Most people who cared to think about the matter at all thought our local musical conditions in a discouragingly bad way; for very few knew that, for several years, there had been a man in Boston with a whole new scheme of symphony concerts fully matured in his head and ready to subsidize them out of his own pocket; and, of these few, only one or two had any inkling of who the man was. But he was there, waiting patiently for but one thing to enable him to make his scheme a fact. This man, as all Boston soon found out, was Henry L. Higginson. The whole plan was his conception, and like Colonel Sellers, he was only waiting for a "missing ingredient," for an orchestral conductor in whom he should have sufficient confidence to warrant his taking the first practical step. And it was the H. M. A. symphony concert of March 3, 1881, that at last brought this "missing ingredient" to his appreciative notice.

Miss Lillian Bailey, the admirable young soprano, had recently returned from Europe for a concert tour in this country, bringing in her train her London teacher, Mr. George Henschel, the baritone, who soon afterwards married her. Both sang at the concert in question, which billed a quite unusual array of solo performers; for, beside the two artists already named singing solos and a duet, Dr. Louis Maas played a pianoforte concerto of his own. There were only three purely orchestral numbers on the program, one of which was Mr. Henschel's overture; and the H. M. A. concert-com-

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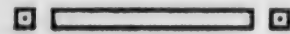
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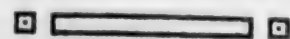
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settled upon after my return to Boston. I engaged the members of the orchestra, selecting them, at Mr. Higginson's very wise suggestion, as nearly as possible from those of the old Harvard Society, and among other local players, so as not to arouse too much opposition." [To resume with Mr. Apthorp.] The opening concert was given in the following fall, in the Music Hall, on Saturday evening, Oct. 22, 1881. [There had been a "public rehearsal" on Friday afternoon.]



And Mr. Henschel? Well, the Sunday and Monday papers were of various opinions about his conducting; there was certainly no unanimous praise. A good deal of fault was found, in some quarters, with his manner, which was undeniably and even somewhat robustly dramatic. Still his conducting did, in some way, seem to warrant Mr. Higginson's high expectations of him. His command of the orchestra seemed as sure, and, as the phrase goes, "magnetic" as at the H. M. A. concert of the preceding spring; the performance was throughout vigorous, fiery, and exciting; in Haydn's symphony even rather excessively strenuous. It was, however, a disappointment to find Mr. Henschel's command over the orchestra decidedly more secure than his command over himself; he hurried rapid tempi inordinately, and the playing of the symphony smacked more of Berlioz, or Verdi, than of good Papa Haydn. But this might well have been the effect of the natural nervousness attending a first official appearance. There seemed to be no cause for discouragement, for the "magnetic" quality was still clearly there.

But the second concert made us stare! What had happened in the interval? I, for one, have never been able to answer this question fully to my own satisfaction. If what was adverse in the criticism of his conducting at the first concert had affected Mr. Henschel, one could not but wonder at a man of so pronounced a personality being so thin-skinned and flinching. But somehow he did seem cowed; not only had he quite put off his robustious manner, but, with it, all his mastery. What the real reason was is, as I have said, problematical; the fact remains that, after the opening concert, Mr. Henschel lost his grip—and never regained it! Of course a man of his talent, genius, and musicianship could not go on conducting an orchestra for three years (this was the term of his engagements) without learning something of his trade; but the old magic of his conducting, which he had twice brilliantly displayed, was irrevocably gone.



The truth is—and at this distance of time we can, as the Germans say, pour pure wine over it—that the choice of Mr. Henschel as conductor was made without due circumspection. For not only is a composer's conducting of his own composition, in general, a ticklish criterion of

of the Symphony Orchestra, the Handel and Haydn found itself forced to draw upon nearly the whole of its guaranty fund. It never gave another triennial!

Of course this aspect of the Symphony Orchestra's success called forth no little grumbling; people were not wanting who called the new organization "our musical dog in the manger." Proverbial expressions, like "Live and let live," were worked pretty hard. But this all-absorbing quality was really part and parcel of those new conditions at which I have already hinted. Some well-qualified judges thought these conditions intrinsically regrettable; for they certainly put an end to the musical autonomy of Boston, to our relying upon our own resources alone. I think, however, that it is quite idle to discuss this point; for I can not but hold these conditions, whether good or bad, to have been practically inevitable, and their growth fully in accordance with the nature of things. . . .

This is quite enough to indicate my line of argument. To cut short a long and tedious discussion, let me ask two simple questions: Where would Boston now be in the general musical race if she had continued to rely on her own resources ever since 1911? And how many of us would be satisfied with her position? Moreover, if some of us be still inclined to lament our loss of musical autonomy, let us reflect that Boston does not by any means stand alone in this respect, but that her situation is that of every other prominent musical city in the world—New York at the head of them! Boston has grown to be a great and recognized musical center; and as musical center nowadays relies exclusively upon its own resources, not even Paris—though Paris comes nearest to doing it. What a city cannot do for and by itself, it has to pay others to do for it. My friends, we must swim with the current; stemming it is out of the question. Furthermore, an old-fashioned naphtha launch cannot race with a modern motor boat.

But to return: with and in spite of all that has been said of Mr. Henschel, it should not be forgotten that he was an exceedingly cultivated musician and a man of genius. Such a man must needs, in one way or another, exert a good influence. As a program-maker, Boston has seldom seen his equal; he had quite peculiar tact and insight in this matter. The programs for the three years of his conductorship may not look very enticing now; but ah! if there is anything that makes an old stager feelingly aware of the flight of time it is the perusal of programs from the past. It seems now as if the years from 1881 to 1884 could hardly have come within a very brilliant period of musical production; for, of the twenty novelties of the important sort brought out ("first time") by Henschel, barely two or three remain on the active list today. Cowen's "Scandinavian" Symphony (given on Jan. 27, 1883) may still be played occasionally in England, but hardly elsewhere. What do we now know

his ability in that line, but it was perfectly well known that Mr. Henschel was very nearly a complete tyro in the art. He may have conducted a thing or two in his life before coming to America, but he had never held a position as orchestral conductor anywhere. Betting on his technical skill was, to say the least, risky. And Mr. Higginson could not have been long in realizing that, instead of putting his finger upon the conductor whose coming he had so long awaited, he was (in plain English) paying Mr. Henschel a high salary, in those days, for learning his trade in public. No doubt, on the other hand, Mr. Henschel had no easy time of it, with the critical hornet's nest he raised about his ears; but then, what could he expect?

[Again, with apology to Mr. Apthorp beyond The Styx, the successor risks another intercalation—from an article written for The Transcript in September, 1911, by H. E. Krehbiel of the New York Tribune, recounting the early fortunes in that city of the orchestra. In the course of it is a paragraph in which Mr. Henschel confesses to an apprenticeship.]

"What the orchestra was in its first lustrum," wrote Mr. Krehbiel, "New York was not permitted to learn, and the activities of Mr. Henschel do not come legitimately into this desultory review. But perhaps I may contribute a mite to the history of that early period. In the early summer of 1884 or 1885 I spent an afternoon with Mr. Henschel at the home of one of his friends in a beautiful old house overlooking the Hudson. We talked of music, of course, and I asked questions concerning Major Higginson's undertaking. Mr. Henschel was enthusiastic in praise, but laid stress not on what he had done for the orchestra, but what the orchestra had done for him. 'I had little or no experience in conducting when I took the appointment,' he said, 'and shall never forget what it did for me. I learned more in six months in Boston than I could have learned in as many years in Germany.'"

Twenty concerts and twenty public rehearsals made up the first season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra (1881-82). The younger generation of today (1911) should know that the organization, in its first few years, was by no means what it grew to be afterwards. Its material, derived largely from the old orchestra of the Harvard Musical Association, was not entirely of the best; for the quality of that older band has been pretty accurately indicated by a talented visiting French violinist, Ovide Musin, when he spoke of it as "a fortuitous aggregation of heterogeneous elements." That H. M. A. Orchestra was, in the full sense of the term, a "scratch team"; and most of its material was taken into the new organization. Still it should not be forgotten that the new orchestra was considerably larger than its predecessor, and the added

material was, for the most part, of better quality, in some cases extremely good.

Thus the Boston Symphony Orchestra had, from the first, some elements of superiority over its predecessor of the Harvard Musical Association. First and foremost of these was its being really a fixed and definite organization, the players having (or being supposed to have) nothing to do but rehearse and play under one conductor, without frittering away their energies, or losing their esprit de corps, by filling haphazard engagements outside. Other good items were the greater time it could spend on rehearsals, its superior numerical force, and at least a sprinkling of better material. That its playing still left a good deal to be desired, judged by a high standard, need hardly be said. Yet it may be doubted how much acrimonious criticism its shortcomings would have called forth, from press or public, had the playing of the old H.M.A. orchestra been all we had to compare it with; but, fortunately or unfortunately, this was not the case.

For some years previous, the flying visits of Theodore Thomas's New York Orchestra, unquestionably one of the finest in the world at the time, had given us striking practical examples of absolutely superb orchestral performance; and, considering the expectations raised by the founding of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, it was not unnatural that people should compare it with Thomas's, instead of with its older resident forerunner. Neither was it unnatural, though not entirely just, that most of this adverse criticism, should fall to the lot of Mr. Henschel himself. His conductorship was no bed of roses.

The material success of the Symphony Concerts, in the way of drawing large audiences, was, however, indisputable from the first and it has never waned since. In the second season (1882-83) the number of concerts and public rehearsal was raised to twenty-six each; it was not until the third season that the number was permanently fixed at twenty-four. And, looking back upon the matter from a distance of thirty years, I think one can say quite distinctly that this material success of the enterprise was in the beginning and for some time after, the most noteworthy item in the whole business. One very striking new element, directly connected therewith, was not long in making itself felt—the enormous swath the Symphony Concerts cut, the unprecedentedly large place they filled in the musical life of the city. This was to be recognized as the beginning of essentially new conditions. Indeed, the founding of the Boston Symphony Orchestra has often been accepted as the transition from the old to the new musical Boston; and this is, to a certain extent correct. Barring occasional visits from Theodore Thomas, we had theretofore relied wholly upon our own resources in the matters of conductor and orchestra,

but now an era of importation began. Mr. Henschel was the first of a long line of imported conductors. And the importing system, once begun, flourished wonderfully!

I have spoken of the swath the Symphony Concerts cut. Good earnest of this is the fact that, with the exception of the choral clubs—the Apollo, the Cecilia and the Boylston Club, which could hardly be called concert-giving organizations for the general public, as their audiences were made up exclusively of subscribing members, and no tickets to their concerts were publicly sold—everything else of the musical sort in the city suffered. The Harvard Musical Association gave only one more season of concerts (in the Boston Museum, ending on March 9, 1882); but this was natural enough. Resident artists who had for years been giving successful recitals or chamber-concerts suddenly found their audiences dwindling away; neither did distinguished visiting singers or players have a very good time of it.

Probably the most notable instance of all was the Handel and Haydn Society. This organization, in addition to its regular performances of oratorios, had, for some time past, been giving triennial festivals, of a week's duration; it had been in the habit of applying to rich music-lovers in the city to subscribe to a "guaranty fund" for each festival, but had been so successful financially as never to have had to draw upon it; the triennial festivals had paid their own way and even made money. But, for the one given shortly after the establishment

of Volkmann's Second Symphony in B-flat major (Dec. 22, 1883), or Raff's "Winter" Symphony, No. 11, in A (Jan. 19, 1884)? Joachim Raff was a much-discussed man then, and a new work of his was looked forward to with interest. Eheu, fugaces! If I mention Brahms's "Tragic Overture," George W. Chadwick's "Thalia," Bizet's "Roma," and the Prelude to Wagner's "Parsifal," I think I give all of Mr. Henschel's "novelties" that have held their own down to our time. Yet I have still to speak of the most thrilling of all (most thrilling then!) Dvorák's first Symphony, in D major (Oct. 27, 1883). The work is dead as a door-nail now, but made our hearts beat when we first heard it! The opening phrase may still be acknowledged as one of the most superb in all orchestral writing; but, as one got to know the symphony better, one began to see that that lordly phrase was about all there was in it. And one phrase cannot keep a whole symphony alive.

One element in Mr. Henschel's programmes was very welcome to audiences at the time, though it has lapsed almost completely from the "serious" concert repertory since; light French and German overtures—to Herold's "Zampa," Nicolai's "Merry Wives of Windsor," Auber's "Lac des Fées," and several others. Such things have quite naturally fallen out of line, for I doubt if anybody but a few of us older ones would enjoy them today; they have even stopped getting more than prefatory applause at The Pops. Tempus edax rerum has swallowed few of his children more thoroughly than the old French Opéra-Comique and German Singspiel repertories!

On Sept. 30, 1911, Mr. W. F. Apthorp, the revisiting the city which had known him as reviewer and man of letters, host and biographer, contributed to The Transcript an article about the early days of the Symphony Orchestra under Henschel and Gericke. It was printed to mark the beginning of the orchestra's thirtieth year. With minor omissions, so much as related to Mr. Henschel's term, reappears above.



Georg Henschel, the first conductor of the Boston Symphony orchestra in 1881.

Oct 5, 1930

By PHILIP HALE

The 50th season of the Boston Symphony orchestra will open next Friday afternoon, when the concert will have a sentimental interest. Sir George Henschel, the first conductor of the orchestra, will then present the program, with one exception, that he prepared for the first concert on Oct. 22, 1881: Beethoven, "Consecration of the House"; Gluck, "Che faro senza Eurydice" from "Orfeo ed Eurydice"; Haydn, Symphony, B flat (B. & H. No. 12); Schubert, ballet music from "Rosamunde"; Bruch, Penelope's Lament; but instead of Weber's festival overture, Sir George, for some unknown reason, will conduct the prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg"; Annie Louise Cary was the singer at the first concert; Mme. Matzenauer will sing next Friday.

In the late seventies Mr. H. L. Higginson was planning the establishment of a permanent orchestra. The time of the players for "careful training" and for the 20 concerts each season was to be engaged in advance. But who was to be the conductor?

Isidor Georg Henschel, born at Breslau on Feb. 18, 1850, came with his betrothed, Lillian Bailey, to Boston in 1880 for a concert tour in the United States. He was then known and applauded in Europe as a singer. He had sung in England with Miss Bailey, having been one of her teachers. Their first appearance in Boston was at a concert in the Old Bay State Course on Nov. 1, 1880.

On March 3, 1881, an Overture (ms.) by Mr. Henschel was performed for the first time at a concert of the Harvard Musical Association. Mr. Henschel was invited to conduct his overture. Mr. Higginson was in the audience, which was pleased by the vigor of the performance. The newspapers of Boston in April, 1881, published his plan for the new concerts. He then named Mr. Henschel as the conductor. Now Mr. Henschel had had no experience in Europe in training an orchestra or in the interpretation of orchestral works.

Any one can learn by consulting the newspapers published during the three years of Mr. Henschel's conductorship that the concerts were often bitterly criticised; that criticism of the conductor was often savage. Mr. Henschel had no easy time of it. Even his friend Mr. Apthorp, writing to the Evening Transcript in 1911, about the early years, said that the choice of the conductor was made "without due circumspection"; that Mr. Higginson was "in plain English paying Mr. Henschel a high salary for those days, for learning his trade in public." It should not be forgotten that there were "unfortunate elements" in the orchestra. Bernhard Listemann, the concert master, a remarkable violinist in certain ways, and a sound musician, was a nervous, high-strung man, constitutionally unfit for the position. He was wont to hurry the tempo; he insisted on playing the music in his own way; without the intention of usurping the conductor's throne, he could not follow any conductor. Then there were intrigues against Mr. Henschel in the orchestra and out of it.

Mr. Henschel's programs were generally well arranged and interesting—in those years. How many of the "novelties" in 1882-84 are heard today? Who is now familiar with Cowen's "Scandinavian" symphony, Volkmann's symphony No. 2, Raff's "Winter" symphony, Dvorak's symphony No. 1? The

conductor did not refuse a hearing to light overtures, as Auber's "Lac des Fees," Herold's "Zampa," Nicolai's "Merry Wives of Windsor." There should be room today during a season for a light and joyous overture, a waltz by Strauss, ballet music by Goldmark, Rubinstein, Gounod, Massenet, Delibes. Too much of the ballet music written today and performed at the Symphony concerts, is sour and laboriously contrived.

The experience thus gained by Mr. Henschel—he was knighted in 1914—no doubt profited him when he returned to England. Even while he was busy as a singer and teacher of singing he established in 1886 the London Symphony Concerts, a feature of that city's musical life for 11 years. He revived forgotten works, and brought out many that were unknown. In 1893-95 he conducted the Scottish Orchestra in Glasgow. Though he gave his farewell song recital at London in April 1914, he has appeared occasionally in recent years as orchestral conductor and as singer.

In December, 1902, at a concert of the Cecilia Society he conducted his "Requiem," composed in memory of his wife. His daughter Helen then sang the music for the soprano. His first wife had died at London in 1901.

Dr. Koussevitzky will first appear at the concerts on Oct. 17 and 18, to conduct an ode for orchestra and chorus, written for the orchestra's anniversary by Edward Burlingame Hill. The text is by Robert Hillyer. This will be the first of a list of new scores which have been especially composed for the orchestra's jubilee year by foremost composers. They include a "Symphonie de Psaumes" by Stravinsky; also symphonies by Roussel, Honnegger, Prokofieff and Hill. There will be a symphonic ode by Copland, and shorter pieces by Ravel, Dukas, Hindemith and Sibelius; also a piano concerto by Bax. The Russian composers Lourie, Nabokoff and Trebinsky and the French composer Ferroud will also be represented. This music will be performed in the course of the regular concerts.

Other features of the season will be a Beethoven festival, to be given in Washington, D. C., through the first week of December, and a Bach festival to be given in Boston next spring in memory of Henry L. Higginson.

Opening This Afternoon in Symphony Hall of Its Rare Collection of Memorabilia

At the intermission in the Symphony Concert this afternoon so many of the audience as wander the corridors will discover a strange, new thing in Symphony Hall—a memorial exhibition. It is hung upon the walls and distributed through cases in the rectangular room on the back of the first balcony along Huntington Avenue. There, during The Pops, one may eat or, if one has the taste for them, absorb the sugary drinks of intemperate prohibition. Now the room wears another aspect. It is brightly lighted; there is space in which to walk about; while all around, to suit this jubilee year, are memorabilia from public and private collections, from the archives of Symphony Hall itself, to recall the fifty seasons that the Boston Symphony Orchestra is now celebrating.

Three paintings first catch the observing eye. In the center of one of the long walls, as in place of honor, hangs Sargent's portrait of Henry Lee Higginson, founder of the orchestra in 1881, sustainer of it thenceforth through 1916-17. Harvard University lent it to be focal point of the memorial exhibition. Not far away is the little known picture by

Marie Danforth Page of the orchestra at rehearsal in this Koussevitzkian day. The conductor, in characteristic motion, may be discovered in a tan-colored pull-over, his morning jacket flung aside at the edge of his little platform. Under close inspection, not a few members of the orchestra are recognizable. The other painting is more familiar—Duane Haley's picture of the waiters for the "rush seats" before the portico of Symphony Hall in the bright sunlight of a wintry morning. Needless to say, most of them are feminine. Hence in frocks and hats, color.

Around the Walls

These three noted, the visitor may begin a tour of the four walls. Turning to the left, he sees newspaper-pages assembling photographs of the ancient instruments in the Casadesus Collection down the corridor. Or stringing together figures from the weekly pursuers of those same "rush seats." Next he encounters three familiar drawings—each characteristic—of Mr. Higginson. Then follow programs of the concert that opened the old Music Hall, down town, on Nov. 20, 1852, and the new Symphony Hall, up town, on Oct. 15, 1900. (Mr. Gericke conducting; "a report" from Mr. Higginson.) Further on, hang a photograph of the interior of the old Music Hall; another, reproduced on this page, of the "seat line" that, in September of 1889, waited

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through five days and five nights to be first comers at the ticket-window. The subsequent auctions indoors had not yet begun.

Next the inevitable array of photographs of the successive conductors: Henschel; Gerike, in both his terms; Nikisch; Paur; Muck variously; Fiedler; Rabaud; Monteux—a capital likeness; Koussevitzky. Along with them, their several orchestras on the stage assembled from the earliest times to the present day. Mr. Gerike and his men may be observed in the old Music Hall, fringed by a meagre chorus. Or Dr. Muck stands before the far larger forces joined together for his performance of Bach's "Matthew Passion." Or Dr. Koussevitzky presents Dr. Davison, Mr. Woodworth and their Harvard-Radcliffe choirs to the audience at the end of the Beethoven Festival. Interlude is a photograph of the orchestra at ease on railroad tracks, its special train in the background, when it journeyed in 1915 to San Francisco for a series of concerts at the Panama-Pacific Exhibition.

Then digression. From the collection of Boaz Piller, bassoonist of the band, comes an amusing collection of German colored prints of orchestral players and their instruments, done in semi-caricature. From them we learn that "lady-harpists," as the polite English call them, are no recent addition to the orchestral ranks; that Mephistopheles, at will or need, could play upon the flute; while, beside him, a fat and saintly friar rumbles through the tuba.

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H. T. P.

FIFTIETH SEASON, NINETEEN HUNDRED THIRTY AND THIRTY-ONE

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SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 11, at 8.15 o'clock

SIR GEORGE HENSCHEL

(Conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra 1881-1884)

will conduct these concerts

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| Gluck | Recitative and Air, "Che farò senza Eurydice" from "Orfeo ed Eurydice" |
| Haydn | Symphony in B-flat (B. & H. No. 12) |
| | I. Largo: Allegro vivace. |
| | II. Adagio. |
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| Bruch | Recitative and Aria, "Thou far-darting Sun" ("Penelope's Sorrow") from "Odysseus" |
| Wagner | Prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg" |

SOLOIST

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There will be an intermission after the symphony

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through five days and five nights to be first comers at the ticket-window. The subsequent auctions indoors had not yet begun.

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MARGARET MATZENAUER
Prima-Donna Contralto
Metropolitan Opera Company

Symphony's First Conductor Vigorous in His Old Role

Sir George Henschel Leads Famous Orchestra
Again and Receives Scores of Old Friends

At Close of a Stirring Afternoon

Herald Oct. 11, 1930

The concert was over. The conductor had finished leading the huge Boston Symphony orchestra in the final number, "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg."

Without eyeglasses, without faltering, without glancing at his score, he had vigorously bent to the tremendous task of bringing a great overture once more into being through the timed and studied genius of 100 skilled musicians.

It was a job to leave a younger man tired and nervous, and on trigger-edge.

LEADS AFTER 46 YEARS

The conductor, Sir George Henschel, sound and sturdy despite his 80 years, his bearing almost military in its erectness, with a merry twinkle in his eyes, turned to face the clamorous applause of his audience. He was leading the symphony again after 46 years. He bowed, and then strode rapidly upstairs to a reception room where old friends awaited him.

Some one in the reception room pushed forward a chair. Sir George laughed, and declined to sit. Instead, he made room for Mrs. Henry Lee Higginson, 92, a little, old lady dressed in black, to sit down. She was the widow of his old friend, whose enthusiasm started and built, and whose fortune endowed the great musical organization. But even more important to Sir George was the fact that she was herself a patron of his art, and one who never misses the Friday concerts of the symphony.

The applause of the audience could still be heard below, augmented by salvos of clapping from the orchestra itself, the members swept away by admiration for their conductor. For a long time the sound continued unabated, but finally died out. Then, young musicians and the sons and daughters and grandsons of Sir George's earlier admirers began to climb the stairs to shake the hand which still wields the magic wand of music with such fine and certain touch. Beside

them, more slowly and painfully, climbed the older ones—those who heard Sir George's first concert here and those who have been getting to the concerts with increasing difficulty but undiminished eagerness down the years.

GREETES OLD FRIENDS

There were tall, dignified, elderly women dressed according to the conservative fashion of certain venerable streets in Cambridge and the Back Bay who weekly are in their places at the Sanders theatre or Symphony Hall for the internationally famous concerts.

Sir George kissed several of them affectionately on the cheek in the Continental manner, and he gave his old friend and first manager, Charles A. Ellis, a little push on the shoulder as they parted. He autographed the programs of dozens of music lovers, and shook hands with as many more. He remembered the grandfathers and aunts and great-aunts of several eager young chaps who pressed forward to meet him.

"Well, I feel better now than I did this forenoon," he said to one man, though he denied that he had been suffering from stage fright this time. "I was looking forward to the concert with great pleasure," he said. "It gives one a wonderful feeling to lead such an orchestra."

The symphony has doubled and the ability of the musicians has been added to a hundredfold since he was leader of it. He recalled the change briefly, with great optimism for the present.

DAUGHTER ATTENDS

His tall and charming daughter, "Georgie," dressed in blue, was smoking a cigarette and greeting her father's old friends smilingly. Sir George put an unlighted cigarette in his mouth, but was a long time waiting for a chance to light it. He was enjoying the reception immensely.

Dr. Serge Koussevitzky, present conductor of the orchestra, was beaming with pleasure at the reception tendered Sir George. "It is a very fine audience which attends the Friday afternoon concerts," he said. "They are so eager and appreciative. These people who have been attending concerts for 50 years have a wonderful musical education. It is a pleasure to lead for them."

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SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

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The concert will be repeated tonight. The program next week will be as follows: Bach, Two Preludes arranged for strings by Pick-Mangiagalli (first time here). Beethoven, Symphony No. 7, A major. Hill, an Ode (for the 50th anniversary of the Boston Symphony orchestra), poem by Robert Hillier (first performance). Moussorgsky-Ravel, "Pictures at an Exhibition." The chorus for Mr. Hill's music will be the Harvard Glee Club, joined by the Radcliffe Choral Society.

First Concert Recalled For Fiftieth Year

Sir George Henschel Acclaimed, Matter and A Moral from The Old Program

AFTER the event human speculation before it often seems futile, sounds silly. . . . When it was hinted last winter that Sir George Henschel, conductor at the first concerts in the first year of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, would also be conductor next October at the first concert of the fiftieth season, conjecture ran wide. Sir George would return in his eighty-first year. Unless they had encountered him in London, few hereabouts had looked upon him for a quarter of a century. Report had it that he was well-preserved and active. But could he endure the journey over the Atlantic—he who had crossed it many times when steamers were no "floating hotels"? Would he be able to lead through the whole concert of a Friday and a Saturday? Or must he confine himself to one or two numbers, say at

the beginning and the end? Imaginative eyes saw a feeble old man advancing cautiously to the conductor's stand, recalling his métier and gathering his strength to wave a stick over an understanding orchestra; then receiving the plaudits of an audience that had looked and heard as at some resurrection from the musical history-books.

To the foot of the letter actually belied this half-remembered expectation. As prompt to the hour as though Mr. Higginson were watching from the Elysian Fields, Sir George and Dr. Koussevitzky emerged, yesterday afternoon at Symphony Hall, from the door to the right of the stage. Sir George, a stocky figure in formal clothes, led the way. His shoulders drooped little; his step was firm; his thick hair and beard less white than grizzling. Dr. Koussevitzky, in the jacket of conductorial ease, followed, clapping with uplifted hands. The orchestra rose, each choir, according to its means, making the usual noises of welcome. For once, the audience stood spontaneously; in a hail of applause mentally escorted Sir George to the conductor's platform. At odds with custom, was hailed, trimmed with greenery, provided with a chair. Into it, after any acknowledgments, he settled, for a first and the only time throughout a concert; while Dr. Koussevitzky made a second speech of his six years at Symphony Hall. (The Beethoven Festival was occasion for the other.) Cast English, it was brief, ardent and, middle distance, difficult to catch. Praised the orchestra "at zenith of its power"; twice it saluted the guest as a wonderful man. Sir George, better accustomed to English reticence than Russian effusion, ran both hands uneasily through his hair.

Under cover of applause, Dr. Koussevitzky vanished; the orchestra sat; Sir George rose; the concert began. For the first time, the old-new conductor was more interesting than the old-new number—Beethoven's Overture to "The Dedication of the House"—which was first piece. Sir George conducted scoreless, beating measure clear and crisp, without superfluous or exaggerated gesture. He moved quietly, save when he turned to the orchestra or to the choir. His left hand sparingly supplemented his right. One mannerism was to hold it akimbo, the hip. Old-fashioned conducting (if the hearer liked) doing its work in the rehearsal-room rather than the concert-hall, proffering the finished product, finding rather than adjuring the orchestra; but with a clear mind and a will behind.

Old-fashioned conducting again in reticence and poise, in quality of tone and reverence to the composer. In the so-

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AFTER the event of the week before it sounds silly. It was hinted last week on North Street that the "C" Symphony Orchestra, weeks short of the fiftieth season, would visit its eighty-first year. Unless it had looked upon the visit of a century. Report was well-preserved and could endure the Atlantic—he who had times when steamers were "hotels"? Would he be through the whole carnival and a Saturday? Or of the himself to one or two

the beginning and the end? Imaginative eyes saw a feeble old man advancing cautiously to the conductor's stand, recalling his métier and gathering his strength to wave a stick over an understanding orchestra; then receiving the plaudits of an audience that had looked and heard as at some resurrection from the musical history-books.

To the foot of the letter actually belied this half-remembered expectation. As prompt to the hour as though Mr. Higginson were watching from the Elysian Fields, Sir George and Dr. Koussevitzky emerged, yesterday afternoon at Symphony Hall, from the door to the right of the stage. Sir George, a stocky figure in formal clothes, led the way. His shoulders drooped little; his step was firm; his thick hair and beard less white than grizzling. Dr. Koussevitzky, in the jacket of conductorial ease, followed, clapping with uplifted hands. The orchestra rose, each choir, according to its means, making the usual noises of welcome. For once, the audience stood spontaneously; in a hail of applause mentally escorted Sir George to the conductor's platform. At odds with custom, it was railed, trimmed with greenery, provided with a chair. Into it, after many acknowledgments, he settled, for the first and the only time throughout the concert; while Dr. Koussevitzky made the second speech of his six years at Symphony Hall. (The Beethoven Festival was occasion for the other.) Cast in English, it was brief, ardent and, at middle distance, difficult to catch. It praised the orchestra "at zenith of zenith": twice it saluted the guest as "wonderful man." Sir George, better accustomed to English reticence than Russian effusion, ran both hands uneasily through his hair.

Under cover of applause, Dr. Koussevitzky vanished; the orchestra sat; Sir George rose; the concert began. For the instant, the old-new conductor was more engrossing than the old-new number—Beethoven's Overture to "The Dedication of the House"—which was first piece. Sir George conducted scoreless, beating the measure clear and crisp, without superfluous or exaggerated gesture. He stood quietly, save when he turned to stay or summon group or choir. His left hand sparingly supplemented his right. His one mannerism was to hold it akimbo on the hip. Old-fashioned conducting (if the hearer liked) doing its work in the rehearsal-room rather than the concert-hall, proffering the finished product, reminding rather than adjuring the orchestra; but with a clear mind and a firm will behind.

Old-fashioned conducting again in reticence and poise, in quality of tone and reverence to the composer. In the so-

norities of Beethoven's Overture. George preferred smooth and melior brass to the piercing intensities of the twentieth-century practice. In the two songs by Mme. Matzenauer, he consisted the singer, fusing voice and orchestra rather than taking imperious command. In the Symphony from Haydn he withheld no "inner voices"; did no feat of superhuman fleetness. Rather his spaced, unforced accent, deft phrasing, light and shade, Haydn's simplicity, Haydn's musical cunning. In the dances from Schubert's music to "münde," melodic sweetness and rhythmic light went hand in hand, with the lative virtuosi of the wind choir for lude to "Die Meistersinger" unfroved slow and clear, full-voiced and statelthough to dim, speed or otherwise rulate so magnificent a flood of music mere vanity and pettiness. In stconducting born of musical intelligdirected by a musical will, making purely musical effect. Fifty years the reviewers reproached Sir Georgevehemence and impetuosity. Now flow and measure.

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Our Symphony Concerts have changed for the better we say proudly, pointing to the substitution, yesterday, of the Prelude to "Die Meistersinger." But have all our likings changed with them? Certainly not—by the clear evidence of Friday afternoon. Grant Sir George Henschel his measure of the applause that followed every number, swelling at the intermission and the close. Grant Mme. Matzenauer hers as an eminent singer, in the air from "Odysseus" in the full exercise of voice and manner. Allow the orchestra its portion for so norous and upspringing Beethoven; for light-lipped, light-fingered, brightly sturned Haydn; for Schubert that was beauty of tone double-distilled. Even so, enough palms were beaten together to prove how pleased were many in the audience with this six-fold musical miscellany, with this return to a decorative singer, with the run of the musical mill in every piece but the air from "Orpheus" and the Prelude to "Die Meistersinger." Clap hands and leave the hateful brood of reviewers to their grumblings, to their morals on a festal day. Yet even they had compensations. If Mme. Matzenauer treated rudely the delicate inflections, the fine-woven pathos, the haunting beauty of Gluck's air, she and Sir George with her filled Bruch's stilted and empty "Scena" with the pleasing deceptions of the nineteenth-century "grand style." And for the thousandth time the splendors of the Prelude to "Die Meistersinger" swept all else away. From that summit of music, our symphonic jubilee may take its six-months flight. H. T. P.

HENSCHEL CONDUCTS OPENING CONCERT

First Conductor of
Orchestra Cheered

Fiftieth Anniversary Symphony
Season Under Way

Oct. 11, 1930
Sir George Henschel, the first conductor of the Boston Symphony, led as guest yesterday afternoon at the opening concert of the orchestra's 50th season, the program he conducted in the old Music Hall, Oct. 22, 1881, at

the first Boston Symphony concert ever given. Margaret Matzenauer, contralto, sang the two solos allotted in 1881 to Annie Louise Cary.

In the present orchestra there is no player who was a member in 1881. In yesterday's audience were, however, a number of listeners who have attended through the 49 intervening seasons.

One of them, Mrs Henry Lee Higginson, widow of the founder and sustainer of the Boston Symphony, was given a great bunch of roses during the intermission. When the audience saw these flowers carried to where Mrs Higginson sat in her usual place, there was an outburst of applause.

When the last warning bell had sounded before the concert, and all the doors of the hall were shut, there was a moment of silence. Then from the right of the stage came Dr Koussevitzky, preceding a brisk, alert figure, bearded and gray-haired, but with no hint of hoary age. One would have deemed Sir George Henschel a man in his late 50s. Yet he is in his 80th year.

Chair on Stand

The conductor's stand was railed in with laurel and gilt. On it was a chair. When Sir George had acknowledged the hearty applause of the orchestra and audience, who stood to greet him, he seated himself in this chair. Not, however, to conduct. Merely to listen to a speech of welcome and congratulation from Dr Koussevitzky, the present conductor of the Boston Symphony has ventured at the Friday concerts.

"And so the longing and dream of Lee Higginson were realized 50 years ago," began Dr Koussevitzky, pointing to Sir George Henschel and the orchestra. His speech has, naturally, a foreign accent, but his English was carefully and correctly phrased. Once or twice he hesitated over an idiom, but most of his delivery was fluent.

"I shall not now pay tribute to Maj Higginson. For that there will be an occasion next March when we shall give a Bach festival in his honor. Today I wish to congratulate this man, this wonderful man, who has come back to us after so many years to conduct again the program of our orchestra's first concert.

"I am very happy to be able to say to him and to you that our orchestra is now by common consent at its zenith of zeniths." This remark brought a burst of applause.

"Not merely Boston, but all America should be proud of the Boston Symphony," concluded its present conductor, to more applause.

Sir George, whose impatience to begin had become obvious before the end of Dr Koussevitzky's brief speech, rose to his feet, bowed his thanks, raised his baton and without glancing at the score on his desk, bade the orchestra begin the Beethoven overture "Dedication of the House."

Except for the accompaniments to Mme Matzenauer's solos, he conducted from memory throughout the concert, in itself something of a feat for a man of any age. Nor did he again make use of the chair placed for him, but remained standing to conduct.

One, of course, was prepared to discover in Sir George Henschel a musician of high rank. His great reputation as a conductor, a composer, a pianist, a singer, and a teacher of singing was established long ago. What one had not expected from a man of 80 was the energy, the vitality of such a musician in his prime.

He conducted the Beethoven overture, a Haydn Symphony in B Flat, the ballet music from Schubert's "Rosemunde" and the prelude to Wagner's "Die Meistersinger" with unflagging zest as well as refinement of style and precision of detail.

For each number he sought the quality and intensity of tone appropriate, reserving the great sonorities of the modern orchestra for the music of Bruch and Wagner, written for it. His tempi were invariably rightly chosen. His adagio was a true adagio without lingering and broken phrases. His allegro was bright and clear, fluent or pompous, as the music dictated.

Mme Matzenauer sang "Che faro senza Eurydice" from Gluck's "Orpheus," and the prayer of Penelope from Max Bruch's "Odysseus" with a restraint and a sense of style that made the use of her voice as remarkable as its volume and quality have long been. She had taken the trouble to memorize both numbers, words as well as music, and she was eager to share the applause for them with Sir George Henschel. For her share in the concert there can be nothing but praise.

The orchestra, as was to be expected, did its very best for Sir George Henschel. It again proved its right to be counted among the foremost in the world. For its present high estate credit must go to Mr Monteux and Dr Koussevitzky, its conductors since the tragic collapse a dozen years ago, when for a time one feared the Boston Symphony Orchestra would become not the least of the casualties due to the World War, and also to the present trustees and guarantors, whose ability and generosity make the continuance of the concerts possible.

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Wagner's golden Prelude to "Die Meistersinger" replaced Weber's faded "Jubilee Overture," that the anniversary concert might end on a festal note better attuned to present ears. Mme. Matzenauer was singer in succession to Annie Louise Cary. Otherwise the program of Oct. 10, 1930, repeated, item by item, the program of Oct. 21, 1881. The eighteenth-century air from Gluck's "Orpheus" again sounded unchanging and undying. From all else exhaled the sense of the past. Six miscellaneous pieces, where three or four more or less unified now suffice. A decorative singer, otherwise unrelated to the scheme of a program designed to be ceremonial and festival hodge-podge. Exhibitional airs for her, one of which happens to be a masterpiece; while the other—Penelope's lament and prayer from Bruch's dead-and-gone "Odysseus"—owed all its momentary virtue to performance in the grand style. An "occasional" overture of Beethoven, mildly interesting in the Handelian pomps of the introduction and the Handelian vigors of the final fugue; once and again in the sweep of a sonority or the thrust of a phrase suggesting the great Ludwig, himself. A minor Symphony by Haydn, fluent, nicely made, pleasing to his noble patrons, but long since on the semi-retired list. Two dances of Schubert, amiable and characteristic, but more likely nowadays to be heard at The Pops between cigarettes and chatter.

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Conductor of
Orchestra Cheered
Anniversary Symphony
Season Under Way

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In the present orchestra there is no
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Dream Realized

No one who cares for great music could now bear to face the prospect of living in a Boston without the Symphony concerts. Major Higginson's dream, 50 years ago, of a Symphony Orchestra which should do for Boston what the great orchestras of Europe do for their respective cities, in coming true so gloriously, has put us so greatly in his debt that there are no words in which one can express the obligation.

The same program will be conducted tonight by Sir George Henschel for the Saturday subscribers. For the sake of the record, here it is.

Overture, "Dedication of the House," Beethoven; air "Che farò," from "Orpheus," Gluck; symphony in B flat, Haydn; ballet music from "Rose-

munde," Schubert; air of Penelope from "Odysseus," Bruch; prelude to "Die Meistersinger," Wagner. Soloist, Margaret Matzenauer.

The Wagner number was substituted yesterday for Weber's "Festival Overture," the only change in the numbers of the program of Oct. 22, 1881. There was some gossip in the audience over this change.

One's guess is that it is what Sir George Henschel really wanted to conduct in 1881. The new orchestra could hardly have been ready at its first concert for Wagner's exacting, and then relatively unfamiliar prelude. But yesterday it made an appropriate and triumphant close to an unusually satisfying commemoration of a great anniversary date.

P. R.

SYMPHONY LED BY ITS FIRST HEAD

Post ——— Oct. 11, 1930
50th Season Opens
With Sir George Henschel Conducting

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

This simple announcement in the programme-book told the story: "Sir George Henschel (conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra 1881-1884) will conduct these concerts."

Here was the Symphony Orchestra entering upon its 50th season and with its first conductor, his appearance giving the lie to the 80 years with which he is credited, at the helm. This was indeed an occasion.

DR. KOUSSEVITZKY SPEAKS

When Sir George Henschel yesterday

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Sir George Henschel's Return

Monitor, Oct. 11, 1930. By L. A. SLOPER

AMID the plaudits of a standing orchestra and audience, Sir George Henschel, on the afternoon of Oct. 10, stood once more upon the dais which he had left 46 years ago at the conclusion of the third season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

At the end of the first concert of the orchestra's fiftieth season, hearers and players rose to him again, and Symphony Hall resounded with "bravos" and cheers.

The acclaim on his appearance had been warm greeting to a welcome and honored guest; the ovation an hour and three-quarters later was tribute to a masterful and musicianly conductor. Sir George had proved in that period that he was no revenant from a romantic past, but a vital, stimulating leader.

Sir George was ushered to the platform by Dr. Koussevitzky, who, relinquishing his baton for the occasion, must first do the honors as host. If his enthusiasm somewhat exceeded the fluency of his English, that was evidence of his warm-hearted generosity. Indeed, this Slavic warmth was too much for the composure of Sir George, who was manifestly embarrassed at hearing himself repeatedly described as "this wonderful man" who had "made come to life" the dream of Major Higginson. But he did not seem to mind Dr. Koussevitzky's pleasure in "repeating the general opinion" that the Boston orchestra is now "at the zenith of zeniths."

Sir George directed on this occasion the same program he had given at the orchestra's first concert, Oct. 22, 1881, with the exception of one number. The concert opened with Beethoven's Overture, op. 124, "Consecration of the House," and continued with the Recitative and Air, "Che farò senza Eurydice," from Gluck's "Orfeo ed Eurydice"; Haydn's B flat Symphony (B. & H. No. 12); the Ballet Music from Schubert's incidental music to "Rosamunde," and the Recitative and Aria, "Thou Far-darting Sun," from Bruch's "Odysseus." The closing number on

the original program was Weber's "Festival" Overture. For this Sir George substituted at the concert under notice the "Meistersinger" Prelude, in order to give full play for once to the sonority of an orchestra twice the size of that he first led.

The soloist at the original concert was Miss Anna Louise Cary. In her place, 49 years later, stood that fine artist Margaret Matzenauer. Mme. Matzenauer brought to the occasion her compelling dramatic power and, to a degree, the superb quality of her full-rounded tones—but she was not in quite her best voice; neither her production nor her control was flawless, and her intonation was sometimes uncertain. Yet her superior musicianship gave pleasure and won her warm applause.

Sir George Henschel, as we have intimated, earned the acclaim bestowed upon him by a grateful audience. It was evident in the early items that he was in full control of his forces and had their willing cooperation. In the symphony it was made clear that he possessed qualities not always united in a leader—an awareness of form, a sensitivity to tonal values, a feeling for the outline of a phrase, a nice sense of balance, rhythmic vigor and aristocratic taste. The "Rosamunde" music emphasized these qualities; and the "Meistersinger" Prelude revealed that while Sir George is remarkable for delicacy of perception and lightness of touch, he can also ride the storm at need with the best of them. Wagner's music was brought to pulsing, glowing life.

Sir George graciously shared with the orchestra the praises which were showered upon him. It must indeed have been an extraordinary experience for him to return after these decades to such a magnificent musical organism, grown from the seed he had sown. For the orchestra, even under a guest conductor, showed no sign of early season uncertainty. It stands, at the beginning of its fiftieth season, in its full strength and vigor, an honor to its founder, and to Sir George Henschel and all the mentors who have followed him.

Dream Realized

No one who cares for great music could now bear to face the prospect of living in a Boston without the Symphony concerts. Major Higginson's dream, 50 years ago, of a Symphony Orchestra which should do for Boston what the great orchestras of Europe do for their respective cities, in coming true so gloriously, has put us so greatly in his debt that there are no words in which one can express the obligation.

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SYMP LED FIRS

Post

50th Sec

With Sir C

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BY WARREN

This simple programme-book George Henschel Boston Symphony (1884) will con-

Here was the orchestra entering up and with its first appearance giving years with which the helm. This session.

DR. KOUSSE

When Sir George Henschel yesterday

conducted the orchestra at whose baptism he had presided, he was accompanied by his present successor, Dr. Serge Koussevitzky. Orchestra and audience stood in greeting and there was long and warm applause. But Dr. Koussevitzky, as it soon appeared, was not there merely to do the honors of host. For the first time in the regular course of the Symphony Concerts he addressed an audience.

Dr. Koussevitzky's words came a little haltingly and he spoke them as the phrase goes, with an accent. But they were eloquent and to the point. "This wonderful man," he said of Sir George, "realized the dream of Henry Lee Higginson." And therein lay the kernel of his brief speech. Though it should be mentioned that when he referred to the present Symphony Orchestra as being at the zenith of its powers he was interrupted by applause.

Conducts From Memory

A wonderful man, in truth, is Sir George Henschel. With his 81st birthday a little over four months away, he has the outward appearance and the seeming vitality of a man 15 or 20 years younger. He conducted with authority; his beat was firm, his gestures decisive. And all the music of the afternoon, except the accompaniment to two vocal solos, he conducted from memory. If this does not suggest mental powers unimpaired, what else would? There was a chair placed on the podium, but only once or twice did the conductor deign to make use of it, and then only for an instant.

It was appropriate that yesterday's programme should have been a replica of the first programme that the Boston Symphony Orchestra ever played; and that, save for a trifling change, it was. On the original list the closing number was the "Jubil," Overture of Weber. Yesterday's concert ended instead with the "Meistersinger" Prelude of Wagner. No doubt Sir George felt that the pre-

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Sir George Henschel's Return

Monitor, Oct. 11, 1931. By L. A. SLOPER

AMID the plaudits of a standing orchestra and audience, Sir George Henschel, on the afternoon of Oct. 10, stood once more upon the dais which he had left 46 years ago at the conclusion of the third season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

At the end of the first concert of the orchestra's fiftieth season, hearers and players rose to him again, and Symphony Hall resounded with "bravos" and cheers.

The acclaim on his appearance had been warm greeting to a welcome and honored guest; the ovation an hour and three-quarters later was tribute to a masterful and musicianly conductor. Sir George had proved in that period that he was no revenant from a romantic past, but a vital, stimulating leader.

Sir George was ushered to the platform by Dr. Koussevitzky, who, relinquishing his baton for the occasion, must first do the honors as host. If his enthusiasm somewhat exceeded the fluency of his English, that was evidence of his warm-hearted generosity. Indeed, this Slavic warmth was too much for the composure of Sir George, who was manifestly embarrassed at hearing himself repeatedly described as "this wonderful man" who had "made come to life" the dream of Major Higginson. But he did not seem to mind Dr. Koussevitzky's pleasure in "repeating the general opinion" that the Boston orchestra is now "at the zenith of zeniths."

Sir George directed on this occasion the same program he had given at the orchestra's first concert, Oct. 22, 1881, with the exception of one number. The concert opened with Beethoven's Overture, op. 124, "Consecration of the House," and continued with the Recitative and Air, "Che farò senza Eurydice," from Gluck's "Orfeo ed Eurydice"; Haydn's B flat Symphony (B. & H. No. 12); the Ballet Music from Schubert's incidental music to "Rosamunde," and the Recitative and Aria, "Thou Far-darting Sun," from Bruch's "Odysseus." The closing number on

the original program was Weber's "Festival" Overture. For this Sir George substituted at the concert under notice the "Meistersinger" Prelude, in order to give full play for once to the sonority of an orchestra twice the size of that he first led.

The soloist at the original concert was Miss Anna Louise Cary. In her place, 49 years later, stood that fine artist Margaret Matzenauer. Mme. Matzenauer brought to the occasion her compelling dramatic power and, to a degree, the superb quality of her full-rounded tones—but she was not in quite her best voice; neither her production nor her control was flawless, and her intonation was sometimes uncertain. Yet her superior musicianship gave pleasure and won her warm applause.

Sir George Henschel, as we have intimated, earned the acclaim bestowed upon him by a grateful audience. It was evident in the early items that he was in full control of his forces and had their willing coöperation. In the symphony it was made clear that he possessed qualities not always united in a leader—an awareness of form, a sensitivity to tonal values, a feeling for the outline of a phrase, a nice sense of balance, rhythmic vigor and aristocratic taste. The "Rosamunde" music emphasized these qualities; and the "Meistersinger" Prelude revealed that while Sir George is remarkable for delicacy of perception and lightness of touch, he can also ride the storm at need with the best of them. Wagner's music was brought to pulsing, glowing life.

Sir George graciously shared with the orchestra the praises which were showered upon him. It must indeed have been an extraordinary experience for him to return after these decades to such a magnificent musical organism, grown from the seed he had sown. For the orchestra, even under a guest conductor, showed no sign of early season uncertainty. It stands, at the beginning of its fiftieth season, in its full strength and vigor, an honor to its founder, and to Sir George Henschel and all the mentors who have followed him.

Dream Realized

No one who cares for great music could now bear to face the prospect of living in a Boston without the Symphony concerts. Major Higginson's dream, 50 years ago, of a Symphony Orchestra which should do for Boston what the great orchestras of Europe do for their respective cities, in coming true so gloriously, has put us so greatly in his debt that there are no words in which one can express the obligation.

The same program will be conducted tonight by Sir George Henschel for the Saturday subscribers. For the sake of the record, here it is.

Overture, "Dedication of the House," Beethoven; air "Che farò," from "Orpheus," Gluck; symphony in B flat, Haydn; ballet music from "Rosamunde," Schubert; air of Penelope from "Odysseus," Bruch; prelude to "Die Meistersinger," Wagner. Soloist, Margaret Matzenauer.

The Wagner number was substituted yesterday for Weber's "Festival Overture," the only change in the numbers of the program of Oct. 22, 1881. There was some gossip in the audience over this change.

One's guess is that it is what Sir George Henschel really wanted to conduct in 1881. The new orchestra could hardly have been ready at its first concert for Wagner's exacting, and then relatively unfamiliar prelude. But yesterday it made an appropriate and triumphant close to an unusually satisfying commemoration of a great anniversary date.

P. R.

valuing tameness and tepidity of his inaugural programme required, as a concession to modern taste, at least an exciting close.

Mme. Matzenauer Soloist

A four-page insert in the programme-book offered the portraits of Major Higginson, Sir George Henschel and Dr. Koussevitzky and also a facsimile of the programme of the concert of Saturday, Oct. 22, 1881. And thus it ran: Overture, Op. 124, "Dedication of the House," Beethoven; Air (Orpheus), Gluck; Symphony in B flat, Haydn (No. 12 of Breitkopf's edition); Ballet Music (Rosamunde), Schubert; Scena (Odysseus), Max Bruch; Festival Overture, Lee Higginson. And Weber. Soloist: Miss Annie Louise Cary. Yesterday the singer was Mme. Margaret Matzenauer, and, as was said above, Weber yielded place to Wagner.

Reethoven's Overture, composed in 1822 for the opening of a theatre in Vienna, just misses actual dullness. Gluck's "Che farò senza Eurydice" is, of course, a noble air. The Symphony not often heard is agreeable Haydn; at times as in the slow movement, something more. The "Rosamunde" music is amiable. The Bruch's Scena had vitality yesterday chiefly in the tones of Mme. Matzenauer's voice and Sir George's orchestra.

And all the music of except the accompaniment solos, he conducted for this does not suggest unimpaired, what else was a chair placed on only once or twice designed to make use of for an instant.

It was appropriate the programme should have of the first programme conductor the performance of the Pre-Symphony Orchestra elude would have dispelled them. As a that, save for a trifling matter of fact there was impressive On the original list the conducting and notable playing was the "Jubil," Over throughout the afternoon. And it hard-Yesterday's concert end need be added that the end brought the "Meistersinger" Pre many plaudits for all concerned.

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When Sir George Henschel yesterday

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Faith and Works



Arthur Foote

Bachrach (C.)

Listener at the Symphony Concerts Through Fifty Years; Contributor to the Programs as Composer Through Forty-Three; Yesterday Informal Lecturer About Past and Present

Fifty Years Described In Fifty Minutes

Over the Symphony Concerts,
With Arthur Foote As
Eye-and-Ear Witness

Tuesday, Oct. 10, 1930

HERE was new departure at the Public Library yesterday afternoon. By precedent the company in the Lecture-Hall should have listened to description, with examples and comment, of the pieces to be played at the Symphony Concerts today and tomorrow. On the platform, indeed, stood a piano ready for that purpose. From it, however, not a note sounded; while in an hour's discourse, the impending program was but cursorily mentioned. Yes: it was to begin with Beethoven's last overture, "Dedication of the House"—in vogue in the eighteen-eighties for ceremonial occasions, now fallen into disuse and relegated to the "minor works." As the speaker said, it was more Handelian than Beethoven. The familiar air, "Che faró" from Gluck's opera, "Orpheus" was to follow; later on another air, likewise for contralto, from Bruch's "Odysseus." In those eighteen-eighties they were favorite concert-pieces with Annie Louise Cary, American singer of remarkable voice, then at the height of her powers. Now Mme. Matzenauer would undertake them. And a Symphony by Haydn, and the dances that Schubert wrote for the forgotten play of "Rosamond, Queen of Cyprus." Finally, the Prelude to Wagner's opera, "Die Meistersinger." But that was a desirable substitution for Weber's trumpety "Jubilee Overture" with climax in "God Save the King" or "Heil dir im Siegeskranz," according as the concert-room was English or German.

By this time the secret was out. The program in question, save only Wagner's "Prelude," was the program of the first

concerts, in the old Oct. 21 and 22, repeated at the 50th year of the present 1 and 12, 1930. It was also to be the only alive but a century after, at the Public Library, the course, Mr. Music Library, Tom; dispensed the Symphony at times to the man of twenty-seven he was a. As composer heard at the 187 in the over-Only last Saturday repeated from Suite for Strings, speaker for the e in the light of e sheet of blue ding from it as were sitting by

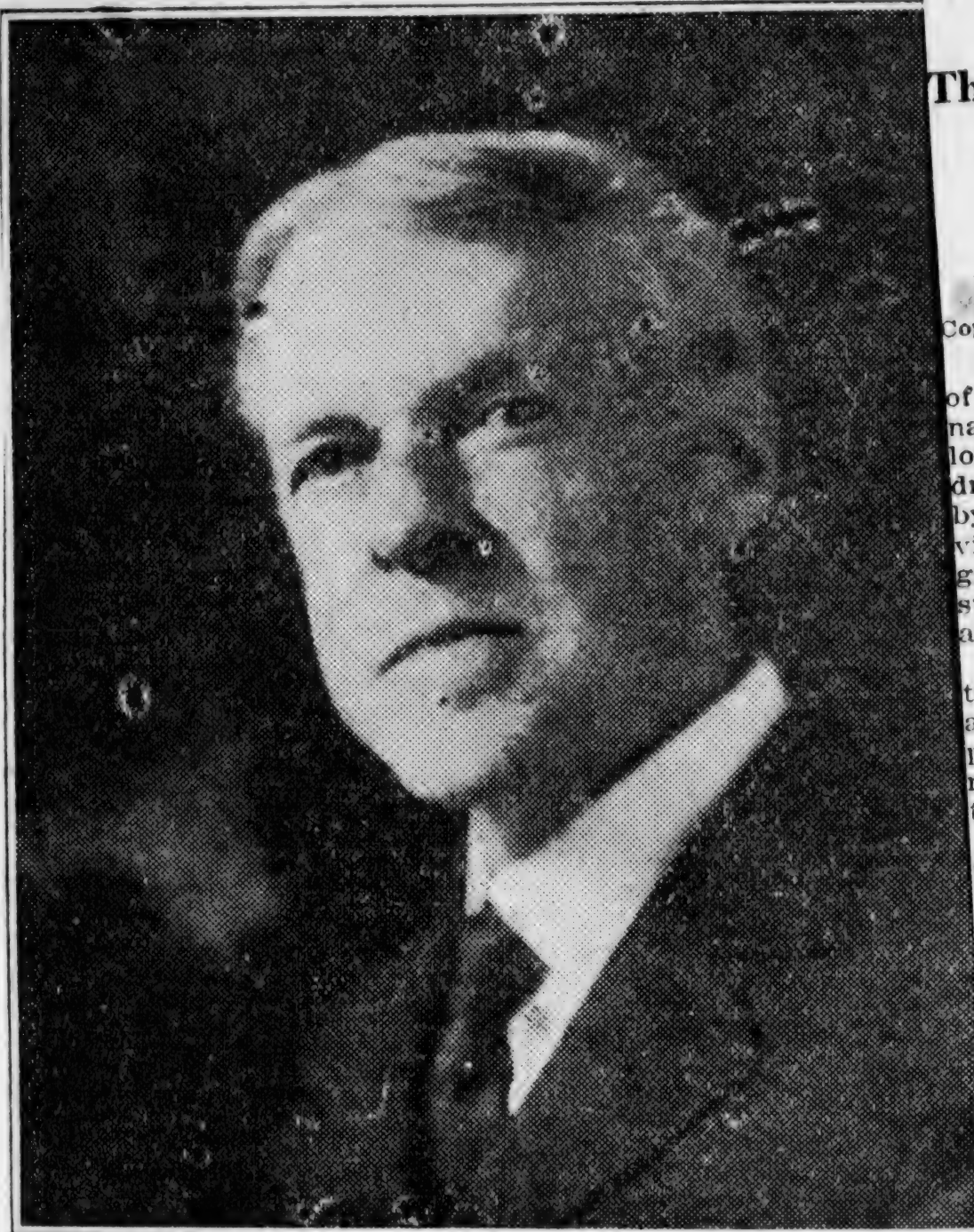
beginning—with Handel and Haydn uence of a peace- end of the War as choral music. ceived, a manu- Twenty-five acerts were afoot ears on, and the lutions of 1848 in flight to Bos- other European Germania Orches- tral playing on were concerts al Club, of a a. The ulti- Harvard Musi- king an annual icerts from 1856 risen Symphony them. In the ew them at first as "influential" eir day, drawing provided with vere conservative, including most then worth the the modern com- as classics, were en Bruch passed ward greatness; m Raff or Rubin- and debatable as

e" from Ravel or to say, the open- he liberal side. s of the Harvard eclined. The con- to be cliquish, to tive courses. Theo- er, had begun to Boston. His pro- nd sounded fresh- mance ran higher kably he excelled s. The orchestra sical Association parison. (Imagine of Muck or Kous- ne, of the players any could give symphonic work. as forsaking the e of the last of believed that he hel the conductor new orchestra he

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Faith and Works



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Chant for 40 Dead Echo in St. Pa

The Great and the O Join to Honor Victim the R-101

New York Evening Post Foreign
Copyright, 1930, by New York Evening

London, Oct. 10—The forty-four of the R-101 received the homage of the nation today, resting in state in the lofty oak beams of Westminster, draped in royal purple and each by the Union Jack. Here they were visited by their relatives, and the great and the obscure in a stream, that flowed all day through the ancient hall.

At St. Paul's Cathedral a memorial tribute was paid in a memorial service attended by the Prince of Wales, the prime minister and his cabinet, the dominion prime ministers and the representatives of foreign governments.

Westminster Hall was a sea of flowers from kings, queens, ambassadors. They were mingled with bouquets from working men in all parts of the country. The drowsy highway was to be at once filled with these flowers.

The coffins were on a dais in the center of the hall, surrounded by a pathway of purple and gray, flanked by a purple rope supported by pillars. These coffins—in one the unidentified remains of the pilot, in another the unidentified remains of the airship's galley boy, by the side by side—gave a new sense of the magnitude of the disaster. The Royal Air Force stood guard at the end of the hall, their former comrades, their rifles and their heads bared. The guard at the end of the hall stood motionless with their hands.

The crowd moved silently through the nave of St. Stephen's porch to the right down the steps to the hall where Charles I and V were tried and where the

pair of Symphony Concerts, in the old Boston Music Hall, on Oct. 21 and 22, 1881. It was now to be repeated at the first concerts of the fiftieth year of the Symphony Orchestra, in the present Symphony Hall, on Oct. 11 and 12, 1930. The conductor of 1881 was also to be the conductor of 1930—not only alive but able and practicing half a century afterward. In short, the meeting at the Public Library was an anniversary occasion. Therefore the director of the course, Mr. R. G. Appel of the Brown Music Library, had put by rule and custom; dispensed with exposition; bidden Mr. Arthur Foote summarize the course of the Symphony Concerts from the earliest times to the present day. As a young man of twenty-eight he began to attend them. As an elderly man of seventy-seven he was still regularly in his place. As composer of music, Mr. Foote was heard at the Symphony Concerts in 1887 in the overture, "In the Mountains." Only last Saturday the orchestra had repeated from its present repertory his Suite for Strings. By all odds he was the speaker for the occasion, standing at ease in the light of the desk-lamp, lifting one sheet of blue paper after another, reading from it as informally as though he were sitting by his own fireside.

Earliest Times

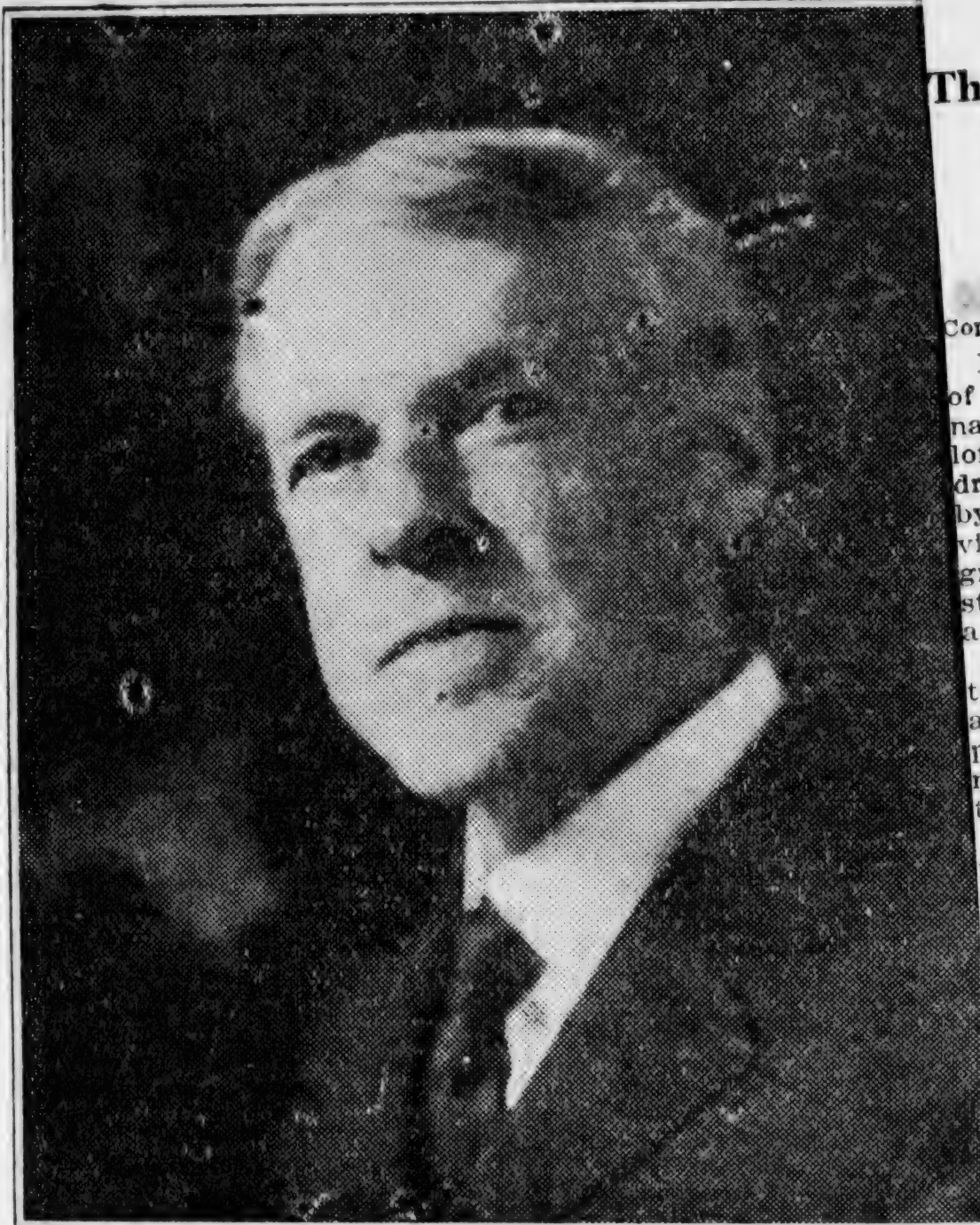
Mr. Foote began at the beginning—with the foundation of the Handel and Haydn Society in 1815, as consequence of a peace-jubilee to celebrate the end of the War of 1812. Its concern was choral music. (It asked, but never received, a manuscript from Beethoven.) Twenty-five years later orchestral concerts were afoot in a small way. Eight years on, and the aftermath of the revolutions of 1848 brought young musicians in flight to Boston from Paris and other European cities. They formed the Germania Orchestra, which put orchestral playing on a better level. There were concerts as well of a Musical Club, of a Philharmonic Orchestra. The ultimate residue was the Harvard Musical Association, undertaking an annual series of orchestral concerts from 1856 to 1882, when the newly risen Symphony Orchestra extinguished them. In the later years Mr. Foote knew them at first hand. He reported them as "influential" and "important" for their day, drawing "fine audiences," well provided with money. The programs were conservative but generally admirable, including most of the symphonic music then worth the hearing—when most of the modern composers, now counted as classics, were unborn or unknown; when Bruch passed for a figure rising toward greatness; when a "new work" from Raff or Rubinstein seemed as notable and debatable as

"from Ravel or to say, the open- liberal side. s of the Harvard declined. The con- to be cliquish, to tive courses. Theo- er, had begun to Boston. His pro- nd sounded fresh- mance ran higher kably he excelled s. The orchestra sical Association parison. (Imagine of Muck or Kous- ne, of the players any could give symphonic work. was forsaking the e of the last of believed that he shel the conductor new orchestra he

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The Great and Join to Honor the R-

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Copyright, 1930, by New

London, Oct. 10—T
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Boy and Girl I in Coast-Coa

Laura Ingalls and Ro Leave Pacific Within Hour

Los Angeles, Oct. 10 (A.P.)
continental flyers took off
for return flights to the
board. Miss Laura Ingalls
flying a D.H. Moth biplane,
dale airport, at 6.13 A. M., re
man, Ariz., at 10.30. Robert
old Elizabeth. N. J., flyer, de
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ship in which she set a wor
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the coast from New York in
minutes flying time.

Bankruptcy Petition

Today

Frank C. Neren, engineer
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ton: liabilities, \$941; no asse

nowadays a "first time" from Ravel or
Stravinsky. Needless to say, the open-
minded Foote was on the liberal side.

In time, the concerts of the Harvard
Musical Association declined. The con-
trolling powers tended to be cliquish, to
fall into ultra-conservative courses. Theo-
dore Thomas, moreover, had begun to
bring his orchestra to Boston. His pro-
grams ranged wider and sounded fresh-
er; his level of performance ran higher
and livelier. Unmistakably he excelled
the resident conductors. The orchestra
of the Harvard Musical Association
seemed elderly in comparison. (Imagine
it beside the orchestra of Muck or Kous-
sevitzy!) Few, or none, of the players
were virtuos. Hardly any could give
full time and energy to symphonic work.
A dissatisfied public was forsaking the
concerts, when, at one of the last of
them, Major Higginson believed that he
had found in Mr. Henschel the conductor
he was seeking for the new orchestra he
had in mind.

The Henschels

Before, however, Mr. Foote recounted
the familiar story, he digressed to the
career and the qualities of Mr. Henschel;
recalled his boyish feats as pianist and
singer; noted his first public appearance,
aged sixteen, at Cologne. (Years after-
ward, in these days of radio, Sir George
was broadcasting to that city and in-
quired vainly whether anyone remem-
bered.) By the seventies—Mr. Foote
went on—he was an established singer;
settled in London, practising his profes-
sion with praise, beginning to expand
into the "all-round" musician he was ul-
timately to be. Song-recitals first
brought him to Boston. With him was
Lillian Bailey, later the first Mrs.
Henschel. Upon this partnership, noted
in its time, Mr. Foote descanted.

Miss Bailey, come to Boston with her
family from Columbus in Ohio, was a
singer of rare presence, voice and what
we should now call musicality. She
made her way here—Mr. Foote was her
first pianist—migrated to London; was
attracted to Mr. Henschel. At their con-
certs—"ideally perfect" as Mr. Foote
recalled them—each sang solo-pieces;
joined their voices in duets; while Mr.
Henschel was accompanist throughout.
The pair were offset and complement to
each other, singing up and down Eu-
rope, returning to America long after
he had ceased to be conductor of the
Symphony Orchestra or of the orchestra
that he assembled and maintained
through ten years in London. To the
memory of his wife he dedicated his
Mass of Requiem; for her in degree made
his setting of the hymn, "Stabat Mater."

In these later years, Sir George (as he then was) had become full-fledged composer. Early he had begun the practice of that calling. He was conducting in a youthful Concert Overture when he caught Major Higginson's eye and ear. With all his work at the Symphony Concerts, he found time and zest to write a comic opera, for which the novelist, Howell, who liked to dabble in the theater, wrote text and verses. It was never published and never performed; but there is Mr. Foote's word that it kept contained much good and charming music. So much for Sir George's "fulfilling and successful life," putting with to use manifold musical abilities.

From Henschel to Gericke

Back then to the first years of the Symphony Orchestra—to the free land and the absolute control that Major Higginson gave Mr. Henschel and his successors, through half a century established principle and policy; to the score and parts that Mr. Henschel assembled as nucleus of an orchestral library after fifty years hardly to be matched in Europe or America; to the Henschelian program-making, a model in its kind; to the long battle in the newspapers over the first conductor's abilities and courses; the bitter. The writers of "letters to the editor" spared no words. Fortunately Mr. Henschel kept the confidence of those that counted most. Throughout, the younger public of the Symphony Concerts was on his side—liberal-minded then as now.

Next to the first coming of Gericke, in succession to Mr. Henschel, and the transformation of the orchestra. In the earlier day, resident players had filled it. Gericke judged many of them poor in quality and began importations from Europe—importations of young men to replace old. Loud but impotent was the local hubbub. Moreover, these youngsters spoke for themselves. Mr. Foote recalled the concerts at which the boyish Kneisel—Mr. Gericke's "imported" concert-master—was to play Beethoven's Concerto. His displaced predecessor and many another veteran went to hear him "go wrong"; in spite of themselves departed admiring. Gericke taught the Bostonian public what the preparation of orchestral concerts should be. In chamber-music the Kneisel Quartet enforced this lesson—and Mr. Foote again digressed to praise its work and example, nowadays half-forgotten. For a year it busied itself with Franck's quartet before it was ready to play it publicly. Its quality encouraged composer after composer to write for it. Mr. Foote could name at least a dozen pieces. At the end of Gericke's first conductorship, there was a new standard of performance for the orchestra; a new insistence from the public upon it.

ning List

kisch, the one "young genius" line of conductors, electrical r of concerts, his next. At his departure, the ans Richter was "Major Hig- vice; but though the contract it was never signed. For ded the change to a new world Major Higginson then sought Thomas. Reasons of health, inclination, prompted him to a fine sense of obligation to o that had sheltered him and his orchestra prevailed. Ma- son understood; like Thomas, secret. Finally, Paur from in Mr. Foote's opinion an ated conductor.

more briefly onward, through second term and the transfer perts from the old Music Hall, a fire-trap, to the new Sym- through Muck's two years from Berlin; through the four another underestimated con- the return of Muck. Gericke back free-handed and larger- Muck's seven years were the conductor at the maturity of powers. A word about the difficulties and controversies; out the decline of the orches- Rabaud. The first years of and the internal dissensions in the still remembered through a year there was ould the orchestra in num- ality, to regain little by lit- tige lost in Boston and still York. With the liberalizing ams and the production in t the opportune moment of "Le Sacre de Printemps," st proceeded.

eux, and to complete it, the sevitzky and a virtually new be his instrument. Under phony Concerts at the pitch o, and which the youngest gen- at all s them. Gone is the old nderance in the repertory. nce gives room to Rus- s, Italians and English, that can hold their own elving a just and hospi- regards ment. The older music ding to nth and the eighteenth venteen as place beside that of central The program of six or sevenous items has yielded to fect of three or four, length- partiel- trated, better unified. another tive "soloist" has van- tionary s, new methods, but more diversified, more quarters ment. . . . Mr. s of Ala- ast Blue sheet. Into been con- had condensed fifty z Tabaro, ony Orchestra. rnambuca

H. T. P.

HENSCHEL'S RETURN

Oct 12, 1930

The First Conductor—Past and Present of The Boston Symphony Orchestra

By OLIN DOWNES.

THERE is more than local interest and significance in the return to Boston of Sir George Henschel to conduct last Friday afternoon and yesterday evening the opening pair of concerts of the fiftieth anniversary season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The sentiment which attaches to the occasion and which is warm in Boston today is caused less by Sir George's fame as an orchestral leader than by the character of the man and the fact that he led one of the most famous orchestras of the world through the first three years of its rise to rank and international repute.

It was George Henschel, pianist, singer, teacher, composer and conductor of sorts, whose presence in Boston and prowess as conductor of a concert of the Harvard Musical Association persuaded Henry L. Higginson that he had found the leader needed to develop a permanent orchestra in his native city. Without Henschel the dream of a Boston Symphony Orchestra might have waited much longer than it did to become reality. Now, half a century from the time of the beginnings of the organization, has come the hour when the first conductor, who is 80 years of age, and the orchestra can again join forces, to the edification of the august public assembled. Great has been the joy and honor of the observance. But there is a wider import to the business because, although there are older American orchestras than the Boston Symphony, and the oldest of them in this city, it was the creation of the Boston organization and the standards of orchestral performance which it soon enforced that marked a new period in the whole musical life of America and one fraught with significance for its whole future.

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Tuning will cease the moment the conductor gives the signal for doing so.

No member of the orchestra, even if his presence be not needed for the moment, will leave the hall during the time of the rehearsals and concerts without the consent of the conductor.

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These precepts and rulings are now part of the routine of all professional orchestral bodies, but it is evident that they were novel and in need of emphasis at the founding of the Boston Symphony.

Mr. Henschel in the course of his memoirs, "Musings and Memories of a Musician," gives us further details of his work. "Being absolutely my own master as regards the orchestra and its work, I tried several experiments in the way of placing the orchestra, dividing, for instance, the strings into equal halves on my right and left, with the object of enabling the listeners on either side of the hall to have the full effect of the whole string quintet. These experiments I submitted in letters, illustrated by diagrams, to Brahms, who most kindly, in his answers, commented upon their practicability or otherwise. 'But,' he writes on one occasion, 'by far the best feature in your arrangements of the orchestra is the fact that no committee will be sitting in front of it. There is not a kapellmeister on the whole of our continent who would not envy you that.'"

In making his programs Mr. Henschel, who, if his abilities as conductor were severely handled by the press, was unconditionally recognized as program maker of the first

In these later years, Sir George (then was) had become full-fledged poser. Early he had begun the p of that calling. He was conducting youthful Concert Overture which caught Major Higginson's eye and With all his work at the Symphon cerpts, he found time and zest to w comic opera, for which the no Howells, who liked to dabble i theater, wrote text and verses. never published and never perf but there is Mr. Foote's word t contained much good and cha music. So much for Sir George's interesting and successful life," p to use manifold musical abilities.

From Henschel to Gericke

Back then to the first years Symphony Orchestra—to the free and the absolute control that Major ginson gave Mr. Henschel and his sors, through half a century lished principle and policy; to the and parts that Mr. Henschel asse as nucleus of an orchestral library fifty years hardly to be matched rope or America; to the Henschella gram-making, a model in its kind; long battle in the newspapers ovi first conductor's abilities and c This and that reviewer was hosti bitter. The writers of "letters i editor" spared no words. Fortu Mr. Henschel kept the confider those that counted most. Throu the younger public of the Sym Concerts was on his side—liberal- then as now.

Next to the first coming of G in succession to Mr. Henschel, a transformation of the orchestra. earlier day, resident players had it. Gericke judged many of them in quality and began importations Europe—importations of young n replace old. Loud but impotent w local hubbub. Moreover, these sters spoke for themselves. Mr. recalled the concerts at which the Kneisel—Mr. Gericke's "imported cert-master—was to play Beeth Concerto. His displaced predecessor many another veteran went to him "go wrong"; in spite of then departed admiring. Gericke taug Bostonian public what the prep of orchestral concerts should b chamber-music the Kneisel Quart forced this lesson—and Mr. Foote digressed to praise its work and ex nowadays half-forgotten. For a busied itself with Franck's quar for it was ready to play it public quality encouraged composer afte poser to write for it. Mr. Foote name at least a dozen pieces. end of Gericke's first conduct there was a new standard of pance for the orchestra; a new ins from the public upon it.

The Lengthening List

Then to Nikisch, the one "young genius" in the long line of conductors, electrical at one pair of concerts, t ig his ease at the next. At his depart re, the celebrated Hans Richter was "ajar Hig ginson's choice; but though he contract was drawn, it was never signed. For Richter dreaded the change to a new world overseas. Major Higginson then sought Theodore Thomas. Reasons of health, ambition, inclination, prompted him to Boston; but a fine sense of obligation to the Chicago that had sheltered him and maintained his orchestra prevailed. Major Higginson understood; like Thomas, kept their secret. Finally, Paur from Germany; in Mr. Foote's opinion an under-estimated conductor.

More and more briefly onward, through Gericke's second term and the transfer of the concerts from the old Music Hall, which was a fire-trap, to the new Sym phony Hall; through Muck's two years "on loan" from Berlin; through the four of Fiedler, another underestimated conductor, to the return of Muck. Gericke had come back freer-handed and larger-minded. Muck's seven years were the years of a conductor at the maturity of remarkable powers. A word about the war-time difficulties and controversies; another about the decline of the orches tra under Rabaud. The first years of Monteux, and the internal dissensions culminating in the still remembered "strike." Through a year there was only to rebuild the orchestra in num bers and quality, to regain little by lit tle the prestige lost in Boston and still more in New York. With the liberalizing of the programs and the production in both cities at the opportune moment of Stravinsky's "Le Sacre de Printemps," the re-conquest proceeded.

After Monteux, and to complete it, the present Koussevitzky and a virtually new orchestra to be his instrument. Under him the Symphony Concerts at the pitch and range at which the youngest generation knows them. Gone is the old German preponderance in the repertory. A better balance gives room to Rus sians, Parisians, Italians and English, to Americans that can hold their own beside them, receiving a just and hospitable encouragement. The older music of the seventeenth and the eighteenth centuries now has place beside that of the twentieth. The program of six or seven miscellaneous items has yielded to the program of three or four, lengthier, more concentrated, better unified. The merely decorative "soloist" has van ished. New ways, new methods, but always to ampler, more diversified, more catholic accomplishment. . . . Mr. Foote turned his last blue sheet. Into fifty minutes he had condensed fifty years of the Symphony Orchestra.

H. T. P.

HENSCHEL'S RETURN

Oct 12, 1930

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In making his programs Mr. Hen schel, who, if his abilities as con ductor were severely handled by the press, was unconditionally recog nized as program maker of the first

rank, was guided, if you please, by the principles of good drama laid down by Gustav Freytag.

Sir George's first program, given on Oct. 22, 1881, was scheduled to be repeated, with the exception of one composition, at the concerts of Friday afternoon and last night in Boston, and was as follows: Beethoven, overture, "Consecration of the House"; Gluck, aria, "Che faro senza Eurydice"; Haydn, Symphony in B flat (B. & H. No. 12); Schubert, ballet music from "Rosamunde"; Bruch, "Penelope's Lament"; Weber, "Festival" overture. The exception noted was the substitution of Wagner's "Meistersinger" prelude for Weber's overture. The place of Anna Louise Cary was announced to be taken by Margarete Matzenauer.

AMONG "first performances" under Henschel's directorship were Cowen's "Scandinavian" symphony, which probably no one of the younger generation of symphony audiences or critics has heard, at least in this country; Volkmann's Second Symphony; Raff's "Winter" symphony. In 1911 William Foster Apthorp, writing for The Boston Transcript about the early years of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, mentioned as the principal novelties of enduring worth produced by Henschel Chadwick's "Thalia" overture, Bizet's "Roma," Brahms's "Tragic" overture and music from Wagner's "Parsifal." It will be seen that the first two of this list have been virtually forgotten. The work of Mr. Chadwick's early period which survives is not his "Thalia" but his "Melpomene" overture, which should be more often played, and it is probable that a good quarter of the compositions which made the programs of the first three seasons of the Boston Symphony repertory have been consigned to the outer darkness. To how many does the name of Volk-

mann even occur today? Where is Raff? We would fain hear again his "Leonore" symphony, with the march that so stirred the breast of the heroine of "The First Violin." Bizet's "Roma" is now café music. And there are greater ones that vanished. Where is Rubinstein in the modern orchestral repertory? The list could be lengthily extended. A great event was the performance of Dvorak's First Symphony. There were references to the "cacophonous dreariness of Wagner," and a Brahms movement was labeled "the sapient musings of some brilliant idiot." * * *

MR. HENSCHEL returned to Europe, whence Clara Schumann had written in tones of shocked inquiry. "Do you want to forsake Europe altogether? You can imagine how the news of your having accepted for a second year astonishes me, and how much I, and doubtless many with me, deplore it. What will Brahms say to it?" Good heavens! What would Brahms say to it? It is not exactly the condition today. Find the composer or musician in Europe who will not announce it as matter for rejoicing to family and friends that he has a good American engagement in his pocket.

Further tokens of the times might be read into the return of George Henschel—who, by the way, taught in New York as late as 1905 at the Institute of Musical Art. But there has been enough "interpretation" of his visit, with its many reminders and its admonitions of the passage of time and the mortality of many things. The things that do not pass are the fellowship of men who labor in a great cause, and all that Major Higginson and the sincere and admirable musician accomplished for the good of their fellow-citizens, the advancement of human understanding and the glory of art.

With an enthusiasm almost continual in its fervor, musical Boston, usually one of the most sedate and proper audiences in the world, last night thumped on the floor, cheered, and cried, "Bravo!" when Sir George Henschel, leading the great orchestra after an absence of 46 years, turned around at the conclusion of the overture to the "Mastersingers of Nuremberg."

Such noisy enthusiasm was almost unheard of in an audience noted for its serious regularity, dignified intellectuality, and utter lack of wild enthusiasms. Some of the listeners were visibly shocked. But most of the people in that fashionable throng were releasing their admiration through their hands and feet and voices.

VICTORY FOR WAGNER

Staid old Symphony hall had not witnessed such a symphony concert Saturday night since the brilliant young Russian pianist, Vladimir Horowitz, came to Boston. It cheered then. This time it cheered for an old man—80 years old—who led the Wagnerian overture as vigorously as a Koussevitzky or any of his other successors.

It was a victory for Wagner as well as for Henschel. Fifty years ago Boston was shocked by Wagner, and wondered if the heavy Richard was writing music or merely spoofing them with futuristic stuff. One 1880 critic said that such things might be looked on as music 30 years from that day, but that Henschel had done Boston a questionable favor in introducing Wagner.

Today they are saying the same things about new composers, moderns, jazzists, and the like. They still grow excited when a composer introduces new ideas. They wonder if what he writes is music.

Last night the Wagner offering was the great work on a program which seemed to some a trifle quaint and archaic. Yet the Wagner piece was the only number which would have been considered radical 50 years ago, and the only one not on the first program of the symphony.

DRAMATIC IMPORTANCE

The dramatic importance of the occasion impressed itself on many minds. Times change, and faces, but human

nature goes on, in music as in everything else, composed of conservatives, cautious ones, daring ones and moderns.

There were many in the audience who had heard Sir George 50 years ago. The orchestra was so overwhelmed with admiration for its guest leader that the members refused to arise when he asked them to share the applause. Instead, they applauded, and held their seats, until the aged conductor insisted they stand up. The audience was loath to go home, but remained many minutes. An usher said that the audience was the largest he had ever seen in the corridors for an intermission. Usually, many Bostonians remain in their seats, and do not go out to the lobby to argue and exclaim.

Behind the scenes upstairs, Sir George met many old friends after the performance. Carl Behr of Asheville, N. C., George U. Stewart of Brighton, and Ernest Regestein of Lexington, were among the original members of the symphony who attended. Others included Heinrich Gebhard, Helen Hopekirk, James R. Haughton and Jesus Sanroma.

Attended First Concerts

The return of Sir George Henschel as conductor of the Boston Symphony orchestra for the two opening performances this season calls to mind the early days of the orchestra when he served as its first conductor. Among the symphony patrons who attended concerts during his regime were Mrs. Oliver Ames, Mr. Percy Lee Atherton, Mrs. D. M. Babcock, Mrs. Frances A. M. Bird, Mrs. Arthur W. Blake, Miss M. L. Blake, Mrs. E. D. Brandegee, Mrs. Marian D. Briggs and Mr. George W. Chadwick.

Others are Mrs. George O. G. Coale, Miss C. A. Codman, Mr. Richard H. Dana, Miss Mabel W. Daniels, Mme. Emma Eames, Miss Gertrude Edmands, Mr. and Mrs. William Ellery, Mr. Augustus H. Ellis, Mrs. Ada R. Esdalle, Miss Sally Fairchild, Dr. and Mrs. John W. Farlow, Mrs. E. M. Farnsworth, Mr. William S. Fenollosa, Mr. Arthur Foote, Mrs. John Chipman Gray, Mr. C. E. Hay, Mrs. Henry Lee Higginson, Mr. Elliot Hubbard, Miss Helen Hopekirk and Miss Abby W. Hunt.

Also Mrs. Edward F. Jacobs, Mr. Clayton Johns, Mrs. B. J. Lang, Miss Margaret R. Lang, Mrs. W. B. Lancaster, Mrs. H. H. Logan, Mrs. Hall McAllister, Dr. and Mrs. George W. Monks, Mr. E. T. Paine, 2d, Mrs. Henry Parkman, Mrs. Endicott Peabody, Mr. A. E. Prescott, Miss Helen M. Ranney, Mr. and Mrs. Henry M. Rogers, Miss Catherine E. Russell, Mr. Clement Ryder, Mr. Charles E. Sampson, Dr. Henry F. Sears, Mrs. Montgomery Sears.

Others are Mr. H. J. Storer, Miss Rose Stewart, Miss Mary A. Tappan, Mrs. H. M. Whitney, Mrs. George H. Wilson and Mr. Owen Wister.

Members of the original orchestra were Daniel Kuntz of Boston, Carl Behr of Asheville, N. C.; Paul Fisher of Germany, Ernst Regestein of Lexington, George W. Stewart of Brighton, and Eustach Strasser of Westwood. Joining in 1882-83 were C. Martin Loeffler of Medfield and E. B. Marble of Woodstock. L. E. Menoly of New York joined in 1883-84.

FIFTIETH SEASON, NINETEEN HUNDRED THIRTY AND THIRTY-ONE

Second Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, OCTOBER 17, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 18, at 8.15 o'clock

Bach Two Preludes (Arranged for String Orchestra by Pick-Mangiagalli)

- I. Adagio.
- II. Vivace.

(First Performance)

Beethoven Symphony No. 7 in A major, Op. 92

- I. Poco sostenuto; Vivace.
- II. Allegretto.
- III. Presto; Assai meno presto; Tempo primo.
- IV. Allegro con brio.

Hill An Ode (For the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Boston Symphony Orchestra) Poem by Robert Hillyer (To be read by the author)

(First Performance)

Moussorgsky "Pictures at an Exhibition," Pianoforte Pieces arranged for Orchestra by Maurice Ravel

Promenade—Gnomes—Tuleries—Bydlo—Ballet of Chickens in their Shells—Samuel Goldenberg and Schmuyle—Limoges; the Market-place—Catacombs (Con mortuis in lingua mortua)—The Hut on Fowls' Legs—The Great Gate at Kiev.

CHORUS FROM

THE HARVARD GLEE CLUB, Dr. Archibald T. Davison, Conductor
THE RADCLIFFE CHORAL SOCIETY, G. Wallace Woodworth, Conductor

STEINWAY PIANO USED

There will be an intermission after the symphony

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert

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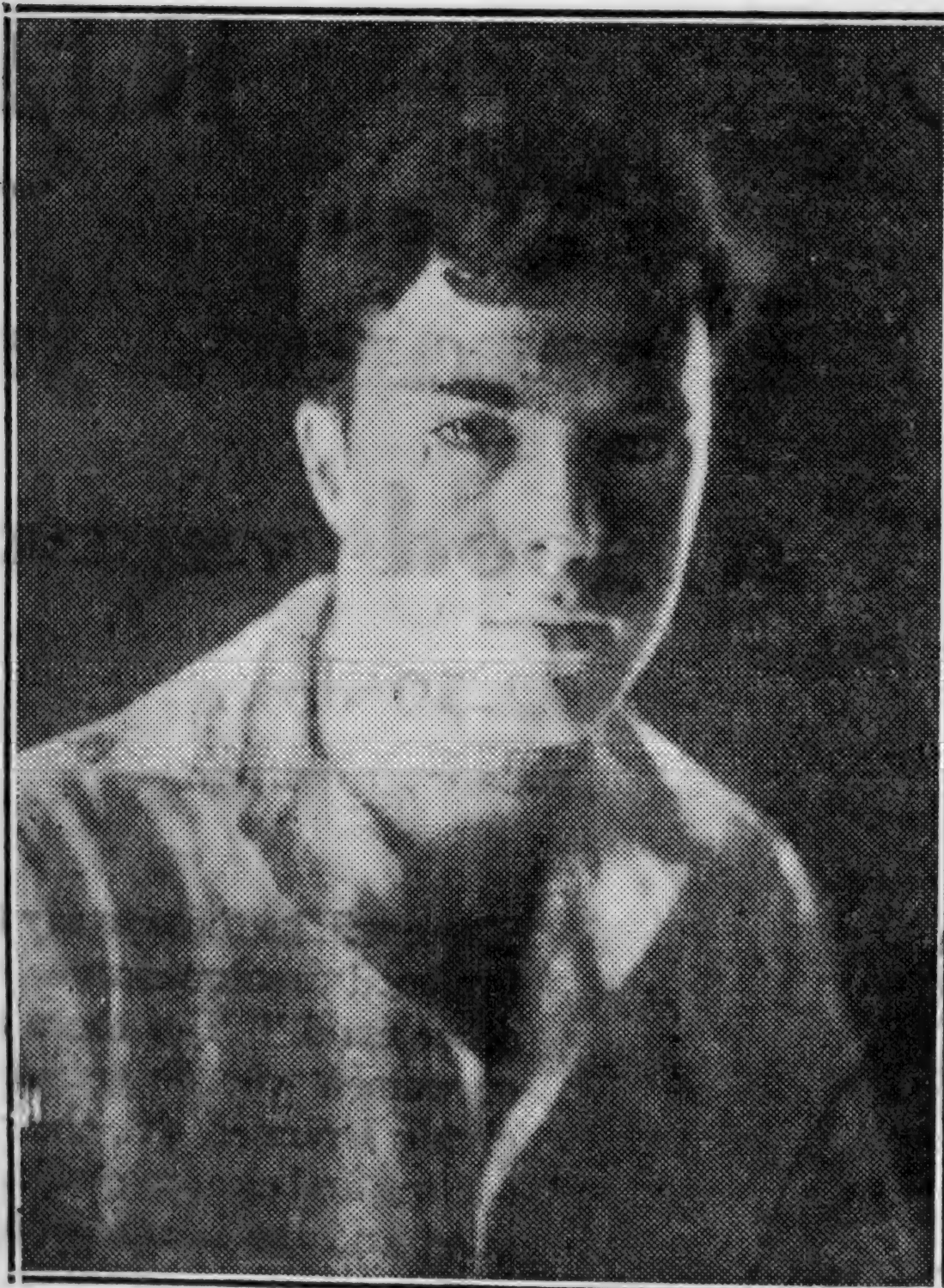
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SYMPHONY CONCERT

Herald By PHILIP HALE Oct. 18, 1930
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Sealing Fifty Years of Mutual Good Will



Harvard University Salutes the Symphony Orchestra

Robert Hillyer, Poet, of the English Department, and Edward Burlingame Hill, Composer, of the Division of Music, Who Have Joined Hands in An Anniversary Ode to Be Heard at the Symphony Concerts Tomorrow and Saturday

(Bachrach C.)

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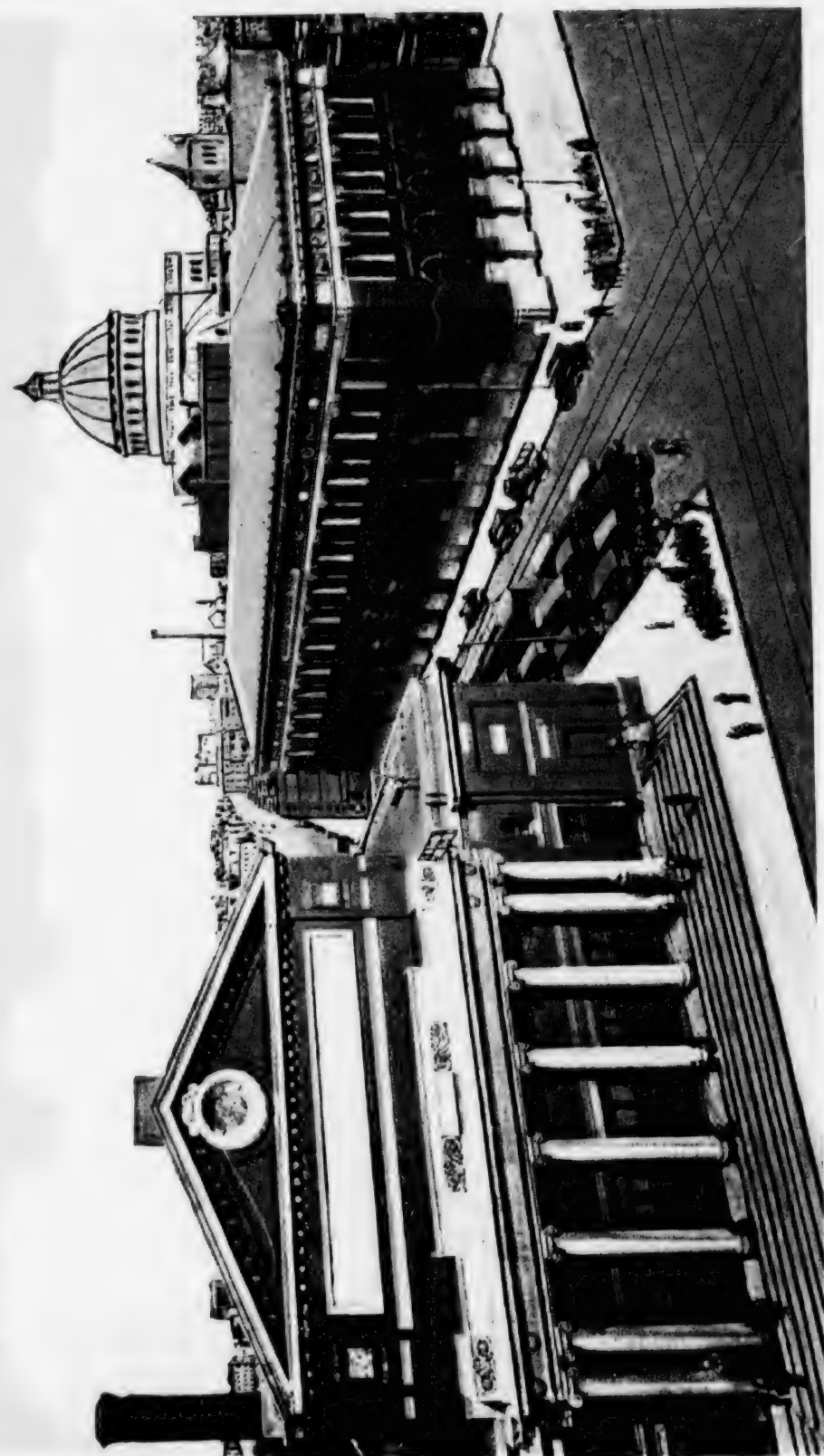
SYMPHONY HALL

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of Ravel's idea of Moussorgsky's Suite for piano, a performance of marked virtuosity. One might justly ask, whether the original version for the piano is not nearer to the Russian's impression of Hartmann's pictures than is Ravel's elaborate transcription, if the title might not well be "Study in Orchestration by Ravel with Helpful Hints by Moussorgsky." The two names are not easily associated.

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SYMPHONY HALL AND HORTICULTURAL HALL, MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE, BOSTON, MASS.



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They will not let Bach alone; they think he stands in need of transcriptions for orchestra to make his name more illustrious. In London we heard a few months ago a thunderous orchestral version by Respighi of the Passacaglia, which was written originally for a species of pedal piano. Mr. Pick-Mangiagalli was more modest in his homage as a transcriber. He took the slow movement of an organ prelude to a fugue in D minor, music that suggests the treatment he gave it. For the quick movement he chose a prelude in Bach's Partita No. 3, which, utilized by Bach for other purposes, has been made familiar by organists as well as violinists. For the latter prelude he kept the original first violin part, and under it wrote other parts in the "strict contrapuntal manner of Bach."

In saying this he was not presumptuous. His own Fugue played here a year ago proved that he had a mastery of counterpoint and not merely in the pedant's sense, for his music had vitality and when grace and beauty were needed they were not missing. The first prelude played yesterday might have been transcribed by Bach himself for strings; it was so ingenious, at the same time so serene, so lovely in its tenderness. The Fugue, taken at a most rapid pace, was exciting. The parts written by the transcriber added to the musical excitement and seemed a necessary integral part; there was no hint at modernization. The expressive euphony of performance in the first prelude, the dazzling brilliance of the strings in the second were at once appreciated, warmly appreciated by the audience. Seldom is a new, unknown work so cordially received.

Mr. Koussevitzky was heartily welcomed when he came on the platform. Orchestra and audience stood to greet him. The welcome was spontaneous on the part of the audience, hearty and sincere. Having conducted the transcriptions with gusto, admiring the work of the composer as he does, he with his valiant artists gave an incomparable interpretation of Beethoven's symphony. Not that he endeavored to make all things new, but as is his way with Beethoven's music, familiarity with it does not in him breed indif-

ference, the willingness to "let the music speak for itself," an excuse given by uninspired or lazy conductors for tame, perfunctory performance. That of yesterday was charged with the composer's Dionysiac spirit; there was the wildness of joy in the lively movements, the poetic frenzy, Bacchic revelry, while the famous Allegretto was free from the lethargic sentimentalism that some conductors find necessary for contrast. Here the great Beethoven was revealed in a manner that made the epithet "titanic" bestowed on him by biographers fond of purple phrases and the swollen style, seem not extravagant.

Before the performance of Mr. Hill's "Ode," the poet spoke his verses; then they were sung by the combined chorus of the Harvard Glee Club and the Radcliffe Choral Society. They were also printed in the program book. All this, so that there might be no possible excuse for those present not dilating with the right emotions, music or no music.

The poetic sentiments served well the musician, who made of his work a little cantata, conspicuous for clear effective writing for the chorus; and for an instrumental prelude and interludes that, while they displayed tasteful instrumentation, anticipated and then sustained the poet's various declarations. In writing for the chorus, Mr. Hill treated the singers as human beings with vocal limitations, not as orchestral instruments. He shrewdly used female voices for a stanza that seemed to require them. The maidens from Radcliffe clad in a Fascist uniform but with white collars came on the stage in solemn procession. A dash of red, or even of heliotrope, would better have suited the occasion. They did not, lifting up their voices, lament with a great lamentation, as one would have expected from their garb. They sang sweetly and smoothly of "Windy," not waterlogged, flute, harp, and "Violins of graver phrase," while the more heroic spirit of the third stanza filled the breasts of the Harvard men and was expelled in their characteristically broken, syllabic sentences with the staccato that often was like unto a bark. Mr. Hill's accompaniment preserved due proportion; there was no attempt to outvie in strength and stress the vocal forces; the accompaniment supported and embellished. Poet and composer were duly applauded.

There was a compelling performance of Ravel's idea of Moussorgsky's Suite for piano, a performance of marked virtuosity. One might justly ask, whether the original version for the piano is not nearer to the Russian's impression of Hartmann's pictures than is Ravel's elaborate transcription. If the title might not well be "Study in Orchestration by Ravel with Helpful Hints by Moussorgsky." The two names are not easily associated.

The concert will be repeated tonight.

Symphonic Afternoon Of Rhythm

Return of Dr. Koussevitzky,
Triple Tour de Force and
An Anniversary Ode

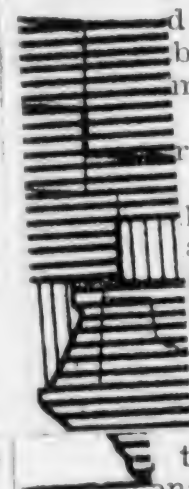
FIRST to the anniversary rites that through six months to come will alter the face of the Symphony Concerts. A week ago, they began with the return of Sir George Henschel to conduct at the first pair of concerts in the fiftieth season, even as he had in the first pair of 1881. On the Friday, Dr. Koussevitzky escorted him to his place, made a brief speech in his honor. Otherwise, through both concerts, the present conductor was no more than appreciative listener. Yesterday afternoon, he returned to his post, while a confused audience hardly knew how to re-welcome him. There was general and hearty applause but not the usual gust to greet his annual return. Some—the orchestra included—rose eagerly; others hesitatingly; many kept their seats. The confusion of purpose was evident and innocent. The Symphony Concerts are an institution. A semi-centennial may not depart from routine without consequences. Dr. Koussevitzky smiled as though he perceived as much.

The whole program of the first pair of concerts was commemorative; at the second one commemorative piece suffices—a Choral Ode written by Robert Hillyer, set to music by Edward Burlingame Hill, both of Harvard, sung by a choir from the Harvard Glee Club and the Radcliffe Choral Society; happy signalling in an anniversary hour of the long-standing tie between orchestra and university. Elsewhere on this page are Mr. Hillyer's verses, distinctly oddish, as the seventeenth and the eighteenth centuries in England cultivated the form and understood the term. He himself, mounting the conductor's stand, read them out to yesterday's audience in clear voice and just phrasing, Professor Hill's music spoke for itself; will speak again this evening; brought a warm call for the composer.

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For the rest, the program traversed two transcriptions for string choir from Bach made by the Italian, Pick-Mangia galli, heard for the first time at any concerts; Ravel's adaptation for orches tra of Musorgsky's "Pictures at An Ex hibition," tour de force on the part of arranger, conductor and players; Beetho ven's Seventh Symphony, in the per formance with which Dr. Koussevitzky has often swayed his audience. The ori gins of Pick-Mangiagalli's Adagio and Vi vace have already been set forth in this place. Yesterday there was only to listen to them as so much felicitous music. The Italian in him can be exuberant with his medium, as his Fugue of last autumn richly proved. The Czech in him can also strike fire. In the two pieces now heard,

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Dr Koussevitzky, making his first appearance as conductor for the present season, was warmly welcomed by orchestra and audience.

Symphonic Afternoon Of Rhythm

Return of Dr. Koussevitzky Triple Tour de Force: An Anniversary Ode

FIRST to the anniversary ritual through six months to alter the face of the Symphony Concerts. A week ago, the orchestra began with the return of Sir George Schell to conduct at the first pair of concerts in the fiftieth season, even had in the first pair of 1881. Friday, Dr. Koussevitzky escorted to his place, made a brief speech of honor. Otherwise, through both pairs, the present conductor was more than appreciative listener. Yesterday afternoon, he returned to his post a confused audience hardly knew how to re-welcome him. There was general hearty applause but not the usual to greet his annual return. Some orchestra included—rose eagerly; hesitatingly; many kept their sea of confusion of purpose was evident. The Symphony Concerts are an institution. A semi-centennial not depart from routine without quences. Dr. Koussevitzky smiles though he perceived as much.

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Both words and tones were commissioned work, and commissioned work puzzles the outsider. When the conductor and trustees of the Symphony Orchestra asked a piece for its anniversary year of Roussel or Stravinsky, the presumption is that the composer thought of some project simmering in his creative mind; proceeded forthwith to accomplish it. But Mr. Hill could hardly have been incubating commemorative verse or Mr. Hill meditating upon its musical vesture when each, last spring, received his commission. Presumably both began at the beginning, to end in creditable result. The usual fate of such "occasional" pieces is to be banal; the rare fortune of a few exceptions to be distinguished. Mr. Hill's verse and Mr. Hill's music are neither the one nor the other.

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For the rest, the program traversed two transcriptions for string choir from Bach made by the Italian, Pick-Mangiagalli, heard for the first time at any concerts; Ravel's adaptation for orchestra of Musorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition," tour de force on the part of arranger, conductor and players; Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, in the performance with which Dr. Koussevitzky has often swayed his audience. The origins of Pick-Mangiagalli's Adagio and Vivace have already been set forth in this mounting the conductor's stand place. Yesterday there was only to listen them out to yesterday's audience and to them as so much felicitous music. The voice and just phrasing, Professor music spoke for itself; will speak this evening; brought a warm welcome to the composer.

his sense of measure and style commended him. The Adagio is a warm and flowing music, free from any Italian succulence of instrumental song; Bach-like in rounded phrase and full-spaced periods; more intimate than stately; of the composer who mused as he wrote, opening serene vistas of beauty along the glowing surfaces, the transparent depths of strings in such sustained song. Dr. Koussevitzky's choir gave back their askings. The Vivace sharpens tone and rhythm; springs forward in spare, edgy counterpoint; is of Bach whipping technical exercise into spirited musical creation. Mr. Burgin and his companions ran with him. Pick-Mangiagalli's keen workmanship was also spur.

The piano-pieces in which Musorgsky recalled the sketches, in posthumous exhibition, of Hartmann, his friend, are a tour de force in themselves. Piano-music might hardly go farther in delineative suggestion of sights, sounds, speech, gesture, trait, mood; and all by dint of graphic rhythm. Musorgsky wrought his illusion by the limited means of that percussive instrument, the piano. Ravel, scoring the "Pictures" for orchestra, intensifies delineation by the larger, richer, more various means of a multiple medium; yet nowhere distorts or unduly modernizes. Under the limitations of the piano Musorgsky composed in water color. An orchestra before him, Ravel uses a full palette of oils. He evokes the images that rose before Musorgsky's eyes; like him gives them musical vitality by rhythm; then sharpens the characterization, deepens the graphic suggestion, by every timbre, in itself or in combination, that an orchestra may yield. The gnome nips along in uncanny, comic gait; the wheels of the peasant-cart rumble across the plain; Schmuyle fawns and circles about the portly and superior Goldenberg; strange lights and sounds pierce the catacombs; the great gate at Kiev rises in tonal apotheosis of old Russia. Again a tour de force of orchestral resource, imagination, sympathy. Dr. Koussevitzky also sees with Musorgsky's eyes; feels his graphic rhythm; tingles to Ravel's colors and sonorities. In his turn, with an orchestra absorbed in his will, achieves a third tour de force. To return to these "Pictures" becomes the fiftieth year of the orchestra.

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Mr Hillyer recited his ode to the audience before it was sung by the chorus. It runs as follows:

Silence, yield! We lay too long
Thrall to thee and strange to song;
Now our fifty singing years
Have flown beyond the reach of time,
And Earth's reverberant echoes climb
To sweet accord with her companion stars.

Windy flute of pastoral themes,
Call to fold our wandering dreams;
Harp, remember leafy light
That danced above our younger days;
And violins of graver phrase,
Oh, follow love with voices down the night!

Bannered horn of golden doom
Where the clouded bastions loom,
Flaming dark with ancient wars,
With nobler music now prevail,
While native trumpets mildly hail
The trumpets calling clear from farther shores.

When these many songs be done,
Merge their harmonies in one!
Mortal past and future yearn
For music vaster than their own;
The Orphic chord, the final tone,
Before the silence whither all return.

One cannot expect of verses and music written to honor a particular occasion more than that they shall be correct in form and dignified in manner. The history of both poetry and music offers only the rarest instances when a masterpiece has been produced by such a request as that made to Mr Hillyer and Mr Hill.

Of their joint contribution to the commemoration of the Boston Symphony's anniversary, then, it is only necessary to say that it was above rather than below the level struck by most such occasional pieces in the past. Mr Hill's music belong more obviously to the 20th century than do Mr Hillyer's verses, which might almost have been written in 17th century England.

The concert began with two effective arrangements by Pick-Mangiagalli of preludes by J. S. Bach, scored for string orchestra. The first of these is in D minor, based on the ninth prelude in the Bach Gesellschaft edition of the organ preludes and fugues. The second is the prelude of the third partita, in E major, originally for violin alone. For this the arranger has supplied other parts in Bach's manner, retaining the first violin part as Bach wrote it. These arrangements, performed yesterday for the first time in public, will be welcomed by those who believe it desirable to make more of Bach's music playable by a modern orchestra.

They are open, however, to the obvious objection that all such transcription must face, of taking an unwarrantable liberty with the work of a dead master. Pick-Mangiagalli has done his task in a competent and musicianly manner. But would it not be preferable to have an organist play the D minor prelude, not severed from the fugue which ought to follow; and a violinist play the whole partita if these numbers are to be included on a Symphony program.

Another arrangement on yesterday's program, the now familiar one by Ravel of Musorgsky's piano pieces "Pictures at an Exhibition," is worked out with such astonishing brilliance and such fidelity to the spirit of the original that one is compelled to except it from the foregoing strictures. In this number Dr Koussevitzky, as on several previous occasions, was yesterday at the height of his powers, conducting with the utmost eloquence and verve.

In Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, however, conductor and orchestra were not at their best. In the first movement their noisy and lumbering performance was very disappointing. Of this music d'Indy has said that it should be "like the song of a bird." But yesterday the coarse tone of the strings and the painful overstraining of all strong accents did violence to both the letter and the spirit of a masterpiece.

The other movements fared somewhat better. The tempo in the famous allegretto, for instance, kept to the proper pace and avoided the misplaced languors of some now fashionable interpretations. The finale was well played. No doubt the old excuse that the season has just begun is now in order.

Next week the French composer Roussel will be present to hear the first performances anywhere of his new Symphony in G minor, one of the several important works commissioned by the Boston Symphony for its anniversary season. Partly, no doubt, in his honor, the rest of the program is from French composers. The other numbers are to be Berlioz' "Benvenuto Cellini" overture, Debussy's "La Mer," and Ravel's "La Valse."

P. R.

The Boston Symphony

The first of the compositions written in honor of the fiftieth season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra appeared on the program of the concerts of Oct. 17 and 18. This was an Ode for mixed chorus and orchestra composed by Edward Burlingame Hill to a poem written for the occasion by Robert Hillyer. The singers were from the Harvard Glee Club and the Radcliffe Choral Society.

Another work which had its first performance at the Friday afternoon concert was Riccardo Pick-Mangiagalli's arrangement for string orchestra of two Preludes of J. S. Bach. The symphony of the week was Beethoven's Seventh, and the pro-

gram closed with the Moussorgsky-Ravel "Pictures at an Exhibition."

Mr. Hillyer read to the audience his verses, which follow:

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Dr. Koussevitzky, who was making his first appearance of the jubilee year as conductor, was received with the customary obeisances, and presided with his invariable energy.

L. A. S.

Early Season at the Bostonian Concert Halls

Koussevitzky's First Program, at the Bostonian Concert Halls

Today and Saturday Dr. Koussevitzky addresses himself to the anniversary season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Sir George come and won his laurels. sent conductor makes his first. Before leaving Boston he planned that the centenary season might well be (he was concerned) with a new one work composed for the occasion. To Professor he confided his intention—a commemorative piece. This week's program stands as "Fiftieth Anniversary of the Boston Symphony Orchestra," poem (also of the University), by B. Hill. The work is orchestral. For it a hundred the Harvard Glee Club Choral Society, trained by Mr. Woodworth, will Professor Hill gives as "absolutely nothing" piece, but lets slip the

Mr. Hillyer recited his ode to the audience before it was sung by the chorus. It runs as follows:

Silence, yield! We lay too long
Thrall to thee and strange to song;
Now our fifty singing years
Have flown beyond the reach of time,
And Earth's reverberant echoes climb
To sweet accord with her companion stars.

Windy flute of pastoral themes,
Call to fold our wandering dreams;
Harp, remember leafy light
That danced above our younger days;
And violins of graver phrase,
Oh, follow love with voices down the night!

Bannered horn of golden doom
Where the clouded bastions loom,
Flaming dark with ancient wars,
With nobler music now prevail,
While native trumpets mildly hall
The trumpets calling clear from farther shores.

When these many songs be done,
Merge their harmonies in one!
Mortal past and future yearn
For music vaster than their own;
The Orphic chord, the final tone,
Before the silence whither all return.

One cannot expect of verses and music written to honor a particular occasion more than that they shall be correct in form and dignified in manner. The history of both poetry and music offers only the rarest instances when a masterpiece has been produced by such a request as that made to Mr. Hillyer and Mr. Hill.

Of their joint contribution to the commemoration of the Boston Symphony's anniversary, then, it is only necessary to say that it was above rather than below the level struck by most such occasional pieces in the past. Mr. Hill's music belong more obviously to the 20th century than do Mr. Hillyer's verses, which might almost have been written in 17th century England.

The concert began with two effective arrangements by Pick-Mangiagalli of preludes by J. S. Bach, scored for string orchestra. The first of these is in D minor, based on the ninth prelude in the Bach Gesellschaft edition of the organ preludes and fugues. The second is the prelude of the third partita, in E major, originally for violin alone. For this the arranger has supplied other parts in Bach's manner, retaining the first violin part as Bach wrote it. These arrangements, performed yesterday for the first time in public, will be welcomed by those who believe it desirable to make more of Bach's music playable by a modern orchestra.

They are open, however, to the obvious objection that all such transcription must face, of taking an unwarrantable liberty with the work of a dead master. Pick-Mangiagalli has done his task in a competent and musicianly manner. But would it not be preferable to have an organist play the D minor prelude, not severed from the fugue which ought to follow; and a violinist play the whole partita if these numbers are to be included on a Symphony program.

Another arrangement on yesterday's program, the now familiar one by Ravel of Musorgsky's piano pieces "Pictures at an Exhibition," is worked out with such astonishing brilliance and such fidelity to the spirit of the original that one is compelled to except it from the foregoing strictures. In this number Dr. Koussevitzky, as on several previous occasions, was yesterday at the height of his powers, conducting with the utmost eloquence and verve.

In Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, however, conductor and orchestra were not at their best. In the first movement their noisy and lumbering performance was very disappointing. Of this music d'Indy has said that it should be "like the song of a bird." But yesterday the coarse tone of the strings and the painful overstraining of all strong accents did violence to both the letter and the spirit of a masterpiece.

The other movements fared somewhat better. The tempo in the famous allegretto, for instance, kept to the proper pace and avoided the misplaced languors of some now fashionable interpretations. The finale was well played. No doubt the old excuse that the season has just begun is now in order.

Next week the French composer Roussel will be present to hear the first performances anywhere of his new Symphony in G minor, one of the several important works commissioned by the Boston Symphony for its anniversary season. Partly, no doubt, in his honor, the rest of the program is from French composers. The other numbers are to be Berlioz' "Benvenuto Cellini" overture, Debussy's "La Mer," and Ravel's "La Valse."

The Boston Symphony

The first of the compositions written in honor of the fiftieth season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra appeared on the program of the concerts of Oct. 17 and 18. This was an Ode for mixed chorus and orchestra composed by Edward Burlingame Hill to a poem written for the occasion by Robert Hillyer. The singers were from the Harvard Glee Club and the Radcliffe Choral Society.

Another work which had its first performance at the Friday afternoon concert was Riccardo Pick-Mangiagalli's arrangement for string orchestra of two Preludes of J. S. Bach. The symphony of the week was Beethoven's Seventh, and the pro-

gram closed with the Moussorgsky-Ravel "Pictures at an Exhibition."

Mr. Hillyer read to the audience his verses, which follow:

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L. A. S.

Early Season In Bostonian Concert Halls

Koussevitzky's First Program, Recitals Near and Far, Other Prospects

ON Friday and Saturday Dr. Koussevitzky addresses himself to the anniversary season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Sir George Henschel has come and won his laurels. Now the present conductor makes his festive beginnings. Before leaving Boston last spring he planned that the concerts of the fiftieth season might well be a program containing one work composed specifically for the occasion. To Professor Hill of Harvard he confided his intention; requested a commemorative piece.

Thus upon this week's program stands "An Ode for the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Boston Symphony Orchestra," poem by Robert Hillyer (also of the University), music by Edward B. Hill. The work is choral as well as orchestral. For it a hundred members of the Harvard Glee Club and the Radcliffe Choral Society, trained by Dr. Davison and Mr. Woodworth, will perform the choir. Professor Hill gives assurance that there is "absolutely nothing to say" about the piece, but lets slip the

information that it is seven minutes in length; that the respective verses are to be sung by full chorus, by women's chorus, by men's chorus; that there are no solos. He further says that, to make the Ode entirely new at the time of first performance, Mr. Hillyer's poem will not be released for print until it has been heard at the concert of Friday afternoon. For once, the thrills of novelty may not be even mildly anticipated.

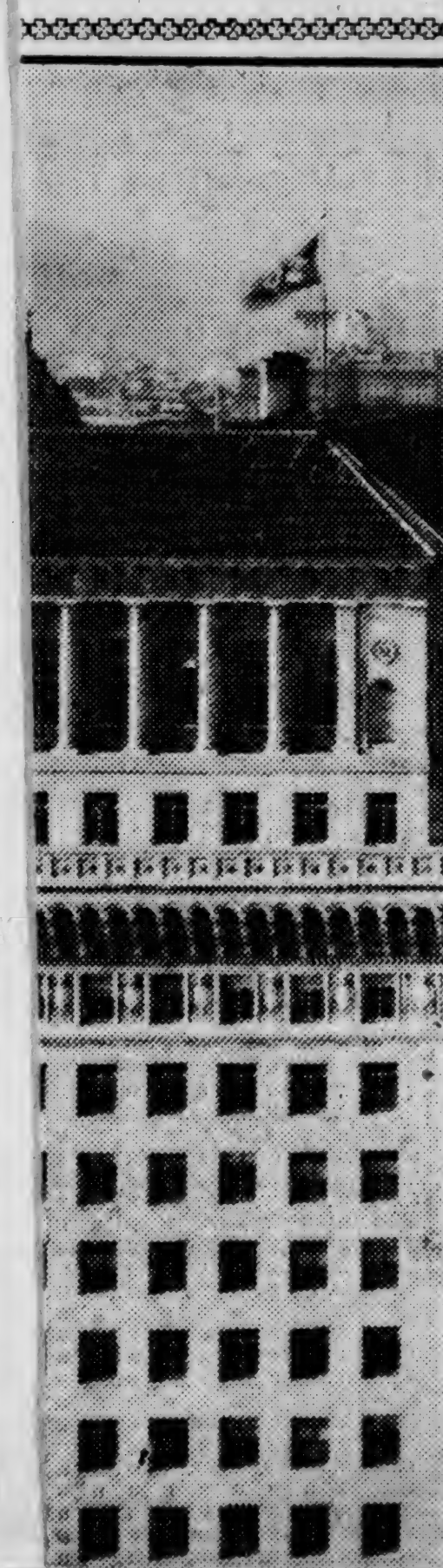
Yet another item of the program comes to first orchestral hearing anywhere. The reader probably infers transcription, and rightly so. For orchestral transcription from the works of the great Johann Sebastian goes on apace. This time the Italian, Pick-Mangiagalli, remembered at these concerts for an exceedingly musical Prelude and Fugue played a year ago, has laid hands upon the chief among the Bachs. Out of two works of diverse kind he has drawn movements for a new grouping of his own. The program announces simply, "Two Preludes—Adagio, Vivace, arranged for String Orchestra."

The Adagio proves to be in E minor, the Vivace in E major. The Adagio is taken from a familiar Prelude and Fugue for Organ in D minor, transposed (as well as transcribed) into E minor, to be companion-piece to the Vivace which remains in its own key. Indeed, this is probably not the first time the little piece has been transcribed. Schweitzer argues that "from its construction and general style we may draw the conclusion that it was written for the harpsichord." Bach took this harpsichord-prelude, joined it with his own transcription for organ of the second movement of his Violin Sonata in G minor; then published the two under the caption above noted. Thus he himself has given ample precedent for further transcription. Pick-Mangiagalli has taken a leaf out of Bach's own book in yet another sense. For the arranger's companion-piece also comes from one of the composer's violin-sonatas (or partitas), the one most played by violinists, in E major. Any "Kreisler-fan" will have heard it; in fact all violinists keep it in their active repertory.

Organists are wont to play this Prelude with great solidity and majestic dignity. Bach gave no tempo-indication. Pick-Mangiagalli has labelled it "Adagio," and the disposition of the orchestral voices is such that a lyric mood fairly flows from the printed page. In the Vivace, the music retains all the brightness and zest of the violin-piece. The score was published during the present year, 1930. A. H. M.

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Third Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, OCTOBER 24, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 25, at 8.15 o'clock

Rameau Ballet Suite (Edited by Felix Mottl)

- I. Menuet from "Platée."
- II. Musette from "Les Fêtes d'Hébé."
- III. Tambourin from "Les Fêtes d'Hébé."

Roussel Symphony in G minor, Op. 42

- I. Allegro vivo.
- II. Adagio.
- III. Vivace.
- IV. Allegro con spirito.

(First Performance: Composed for the 50th Anniversary of the Boston Symphony Orchestra)

Debussy "La Mer," Trois Esquisses Symphoniques

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Ravel "La Valse," Choregraphic Poem

There will be an intermission after the symphony

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert

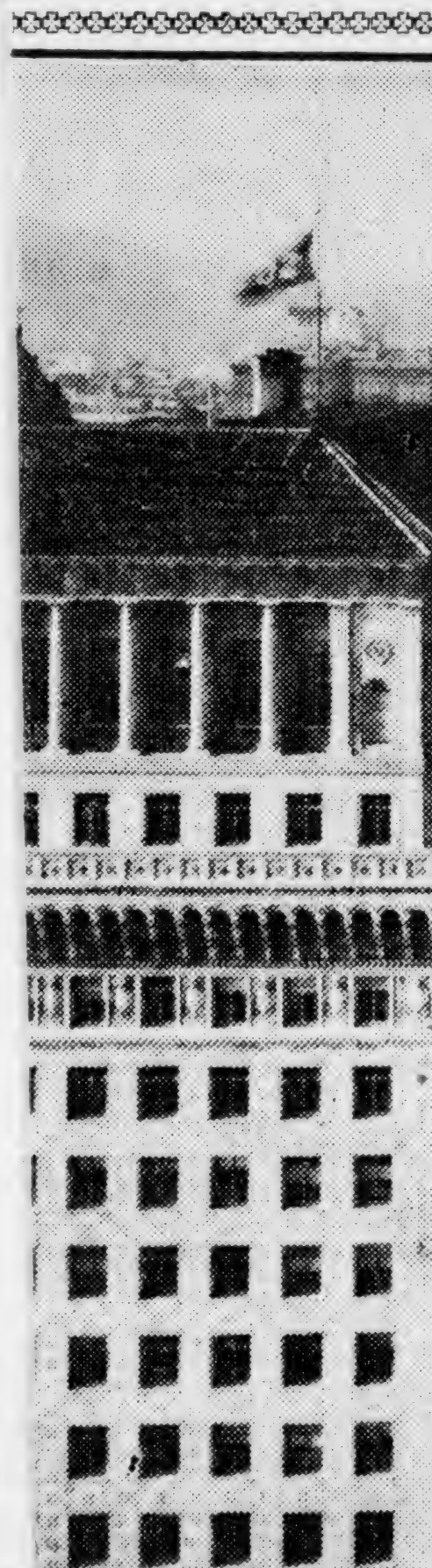
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SECOND IN JUBILEE OF SYMPHONY

Harvard and Radcliffe Singers Heard in Hill's Ode

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

The rites with which the Boston Symphony Orchestra is marking the beginning of its 50th season will continue. At the concerts of last Friday and Saturday there was the first conductor, Sir George Henschel, leading the orchestra through what was virtually a repetition of its first programme. This week Dr. Koussevitzky is in command, and among the pieces offered is an Ode written and composed especially for this golden jubilee by Robert Hillyer and Edward Burlingame Hill.

VERSES READ AND SUNG

Before the performance of this Ode yesterday Mr. Hillyer, escorted to the platform by Dr. Koussevitzky, recited his verses which later were sung by a chorus drawn from the Harvard Glee Club and the Radcliffe Choral Society. Since Mr. Hillyer is an assistant professor in English at Harvard and Mr. Hill the head of the department of music in that university, Cambridge could consider itself well represented. Mr. Hill's music, made by a practiced hand, will probably not escape the oblivion that awaits most occasional

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SECOND JUBILEE SYM

Harvard and Singers Hill's

BY WARREN ST

The rites with v Symphony Orchest beginning of its 50t tinuc. At the conce and Saturday there ductor, Sir George the orchestra throu tually a repetition gramme. This w vitzky is in commar pieces offered is an composed especially jubilee by Robert H Burlingame Hill.

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pieces, but for the moment it gave much pleasure; it caressed or stirred the ear and it seemed well fitted to the lines that gave it birth. These last, herewith reproduced, may speak for themselves:

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Oh, follow love with voices down the night!

Called to the Stage

After the performance of this Ode yesterday Mr. Hill was summoned to the stage by Dr. Koussevitzky that he might acknowledge in person the warm applause that his music had provoked. Mr. Hill is primarily a composer for orchestra but he has written here gracefully and effectively for voices. More mature singers would perhaps have done his music fuller justice.

Familiar matter made most of the balance of yesterday's programme though there came as opening number a pair of preludes of Bach, the one for organ, the other for violin, transcribed for string orchestra by Pick-Manglagalli. These arrangements valuably extend the range of orchestral Bach and they make yet another vehicle through which Dr. Koussevitzky can display the tonal and technical virtues of his string choir.

Ravel and Moussorgsky

Upon these preludes followed yesterday the Seventh Symphony of Beethoven and in a performance that was in many respects noteworthy. In particular was the Allegretto, one of the finest of all of Beethoven's flights of fancy, beautifully and illuminatingly played.

But no matter how signally Dr. Koussevitzky and his men may triumph with the classics it is in contemporary music that they become truly inimitable. The final number yesterday was Moussorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition," in the more than masterly orchestration of Ravel, and the performance of this so graphic music gave authority to the claim made by Dr. Koussevitzky in his address of last week that the orchestra is now "at its zenith of zeniths."

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Down Distances He Looks



Obverse of Medal Struck in Paris to mark Roussel's Sixtieth Birthday (1929)

The Sea Sang to Him



Reverse of Medal Struck in Paris to mark Roussel's Sixtieth Birthday (1929)

By Courtesy of The Composer

Symphony in D-flat

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Boston 12 October 1930

Arthur Roussel

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By Courtesy of The Composer

Max Kluge, Former Symphony Member, Dies Abroad

Trans. Oct. 9, 1930

Word has been received from Germany of the death of Max Kluge, a former member of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. He enjoyed the unique distinction of having played under Henschel, Gericke, Nikisch, Paur, Muck, Max Fiedler, Rabaud, Monteux and Koussevitzky; in fact, he was the only member who had played under every conductor the orchestra has had.

Mr. and Mrs. Kluge had been visiting relatives and friends in Germany and Switzerland, and he passed away in Munich on Sept. 17 after a short illness.

MUSIC

SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE Oct. 25, 1930

The third concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. It had been announced that the opening number would be the overture to Berlioz's "Benvenuto Cellini." At the last moment it was put aside, to the regret of many. A Ballet Suite arranged by Felix Mottl, from Rameau's "Plater" (menuet) and "Les Fetes d'Hebe" (Musette and Tambourin) was substituted. There was a certain fitness in the selection, for Debussy's fondness for Rameau is well known—he was never weary of urging young composers to hark back to that French composer and he would have been pleased to see his name associated with Rameau on a program.

Then followed Albert Roussel's new Symphony in G Minor composed expressly for the 50th anniversary of the orchestra; Debussy's "La Mer" and Ravel's "La Valse." Mr. Roussel was present. He acknowledged modestly the hearty applause of orchestra and audience that followed the performance of his symphony. This applause was by no means only courtesy; the composer richly deserved it. The symphony, it is true, is a piece of occasion, but it bids fair to be a piece of many occasions. Eight of his more important symphonic works had been performed in Boston since 1912, six of them at concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra; no one of them excited such genuine admiration on the part of the general public or even among musicians, who, gladly acknowledging the technical skill of Roussel his contrapuntal and harmonic mastery, his knowledge of orchestration, his high ideals, yet found much of his music purely cerebral, lacking warmth, emotional inspiration, sensuous color and ravishing tints.

But the Roussel of the symphony seems to be another man. This symphony has frankly a festival character. More than one page, especially in the Scherzo and the Finale, is a triumphant, exultant hymn, chanting sonorously the glorious life of the orchestra now in its full and splendid maturity, but as a Festival Symphony, it is as free from bombast as it is from that which by its obviousness would appeal to those delighting chiefly in the thunder of the captains and the shouting.

Again Mr. Roussel displays, as he has displayed before, his admirable musicianship. Note the fugue in the slow movement—an unusual place to find a fugue—a fugue that is not merely a perfunctory scholastic section to serve by

way of contrast to the contemplative pages—but one that is dramatic in its evolution and in its contrapuntal treatment. The opening movement by its themes and their development does more than to arouse favorable expectation of what is to follow. Here is warmth as well as dignity. Mark also the conciseness of the work, how firmly knit it is. The Scherzo dazzles by its brilliance. And in this symphony there is an elasticity, a spontaneity of musical thought that many had not been able to find in the composer's previous compositions.

The performance was of the finest quality as was that of Debussy's "Three Sketches." It is a curious fact that Mr. Roussel though for some years an officer in the French navy has never looked to the ocean for musical suggestion, while Debussy merely crossed the English channel. (And so deep-sea sailors of Cape Cod when they retired to their villages often dwelt in houses inland far from salt winds.) Perhaps some find Debussy's ocean too gentle; they miss the "spasms of the sky and the shatter of the sea." But each composer, each poet has his own ocean. To Bryant it was a gray and melancholy waste, to Aeschylus and Milton it laughed; Laforgue was impressed because it had no other name. Now Debussy loved the ocean, even as he saw it from seaside resorts, where he found that men and women did not sufficiently respect it. He knew it could be savage—witness the ending of the second Sketch—he also knew that its sunlight was beautiful. He had his own ocean and he expressed vividly what it had said to him. Some who are pleased to think that Ravel is always an ironist, in music as in speech, say that in "La Valse" he was ironical at the expense of the Viennese masters, especially Johann Strauss. Tush! Likewise piffle! Likewise, go to! He certainly would not have taken the trouble to "parody" Metra or Waldteufel, demigods at the Parisian Opera balls. The Viennese dance forms naturally made the greater appeal to him. It should be remembered that when he sketched the music he thought of a production on the stage.

A most interesting concert: one that was not too long. Mr. Roussel, for example, knew what he had to say, and having said it well, did not fritter away its force.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program for next week will be—i.e., is announced as, Overture by an anonymous composer (first performance); Symphony by Nobokov (first time in the United States); Tchaikovsky's Symphony No. 4.

ALBERT ROUSSEL

By PHILIP HALE

Albert Roussel is in town. He will hear his new symphony played by the Boston Symphony orchestra tomorrow afternoon, the symphony written expressly for the 50th anniversary of the orchestra. He came to this country, invited by Mrs. Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge to attend her Chicago Festival of Chamber Music at which his Trio for flute, viola and piano was performed. Mr. Loeffler's Partita for violin and piano was played at the same concert on Oct. 15.

The name of Roussel is by no means unknown here. His orchestral pieces have been performed by at least three orchestras—one the scratch orchestra, brought here by Mr. Toscanini, when he first visited Boston. Some of his songs have also been heard. He was born at Tourcoing, department of the north, France, in 1869. His people were manufacturers, but the ocean had its lure; he entered the French navy and as a passed midshipman went on the gunboat Styx to the east. Impressions of the Orient led to certain compositions, as his "Evocations," and later a ballet-opera. He resigned from the navy to devote himself to music. On his return to Paris he spent some years as pupil, also teacher, at the Schola Cantorum. One or two writers about him hint at differences of opinion between him and Vincent d'Indy. Others say that Roussel looks on d'Indy as his great and only teacher. As a matter of fact, he studied with Gigout and others. Within the last years Roussel's music has been much played at Paris. There was a Roussel festival of three concerts at Paris and a fourth at Fontainebleau in 1929. (We note in Paris journals that on Sunday, Oct. 12, 1930, his "Festival of the Spider" was performed at the Colonne concert, and on the same day his piano concerto was played at the Lamoureux concert by Mme. Caffaret.) Leading critics in Paris have written more or less elaborate essays in the peculiar character of his music. The Revue Musicale has published a whole number in his honor.

At the symphony concerts tomorrow afternoon and Saturday evening Roussel's Symphony will follow a Suite formed by Felix Mott from two ballets of Rameau. The overture to "Benvenuto Cellini" had been announced but it was withdrawn at the last moment for the Ballet Suite. The second part of the program will comprise Debussy's Three Sketches, "La Mer" and Ravel's "La Valse."

The program of the concerts of Oct. 31, Nov. 1, as now planned, is as follows: An overture by an anonymous composer; a symphony written for the 50th anniversary by Nabokov, and Tchaikovsky's Symphony No. 4.

ROUSSEL'S NEWEST BY SYMPHONY

French Composer's G Minor Work Written for Jubilee

lost ——— Oct. 25, 1930
BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

A programme of French music which included a symphony in G minor by Albert Roussel, especially composed for the 50th anniversary of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, made the third Friday afternoon concert of this jubilee season. Monsieur Roussel, who is now making his initial visit to this country, heard his music from a seat in the hall and, called afterwards to the stage, he was warmly acclaimed, the players standing in tribute.

THE NEW SYMPHONY

Although one listener may have come away yesterday chiefly impressed by the singularly revealing, glamorous and poetic performance of Debussy's "The Sea" and another have had ears only for Ravel's "The Waltz," conducted by Dr. Koussevitzky, and played by his men, with more than usual seductiveness, it is the new symphony that deserves first and most extensive mention.

When Dr. Koussevitzky gave out the imposing list of composers who had written pieces for the Symphony Orchestra's 50th season there was reason to fear that many, if not most of these commemorative works, would prove merely dutiful and perfunctory. And so they may. But the symphony of yesterday, at least, bears witness to a genuine fervor of creation, a labor not of respect but of love. It is not necessary to discuss whether or not Roussel has wrought a masterpiece;

for the present it is enough to say that his music gave pleasure and that it aroused a desire for further and deeper acquaintance with it.

Roussel has prevailingly seemed a reserved, detached, austere and cerebral maker of music, in this respect a later counterpart of Vincent d'Indy, though without the latter's loftiness and breadth of utterance. The immediate predecessor of the symphony of yesterday, the one in B-flat played here six years ago, at once attracted and repelled. The composer's thoughts arrested but the expression of them irritated; there was an avoidance of all geniality and sensuousness, there was a hint of crabbedness and perversity.

Per contra, the new symphony, after an acidulous opening which sets a key that many no doubt were relieved not to find maintained, sounds spontaneous, is almost gay, is here and there frankly tuneful. And the slow movement has melody that is warmly emotional, a richness of texture and not infrequently a sheer beauty of orchestral sound that would seem to signify a change of heart. Not that Roussel has anywhere achieved the magical sonorities, at once rich and luminous, that succeed each other kaleidoscopically throughout the course of Debussy's "The Sea," but at least he has admitted that the ear has its claims as well as the mind.

Agreeable and Distinctive

In short, an agreeable symphony, not too long and not too involved, yet with enough that is individual and distinctive to give it a quality and flavor of its own and make of it something more than a piece to be heard once, politely applauded and as politely dismissed. The performance yesterday bore witness to great pains in the preparation and Dr. Koussevitzky conducted with enthusiasm and, as it seemed, with sympathy and understanding. The wonder of it was that there was still time during the week to work the miracle with "The Sea" to add a few finishing touches to the already scintillant version of "The Waltz."

The familiar Rameau-Mottl ballet suite began the concert, and in playing this delightful music Dr. Koussevitzky wisely employed a reduced string orchestra.

Incidents and Prospects

There are few changes for the new season in the personnel of the Symphony Orchestra. From Vienna comes a new andid, is very like one of those calls first clarinet of note, Mr. Polatschek, with which boys summon one another making four in all; Mr. T. Grundey is the sixth trumpet-player. There is one more viola-player, Mr. R. Jacob; but the ten double-basses have receded for the present to nine. Four, instead of five, trombones also suffice.

Monitor Oct. 25, 1930
Roussel's New Symphony

Weekly musical genuflections to the jubilee year of the Boston Symphony Orchestra seem to be the rule. The third program of the fiftieth season—for the Symphony Hall concerts of Oct. 24 and 25—contained as its principal item the Third Symphony of Albert Roussel, op. 42, in G minor. This work, which had its first performance at the Friday afternoon concert, was composed for the orchestra's anniversary, and its author was present to receive the acclamations of the audience. If M. Roussel was aware of the habitual detachment of a Friday afternoon audience in Symphony Hall, he must have been pleased with the demonstration provoked by his offering. There was in the applause a spontaneity and a warmth far transcending that expression of pleasure which is required by the laws of hospitality.

In searching for the musical reasons which prompted this remarkable cordiality, it is necessary to probe below any surface manifestations; for the symphony is not obvious or ingratiating music. It consists of a first movement in regular form; an Adagio into which M. Roussel has had the novel idea of introducing a fugue; a Scherzo labeled Vivace, and an Allegro con spirito. A motto proclaimed at the climax of the first movement is used as the theme of the Adagio, and is called on again to bring the finale to a smashing conclusion—a nod in the direction of César Franck.

We have said that this music is not ingratiating; this is not to imply that it is forbidding. M. Roussel has been charged with lack of invention. No such lack is evident in this symphony. There are themes in plenty, and their voices are interwoven in the composer's well-known manner. Some of them are lyric, some more like rhythmic figures. One of them, we were assured by a colleague, comes from a jazz song. None of them

truck us on a first hearing as dis-inguished, and the motto, to be ing. Nevertheless, this motto and these hemes, as manipulated with the in-enuity of an accomplished musician, result in something impressive. After all, you wouldn't think much of the

All this sounds very much as if M. Roussel had written austere "pure" music, and so far as any indication from him is concerned, that is precisely what he has done. Yet listening with the most "absolute" of intentions, one found one's self hearing a dramatic story, very similar to that told by the B flat Symphony. There was a sense of struggle, of aspiration, of recollected joys, possibly of triumph but certainly not of peace at the close. Roussel is a composer who is individual but not free of eclecticism. He is a descendant of Debussy in his harmonic coloring (see the "Evocations"), of Franck in his form; and he has not been immune to the rhythmic influence of the "Sacre." But this symphony reveals in him also a romantic. There is a most un-French strain, really a Teutonic mood. Out of regard for Gallic pride, we should like to say it is a bequest from Berlioz, but there is nothing febrile about it; no, it must be Teutonic.

The Roussel opus was preceded by the Rameau-Mottl Ballet Suite, and was followed by Debussy's "La Mer" and Ravel's "La Valse." The performance of both these latter was more brilliant than hermeneutic. The Boston orchestra is at a high point of virtuosity; we hope it is not going to be overtrained before the season is well under way. L. A. S.

**Symphony Concert,
Wellesley Fashion**
Sept. 22, 1933

ALUMNAE HALL at Wellesley is a true shrine of music. Last evening it was the scene of a concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Despite the significance of the occasion as marking the return of Dr. Koussevitzky and the musicians to open the new season, interest was centered in the music itself as apart from agencies and circumstances. Dr. Koussevitzky received a quick, warm welcome as he stepped upon the stage, but the audience readily hushed to an attentive attitude. Other factors contributed to the general impression. Alumnae Hall renewed its reputation for fine acoustics. The musicians exhibited an exceptional mellowness and blend of ensemble tone. As for the audience, even youth's awareness to fashion, evident in the cut and length of every gown, as well as the social amenities observed at

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the originals; he has amplified and given them instruction. Here again, on the part of the precision of the violin, Burgin, was remarkable. He held no more recent than Debussy's "Nocturne" for example, of composition, than Debussy's "Nocturne of a Faun." Familiar with it is, its position on a program, together with the plasticity which marked its appeal, it has moments of grandeur and scintillation. Heard by itself, it smoothes into melody, appealing to the ear as a melody, it appeals to the eye. In such mixtures of tone and rhythm and climax, it is an exceptional

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Prelude to "Die Meistersinger" that were of the kind which have become the staple of the brass. Dr. Kouschnitzky's Wagner is not serious but majestic, curved, graceful sonorities. His playing has the bustling angularity characteristic of Wagner.

N. M. J.

Afternoon Of The French at Symphony Hall

**Roussel's Notable Symphony,
Debussy, Ravel, Rameau,
To Keep Him Company**

THE EXPERIENCE of Friday afternoon at the Symphony Concert was the first performance anywhere of a new Symphony, in G, by Albert Roussel. Under usual circumstance attended the occasion. By invitation of Mrs. Elizabeth Shurtleff Coolidge, Mr. Roussel came from Paris to the United States to be a guest at her festival of chamber-music in Chicago. A journey thence to Boston, for the production of the new Symphony, was easy and inevitable. Since the visit of Ravel, the Symphony Orchestra has entertained no composer of such eminence. It paid him, indeed, exceptional homage when, with one accord, at the end of the performance, it rose in its place to salute him. By that time Dr. Koussevitzky had called him from his seat in the balcony and escorted him in friendly fashion to the stage. There, once, twice and three times over, the audience heaped him with quick, honest, hearty applause. Within memory "at these concerts," no new symphony had made such instant and glowing impression upon audience and orchestra. For once professional judgment and laymen's notions went hand in hand.

No wonder Mr. Roussel betrayed an emotion as genuine as the plaudits. Now he shook Dr. Koussevitzky's or Mr. Burgin's hand; again he turned to the orchestra, himself applauding; or else bowed in warm acknowledgment to the eager audience. There was time, indeed, to observe him—a slender, dark, olive-skinned gentleman, looking less than his sixty years, free from any affectation, wearing none of the musician's earmarks. Yet again a few elderly romantics, scattered about the house, deplored the failure of modern eminence in the

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"Fate" motif if you had never heard the rest of the Fifth Symphony.

All this sounds very much as if Roussel had written austere "pure" music, and so far as any indication from him is concerned, that is precisely what he has done. Yet listening with the most "absolute" of intentions, one found one's self hearing dramatic story, very similar to that told by the B flat Symphony. There was a sense of struggle, of aspiration of recollected joys, possibly of triumph but certainly not of peace at the close. Roussel is a composer who is individual but not free of eclecticism. He is a descendant of Debussy in his harmonic coloring (see the "Evocations"), of Franck in his form; and he has not been immune to the rhythmic influence of the "Sacre." But this symphony reveals in him also a romantic. There is a most un-French strain, really a Teutonic mood. Out of regard for Gallic pride, we should like to say it is a bequest from Berlioz, but there is nothing febrile about it; no, it must be Teutonic.

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these concerts, may be construed as fitting homage to music.

In Beethoven's Seventh Symphony Dr. Koussevitzky and the musicians seemed less to produce music by voluntary effort than to invoke it and let it follow of its own right. The conductor, as often as otherwise, gave the orchestra full reign, moving his baton as little as possible and directing with watchful mind more than with active hand. The prevailing mellowness of the instruments was at all times their most impressive contribution and should be the theme of this review. Some of this quality came, no doubt, from the hall; largely, it may have been a new fineness of technique. Whatever the cause, the woodwinds sang the Allegretto with more than usual delicacy of shading; the strings attacked the quick movements of the finale with flawless precision. The quality of tone was amazingly good, whatever the tempo of performance or difficulty of figuration. Of Bach's two Preludes as orchestrated by Pich-Mangiagalli, these columns have held considerable description. Suffice it that the second (the Vivace) seemed to one listener, who sat in the audience and who happens also to be a violinist, more inviting in the richer orchestral form than as familiar exercise for solo violin. The present-day Italian who has adapted these pieces had not altered the essential character of the originals: he has amplified their sonority and given them instrumental color. Here again, on the performance side, the precision of the violins, led by Mr. Burgin, was remarkable.

The program held no more recent music, in point of composition, than Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun." Familiar piece though it is, its position on a "standard" program, together with the subtlety and plasticity which marked its performance, gave it new allure. Heard in Symphony Hall, it has moments of some brilliance and scintillation. Heard in Alumnæ Hall, it smoothes into melting timbres, appealing to the ear as a rich tapestry appeals to the eye. In such evenly blended mixtures of tone and subtle variations of rhythm and climax, Dr. Koussevitzky is an exceptional master.

Last of all, the Prelude to "Die Meistersinger." The beauties that were of the strings and woodwinds here became the glories that are of the brass. Dr. Koussevitzky's way with Wagner is not so idently pompous, but majestic, curved, abundant in graceful sonorities. He avoids much of the bustling angularity which others emphasize in Wagner.

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"Fate" motif if you had never heard the rest of the Fifth Symphony.

All this sounds very much as if Roussel had written austere "pure music, and so far as any indication from him is concerned, that is precisely what he has done. Yet listening with the most "absolute" of intentions, one found one's self hearing dramatic story, very similar to that told by the B flat Symphony. There was a sense of struggle, of aspiration, of recollected joys, possibly of triumph but certainly not of peace at the close. Roussel is a composer who is individual but not free of eclecticism. He is a descendant of Debussy in his harmonic coloring (see the "Evocations"), of Franck in his form; and he has not been immune to the rhythmic influence of the "Sacre." But this symphony reveals in him also a romantic. There is a most un-French strain, really a Teutonic mood. Out of regard for Gallic pride, we should like to say it is a bequest from Berlioz, but there is nothing febrile about it; no, it must be Teutonic.

The Roussel opus was preceded by the Rameau-Mottl Ballet Suite, and was followed by Debussy's "La Mer" and Ravel's "La Valse." The performance of both these latter was more brilliant than hermeneutic. The Boston orchestra is at a high point of virtuosity; we hope it is not going to be overtrained before the season is well under way.

L. A. S.

Symphony Concert, Wellesley Fashion

ALUMNAE HALL at Wellesley is a true shrine of music. Last evening it was the scene of a concert by Boston Symphony Orchestra. Despite significance of the occasion as marking the return of Dr. Koussevitzky and musicians to open the new season, interest was centered in the music itself apart from agencies and circumstances. Dr. Koussevitzky received a quick, warm welcome as he stepped upon the stage but the audience readily hushed to an attentive attitude. Other factors contributed to the general impression. Alumnae Hall renewed its reputation for acoustics. The musicians exhibited exceptional mellowness and blend of ensemble tone. As for the audience, youth's awareness to fashion, evident in the cut and length of every gown, as well as the social amenities observed at

these concerts, may be construed as fitting homage to music.

In Beethoven's Seventh Symphony Dr. Koussevitzky and the musicians seemed less to produce music by voluntary effort than to invoke it and let it rule of its own right. The conductor, as often as otherwise, gave the orchestra full reign, moving his baton as little as possible and directing with watchful mind more than with active hand. The prevailing mellowness of the instruments was at all times their most impressive contribution and should be the theme of this review. Some of this quality came, no doubt, from the hall; largely, it may have been a new fineness of technique already developed early in the season. Whatever the cause, the woodwinds sang the Allegretto with more than usual delicacy of shading; the strings attacked the quick movements of the finale with flawless precision. The quality of tone was amazingly good, whatever the tempo of performance or difficulty of figuration. Of Bach's two Preludes as orchestrated by Pick-Mangiagalli, these columns have held considerable description. Suffice it that the second (the Vivace) seemed to one listener, who sat in the audience and who happens also to be a violinist, more inviting in the richer orchestral form than as familiar exercise for solo violin. The present-day Italian who has adapted these pieces had not altered the essential character of the originals; he has amplified their sonority and given them instrumental color. Here again, on the performance side, the precision of the violins, led by Mr. Burgin, was remarkable.

The program held no more recent music, in point of composition, than Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun." Familiar piece though it is, its position on a "standard" program, together with the subtlety and plasticity which marked its performance, gave it new allure. Heard in Symphony Hall, it has moments of some brilliance and scintillation. Heard in Alumnae Hall, it smoothes into melting timbres, appealing to the ear as a rich tapestry appeals to the eye. In such evenly blended mixtures of tone and subtle variations of rhythm and climax, Dr. Koussevitzky is an exceptional master.

Last of all, the Prelude to "Die Meistersinger." The beauties that were of the strings and woodwinds here became the glories that are of the brass. Dr. Koussevitzky's way with Wagner is not suddenly pompous, but majestic, curved, abundant in graceful sonorities. He avoids much of the bustling angularity which others emphasize in Wagner.

N. M. J.

Afternoon The Symphony

Roussel's No.
Debussy, R.
To Keep It

THE EXPERIENCE
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phony, in G, by usual circumstance. By invitation of Shurtleff Coolidge from Paris to the guest at her fest in Chicago. A job, for the production, was easy. The visit of Ravestrchestra has entered such eminence. It is exceptional homage at the end of the its place to salute Dr. Koussevitzky his seat in the balcony in friendly fashion once, twice and the audience heaped hearty applause. These concerts, made such instant sion upon audience once professional notions went hand.

No wonder Mr. emotion as genuine. Now he shook Dr. Burgin's hand; ag orchestra, himself bowed in warm eager audience. To observe him—a skinned gentleman sixty years, free wearing none of marks. Yet again ties, scattered about the failure of mo

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The new Symphony commends itself, first, by brevity, filling less than half an hour in performance, albeit four movements long. Mr. Roussel writes with truly Gallic precision of matter and economy of means. Not a purposeless, and therefore superfluous, note encumbers his staves. Yet from the pages flows a clear impression of completeness. He has wrought his design; released his musical thought; set out his skill, fancy, imagination, emotion. And all this with another eminently Gallic quality—lucid and luminous clearness. The motto-motiv, pervading the whole Symphony in quasi-Franckian fashion, seizes the ear when in full panoply the orchestra first proclaims it. Thereafter, whatever the transmutation, however spacious the development, it seldom escapes the following mind. In the slow movement, built upon it, Mr. Roussel ventures fugal and other departure from orthodox precedent. As usual, when he chooses a course of his own, it seems the significant expression of underlying thought and compelling mood, as clear as it is persuasive. In parts of the first movement, again in the scherzo, Mr. Roussel writes a music of exceeding lightness of texture. Not a blur clouds it. Often there are measures at swift pace—unflecked. Again measures of mounting vigor, but never huddled or thickened. Throughout, indeed, a master of timbres, transparently distributing and interweaving instrumental voices.

There is no avowed program to Mr. Roussel's Symphony; no token, after two hearings, of programmatic intent at the back of the composer's mind. The most imaginative listener may hardly fit to the music any literary or pictorial vesture, discover in it any delineative suggestion. We of the audience hear the pervading motif and follow it, in new flowering after new flowering, to the end. Enough that it is a musical thought released with warm invention, touched by emotion, inviting the play of harmonies and timbres, vital and fertile as source; means both to contemplation and to ardor. We hear other motifs, for the most part contained within single movements; discover them as fountain-heads of melodies, one close upon another, imparting to this Symphony in G immediate and ingratiating appeal. They kindle the mind; warm the heart; surprise and delight by felicity of substance, progress and vesture. They may be as light and flowing

as those of the scherzo; as active and vigorous as those of the finale. They may expand and ascend, more and more luminous, as in the first movement, until the motto-motiv emerges lustrous. Almost everywhere a poetry of tones tinges them. It gilds with charm or fancy; lingers for a moment beside beauty; quickens into ardor fine and high.

For the Roussel of this new Symphony is not the Roussel of the harsh timbres, piercing harmonies, grating progressions, preoccupied, sombre and grim, through the Symphony in B-flat, heard six years ago. No more is he the sumptuous craftsman, the sensuous tone-poet, of "Evocations," first heard at Symphony Hall in 1929. He is not finding "very personal" procedures to express "very personal" sensations as he did in the compact audacity of "Pour une Fête de Printemps." Rather through the present Symphony goes the Roussel of what the French call "douceur," of what we in another language might name, after Matthew Arnold, sweetness and light. Needless to say the old Adam in him will not quite down. In the fugal treatment of the slow movement, in the whole strange course of it, he is again the Roussel who will find expression, in his own way, for the thought and the mood within him. They shall quicken as well as deepen into intensity. Yet the quiet of the end unmistakably suggests this new "douceur."

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It was the pleasure of the composer, at the final rehearsal, to hail as "perfect" the performance of his Symphony by Dr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra. This single word, which the reviewer may modestly repeat, was just reward for three weeks of sympathetic care, unflagging pains and quick sensibility, to Mr. Roussel's few suggestions. In this jubilee

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Globe

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Roussel, born in 1869, began life as a naval officer, but from the age of 25 devoted himself to music. He studied under Gigout and under d'Indy at the Schola Cantorum. His "Evocations," symphony in B flat, suite from "Padmavati," and suite in F major have been previously heard at Boston Symphony concerts. In France his reputation as one of the chief composers of the day is firmly established. Not long ago the Revue Musicale devoted an entire issue to Roussel, an honor it has given to very few others, among them Debussy and Liszt.

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Twenty years of concert going make one a bit wary of new symphonies. This of Roussel yesterday is the only one out of a large number heard and promptly forgotten of which one would venture a heartfelt wish to hear it often, and a prophecy that it may in fact become part of the standard repertory.

That Roussel has heard and been influenced by the music of many of his contemporaries and some of his juniors is obvious. The first movement of this G minor symphony begins with rhythms and instrumentation that recall Stravinsky and Prokofieff.

One thought, listening to the whole work, of composers as diverse as Honegger and Ravel, Debussy and d'Indy.

Yet, despite this eclecticism of manner, the substance of the music is wholly original. Roussel's musical ideas are ingratiating, his treatment of them plays on one's emotions. To most modern symphonies one's first reaction is the thought, how well, or perhaps, how poorly they are written. This one is certainly well written, but one is too much carried away by its emotional appeal to note the fact carefully at a first hearing.

What really matters is not the use of cyclical forms and germinating motives, as recommended by d'Indy in his "Course of Musical Composition," not the ingenuity and clarity of the instrumentation, but the vitality, the imaginative energy of Roussel's music. On the evidence of this symphony, which to one hearer yesterday represented an immeasurable advance over the composer's earlier work, one would class Roussel as a composer who, like Cesar Franck, has at last found his true musical utterance at an age when most others grew stale and repetitious.

The musical and imaginative character of this G minor Symphony would strengthen the faith of those who believe the French a Nation apart from the others. It has the lightness of heart, the smiling gayety and grace of Couperin and Rameau and Gretry, with not a few touches of the genuine and heartfelt pathos that touches so much of their best work. But then one thinks of Mozart, who also wrote a Symphony in G minor, a symphony with which this one is not wholly unworthy to be named, immortal though the classic may be. If one is to go back, as many composers now try to do, to the purity of form, the clarity and grace of style of the 18th century, it ought certainly to be done as Roussel has done it here, with an unforced spontaneity and charm, and no conscious attempt to revive the idioms of vanished age. Mozart, writing in 1930, would probably have produced something not so very different in kind, though greater in quality, than this G minor Symphony of Roussel.

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P. R.

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Ravel's "choreographic poem" has been played so often at Symphony Hall within the past ten years, has served so many times as conductor's convenience, that one listener at least was prepared to find it threadbare. Instead, if one must hear program-music of its particular day after Mr. Roussel's Symphony unalloyed, here was a sombre, fantastical scheme, worked out graphically in the manipulation of a familiar rhythm, in the usage of sensuous or acrid instrumental voices. Here, too, were the moods of 1920, only two years after the end of the German war—an old civilization crumbled, its suavities torn to tatters; the anguish and, as it seemed, the threat of a new world. These implications hardly signify in 1930. We listen to "La Valse" for the skill of Ravel, whatever his matter or his means; for the responsive skill of conductor and orchestra.

Once upon a time hearers debated the "impressionism" of Debussy's sea-pieces. How wonderful it was—the very curl of the waves, falling and rising; the spray that topped them; the lights that traversed them; the winds that blew upon them; the voices imaginative ears might hear, all transmuted into the contours of musical speech, the motion of manifold rhythms; the chords, the colorings, what not? On every page the tone-poet whence these inventions sprang, diffusing suggestion and illusion. Now, a quarter of a century afterward, "La Mer" is a classic of the concert-hall. We listen to it for the Debussy of scope and power who transcended mere sensibility; who was not all "impressionistic" strokes, who could compose, as in the sonorities of "Dialogue between Wind and Sea" out of large imagination and full resource. Or we hear the virtuosi of the orchestra—wood-winds, strings, brass—doing each their marvels; speculate between whiles whether Dr. Koussevitzky, spellbound by this Debussyan masterpiece, does not sometimes slow the pace, etch in too precisely this or that detail. The times change and we change with them. Back two centuries to three dances from Rameau's pages had the conductor to go to find the pure sonorities, the pervading "douceur," that should befit prelude to Mr. Roussel's Symphony.

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Words for Music

Text of Robert Hillyer's Commemorative Ode for the Fiftieth Year of the Symphony Orchestra

THE TRUSTEES and the conductor of the Symphony Orchestra desired a commemorative choral piece to begin its fiftieth year. At their request Robert Hillyer, poet and Assistant Professor of English in Harvard College, wrote an Ode. In turn Professor Edward Burlingame Hill, of the Division of Music at Harvard, clothed it in music for mixed chorus and orchestra. At the Symphony Concert on Friday afternoon, a choir from the Harvard Glee Club and the Radcliffe Choral Society joined the orchestra in first performance. Serge Koussevitzky was conductor. Here follows the text:

SILENCE, yield! We lay too long
Thrall to thee and strange to song;
Now our fifty singing years
Have flown beyond the reach of time,
And Earth's reverberant echoes climb
To sweet accord with her companion stars.

Windy flute of pastoral themes,
Call to fold our wandering dreams;
Harp, remember leafy light
That danced above our younger days;
And violins of graver phrase,
Oh, follow love with voices down the night!

Bannered horn of golden doom
Where the clouded bastions loom,
Flaming dark with ancient wars,
With nobler music now prevail,
While native trumpets mildly hail
The trumpets calling clear from farther shores.

When these many songs be done,
Merge their harmonies in one!
Mortal past and future yearn
For music vaster than their own;
The Orphic chord, the final tone,
Before the silence whither all return,

Fourth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, OCTOBER 31, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 1, at 8.15 o'clock

Anonymous Overture
(First Time: Written for the 50th Anniversary of the
Boston Symphony Orchestra)

Nabokov Symphonic Lyrique
I. Allegro.
II. Largo.
III. Allegro.
(First Time in the United States)

Tchaikovsky Symphony No. 4 in F minor, Op. 36
I. Andante sostenuto; moderato con anima (In movimento di valse).
II. Andantino in modo di canzona.
III. Scherzo; pizzicato ostinato: Allegro.
IV. Finale: Allegro con fuoco.

STEINWAY PIANO USED

There will be an intermission after the symphony of Nabokov

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Serge Koussevitzky, Conductor

From a Recent Sketch by Anton Kamp

SYMPHONY CONCERT

Herald By PHILIP HALE Nov. 1, 1936

The program of the fourth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky conductor, given in Symphony hall yesterday afternoon, was as follows: Anonymous, Overture. (Written for the 50th anniversary of the orchestra. First performance.) Nabokov, symphonie lyrique (first time in the United States). Tchaikovsky, symphony No. 4, F minor.

A good many years ago a German prince was addicted to musical composition. Of course some of his works were performed. There was discussion of them among musicians. One said: "It is never prudent to speak lightly of music by a prince, for no one knows who wrote it." This remark has been attributed to Brahms, who had a faculty of saying disagreeable, bitter words. It has also been attributed to Hans von Bülow, who like Mr. Brown in Bret Harte's poem, "was a most sarcastic man."

It was not necessary to speak thus about the overture performed yesterday. The identity of the composer was not revealed by the management of Symphony hall. There were rumors; there was natural curiosity. It was known that the composer had made a graceful "gesture," to use the jargon of the newspapers, by thus paying homage to the orchestra. A short account of the work was sent out from Symphony hall, in which it was stated that the author of the overture seldom composes; that the chief theme was taken from Glinka's opera "A Life for the Tsar," because to the composer this theme "one of the most solemn and glorifying themes existing in musical literature," responded to the idea he had of a stately overture for this orchestra's jubilee; that the second theme was original.

The overture, for the most part following conventional form, begins quietly with the chief theme announced by the organ. This theme is worked with ever increasing intensity. The second theme, one of a sentimental nature, is slightly developed. A figure of an exciting nature takes the place of the repetition section and rushes into a long, sonorous coda in which the first theme is used for the apotheosis.

The overture was enthusiastically received. The allusion to Glinka's opera and the wording of the statement made by the composer aroused suspicion as to his identity. When the orchestra stood, during the long continued applause, and joined in it, suspicion was turned to certainty. Dr. Koussevitzky acknowledged modestly the tribute paid him.

Nicholas Nabokov, born at Leningrad in 1903, was driven out of Russia by the revolution. With other musicians, victims of the revolution, he lives in Paris, where some of them attempt to be revolutionary in composition. It is said that he is of a high-born family, some members of which held honorable positions before the upsetting storm; that he studied at the Hochschule in Berlin, and also at Stuttgart. He became prominent in Paris and in London by his music for an extraordinary, spectacular ballet-oratorio entitled "Ode," produced by the Ballet Russe in 1928.

The symphony heard yesterday is in three movements, not irritatingly contemporaneous in its harmonic scheme; not orchestrally far fetched. The first allegro has more or less of the wildness expected from a member of the young Russian school, but the movement has vitality, also individuality, although it has been said in Paris that he is strongly influenced by Stravinsky and Prokofiev. This influence is not too apparent, if it is felt to be at all. The slow movement contains passages of genuine beauty, with touches of the melancholy, or the wistfulness that is not displeasing. The finale has much of a scherzo character. It is to us the most maturely wrought, the most definitely planned and executed, the most constantly interesting of the three movements. The impetuous rhythm, the headlong rush ends with a long pause, after which a few impressive chords for the full orchestra bring an unexpectedly dramatic ending. The symphony was well received; a reception unusual for a work by a composer of whom little or nothing was known.

Dr. Koussevitzky with the orchestra gave an amazingly effective interpretation of Tchaikovsky's symphony for which the composer wrote an extended program to aid Mme. Meck in full appreciation of the musical contents. This symphony may be called a "human document," to use the phrase dear to Zola and the Goncourts; the autographic music of a self-torturer. There have been of late explanations, perhaps unnecessary, of early circumstances that gave this composer a sad and troubled outlook on life; that as a young man he fell in with Nihilists who had no belief in humanity or God. (But has not the Russian for years been constitutionally melancholy; now superstitiously religious; now exercised, as Dostoevsky's heroes, about the possibility of individual survival and the existence of an all-knowing God?) And in the later years of Tchaikovsky there was a reason for his self-torturing. Modest Tchaikovsky, a devoted brother, did not in writing Peter's life tell all that he might have told. It was reserved for Richard

Specht in his life of Johannes Brahms, recently translated into English, to give a personal reason for Brahms's dislike of Tchaikovsky and his music.

But how could Brahms appreciate Peter? How could Peter enjoy the music of Johannes? Peter in his sadness, in his mental agony sometimes shrieks; but Brahms in his pessimistic mood, even in his forced gaiety, often whines.

It was an experience to hear the fourth symphony performed as it was yesterday; interpreted with understanding, national spirit, artistic gusto by Dr. Koussevitzky; performed so eloquently and with as phenomenal a display of technical proficiency, by this incomparable orchestra.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week comprises Handel's Concerto Grosso for strings, B minor No. 12; Mozart's Clarinet concerto (Mr. Polatschek, clarinetist); the seventh Symphony of Sibelius; and Respighi's "Metamorphoseon" (theme and 12 variations written for the 50th anniversary of the orchestra.

Music

Monitor Nov. 1, 1930
Koussevitzky as Composer

On the fourth program of the jubilee season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra (Oct. 31-Nov. 1) stood an Overture by one who preferred to be listed as "Anonymous," an overture written expressly for the fiftieth anniversary of the orchestra and at this time given its first hearing. There followed a Symphony by Nicolas Nabokov and the Tchaikovsky Symphony No. 4 in F minor.

Despite the effort of the composer of the anniversary overture to maintain his anonymity, his hand betrayed him. Not only his hand, but his thematic material as well. And if that were not sufficient evidence, one must be dull indeed who could not guess his identity when, upon the completion of the number, the orchestra rose as one man and saluted its conductor. With orchestra standing, the audience felt need for more complete outlet to its enthusiasm, and also rose, the while it gave vigorous approval of a composition which, after all, Dr. Koussevitzky need not be modest in acknowledging. It is based upon two themes, the principal one of which, from "A Life for the Tsar," was chosen by the composer as peculiarly befitting the occasion. The opening

lines are given out by the organ. There follows an excellent piece of contrapuntal writing in which the entire orchestra is utilized. The second theme is avowedly Dr. Koussevitzky's own, yet it has a strangely haunting melody, which persistently recalls the Concerto for double-bass which this virtuoso of the instrument has made familiar to Boston audiences. The principal theme is worked out at considerable length, and the overture is brought to a smashing close with fortissimi in all the choirs—the sort of close calculated to bring one up standing, if one has projected oneself into the piece. In all a brilliantly sonorous composition, worthy the name of its composer, who after all, was a musical virtuoso before he became a conductor, a fact which we are sometimes prone to overlook in the light of his more recent accomplishments.

Sharing the program, by way of novelty, came the symphony by Nabokov, given its first performance in the United States. This composer is widely recognized as the author of a ballet-oratorio which he named "Ode," and numerous other works for piano and orchestra. Built upon thematic material of singular beauty, the symphony is well knit. The form is clear, in fact, extremely orthodox, and the movements, of which there are three, all hold the attention. One might express a preference for the second, a Largo, and in no wise deprecate the remaining two. Although the composer had not so indicated it, the program contained the additional word "Lyric" in announcing the number. The word is correctly descriptive, yet in each movement come passages as virile as any penned by even the great Tchaikovsky himself. The symphony was extraordinarily well received.

A masterly performance of the Tchaikovsky Fourth Symphony once more brought to our attention that the plinth upon which this tonal giant stands is firmly grounded upon the whole-hearted approbation of an appreciative public. Dr. Koussevitzky and his men richly deserved the storm of applause at the conclusion of the symphony, which closed one more all-Russian program of distinction.

G. M. S.

Conductor Discovered As Composer

Koussevitzky Doubly Heard in His Own Festival Overture, Two Russian Symphonies

Nov. 1, 1930

A ten minutes to three yesterday afternoon the mystery-play, acted—none too effectively—at Symphony Hall during the past week, came to an end. At that moment sounded the last chord of the overture contributed anonymously to the current celebration of the orchestra's fiftieth year. Applause swelled quickly after the sonorous close. Dr. Koussevitzky turned to acknowledge it. On the instant, at a pre-concerted signal from Mr. Burgin, the orchestra—at the full strength that the score demanded—rose as one man; with bows and hands made lively sounds of approval; so saluted the conductor as the anonymous composer. Through as many as thirty seconds Dr. Koussevitzky betrayed the irritation of one caught in his own ruse; as speedily forgot it in the clapping before and behind him. By this time excitable ladies were on their feet with more or less of the audience straggling behind them, renewed applause; a warm recall; and it was time to amend the program leaf:

Festival Overture on a Theme from Glinka's Opera, "A Life for the Tsar," S. Koussevitzky (First Performance)

Did one hundred and ten men, in this gossiping town or anywhere else, ever keep a secret? No: outside old legend or newer romance? And at the rehearsal of last Monday, Dr. Koussevitzky had confided his authorship to the orchestra. Did no one believe when our contemporary, The Post, heard and printed as much next day? Not yet is distrust of "the paper" at quite such pitch. He who runs could read when the able analyst for The Transcript cited certain singularities in the score pointing toward Dr. Koussevitzky, and no one else, as the composer. Admittedly a Russian had written the overture—for precisely the number of instruments constituting the orchestra, in exactly the groups into which it is divided. More: he had used as second theme a motif next of kin to one in a Concerto for Double-Bass not un-

known at Symphony Hall. The venerable and learned editor of the program had no need to take cover behind quotation from Mr. Shaw's epistle to "Fanny's First Play." He must know, like most of us in his trade, receptivity of the matinee audience for such a familiar trait. Does it absorb a gossip secret less avidly than music? Doubtfully not.

Moreover what more natural and creditable to Dr. Koussevitzky than the will to write such an anniversary piece? He did not merely practice his profession with the Boston Symphony Orchestra. In its fiftieth year it is the work of his life, the pride of his heart, the pre-occupation of his mind. He gives no more than he exacts. One after another his hands were coming the works of composers commissioned to celebrate the occasion. Was it only to be marked out in the family mansion? Should not the house make also his contribution? Dr. Koussevitzky has impulses of the rest of us; he thought himself of a hymn-theme from "A Life for the Tsar" to many a Russian, noble and both—put pen to music-paper in leisure of summer. When he finished his holiday-task, the organ had declaimed the theme; the orchestral choirs caught and merged it. To fugal progress and measures interposed had succeeded, at last, upswelling climax. Rejoice, and yet remember obligation and the artist's honor.

In survey, reviewer-fashion, an anniversary overture so conceived and befitting would be as impertinent as to a critical memorandum to the author of a birthday speech. Do we who tell the full-hearted spokesman in transitions his discourse sagged; we should have preferred a more direct and slowly-mounting peroration that his management of words—or his instance instruments—might have been clearer and more idiomatic? If we do so much, we do so in the bosom of family—in the intimacy that after years prevails between conductor and hearers at Symphony Hall. Rather than look behind to the impelling will—the sincere, overflowing desire that the jubilee of the orchestra should be marked by composition in its own name. Loyalties made this festival overture eagerly, earnestly, honestly. For secret of Polichinelle that there is no keeping. Remember, however, that an act of prideful devotion.

The symphonies divided the remainder of the afternoon. One, new, brief, youthful lyric, was work of Nicolas Nabokov, Russian exile in Paris, about whom and fellow-composer, Dukelsky, elsewhere in this paper. The other, Tchaikovsky's Fourth, in F minor, as

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Two symphonies divided the remainder of the afternoon. One, new, brief, youthful and lyric, was work of Nicolas Nabokov. Russian exile in Paris, about whom his friend and fellow-composer, Dukelsky, writes elsewhere in this paper. The other was Chaikovsky's Fourth, in F minor, as

in annual pilgrimage to a favorite spot re-lighted since Dr. Koussevitzky, abouts, became high priest. Yesterday, with the Fourth, he chose the illumination was magnificent. The conductor has his moods with each the composer's surviving symphony. Yesterday, with the Fourth, he chose the epic vein. In the introduction he the orchestra thunder forth the most overwhelming fate. It sounded as will of all the gods upon all human. The orchestra sang the melancholy tune and mortals fondled ruefully sensuous being. The orchestra for these measures; tossed about in the less, importunate, dolorous Chaikov mood. The conductor dramatized it it sounded universal. He hushed the movement into a fantasmal music, sad-eyed phantoms of remembrance. scherzo of the plucked strings was wardly the feat of virtuosi; in imitation, mankind's fancies coming troubled wisps, spinning out of now, vanishing no whither. The finale rioted Russian; but most of us have known such desperate flogging of our gayer energies. And now and again the gods' decree sounded through, immutable, unescapable.

So to dramatize this Fourth Symphony is to put out of mind Chaikovsky's shortcomings and mannerisms as symphonist. So to turn him epic is to lift to heroic and universal plane the introspection, the avowals, the self-pitying outcry of a singular and haunted temperament. The Symphony in F minor endured this exaltation above its intrinsic self; gave reason, as it seemed, for this plangent, far-spreading voice. Beside it, so transfigured, even the Fifth—to say nothing of the inferior "Pathetic"—paled. The moral is clear: In these days no conductor can play Chaikovsky objectively. literally, or as "repertory." Even to the Fourth and the Fifth symphonies, there must be new imaginative approach or they fail. Dr. Koussevitzky finds it variously. The ghost of Chaikovsky, wandering, no doubt restless and mournful-eyed among the shades, should warm as it hears him.

Mr. Nabokov's symphony is brief and rhythmic, as becomes his time and surroundings. It traverses only three movements; the last a scherzo-finale, mostly scherzo until, after pause, a few chords bring the end, deeper-toned and grave, in a moment of firm imagination. Elsewhere scherzo-like motifs and rhythmic figures play about, directed with skill, sped by fancy, owing little in casual hearing to the usually unescapable Stravinsky or Prokofiev. Expose a romantic composer of the middle of the nineteenth century to the influence of the current musical air and he might have written so, with his undercurrent of melody. Old

feeling, new expression go hand in hand. The listener cannot choose but hear. The first movement is as buoyantly and impetuously rhythmic. Above or piercing through, firmly outlined motifs yield an ardent but not too obvious melody. The changeable mood is the mood of romantic fantasia.

The listener begins to suspect a young composer with a personal will, inventing his own matter, choosing his own manner. The slow movement is confirmation. The darker and the lighter strings persist in songful measures. They flow firm and warm, musing-melancholy. At moments they sound strange, and Mr. Nabokov's countrymen say that old Russian melody haunts them. The harmonic and instrumental color accords, yet partakes of this immediate day. New and old again and once more the romantic vein. Believably, Mr. Nabokov has a future. H. T. P.

RUSSIAN MUSIC AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

"Anonymous" Overture Is by Koussevitzky

New "Lyric Symphony," by Nabokov, in First American Performance

By Globe Nov. 1, 1936

The program of yesterday's Boston Symphony concert began with an overture, "First time: Written for the 50th anniversary of the Boston Symphony Orchestra." In place of the composer's name stood, for the first time in 50 seasons, the word "Anonymous." A program note stated "The author seldom composes, and for this reason does not wish to make known his identity."

But at the end of the piece the players in the orchestra gave the secret away by standing in a body and applauding their conductor. The audience, grasping the situation, also, for the most part, rose, and clapped Dr. Koussevitzky loud and long. So gossip and newspaper reporters turned out to be accurate in indicating who wrote the much talked of "anonymous" piece.

If a malicious rumor, more than once published in recent years, that Dr. Koussevitzky "cannot read an orchestral score," had reached his

ears, he took an ingenious way of refuting it. Plainly, a man able to write an orchestral score can read one written by somebody else. It ought to have been obvious that nobody unable to read score could conduct with any approximation to the conspicuous success of Dr. Koussevitzky. So absurd a story would not deserve mention here had it not recently been revived by a periodical with national circulation.

For the principal theme of his overture, Dr. Koussevitzky turned to Glinka's opera "A Life for the Tsar," and borrowed one which seemed to him, rightly enough, to have the imaginative quality appropriate to a solemn commemoration of the orchestra's jubilee. This theme is worked out contrapuntally. For a contrasting episode there is a slow melody, of Dr. Koussevitzky's own. This is not developed.

The instrumentation of the overture is ingenious. It begins with a passage for organ alone, and eventually works up to a climax for full orchestra and organ. The counterpoint, like the form of the work, is free rather than orthodox. The whole piece has the mounting sonorities, the heaped-up rhythms one expects of a festival overture. It is frankly an "occasional piece" and as such serves its purpose adequately.

Another novelty on the program was a "Symphonie Lyrique" by Nicolas Nabokov, a young Russian living in Paris. This work, first performed by the Orchestre Symphonique de Paris, Pierre Monteux, conductor, last February, is in three relatively brief movements. Its style recalls Tchaikovsky and Glazunov rather than Stravinsky and Prokofiev, though there are, especially in the first movement, passages relatively modern in harmony.

Nabokov's themes are often frankly, not to say conventionally, melodious. Like most Russians, he repeats them in alternation without much effort at the kind of development that has dominated German music since Beethoven. This work is mildly agreeable at a first hearing, but in no way memorable. Its brevity is its outstanding merit.

Tchaikovsky's Fourth Symphony, the remaining number on an all-Russian program, brought out Dr. Koussevitzky's best powers. No other conductor known here approaches his eloquence and emotional intensity in this music. He shapes its melodies with the utmost subtlety and tact. He builds up its climaxes with an amazing virtuosity. Yesterday's performance was, like others he has given, memorable. It is improbable that we shall ever hear Tchaikovsky so magnificently interpreted by anyone else. In his music, at all events, Dr. Koussevitzky's supremacy cannot now be challenged.

After each movement there were bursts of applause, promptly suppressed. At the end there was no mistaking the fervor of the audience.

A listener who has always disliked what seems to him the vulgarity, the bombast, the not infrequent triviality of Tchaikovsky was forced yesterday to admit that this Fourth Symphony, rightly interpreted, is a masterpiece of its kind. Its hysterical outbursts may be offensive, its sins against good taste manifold. But one cannot listen to it unmoved, and a certain reluctant admiration mingles with one's irritations. After all, it says something for this symphony that after 50 years fastidious listeners are still arguing heatedly over Tchaikovsky's qualities and defects as a composer, and average audiences are being deeply stirred by his eloquence.

Next week the new first clarinet of the Boston Symphony, Victor Polatschek, from Vienna, will play a Mozart concerto. The other numbers are Sibelius' Seventh Symphony, a Handel concerto grosso in B minor, and a new work by Respighi, entitled "Metamorphoseon," a set of variations written especially for the 50th anniversary of the orchestra.

P. R.

SYMPHONY HONORED BY CONDUCTOR

Koussevitzky's Over- ture Scores Tre- mendous Hit

Post Nov. 1, 1930.

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Neither Anonymous, that versatile and prolific writer, nor Serge Koussevitzky had appeared as composer upon a programme of a Symphony Concert until yesterday afternoon when they made their bow as authors of the same piece; an overture, written, so the programme-book stated, for the 50th anniversary of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

RISES TO COMPOSER

That programme book, to be sure, gave all the credit to Anonymous. But it was Dr. Koussevitzky who received and acknowledged the swelling, long-continued plaudits of an orchestra and audience standing in spontaneous tribute.

Had not the orchestra, with Mr. Burgin at its head, risen first, no doubt many in the audience might be wondering to this minute who Anonymous was. But when the players stood and began to clap or, if they were suitably equipped, to strike the wood of their bows against the backs of their fiddles, everyone must have realized that Anonymous and Dr. Koussevitzky were one.

Effectively Written

"The author," so read the programme-notes, "seldom composes, and for this reason does not wish to make known his identity." But "the author" was far too modest. His piece does him credit.

It is workmanlike and effective; it is well put together and well written for the instruments; it sounds; it breathes both a solemn and a festal note. The end is exciting, and the audience would most surely have applauded the piece had its authorship remained an unsolved riddle or had some name other than that of a well-beloved figure been signed to it.

For the chief theme of his Overture Dr. Koussevitzky went to his countryman, Glinka, specifically to that composer's masterwork, the opera, "A Life for the Tzar," which yielded him a melody that he believed to be ideally suited to his conception of a solemn overture on the Boston Symphony's Jubilee.

The second theme bears a striking resemblance to one in Dr. Koussevitzky's own highly effective concerto for the double bass that he has twice played in Boston. Indeed, it was this resemblance that confirmed the suspicions of certain members of the orchestra when the overture was first put in rehearsal last Monday. Instead of the conventional development, Dr. Koussevitzky has written a fugue—and a good one—and there is a jubilant coda. Incidentally, the piece is scored for an orchestra exactly the size of the Boston Symphony, so that every man had a part to play.

New Symphony Pleases

The remaining numbers on an all-Russian programme were a new Symphony by Nicolas Nabokov, a young man of 27, one of the numerous Russian expatriates who have found a home in Paris, and the Fourth Symphony of Tchaikovsky.

The Symphony of Nabokov reveals a graceful and agreeable talent. The piece is, in fact, entitled "Symphonie Lyrique," and it proved in the hearing not only fluently but pleasantly melodious.

There were even Kagernian hints and suggestions, if not actual reminiscences. Have our young men then become again romantic and emotional? Are they turning their backs on the Stravinsky of "Le Sacre" and going unashamedly to "Tristan," that storehouse from which their fathers helped themselves liberally? By the evidence of Mr. Nabokov, that is exactly what they are doing, but we must wait and see whether he is typical of his generation or is merely satisfying an individual lyric impulse in defiance of existing musical tendencies. But if, as Vincent d'Indy has suggested, art moves ever in a spiral, romanticism and melody should some day come back. There will be those who will not complain if they do.

The performance of Tchaikovsky's Symphony was one in which all the salient features, the most characteristic qualities of this intensely personal music, were brought out, and hence one that did not disguise or minimize its occasional blatant vulgarity.

FIFTIETH SEASON, NINETEEN HUNDRED THIRTY AND THIRTY-ONE

Fifth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, NOVEMBER 7, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 8, at 8.15 o'clock

Handel Concerto Grosso for String Orchestra in B minor, No. 12
Largo—Allegro—Larghetto e piano—Largo—Allegro

Respighi Metamorphoseon, Modi XII (Theme and Variations)

(First Performance: composed for the fiftieth anniversary of the Boston Symphony Orchestra)

- Theme : Andante moderato.
- Modus I: Moderato non troppo.
- Modus II: Allegretto.
- Modus III: Lento.
- Modus IV: Lento espressivo.
- Modus V: Molto vivace.
- Modus VI: Viva.
- Modus VII: Allegro moderato (Cadenze).
- Modus VIII: Andantino.
- Modus IX: Lento.
- Modus X: Molto allegro.
- Modus XI: Molto allegro.
- Modus XII: Vivo non troppo.

Brahms Symphony No. 2 in D major, Op. 73

- I. Allegro non troppo.
- II. Adagio non troppo.
- III. Allegretto grazioso, quasi andantino.
- IV. Allegro con spirito.

There will be an intermission before the symphony

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert

SYMPHONY HONORED BY CONDUCTOR

Koussevitzky's Over- ture Scores Tre- mendous Hit

Post Nov. 1, 1930.

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Neither Anonymous, that versatile and prolific writer, nor Serge Koussevitzky had appeared as composer upon a programme of a Symphony Concert until yesterday afternoon when they made their bow as authors of the same piece; an overture, written, so the programme-book stated, for the 50th anniversary of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

RISES TO COMPOSER

That programme book, to be sure, gave all the credit to Anonymous. But it was Dr. Koussevitzky who received and acknowledged the swelling, long-continued plaudits of an orchestra and audience standing in spontaneous tribute.

Had not the orchestra, with Mr. Bur-
gin at its head, risen first, no doubt many in the audience might be wondering to this minute who Anonymous was. But when the players stood and began to clap or, if they were suitably equipped, to strike the wood of their bows against the backs of their fiddles, everyone must have realized that Anonymous and Dr. Koussevitzky were one.

Effectively Written

"The author," so read the programme-notes, "seldom composes, and for this reason does not wish to make known his identity." But "the author" was far too modest. His piece does him credit.

It is workmanlike and effective; it is well put together and well written for the instruments; it sounds; it breathes both a solemn and a festal note. The end is exciting, and the audience would most surely have applauded the piece had its authorship remained an unsolved riddle or had some name other than that of a well-beloved figure been signed to it.

For the chief theme of his Overture Dr. Koussevitzky went to his countryman, Glinka, specifically to that composer's masterwork, the opera, "A Life for the Tzar," which yielded him a melody that he believed to be ideally suited to his conception of a solemn overture on the Boston Symphony's Jubilee.

The second theme bears a striking resemblance to one in Dr. Koussevitzky's own highly effective concerto for the double bass that he has twice played in Boston. Indeed, it was this resemblance that confirmed the suspicions of certain members of the orchestra when the overture was first put in rehearsal last Monday. Instead of the conventional development, Dr. Koussevitzky has written a fugue—and a good one—and there is a jubilant coda. Incidentally, the piece is scored for an orchestra exactly the size of the Boston Symphony, so that every man had a part to play.

New Symphony Pleases

The remaining numbers on an all-Russian programme were a new Symphony by Nicolas Nabokov, a young man of 27, one of the numerous Russian expatriates who have found a home in Paris, and the Fourth Symphony of Tchaikovsky.

The Symphony of Nabokov reveals a graceful and agreeable talent. The piece is, in fact, entitled "Symphonie Lyrique," and it proved in the hearing not only fluently but pleasantly melodious.

There were even Kagernian hints and suggestions, if not actual reminiscences. Have our young men then become again romantic and emotional? Are they turning their backs on the Stravinsky of "Le Sacre" and going unashamedly to "Tristan," that storehouse from which their fathers helped themselves liberally? By the evidence of Mr. Nabokov, that is exactly what they are doing, but we must wait and see whether he is typical of his generation or is merely satisfying an individual lyric impulse in defiance of existing musical tendencies. But if, as Vincent d'Indy has suggested, art moves ever in a spiral, romanticism and melody should some day come back. There will be those who will not complain if they do.

The performance of Tchaikovsky's Symphony was one in which all the salient features, the most characteristic qualities of this intensely personal music, were brought out, and hence one that did not disguise or minimize its occasional blatant vulgarity.

FIFTIETH SEASON, NINETEEN HUNDRED THIRTY AND THIRTY-ONE

Fifth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, NOVEMBER 7, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 8, at 8.15 o'clock

Handel Concerto Grosso for String Orchestra in
B minor, No. 12
Largo—Allegro—Larghetto e piano—Largo—Allegro

Respighi Metamorphoseon, Modi XII (Theme and Variations)

(First Performance: composed for the fiftieth anniversary of the
Boston Symphony Orchestra)

Theme : Andante moderato.
Modus I: Moderato non troppo.
Modus II: Allegretto.
Modus III: Lento.
Modus IV: Lento espressivo.
Modus V: Molto vivace.
Modus VI: Viva.
Modus VII: Allegro moderato (Cadenze).
Modus VIII: Andantino.
Modus IX: Lento.
Modus X: Molto allegro.
Modus XI: Molto allegro.
Modus XII: Vivo non troppo.

Brahms Symphony No. 2 in D major, Op. 73

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LAVIOSA

OTTORINO RESPIGHI

Respighi studied music at first with his father. Later he entered the Liceo Musicale of Bologna, and studied violin playing with Federico Sarti; composition with Giuseppe Martucci.* Graduated in 1901, he journeyed in foreign countries. Living in Russia for a time, he took lessons of Rimsky-Korsakov in Leningrad, with Max Bruch in Berlin. In 1913 he was appointed professor of composition in the Liceo Musicale, Bologna. He resigned this position in 1923 to become director of the Santa Cecilia Conservatory in Rome. This position he gave up in 1926.

MUSIC

SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky conductor, gave the fifth concert of the present, the 50th season, yesterday afternoon. The program was as follows: Handel, Concerto Grosso for string orchestra, B minor No. 12; Respighi, "Metamorphoseon, Mod. XII," which being interpreted means "Theme and 12 Variations"—first performance, written for the orchestra jubilee. Brahms, Symphony, D major, No. 2.

Respighi's "Metamorphoseon" is a perfunctory work, interesting only by the brilliance of the orchestration. The musical ideas are negligible when they are not wholly lacking. The theme is neither impressive in stateliness nor charming by reason of beauty. This Italian gentleman who has given pleasure by his arrangements of old airs for the lute; by his "Fountains" and his "Pines" of Rome; by the dramatic fury of his "Ballade of the Gnomides" accepted a task. He could not therefore write spontaneously. There was a forced draught. Already by his "Roman Festivals" he showed that his inventive flow was checked; that he was obliged to rely chiefly on gorgeous clothing for his anaemic musical body; on gorgeous clothing and on thunderous sonority. Is it not possible that he has been writing too much and without critical thought?

This latest composition is first of all monotonous by reason of an apparently persistent tonality, also by scholastic and hard labor in the variation form. It evidently occurred to him that this orchestra was blessed with skilful solo players of instruments; so he said to himself: "Come now, I will write cadenzas for these gifted players, so that they may show their dexterity, and men of the harp, horn, flute, violin, oboe, clarinet, etc., rejoicing in an opportunity of exhibiting their skill, will use up and call me blessed." The various artists thus called on did their prettiest, but the cadenza variation reminded one of examination-day at a music school. It is surprising that Respighi did not introduce a cadenza for the organ pedals. The organ was there; the organist was capable and the organ helped swell the din in the expected apotheosis designed to excite applause.

Dr. Koussevitzky and the players did all that could be done to give distinction to this music. For once their labor was in vain; there could be no glorification of what was inherently without true strength or beauty, for splendor of orchestration will not cover paucity of musical ideas.

The latest biographers of Johannes Brahms differ curiously concerning the character of the second symphony. The excellent Walter Niemann finds a tragic undercurrent; ghostly elements "glimmering in a supernatural uncanny way"; even "mysterious Wagnerian visions." The equally excellent Richard Specht finds sunshine, fair days, warm winds, clarity and tenderness. The performance yesterday was pleasing, effective in that Dr. Koussevitzky found music in this symphony and shared his enjoyment with the audience.

Brahms can on occasion be gloomy and crabbed enough. Why cannot Mr. Niemann, a devoted admirer of Johannes, allow him to be cheerful once in a while, as in this second symphony?

Handel's concerto in B minor is nearly 200 years old. The vitality of the allegri; the eloquent simplicity, the serenity of the slow movement; the calm olympian authority displayed throughout—these put the rhythmic frenzy, the melodic sterility, the search after "originality" characterizing so much contemporaneous music to shame and confusion.

"Beauty lives not for the self-glorification of the priests of any art, but for the enjoyment of priests and laity alike. He is the best art-priest who brings most beauty most home to the hearts of most men," wrote Samuel Butler in a note book. For his idolatrous worship of Handel one can forgive Butler for attempting to compose in the Handelian manner, as one has a warmer liking for Stravinsky because he too endeavored in his "Oedipus Rex" to pay "the most superb personage one meets in the history of music" a similar homage.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week is announced as comprising these works: Mozart's Overture to "The Major Flute"; also his Clarinet Concerto (Mr. Polatschek, clarinetist); Prokofieff's Symphony No. 4 (composed for the orchestra's jubilee); Rimsky-Korsakov's Caprice on Spanish themes.

VIRTUOSITY TESTS FOR SYMPHONY

Respighi's Variations Climaxed in the Seventh

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Save for the first, which marked the semi-centenary is another way, each of the programmes of the five pairs of concerts of the current Symphony season has offered a piece written in commemoration of the orchestra's 50th anniversary. Yesterday, as it will be again this evening, this new piece was one from the hand of Ottorino Respighi, bearing the imposing title "Metamorphoseon, Modi XII." (Theme and Variations.)

GLIB RATHER THAN POETIC

Signor Respighi is a fluent and fertile maker of music. Since 1920 a dozen pieces by him have been played at the Symphony concerts, and there are operas and other works that Boston does not know. All of these compositions show the hand of an able craftsman, especially of one who has solved the mysteries and mastered the complexities of modern orchestration. But the very soundness of Respighi's technical equipment, combined with a ready flow of musical ideas, enables him to talk easily and also agreeably even when he has nothing much to say. Not

all of his subsequent works have attained to the level of the "Fountains of Rome," by which a decade ago the orchestral Respighi was first made known to us. Some, indeed, have fallen far below it. And the new Variations must be considered of the glib and resourceful rather than of the imaginative and poetic Respighi.

The theme itself, richly proclaimed, is arresting and impressive, and for a time the variations firmly hold the attention. One of them in particular, the seventh, caught the audience's ear, and no wonder. To this variation is affixed the caption Cadenze. In turn, yesterday, the harp of Mr. Zighera, the cello of Mr. Bedetti, the violin of Mr. Burgin, the viola of Mr. Lefranc, the horn of Mr. Boettcher, the bassoon of Mr. Laus, the flute of Mr. Laurent, the clarinet of Mr. Polatschek and the oboe of Mr. Gilet were heard in displayful passages that might have been culled from concertos for the several instruments. But from then on it became an increasingly difficult task to listen to the "Metamorphoseon" with attentive interest. In particular, the eighth and ninth variations seemed superfluous, and the sonorous close could not altogether efface the impression that Respighi had grown diffuse and verbose, that much of this latest music was manufactured, lacking the true creative impulse.

Change in List

Incidentally these Variations, and not only that of the showy cadenzas, are taxing even for a virtuoso orchestra, so taxing in fact that the preparation of them made necessary certain changes in the announced programme. For the Seventh Symphony of Sibelius and the Clarinet Concerto of Mozart, Dr. Koussevitzky must needs substitute the Second Symphony of Brahms, a work that the orchestra has at its finger-tips. As it happened the change was a fortunate one. After Respighi, Brahms was good to hear, especially in the first movement, which is the glory of this Second Symphony.

Of this Symphony, Dr. Koussevitzky achieved an eloquent and glowing performance. Notably played, too, was Handel's Twelfth Concerto Grosso which the concert opened, not the most ingratiating of the set, although it does contain a noble Larghetto that only Handel could have written. Furthermore, the performance of the "Metamorphoseon" represented a signal triumph over formidable difficulties. With reason at the conclusion of the piece, Dr. Koussevitzky bade his players rise and take the applause unto themselves.

Eleventh Hour Rescue of the Symphonic Day

Respighi's Empty Variations, Over-Strained Handel, Saving Brahms

IT WAS bound to happen. It might have come sooner and it might have been worse. . . . At the suggestion of Dr. Koussevitzky twelve or more composers are under commission to write "new and original" pieces for the present fiftieth year of the Symphony Concerts. Since the Boston Orchestra has regained international fame, the choice of contributors to its jubilee rites ranges as widely. One by one they are delivering their manuscripts, to be the property of Symphony Hall through a year. First came Mr. Hill's Commemorative Ode at a respectable level of occasional music. Next, the notable Symphony of Roussel, received as warmly as it was written. Then, without commission, followed the Solemn Overture of the conductor himself. It was made from the heart to release his pride in the orchestra at this semi-centenary season, his devotion, past, present, future, to its fortunes. It touched reciprocating feeling, if it did not always persuade the ear. Prokofiev's new Symphony is announced for next week. Stravinsky's Psalms lie on the library shelf. Other contributions—three, at least, from American hands—await Dr. Koussevitzky's pleasure.

Yesterday it was the turn of Mr. Respighi, and the eminent Italian had evidently found himself in the plight that even now may be harassing one and another of his commissioned colleagues. He had accepted an invitation that did him honor; but when he came to fulfill it, his mind was alight with no creative idea. No new tonal pageant of Rome outspread upon his imagination, to be added to the fountains, the pines, the festivals, that have made his reputation at home and abroad. He had exhausted cathedral windows; put by the sinister grotesquerie of his early Gnomides. He could not transcribe Bach of the organ-loft, as he did for Mr. Toscanini and the Philharmonic Society of New York. Nor could he put together

a Suite of old airs and dances for te—enhanced into a light modern tra. The commission asked inde it work.

posers are but men; and the human, as the professional, refuge in such cy was formalism. Ready to perience hand lay too convenient alner. It is true that of a theme riations Strauss made one of his pieces, "Don Quixote." In the best ernist operas, "Wozzeck," Berg has them to potent theatric and dram age. Brahms's "St. Antoni" varia- Elgar's "Enigma" variations, Reg- riations and fugue on a theme by each sings the composer's praises. a thousand and one other com- this tempting form has been cloak ssing or continuous sterility.

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Eleventh Rescue Symph

Respighi's Em Over-Strai Saving

IT WAS bound to have come soon, been worse. tion of Dr. K. more composers ar to write "new and the present fiftieth phony Concerts. S chestra has regaine the choice of contr rites ranges as wide are delivering their the property of Syn a year. First came ration Ode at a resp sional music. Nex phony of Roussel, r it was written. Th sion, followed the Sc conductor himself. the heart to release chestra at this se his devotion, past, r fortunes. It touche ing, if it did not alw Prokofiev's new Sy for next week. Str on the library shelf. —three, at least, fro await Dr. Koussevit

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Composers are but men; and the human, as well as the professional, refuge in such exigency was formalism. Ready to his experienced hand lay too convenient a container. It is true that of a theme and variations Strauss made one of his masterpieces, "Don Quixote." In the best of modernist operas, "Wozzeck," Berg has turned them to potent theatric and dramatic usage. Brahms's "St. Antoni" variations, Elgar's "Enigma" variations, Regier's variations and fugue on a theme by Hiller, each sings the composer's praises. But to a thousand and one other composers this tempting form has been cloak for passing or continuous sterility.

Becomingly the Signore salves an uneasy conscience. He gives his theme and twelve variations a semi-fantastic, semi-scholarly, title. Together they shall make a "Metamorphoseon"; while each variation shall be labelled a "Modus." Through half the way their course shall recall the progress of a symphony: slow introduction, quicker-paced first movement; slow movement; scherzo—to be followed, first, by a decorative intermezzo; then by slow preluding to an upspringing finale. This and that variation shall not lack quasi-Italianate melody; more than one shall tax and display the virtuosity of a band of virtuos. At the end there shall be no extended, climactic, roof-shaking fugue.

Yet when Mr. Respighi undertook to fill these thirteen waiting jars, scarcely a musical idea came to him. The orchestra announces his theme; ear and mind receive it—with no other sensation than a statement in notes devoid of distinctive quality. Twelve times over, he proceeds to transform, diversify and decorate it. Only as decoration do the variations interest or impress—intermittently. Try as he may, Mr. Respighi cannot fertilize his theme; lead it through a dozen incarnations in as many moods. His creative faculty is dormant. His scholarship deserts him. There is no room for his vivid pictorial sense. But the Signore is a master of orchestration—true without the finesse and piquancy of Ravel or the sumptuous, and occasionally diabolic, resource of Strauss; but in his degree a master none the less. To it, then, with endless play of instrumental timbres eked out with harmonic vesture and rhythmic impetus. The orchestra sounds en masse, in groups, in individual voices. In a whole variation of cadenzas, even the bassoon and the bass-clarinet take a turn. There are ornamental figures, recurring passage-work, anything and everything that an orchestra and all that therein is can do—not too subtly.

Now, a quarter of an hour of such entertainment is amusing when the virtuosi of Symphony Hall are excelling themselves, jointly and severally; when Dr. Koussevitzky has honorably persuaded himself that Mr. Respighi's piece contains twice as much as is really there and he must draw forth the double quantity. Thirty-five minutes of uninterrupted instrumental gewgaws, gim-cracks and miscellaneous confections are another thing. The listening ears are cloyed and wearied, which condition was evident in the clapping hands when Mr. Respighi at last was done. They no more than sufficed to bring the conspicuous jugglers of cadenzas, and then the whole orchestra, to its feet. Thereupon, as though it suspected toilsome rehearsal and repeated practice at home, the audience applauded loudly. . . . And so addio to Signor Respighi. May he next return in better form—say in his orchestral transcription of Bach's Passacaglia at the spring festival.

To begin the concert, the string choir played five of the six divisions of Handel's Concerto Grosso in B minor, handsomely and justly restored to the active repertory by Dr. Koussevitzky after twenty years of neglect by his predecessors. Yet in the performance one read—or fancied one read—the nervous strain of that incessantly rehearsed "Metamorphoseon." The conductor took the slow movements at a dragging pace. Occasionally there, oftener in the quicker divisions, the strings sounded with a surprisingly edgy tone. Cassandra-like, the program-book quoted Monsieur Romain Rolland as saying that in performance Handel's instrumental music should sound like "a constant improvisation." For the first time, from Dr. Koussevitzky's hand, one of these Concerti Grossi fell short of such impression. The dragging pace in the slow movements stiffened the curve of the Handelian melody, cribbed its spaciousness, dried its beauty. Sharp tones do not suit the quick, smooth stride, the flowing counterpoint, the animated figures, of his Allegros. Throughout the Concerto it was the over-strained playing of over-tired men—as though Respighi haunted them.

Only in Brahms's Second Symphony were conductor and orchestra themselves, retrieving the concert. And this Brahms, being repertory piece, so requiring less preparation, was substitute for the announced Seventh of Sibelius—a symphony that cries for rehearsing; that more than a few have eagerly awaited; that should surely have place in concerts to come. . . . But Brahms "in D major" is no repertory piece when Dr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra play it in the

6 - 2% the singing, sunlit
08% - 3% a page—the swaying
27 - abundance, warm un-
5 - movement; through
2% + 5% se of a Brahms with-
5 - 1 ade to meditate, with
on his idyll until he is
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23% - 1% Brahms has also rug-
10 - 2% ingraind autumnal
5-16 - for a space, upon
1% - 1% ings; that shadows do
3 1/2 - 1% glinting finale, of a
30 - 1% it. He takes this
25 1/2 - 13% objectively enough;
7% + 7% rns the phrases, keeps
10 - ds revealing pace and
17 - 2 m. Subjectively, the
7% - 7% the clear color, the
11 - 2 ng course, touch him
59 - 1/2 ns smiles but will not
24% - 1% speaks out, then looks
84 - 1 omantic Brahms. The
9% - 7% -they are many nowa-
35 - H. T. P.
12 - 1 ur.
12 - 1

RESPIGHI WORK AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

"Metamorphoseon, Modi
XII," Written for Boston

Ingenious Set of Variations Tests
Virtuosity of Boston Orchestra

Week by week the importance of the announcement from Symphony Hall at the opening of the current 50th anniversary season of the Boston Symphony that a number of new works had been commissioned by the trustees becomes more manifest. Dr. Koussevitzky apparently intends to put one on each program.

Yesterday it was the turn of Respighi, whose contribution to the anniversary, an ingenious set of variations with the awe-inspiring title "Metamorphoseon, Modi XII," was played for the first time in public. Next week brings a new symphony by Prokofiev. Before the season ends, most of the chief living composers will have been represented on the program by works commissioned by the Boston Symphony.

Respighi, who conducted the Boston Symphony in a program of his works Feb 18 and 19, 1927, paid the orchestra an adroit and deserved compliment in writing the variations heard yesterday. He included showy and difficult cadenza passages for most of the principal players, which displayed their virtuosity effectively. The whole piece is written so that only a full modern orchestra of the first rank, under an eloquent leader, can do it anything like justice. Yesterday the Boston Symphony met Respighi's test triumphantly.

For Most Listeners

Sets of variations are anathema to some listeners. In the past half century few composers of note have attempted pieces in that form for orchestra, though such instances as d'Indy's "Istar" and Elgar's "Enigma Variations" come to mind as exceptions.

Respighi's title indicates his purpose. He metamorphoses his theme ingeniously, altering the pace, piling up embroidery on it. It is not obvious at a first hearing to what extent he uses the old scales known as "modes," which one might expect from the title. Some of the harmony is certainly based on them, but a true translation of "modi" would seem to be rather "forms" than "modes" in the technical sense of scales.

The real point about any new piece is not for most listeners its form, or its technique, or even the opportunities it may afford for virtuosity on the part of the players. What matters is whether the composer says anything in imaginative and emotional terms; whether the audience is held intent and absorbed by the power of the music without lapse of attention. One listener yesterday found Respighi's variations more intricate than enthralling, more ingenious than emotional.

The other numbers on the program, is it was finally rearranged, were Handel's concerto grosso in B minor, No. 12; and Brahms' Second Symphony. The strings in the Handel played less well than they often do these days in such pieces. No doubt an undue portion of rehearsal time was taken by the very exacting Respighi music.

Dr. Koussevitzky, as usual, interpreted "largo" as something slower than the pace of the proverbial snail. This comes of taking andantes and adagios too slowly. Largo must be slower still, according to modern ideas of tempi, though it is by no means clear that that it what "largo" meant to Handel. If your adagios have been as slow as possible, what is to be done with largos?

Brahm's Symphony

In the Brahms symphony one felt as on other occasions that Dr. Koussevitzky missed the lyric songlike quality of the first movement, with its very Germanic and very lovely melodies. He did the slow movement better than most other conductors have done it, and was appropriately eloquent in the finale.

But one has still to be convinced that any non-German can really do justice to this symphony, after hearing Toscanini as well as Koussevitzky interpret it. Perhaps, as often before, one's cherished memories of Dr. Muck prevent fairness to other interpreters. The program now announced for next week includes Mozart's "Magic Flute" overture, his clarinet concerto, Prokofiev's new Fourth Symphony and Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Caprice on Spanish Themes." P. R.

Longy Memorial Concert in Boston

GATHERED on the evening of Nov. 3 to do honor to the memory of Georges Longy, an audience which filled Jordan Hall, Boston, listened to a concert of unusual significance. From far and near came musicians, eager to give of their time and talent, that this tribute to friend and fellow artist might be of the finest.

To give individual mention to all those who in one manner or another lent distinction to the concert would be to list the large majority of those whose names are synonymous with musical prestige the world over. Tribute must be paid, however, to those musicians who actively assisted during the evening. The Burgin String Quartet gave a polished performance of the "Animé et près décidé" from the Debussy String Quartet. "La Cornemuse," the second of two rhapsodies for oboe, viola and piano, dedicated to M. Longy by its composer, Charles Martin Loeffler, was played with poignant understanding by Louis Speyer, Jean Lefranc and M. Longy's daughter, Renée Longy-Miquelle. In connection with this number it may be apropos to mention Philip Hale's beautiful translation of Maurice Rollinat's poem, "The Bagpipe," which adorned the printed program.

Now, a quarter of an hour of entertainment is amusing when virtuosi of Symphony Hall are excelling themselves, jointly and severally; Dr. Koussevitzky has honorably persuaded himself that Mr. Respighi's contains twice as much as is there and he must draw forth the quantity. Thirty-five minutes of interrupted instrumental gewgaws, cracks and miscellaneous confection another thing. The listening ears cloyed and wearied, which condition evident in the clapping hands when Respighi at last was done. They more than sufficed to bring the cor- uous jugglers of cadenzas, and the whole orchestra, to its feet. There as though it suspected tollsome rehe and repeated practice at home, the ence applauded loudly. . . . An addio to Signor Respighi. May he return in better form—say in his or- tral transcription of Bach's Passac at the spring festival.

To begin the concert, the string played five of the six divisions of del's Concerto Grosso in B minor, somely and justly restored to the active repertory by Dr. Koussevitzky after twenty years of neglect by his predeces- sors. Yet in the performance one read—or fancied one read—the nervous strain of that incessantly rehearsed "Metamorphoseon." The conductor took the slow movements at a dragging pace. Occasionally there, oftener in the quicker divisions, the strings sounded with a surprisingly edgy tone. Cassandra-like, the program-book quoted Monsieur Ro- main Rolland as saying that in perform- ance Handel's instrumental music should sound like "a constant improvisation." For the first time, from Dr. Kousse- vitzky's hand, one of these Concerti Grossi fell short of such impression. The dragging pace in the slow move- ments stiffened the curve of the Han- delian melody, cribbed its spaculousness, dried its beauty. Sharp tones do not suit the quick, smooth stride, the flowing counterpoint, the animated figures, of his Allegros. Throughout the Concerto it was the over-strained playing of over- tired men—as though Respighi haunted them.

Only in Brahms's Second Symphony were conductor and orchestra themselves, retrieving the concert. And this Brahms, being repertory piece, so requiring less preparation, was substitute for the an- nounced Seventh of Sibelius—a sym- phony that cries for rehearsing; that more than a few have eagerly awaited; that should surely have place in concerts to come. . . . But Brahms "in D major" is no repertory piece when Dr. Kousse- vitzky and the orchestra play it in the

vein. He catches the singing, sunlit quality of many a page—the swaying rhythm, unlabored abundance, warm un- folding, of the first movement; through the second, the sense of a Brahms with- drawn into the shade to meditate, with the violoncellos, upon his idyll until he is content; the touch-and-go of the scherzo, grace and bite in alternation; the buoyant flood of the finale.

Withal, Dr. Koussevitzky does not for- get that his singing Brahms has also rug- ged tones; that the ingrained autumnal mood may descend, for a space, upon these summer musings; that shadows do steal across that glinting finale, of a sudden slackening it. He takes this Second Symphony objectively enough, the proportion; finds revealing pace and characterizing rhythm. Subjectively, the warmth of mood, the clear color, the changeful, streaming course, touch him nearly. His Brahms smiles but will not forego melancholy; speaks out, then looks within. In short a romantic Brahms. The perfect Brahmsite—they are many nowa- days—does not demur. H. T. P.

RESPIGHI WORK AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

"Metamorphoseon, Modi XII," Written for Boston

Ingenious Set of Variations Tests Virtuosity of Boston Orchestra

Week by week the importance of the announcement from Symphony Hall at the opening of the current 50th anniversary season of the Boston Sym- phony that a number of new works had been commissioned by the trustees becomes more manifest. Dr. Kousse- vitzky apparently intends to put one on each program.

Yesterday it was the turn of Respighi, whose contribution to the anniversary, an ingenious set of variations with the awe-inspiring title "Metamor- phoseon, Modi XII," was played for the first time in public. Next week brings a new symphony by Prokofiev. Before the season ends, most of the chief living composers will have been represented on the program by works commissioned by the Boston Sym- phony.

Respighi, who conducted the Bos- ton Symphony in a program of his works Feb 18 and 19, 1927, paid the orchestra an adroit and deserved com- pliment in writing the variations heard yesterday. He included showy and difficult cadenza passages for most of the principal players, which dis- played their virtuosity effectively. The whole piece is written so that only a full modern orchestra of the first rank, under an eloquent leader, can do it anything like justice. Yesterday the Boston Symphony met Respighi's test triumphantly.

For Most Listeners

Sets of variations are anathema to some listeners. In the past half cen- tury few composers of note have at- tempted pieces in that form for or- chestra, though such instances as d'Indy's "Istar" and Elgar's "Enigma Variations" come to mind as excep- tions.

Respighi's title indicates his purpose. He metamorphoses his theme ingeni- ously, altering the pace, piling up em- broidery on it. It is not obvious at a first hearing to what extent he uses the old scales known as "modes," which one might expect from the title. Some of the harmony is certainly based on them, but a true translation of "modi" would seem to be rather "forms" than "modes" in the techni- cal sense of scales.

The real point about any new piece is not for most listeners its form, or its technique, or even the opportunities it may afford for virtuosity on the part of the players. What matters is whether the composer says anything in imaginative and emotional terms; whether the audience is held intent and absorbed by the power of the mu- sic without lapse of attention. One listener yesterday found Respighi's variations more intricate than en- thralling, more ingenious than emo- tional.

The other numbers on the program, is it was finally rearranged, were Handel's concerto grosso in B minor, No. 12; and Brahms' Second Sym- phony. The strings in the Handel played less well than they often do these days in such pieces. No doubt an undue portion of rehearsal time was taken by the very exacting Respighi music.

Dr. Koussevitzky, as usual, inter- preted "largo" as something slower than the pace of the proverbial snail. This comes of taking andantes and adagios too slowly. Largo must be slower still, according to modern ideas of tempi, though it is by no means clear that that it what "largo" meant to Handel. If your adagios have been as slow as possible, what is to be done with largos?

Brahm's Symphony

In the Brahms symphony one felt as on other occasions that Dr. Koussevit- sky missed the lyric songlike quality of the first movement, with its very Germanic and very lovely melodies. He did the slow movement better than most other conductors have done it, and was appropriately eloquent in the finale.

But one has still to be convinced that any non-German can really do justice to this symphony, after hearing Toscanini as well as Koussevitzky in- terpret it. Perhaps, as often before, one's cherished memories of Dr. Muck prevent fairness to other interpreters.

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With Walter Piston conducting, some 40 members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, many of whom were intimately associated with M. Longy during his tenure of office as oboe soloist of the orchestra from 1898 to 1925, next proffered Respighi's "La Nascita di di Venere" from the "Trittico Botticelliano," dedicated to Mrs. Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge and given a first performance in Boston, after which Mme. and M. Miquelle charmed the audience with their performance of the "Stanco e triste" from the Cello and Piano Sonata by Ildebrando Pizzetti.

For a novel combination of instruments, one delighted in the "Introduction and Allegro" by Maurice Ravel, for harp, with accompaniment of flute, clarinet, string quartet and double-bass, excellently accomplished by Carlos Salzedo, harp; Georges Laurent, flute; Paul Mimart, clarinet; Max Kunze, double-bass, and the American String Quartet.

An outstanding performance of the evening was that of the Concerto for piano, violin and string quartet (first Movement—"Décidé"), played by Carmela Ippolito, violin; Jesús Mariá Sanroma, pianist, and the Durrell String Quartet, and as a climax to the program came the "Panis Angelicus" by César Franck, arranged by Walter Piston for two solo voices, cello solo, orchestra and organ, the singers being Marie Sundelius and Rulon Y. Robison, with Georges Miquelle playing the cello and Dr. Archibald Davison at the organ. Mr. Piston conducted. With these stately measures there ended this superb musical gesture to the memory of Georges Longy, a man whose achievements were many, whose helping hand and severe though kindly criticism proved invaluable to innumerable young musicians and who carried his honors with the simple dignity characteristic of those who find fame, as such, but an incident in the daily routine of a busy life.

G. M. S.

Boston Symphony

The weekly "First performance: composed for the fiftieth anniversary of the Boston Symphony Orchestra" was provided for the program of Nov. 7 and 8 at Symphony Hall, Boston, by Ottorino Respighi. He entitled his donation "Metamorphoseon, Modi XII." For a less momentous occasion he might have called it a Theme and 12 Variations, since that is what it is. The theme, announced by the strings, with the woodwinds joining in later, appears to be built on one of the ecclesiastical modes. It is stately and unimpressive. The variations consist to a considerable degree of bijouterie. In the seventh especially there is lavish provision for exercise of the talents of the soloists—an opportunity which was embraced to excellent effect by the Boston virtuosi. In the slower passages there is some writing of beauty, reminiscent of the composer's Roman trees and fountains and church windows. There is of course a clangorous finale, in which conductor and players struggled valiantly to bring out from the score an import which after all was not there.

Dr. Koussevitzky opened this fifth program of the season with Handel's Concerto Grosso for string orchestra in B minor, No. 12. In this he fell once more into that besetting conductorial weakness of his which reveals itself in slow movements and particularly in those written for strings alone—an overstraining for effect which leads him to break his melodic line and leave his attacks ragged for want of precision in his beat. When he let the orchestra have its head, in the livelier sections, the music was superbly played.

Honors of the day, however, must be awarded to the dependable Johannes Brahms, who was invited only at the tenth hour when a prospective visitor proved unready, and whose Symphony in D major seemed radiant indeed beside the musical garb of his fellow-guests. In this lyrical and playful and emotional score the orchestra was at home and the conductor in his element, and a superlative performance ensued.

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(Mr. Miquelle and Mme. Renee Longy, Loeffler

Two Rhapsodies (Mr. Loeffler, viola; Mr. Speyer, oboe; Mme. Renee Longy, piano)

Concerto for piano, violin and string quartet (2d movement) Chausson
(Mr. Sanroma, piano; Miss Ippolito, violin; the Durrell String quartet)

Trittico Botticelliano: No. 3. The Birth of Venus Respighi
(Orchestra composed of Longy's colleagues in the Boston Symphony or-
chestra. Mr. Piston, conductor. First performance in Boston)

**Third movement of String Quartet (First stands of the Boston Sym-
phony orchestra)** Debussy

Introduction and Allegro for harp and other instruments Ravel
(Messrs. Salzedo, harp; Laurent, flute; Mimart, clarinet; the American
String Quartet. Mr. Salzedo has arranged a double bass part)

"Panis Angelicus," arranged by Mr. Piston Franck
(Marie Sundelius, soprano; Mr. Robison, tenor; members of the Boston
Symphony orchestra; Mr. Miquelle of the Detroit Symphony orchestra,
violoncello solo passages)

FOR once the reviewer may lay aside the tools of his trade and become straightforward chronicler. For once there is no occasion to analyze this or that work, to point its history, or to weigh in the balance piece or performance. To write the story is more pertinent. For those who gathered in Jordan Hall last evening to "assist at" (as the French would render our English "attend") the concert in honor of Georges Longy did so less for the sake of hearing a concert than of doing honor to the memory of a notable and beloved musician and friend. The number of those present was limited only by the size of Jordan Hall. Boston's elect appeared one and all to have been friends of Georges Longy.

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Yes, there were words for Mr. Longy. Mr. Olin Downes, who had personal acquaintance with him, came from New York to deliver the address. He spoke briefly, simply, informally. He struck the note of eulogistic reminiscence. He spoke of the first orchestral concert he had ever attended, of the first note he then heard—the "A" from Mr. Longy's oboe, giving the pitch for the tuning of the instruments of the orchestra. He paid tribute to the fine qualities of musicianship of the Longy Club of wind instruments, to Mr. Longy's abilities as leader of the Boston Orchestral Club. That the audience was fully in harmony with Mr. Downes's statement that Mr. Longy probably influenced the musical life of Boston more than any one other man, was proved by the ripple of applause that broke in upon the memorial spirit of the evening.

A. H. M.

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The program of the concert in memory of Georges Longy in Jordan hall tomorrow night (8:30 o'clock) will be as follows:

Sonata for 'cello and piano.....Pizzetti
(Mr. Miquelle and Mme. Renee Longy)

Two RhapsodiesLoeffler
(Mr. Loeffler, viola; Mr. Speyer, oboe; Mme. Renee Longy, piano)
Concerto for piano, violin and string quartet (2d movement).....Chausson
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Trittico Botticelliano: No. 3. The Birth of Venus.....Respighi
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Third movement of String Quartet (First stands of the Boston Symphony orchestra)Debussy
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Memory's Garland To Georges Longy

With Both Song and Speech Recall Him as Friend And Musician

FOR once the reviewer may lay down the program. Those who held this program-sheet in their hands must have realized that they were looking at no straightforward chronicle. They had been once there is no occasion to analyze ordinary "program," that they had been or that work, to point its history, presented with a "souvenir" (in the best weigh in the balance place or perfect French sense of the word) of their friend's life. To write the story is more than a mere list of the works played at the concert are ent. For those who gathered in Jordan Hall last evening to "assist at" (as quickly listed: a movement out of Debussy's string quartet; Mr. Loeffler's French would render our English rhapsody, "La Cornemuse," for oboe, tend") the concert in honor of Georges Longy did so less for the sake of hearing a concert than of doing honor to the memory of a notable and beloved musician and friend. The number of those present was limited only by the size of Jordan Hall. Boston's elect appeared one and all to have been friends of Georges Longy.

The program sheet itself bore witness to the care and love that had been showered upon the preparation of the concert. A sheet that folded into eight columns, it contained pictures (one of Mr. Longy with his dog and pipe), lined the events in Mr. Longy's life, listed the program—for the evening, printed names of the artists of the evening in a formidable list, including many players from the Boston Symphony Orchestra

well as other notables from Boston and New York; it gave place to a poem entitled "Oboe," written and dedicated to Mr. Longy in the autumn of 1919 by Dr. Herbert Hall; it printed the notes of that short cadenza from Beethoven's fifth symphony which Mr. Longy played whenever that symphony was given performance; and it printed Mr. Hale's translation of the text of Maurice Rollinat's "The Bagpipe," title also of the composition of Mr. Loeffler which found place in the program. Those who held this program-sheet in their hands must have realized that they were looking at no straightforward chronicle. They had been once there is no occasion to analyze ordinary "program," that they had been or that work, to point its history, presented with a "souvenir" (in the best weigh in the balance place or perfect French sense of the word) of their friend's life. To write the story is more than a mere list of the works played at the concert are ent. For those who gathered in Jordan Hall last evening to "assist at" (as quickly listed: a movement out of Debussy's string quartet; Mr. Loeffler's French would render our English rhapsody, "La Cornemuse," for oboe, tend") the concert in honor of Georges Longy did so less for the sake of hearing a concert than of doing honor to the memory of a notable and beloved musician and friend. The number of those present was limited only by the size of Jordan Hall. Boston's elect appeared one and all to have been friends of Georges Longy.

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The list of those friends of Mr. Longy who took part in performance is less quickly recorded—for those friends were many. The Burgin String Quartet, playing Debussy's movement, gave sort of official representation of the orchestra.

Mr. Loeffler's "La Cornemuse," which was dedicated to Mr. Longy and must often have been played by him, was played by his associates, Mr. Speyer and Mr. Lefranc, and his daughter Renee Longy Miquelle. Such members of the Boston Symphony as had been associated with Mr. Longy formed the orchestra for Respighi's work; one noted Heinrich Gebhard at the piano and Carlos Salzedo playing the harp. Mr. Longy's daughter and her husband, Georges Miquelle, were the artists for the movement of Pizzetti's sonata. Ravel's septet brought Messrs. Salzedo, Laurent and Mimart, the ladies of the American String Quartet, and Mr. Max Kunze. In Chausson's concerto Miss Ippolito and Mr. Sanroma, as soloists were assisted by the Durrell String Quartet.

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A. H. M.

Longy in Oddments

the Honors of Monday Musicians' Wreath Of Anecdote

ALTHOUGH a quarter of a century ago Georges Longy was remarkable as a virtuoso of the oboe in the Boston Symphony Orchestra. During that time he added to the musical knowledge of the city, the musical pleasure of those who quented them. Last spring he retired on his farm in Norway. Next Monday evening his will honor his memory with a concert announced elsewhere in this paper. There enough will of him as musician and of his day. The moment may also be an occasion for anecdotes of the musician in the man as colleagues and recall them. First, Heinrich the pianist, may speak:

My return from a concert tour in my studies with Leschetizky, invited me to play with the club, which he had just founded. As a young concert-soloist, I had an inclination to play as if I were in the show, instead of giving the club a chance. Tactful and kindly, Longy reminded me of the first rehearsal of the woodwinds needed to be heard, as the piano. I tried to heed, sure my idea of holding myself isn't quite correct.

Following rehearsal, Mr. Longy said any more. He would say, 'Well, please.' Now, Leschetizky is pupils to use the pedal for effects besides mere loudness, so by could still make loudness, so by d. Next, Longy was saying, 't. Mr. Gebhard. Please watch. I was conscience-stricken, but would insist on acting every so spite of my good intentions. By rehearsal, Mr. Longy was saying, 'Less pedal,' but 'No pedal.'

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The program of the concert in memory of Georges Longy in Jordan hall tomorrow night (8:30 o'clock) will be as follows:

Sonata for 'cello and piano.....Pizzetti
(Mr. Miquelle and Mme. Renee Longy)

Two RhapsodiesLoeffler
(Mr. Loeffler, viola; Mr. Speyer, oboe; Mme. Renee Longy, piano)
Concerto for piano, violin and string quartet (2d movement).....Chausson
(Mr. Sanroma, piano; Miss Ippolito, violin; the Durrell String quartet)
Trittico Botticelliano: No. 3. The Birth of Venus.....Respighi
(Orchestra composed of Longy's colleagues in the Boston Symphony orchestra. Mr. Piston, conductor. First performance in Boston)
Third movement of String Quartet (First stands of the Boston Symphony orchestra)Debussy
Introduction and Allegro for harp and other instrumentsRavel
(Messrs. Salzedo, harp; Laurent, flute; Mimart, clarinet; the American String Quartet. Mr. Salzedo has arranged a double bass part)
"Panis Angelicus," arranged by Mr. PistonFranck
(Marie Sundelius, soprano; Mr. Robison, tenor; members of the Boston Symphony orchestra; Mr. Miquelle of the Detroit Symphony orchestra, violoncello solo passages)

Memory's Garland To Georges Longy

With Both Song and Speech
Recall Him as Friend
And Musician

FOR once the reviewer may lay down the program. Those who held this the tools of his trade and became program-sheet in their hands must have straightforward chronicler. realized that they were looking at no or that work, to point its history, presented with a "souvenir" (in the best weigh in the balance piece or perfect French sense of the word) of their friend ance. To write the story is more pen Mr. Longy.

ent. For those who gathered in Jordan Hall last evening to "assist at" (as quickly listed: a movement out of Debussy's string quartet; Mr. Loeffler's French would render our English rhapsody, "La Cornemuse," for oboe, tend") the concert in honor of Georges Longy did so less for the sake of hearing a concert than of doing honor to a memory of a notable and beloved musician and friend. The number of those present was limited only by the size of Jordan Hall. Boston's elect appeared one and all to have been friends of Georges Longy.

The program sheet itself bore witness to the care and love that had been showered upon the preparation of the concert. A sheet that folded into eight columns, it contained pictures (one of Mr. Longy with his dog and pipe), lined the events in Mr. Longy's life, listed the program of the evening, printed names of the artists of the evening, a formidable list, including many players from the Boston Symphony Orchestra

well as other notables from Boston and New York; it gave place to a poem entitled "Oboe," written and dedicated to Mr. Longy in the autumn of 1919 by Dr. Herbert Hall; it printed the notes of that short cadenza from Beethoven's fifth symphony which Mr. Longy played whenever that symphony was given performance; and it printed Mr. Hale's translation of the text of Maurice Rollinat's "The Bagpipe," title also of the composition of Mr. Loeffler which found place in the program. Those who held this program-sheet in their hands must have realized that they were looking at no ordinary "program," that they had been presented with a "souvenir" (in the best French sense of the word) of their friend Mr. Longy.

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showing of per 100,00 rather than method of For instance the person very, etc., 1910. This in 1913, st been progr 188, a de crimes ag breaking 360 cases the high p time it has of almost "In crim ing drunk violations, begun: T in 1929. crease of 1910 to 48 accounted motor veh In 1910 t volving li

Longy in Oddments Before the Honors of Monday Musicians' Wreath Of Anecdote

THROUGH a quarter of a century Georges Longy was remarkable virtuoso of the oboe in the Symphony Orchestra. During that time as conductor of various orchestral societies, he added to the musical knowledge and the musical pleasure of those that frequented them. Last spring he died in retirement on his farm in Normandy. Next Monday evening his friends will honor his memory with a commemorative concert announced elsewhere in this paper. There enough will be said of him as musician and of his Bostonian day. The moment may also serve for anecdotes of the musician merged in the man as colleagues and friends recall them. First, Heinrich Gebhard, the pianist, may speak:

"After my return from a concert tour following my studies with Leschetizky, Longy invited me to play with the Longy Club, which he had just founded. Now, as a young concert-soloist, I had a natural inclination to play as if I were the whole show, instead of giving the woodwinds of the club a chance. Tactfully and kindly, Longy reminded me several times during the first rehearsal that the woodwinds needed to be heard, as well as the piano. I tried to heed, but I'm sure my idea of holding myself down wasn't quite correct.

"At the following rehearsal, Mr. Longy didn't hint any more. He would say, 'Less pedal, please.' Now, Leschetizky taught his pupils to use the pedal for other effects besides mere loudness, so by habit I would still make loudness, so by the pedal. Next, Longy was saying, 'That foot, Mr. Gebhard. Please watch that foot.' I was conscience-stricken, but my foot would insist on acting every so often in spite of my good intentions. By the third rehearsal, Mr. Longy was saying, not 'Less pedal,' but 'No pedal.'

"I should mention now that these rehearsals in Longy's house in Roxbury were attended by the family pet, a big but peaceful dog. He would simply come into the room, crouch down and remain quiet. When the fourth rehearsal came around, the dog disappeared under the piano as soon as I sat down to it. At the time, some comment was made about the animal's deserting his usual post, but no one thought any further about the matter.

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started for the pedal. But it never arrived. Naturally, I was startled, and the rehearsal broke off for everyone to see what was the matter. The huge paw of the dog was planted in such a position that I couldn't touch the pedal. Longy acted just as innocently surprised as any of the rest of us. But afterward, those who knew Longy better than I did told me they were sure that Longy had spent a week teaching the dog to keep anyone's foot off the pedal."

Next to Clément Lenom, now teacher at the Conservatory who, as second oboe, played beside Mr. Longy through his years with the Symphony Orchestra. "By degrees Longy acquired the ability to play for a minute and a half on one breath. Every summer he would spend his vacation mostly in farming and fishing. At first he wouldn't touch his oboe at all. Then, about a month before he had to return to the orchestra, he would begin to practice. After he got into swing he would practice three or four hours a day.

"He was a very serious musician," Mr. Lenom went on, "but very good-natured. I remember two funny things he did. Once the Longy Club was going to play a piece which needed some drum-taps. But the club had no drum. 'I'll take care of that,' Longy told us. When the time came for the drum, Longy tapped with his oboe on a silk hat beside him on the floor, where the audience couldn't see it.

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"'Mon Dieu, Longy, what is the matter with you?' we asked him.

"'You wait,' he said, and kept on writing on scraps of paper. Then he asked for a hat, and threw the papers in and mixed them up.

"'Everybody take one,' he said, holding the hat up high so that nobody could look inside. There was a little music on each paper.

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Mozart Concerto for Clarinet

- I. Allegro.
- II. Adagio.
- III. Rondo: Allegro.

Prokofieff Symphony No. 4, Op. 47

(First performance; Composed for the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Boston Symphony Orchestra)

- I. Andante assai; Allegro eroico.
- II. Andante tranquillo.
- III. Moderato: Scherzoso.
- IV. Allegro risoluto.

Rimsky-Korsakov Caprice on Spanish Themes, Op. 34

- I. Alborada.
- II. Variations.
- III. Alborada.
- IV. Scene and Gypsy Song.
- V. Fandango of the Asturias.

(Played without pause)

SOLOIST
VICTOR POLATSCHEK

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Next to Clément Lenom, a farmer. Perhaps not until two weeks at the Conservatory who, as before the return voyage—certainly not played beside Mr. Longy more than a month—he would take up years with the Symphony Or his oboe. Until the war, he kept to this degrees Longy acquired the cus om and brought to high develop- play for a minute and a h ment, his estate of "Cornemuse," at breath. Every summer he w Abbeville. Here he was lord of a cha- his vacation mostly in farmi teau in miniature. Here he dazzled the ing. At first he wouldn't tou peasant—who came from miles around to at all. Then, about a month be dazzled—with an American bathroom had to return to the orchestra and an American cook-stove. Here at begin to practice. After he one time he had a herd of 200 cows. swing he would practice thre Then he took a plunge to poultry rais- hours a day. ing.

"He was a very serious mus On a rainy day, one summer, Arthur Lenom went on, "but very good Fiedler dropped in on Longy from Paris. I remember two funny thing (You couldn't call him up—he had no Once the Longy Club was goi telephone, nor, for that matter, were a piece which needed some there any in the village. There was not But the club had no drum. 'I'll even a general lighting system. (After of that,' Longy told us. When being glugged with American mechanical came for the drum, Longy ta adjuncts to life, he liked that.) Longy, his oboe on a silk hat beside h pipe in hand, clattered up in wooden floor, where the audience could shoes to give a joyful reception. After

"And speaking of hats. A g all, solitude is not good without a break. ago, when jazz was new" (M Off Longy rushed Fiedler to play bil- called it 'jahss,' which sour liards with him in the village saloon. well) "Longy and I and some The population of the village numbere only thirty or forty—with men to the low-musicians got into a discus number of perhaps six. Yes, the old it. Longy didn't say much, th man wielded an able cue, according to down at a table and began Fiedler. Sanromá puts it with graphic on a paper, then tearing a piece picturesqueness. In answer to the ing some more and tearing tha query, "How did Longy play billiards?" so on. the pianist replied dryly, "I was sitting down most of the time."

"Mon Dieu, Longy, what is t There came one occasion on which with you?" we asked him. Longy broke his rule against playing the "You wait," he said, and kept oboe until his vacation was nearly over. ing on scraps of paper. Then It is a fine example of the human quall for a hat, and threw the pape mixed them up. ties of the man. On a visit to Paris

"Everybody take one," he sa Longy heard in a roundabout way that the hat up high so that nobody inside. There was a little mus Walter Damrosch, touring with his or- paper. chestra, and about to give a concert, was

"What's this for?" in a bad fix. His second oboe had be- "I have written a jhass," I come violently ill and it was difficult to us. "You shall see. Now, engage a good oboist in a hurry. Dam- play." rosch had a telephone call: "This is

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"Tell the manager it is all first oboe by letting Damrosch tempo- Longy said. 'I have written rarily make him play second. and we are playing it now.' LANING HUMPHREY

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The New Master



Victor Polatschek

(Hornor)

Clarinetist, from Vienna to the Symphony Orchestra, to Be Heard as Soloist at the Concerts of Tomorrow and Saturday

SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky, conductor, gave its sixth concert of the season yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. Mozart, Overture to "The Magic Flute" and Clarinet concerto (Mr. Polatschek, clarinetist). Prokofieff, Symphony, No. 4 (first performance. Composed for the orchestra's Jubilee). Rimsky-Korsakov, Caprice on Spanish Themes.

It was said before the performance of Prokofieff's symphony that it was more in the line of his "Classical" symphony, than after the manner of his earlier works, splendid in savagery. The performance yesterday, one that would surely have pleased the composer, did not justify the statement. A note from Prokofieff states that in some passages of the symphony he used the same musical material which is introduced in his ballet, "The Prodigal Son." "This does not lead to the conclusion," he writes, "that the symphony is written on the material extracted from 'The Prodigal Son,' or the 'Prodigal Son' on the material from the symphony. Merely, in the symphony I had the possibility to develop symphonically what a ballet-form did not enable me to do." And he cites the example of Beethoven's ballet "Creatures of Prometheus" and his third symphony.

The ballet was produced at Paris in May, 1929; the symphony was composed in 1929-30. There are four movements. Here conventionality stops.

The "Classical" symphony was western in thought and expression. This fourth symphony is oriental as was to be expected after one knew that Prokofieff had used some of his ballet material. Hearing the music, one recognized a spirit that was not western in any way: Not in thematic invention, not in harmonic progressions; decidedly not in the orchestration. For his "Classical" symphony, the composer was quoted as saying that he had written after the manner of Mozart. No doubt he said this with his tongue in his cheek. In the fourth symphony he went back to the earlier Prokofieff. Nor is there in the later work the melodic inspiration that is desired. There are tunes that promise beauty; they are soon tortured. There are also patterns that are ingeniously used, for it would be foolish to question the technical skill of this composer; but one can not live on patterns.

One can easily think that this or that section, especially in the Scherzoso, was planned for dancers; that in the other movements there are pages for those on the stage telling the story in pantomime. A glance at the ballet score might easily show the folly of

fancied identifications. The symphony as it stands is absolute music, and as music pure and simple it cannot be ranked with the best of Prokofieff's works. There is no objection to his being the wild man, as in the "Scythian Suite," and "They Are Seven," but in this symphony there is not the barbaric outpourings that have a beauty of their own and impress one by their strength. In former works the orchestration when clangorous was effective; more than a mere shock to the nervous system. In the symphony the orchestration in fortissimo is often only blatant; and when objective or subtle beauty is sought by the blending of instrumental timbres there is, as a rule, a disappointing experiment.

For many years at European symphony concerts there was no hesitation in the introduction of players of wind instruments as soloists. Even at the concerts of the Paris conservatory the flutist, oboist, clarinetist and the player of the horn or bassoon was welcomed and treated respectfully by audience and professional critics. At the concerts of the Boston Symphony orchestra soloists of a few wind instruments have made their appearance, but they were few in number and they appeared at long intervals. Mozart wrote a concerto for the oboe, one for the clarinet, one for the bassoon; for the flute, also for the flute and harp; several for the horn. The clarinet concerto performed yesterday had been played here at a Symphony concert in 1918.

It is characteristically Mozartian by its grace, suavity and the strange tinge of melancholy at times that entered into his music, especially in his latter years. (The concerto was composed only a few months before his death.) Mr. Polatschek, who was warmly welcomed and applauded, played as a musician as well as a virtuoso. His performance was distinguished by tasteful phrasing, and at no time was there an attempt to display the virtuoso at the expense of the composer. Dr. Koussevitzky, always happy in his accompaniment of soloists, brought out the fine details, the ravishing little harmonic and orchestral bits that too often escape the notice of conductors.

A spirited performance of the immortal overture and a brilliant performance of Rimsky-Korsakov's ideas about the nature of Spanish music were greatly enjoyed. The concert will be repeated tonight. The orchestra will be out of town next week. The program of Nov. 28, 29 will be as follows: Wagner Overture to "The Flying Dutchman"; Hanson, Symphony No. 2, "Romantic" (first performance; composed for the orchestra's jubilee). Beethoven, Piano Concerto No. 5 (Walter Gieseking, pianist). Ravel, Bolero.

CLARINET SOLO AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Victor Polatschek Plays
Mozart Concerto

Prokofieff's Fourth Symphony Is
Performed for the First Time

For the first time in many seasons a concerto for clarinet was heard at yesterday's Symphony concert. The soloist was Victor Polatschek, first clarinet of the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra from 1912 to 1929, now first clarinet of the Boston Symphony. Mr. Polatschek in a Mozart concerto gave a performance that was wholly admirable, and deservedly much applauded. The program also included the first performance anywhere of Prokofieff's Fourth Symphony, opus 47, one of the works commissioned by the Boston Symphony for its current anniversary season.

Mozart's music is the severest of all possible tests of a performer's musicianship. Its melody and rhythm demand the utmost flexibility and subtlety of treatment. There is no possibility of covering up a defective technique or an imperfect sense of musical style by sheer volume of tone, or by any of the other well-worn artifices by which virtuoso players set audiences to clapping. One cannot hurry the climaxes, or exaggerate the pianissimi and fortissimi. One cannot be a "prima donna," on sensation bent, in Mozart's music.

Of First Rank

Mr. Polatschek, trained under such conductors as Weingartner, Nikisch, Muck, Walter, Fuertangler and Richard Strauss, in an orchestra still by repute unsurpassed in Europe or America, and admirably gifted by nature, is a musician of the first rank. The sheer perfection of his playing in the adagio of yesterday's concerto was something beyond praise. It went to one's heart to hear a Mozart melody sung once more as such melodies should invariably be sung. An audience, to prone of recent years owing, perhaps, to circumstances beyond its control, to think of Mozart as a writer of tinkling trifles, was obviously deeply stirred.

The clarinet concerto, written out in a single day to oblige a celebrated player and planned to permit ample technical display, is music with a spontaneity, a beauty, that is perhaps a

greater proof of Mozart's genius than are his acknowledged masterpieces. The minor works of Beethoven and Wagner, and even Bach are often dull or tawdry. There are few dull pages in Mozart. All that he wrote has his personal stamp on it. Nearly all is beautiful.

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But in the concerto the orchestral accompaniment failed to measure up to Mr. Polatschek's solo playing. It is only fair to add that it was the best Mozart playing in melodic passages that Dr. Koussevitzky has yet achieved at these concerts.

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P. H.

The Clarinet, Two Russians, Mozart Twice

New Symphony by Prokofiev,
A Master-Musician Joins
The Orchestra

SO FAR as applause went, two pieces and two performances divided the interest and the admiration of yesterday's audience at Symphony Hall. One piece was Mozart's Concerto for Clarinet, with the solo-part played by Victor Polatschek, newcomer from Vienna to the woodwind choir of the Symphony Orchestra. The other was Rimsky-Korsakov's "Spanish Caprice," played by all concerned with kindling fire. Mozart wrote the Concerto in 1791 to set forth the technique, tone and musical sensibility of a master-clarinetist. A hundred and thirty-nine years later, it served on Friday the same purpose in Boston. Rimsky-Korsakov composed the "Spanish Caprice" in 1886-87 as show-piece for an orchestra in Petersburg. Nearly forty years after, Dr. Muck made it such for the Boston orchestra as well; played it often with mingled finesse and élan. Rather strangely, it appeals less to Dr. Koussevitzky, and not for six years, until yesterday, had it returned to the repertory.

Except in the solo-part, Mozart's Concerto is simple music. According to the program-book, he wrote it in a day. It follows orthodox form: quick movement, slow movement, rondo-finale. It is scored for small orchestra. Wisely, Dr. Koussevitzky assembled his in corresponding proportions. Thereby the Concerto kept easy, transparent flow; while against the background of accompaniment the clarinet-part ran in clear relief. The first division exhibits the range of the instrument—as Mozart's Vienna knew it—and the skill of the virtuoso, for the most part in figures and passage-work, relieved by brief singing measures. The slow division is unalloyed melody, upon which the clarinetist may lavish his tone and prove, as we should say, his musicality. The quick-paced finale of twists and turns again tests his agility.

Every day piece no doubt; but Mozart enough in limpid course and invention, wearing withal the grace of both the composer's and the Vienna. Ease, artifice and a elegance carry Mozart through quick movements. He is musical, banical; sympathetic, besides, to rument he would display. The movement is more. Mozart hears inet serene, sweet and warm; upon the felicities of the virtuoso; instrumental song as serene and in fine contours and sensitized

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shall be when conductor and ra fling them out, as they did Fri- ling them upon listening ears rves. The introductory Alborada forward clanging loud, flashing live with rhythmic verve; yet with of all three qualities left to inten- e repetition. The Variations were f Rimsky's orchestral imagination.

CLARINET SOLO AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Victor Polatschek Plays
Mozart Concerto

Prokofieff's Fourth Symphony Is
Performed for the First Time

For the first time in many seasons a concerto for clarinet was heard at yesterday's Symphony concert. The soloist was Victor Polatschek, first clarinet of the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra from 1912 to 1929, now first clarinet of the Boston Symphony. Mr. Polatschek in a Mozart concerto gave a performance that was wholly admirable, and deservedly much applauded. The program also included the first performance anywhere of Prokofieff's Fourth Symphony, opus 47, one of the works commissioned by the Boston Symphony for its current anniversary season.

Mozart's music is the severest of all possible tests of a performer's musicianship. Its melody and rhythm demand the utmost flexibility and subtlety of treatment. There is no possibility of covering up a defective technique or an imperfect sense of musical style by sheer volume of tone, or by any of the other well-worn artifices by which virtuoso players set audiences to clapping. One cannot hurry the climaxes, or exaggerate the pianissimi and fortissimi. One cannot be a "prima donna," on sensation bent, in Mozart's music.

Of First Rank

Mr. Polatschek, trained under such conductors as Weingartner, Nikisch, Muck, Walter, Fuertangler and Richard Strauss, in an orchestra still by repute unsurpassed in Europe or America, and admirably gifted by nature, is a musician of the first rank. The sheer perfection of his playing in the adagio of yesterday's concerto was something beyond praise. It went to one's heart to hear a Mozart melody sung once more as such melodies should invariably be sung. An audience, to prone of recent years owing, perhaps, to circumstances beyond its control, to think of Mozart as a writer of tinkling trifles, was obviously deeply stirred.

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But in the concerto the orchestral accompaniment failed to measure up to Mr. Polatschek's solo playing. It is only fair to add that it was the best Mozart playing in melodic passages that Dr. Koussevitzky has yet achieved at these concerts.

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The Clarinet 930, Two Rus Mozart

New Symphony by
A Master-Music
The Orche

SO FAR as applause, and two performances, interest and the audience, Hall. One piece was for Clarinet, with the soloist, Victor Polatschek, new to the woodwind of the Symphony Orchestra. The Rimsky-Korsakov's "Spanish Caprice" was all concerned with Mozart wrote the Concerto, the technique, the sensibility of a master, hundred and thirty-ninth, served on Friday the Boston. Rimsky-Korsakov's "Spanish Caprice" in a piece for an orchestra. Nearly forty years after it such for the Boston played it often with me. Rather strange to Dr. Koussevitzky, years, until yesterday, the repertory.

Except in the solo-part, is simple music. Program-book, he wrote follows orthodox form: slow movement, rondo for small orchestra. v. vitzky assembled his proportions. Thereby easy, transparent flow; background of accompaniment ran in clear division exhibits the rhythm—as Mozart's Viennese skill of the virtuoso part in figures and passages by brief singing melody division is unalloyed in the clarinetist may prove, as we should again tests his agility.

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A workaday piece no doubt; but Mozartean enough in limpid course and ready invention, wearing withal the gracious air of both the composer's and the player's Vienna. Ease, artifice and a touch of elegance carry Mozart through the quick movements. He is musical, not mechanical; sympathetic, besides, to the instrument he would display. The slow movement is more. Mozart hears the clarinet serene, sweet and warm; counts upon the felicities of the virtuoso; writes instrumental song as serene and sweet, in fine contours and sensitized flow.

His fellow-Viennese took him at his word. The warm applause of Mr. Polatschek's colleagues was better testimony to his technical aptness, abundance and certainty that we lay listeners could render. Our part was to appreciate the musical quality of all that he did in the quick movements, to discover a virtuoso who could charm even in passage-work. In the slow movement, his tone was as rich in body as it was adroit in production and control. It was no less sensitive to the music before him. He matched Mozart's felicities with his own; rarefied the Mozartean serenity and sweetness into beauty. A master-virtuoso, a fine-strung musician, now sits in the first clarinet's chair. The ghost of Léon Pourtau, from Gericke's day, need no longer haunt it.

Rimsky-Korsakov's "Spanish Caprice" is at opposite pole. It is scored for full modern orchestra, often at the top of its voice, always at the top of its virtuosity. It generates keen excitement, which may or may not be musical, among those who hear. Every one knows the objections of "thoughtful people." The "Spanish Caprice," they say, is surface and effect. It has no inner substance; contains no musical idea, set forth, amplified, emotionalized. Instead, it plays with rhythms and color; repeats rather than develops motifs; relies upon change rather than continuity. At worst, it is wholly exhibitional; at best it is work of "merely" orchestral imagination. In it is no emotional quality except nervous stimulation or occasional—and incidental—hint of the nostalgia of North for South. True enough; but "because thou art virtuous, shall there be no more cakes and ale?"

There shall be when conductor and orchestra fling them out, as they did Friday, piling them upon listening ears and nerves. The introductory Alborada drove forward clanging loud, flashing light, alive with rhythmic verve; yet with enough of all three qualities left to intensify the repetition. The Variations were proof of Rimsky's orchestral imagination.

He designs with his colors. The cadenzas for solo instruments sounded rhapsodic, like an irrepressible impulse of the players themselves; whereas a week before Mr. Respighi's had been composer's calculation. From the fierce rhythm of the Gypsy Song into the tumults of the Fandango. (Yes; Rimsky had something to teach a young pupil, Igor Stravinsky by name.) At the end, for final tour de force, the leap back into the first Alborada. An orchestral spree if the hearer likes, but with more imagination in it than six plodding symphonies or twelve mediocre tone-poems may contain. Conductor and orchestra had prepared "The Spanish Caprice" so that every subtlety and shading might shine through. They did; while the whole sounded like a five-fold sweep of improvisation. Rimsky, like Strauss, composes direct for orchestra. Many another begins in black and white; then adds the colors.

The contrast to Mozart's Concerto was his Overture to "The Magic Flute"—the puissant Mozart sounding deep and thrilling chords, as one about to make drama in tones; outspringing into a magical fugue as one who is preparing the way for a magic opera; remembering the chords; again sounding them; so on to the end. There is no hint of the "sunlit," the "sportive," the "heavenly" Mozart in this overture to his final opera. Instead the Mozart of genius at the threshold of heights and depths. Of course, Dr. Koussevitzky dramatized; but Mozart, writing those chords and that fugue, had given him leave and bidding. Again the conductor used a relatively small orchestra. The clearer, finer-proportioned, more sonorous and in character went the music.

In turn, the contrast to Rimsky's "Spanish Caprice" was Prokofiev's new Symphony—his fourth—composed for the Boston Orchestra at its fiftieth anniversary bearing no other discoverable relation to that occasion. Rimsky, writing in Petersburg, looked westward. Prokofiev, composing in Paris, turned eastward; utilized musical ideas from his ballet, "The Prodigal Son"; worked them anew to oriental suggestion. (Why not? Diaghilev is dead. Most of the ballets that he produced in his later years have vanished with him from the theater.) Rimsky's show-piece depends upon rhythm and timbres. Prokofiev's Symphony relies no less upon rhythm; but prefers line to color. Rimsky in the "Spanish Caprice" is instantly change-ful; whereas Prokofiev in this new piece

too often reiterated. They do carry along and the music itself—me too frequent and for the first time within Prokofiev shows the cloven composers—the tendency her than variation.

Fourth Symphony seems in a middle way. Prokofiev's savage vigors and the colors by which American knew him and still craves writes no companion-piece flowing, adept and fecund phony." Now he stretches it, fills it with sharp-lined matter. Once clear of a production, the first "Allegro" proceeds in dynamic motion, theater-quality. The music in itself may not be re- as always with Prokofiev animated, propulsive. It is not sorry for the con- gentler, more reposeful comes the moment to re- music he has heard, and again at the resumption o eroico," is angular and so far as it has definite instrumental color. Os- fiev is writing a self-con- it there is more than sus- ecting program. deepens through a slow dering restlessly from key- stently dissonant, broken by strangely deep and ures. If the "Allegro" ere, this "Andante tran- e, even grim. A "Scher- the prescribed form but, erately avoiding the light- er scherzo-vein—a sober- colored music, made chief- 2; against a background. 1tered, of strings. The rhythmic energy, keeps y, of the beginning eater-quality and a pro- measures sounded, the eculation. How much "Son" has gone into this ? Was there a pro- if the composer's head? eg mood of energy and to Prokofiev, at mo- us-like? . . . A second rect and enlarge first H. T. P.

OLD MUSIC DOMINATES SYMPHONY

Rimsky's Caprice Puts Prokofieff's Work in Shade

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

For a time the rich-toned and inspiring performance of Rimsky-Korsakov's Spanish Caprice that ended the Symphony Concert of yesterday afternoon effaced all recollection of what had gone before, of Mozart's Overture to "The Magic Flute," neatly handled by a diminished orchestra; of that same composers' Clarinet Concerto, with the accomplished Mr. Polatschek as the soloist, and of the New Fourth Symphony of Prokofieff, composed, it now goes almost without saying, for the 50th anniversary of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

MOZART FOR BEGINNINGS

When the excitements engendered by this gorgeous and compelling version of Rimsky's orchestral show-piece had sufficiently cooled, the listener did recall that Mozart's overture had been given a performance more than usually felicitous, thanks not a little to Dr. Koussevitzky's happy expedient of reducing the number of strings. He recalled, too, that Mr. Polatschek, the orchestra's new first clarinetist, had played with true Mozartian grace and finish, with sensitive phrasing and a tone beautifully controlled, his portion in the Concerto that Mozart in a single day wrote for a contemporary virtuoso, and also that the piece itself, unheard

here for many years, is possessed of no small charm, that its Adagio, indeed, is Mozart in one of his rarer moods.

Yes, these things did come back to mind; but although Dr. Koussevitzky undoubtedly never intended it, the music of the elder Russian caused that of the younger to fade quite completely out of the mental picture. This Spanish Caprice was written two years before Prokofieff was born. The listener, wending his way homeward, wondered whether it would not be played and enjoyed long after not only Prokofieff himself, but his compositions too, have gone the way of all the world.

Made to Order Music

We listen as appreciatively as we may to the music of our own day. We have our enthusiasm for this or that school, for this or that composer. But ever and anon there arises a doubt as to whether anything written by the men whom we of 1930 call modernists is endowed with the vitality that defies the years.

At any rate it takes no great courage to declare that Prokofieff's symphony of yesterday has not that quality. Here is a piece made, in a sense, to order, and bearing plainly the earmarks of an appointed task competently performed rather than those of music written out of some inner necessity.

Labor All Around

There are agreeable moments in the new symphony's slow division and again in the Scherzo, and the Finale ends with a vigor and bustle that yesterday elicited a round or two of applause. But the piece is, for Prokofieff, strangely lacking in physiognomy. The musical ideas are not salient; the treatment of them is seldom striking. To speak plainly, the net impression was one of labor; labor for the composer, labor for the players, and labor for the conductor. And then came Rimsky with his frank tunes and rhythms, his glowing orchestration to set that labor quite at naught.

Boston Symphony

Serge Prokofieff was the purveyor of the jubilee piece to the program of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's concerts of Nov. 14 and 15: his Fourth Symphony, op. 47. Although "composed for the orchestra's anniversary," this work does not bear the earmarks of the "occasional" piece, and one is not surprised to read that though finished only in June, 1930, it was begun in 1929. It seems probable that it was conceived before Dr. Koussevitzky's invitation was extended. The symphony, if not calculated to rouse the public to frenzies of delight, is individual, and musically interesting. Writing "absolute" music, its composer has not found it necessary to indulge in such tonal orgies as mark the descriptive music of his

He designs with his colors. The zas for solo instruments sound, sodic, like an irrepressible impulse players themselves; whereas a while before Mr. Respighi's had been common calculation. From the fierce rhythm the Gypsy Song into the tumults of the Pandango. (Yes; Rimsky had son to teach a young pupil, Igor Stravinsky by name.) At the end, for final force, the leap back into the first rade. An orchestral spree if the likes, but with more imagination than six plodding symphonies or mediocre tone-poems may contain. The conductor and orchestra had prepared "Spanish Caprice" so that every sound and shading might shine through. It did; while the whole sounded like a fold sweep of improvisation. Rimsky Strauss, composes direct for orchestra. Many another begins in black and then adds the colors. The cultivates rather too often reiterated rhythymical figures. They do carry along players, hearers and the music itself—until they become too frequent and monotonous. For the first time within recollection Prokofiev shows the cloven foot of Russian composers—the tendency to repetition rather than variation.

Otherwise this Fourth Symphony seems of the composer in a middle way. Prokofiev eschews the savage vigors and the barbaric splendors by which American audiences first knew him and still crave him. Yet he writes no companion-piece to the light, flowing, adept and fecund "Classical Symphony." Now he stretches a larger frame, fills it with sharp-lined, lean-bodied matter. Once clear of this brief slow introduction, the first "Allegro eroico" proceeds in dynamic motion, with frequent theater-quality. The musical invention in itself may not be remarkable; but, as always with Prokofiev,

The contrast to Mozart's Concerto for Piano and Violin, which catches the hearer into incessant movement until he is not sorry for the contrast of a few gentler, more reposeful chords, as one about to rest after a drama in tones; outspringing from the way for a magic opera; and then the "Allegro eroico," is angular and austere; gray, so far as it has definite harmonic and instrumental color. On the "sunny," the "sportive," the "harmonious" Mozart in this overture to his opera. Instead of the threshold of heights and depths of a directing program. course, Dr. Koussevitzky's drama: The suspicion deepens through a slow but Mozart, writing those chord movement, wandering restlessly from key to key; persistently dissonant, broken that fugue, had given him leave to use once and twice by strangely deep and tiny small orchestra. The continuous measures. If the "Allegro eroico" was austere, this "Andante tranquillo" is sombre, even grim. A "Scherzo" follows, in the prescribed form but as it seems, deliberately avoiding the light. Symphony — his fourth — composer or the rougher scherzo-vein—a sober, the Boston Orchestra at its marching, sober-colored music, made chief anniversary bearing no other by woodwinds against a background. coverable relation to that occasion, none too characterized, of strings. The sky, writing in Petersburg, looks like a renewal of the rhythmic energy, keeps ward. Prokofiev, composing in the austerity, of the beginning; turned eastward; utilized musical hints again at theater-quality and a program from his ballet, "The Prodigal Son." The last measures sounded, the worked them anew to oriental listener falls to speculation. How much of the ballets that he produced in his Fourth Symphony? Was there a program at the back of the composer's head? years have vanished with him from theater.) Rimsky's show-piece of energy and Why this pervading mood of energy and austerity, strange to Prokofiev, at moments rather Sibellus-like? . . . A second hearing should correct and enlarge first impressions.

H. T. P.

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"Scythian" Suite or his choral piece, "Sept, Ils Sont Sept." On the other hand, the score is not so decorous as the "Classical" Symphony; it lies between these extremes. There are the usual four movements. The thematic material is characteristic and striking. Much use is made throughout of the soloists of the woodwind group, and in the slow movement there is a duet of bass tuba and double-bassoon. This innovation, however, is not employed for sensational purposes; indeed, it is noticeable that nowhere in the symphony is there room for suspicion of a search for effect. With all his harmonic and contrapuntal resources and his command of orchestration, Mr. Prokofiev has evidently set himself to a purely musical task.

The Prokofiev Symphony introduced the second half of the program. It had a good reception, which, however, was immediately eclipsed by the excitement over the brilliant performance of Rimsky-Korsakoff's meretricious "Spanish Caprice," with which Dr. Koussevitzky closed the proceedings. But for some of us the high point of the concert came with Mozart's Clarinet Concerto, which presented to the subscribers Victor Polatschek, the new first clarinetist of the orchestra, captured by Dr. Koussevitzky from the Vienna Philharmonic. Mr. Polatschek, in electing the music of his great fellow-townsmen, subjected himself to a severe test, in which he achieved with utmost nonchalance an artistic triumph. Americans must now revise their belief that woodwind players are to be obtained only from among those graduates of the Paris Conservatoire who carry off the Prix de Rome. For Mr. Polatschek not only proved that he possesses a tone of great beauty through the vast range of the instrument, and a technique which enables him to perform with ease the tasks set by Mozart in this display piece; but he made it manifest, through his sensitive phrasing and his aristocratic style, that he is a musician of fine quality, whose acquisition is without doubt a gain for the orchestra.

Although Dr. Koussevitzky had shown a tendency to overdramatize the Overture to "The Magic Flute," which opened the concert, he made up for this transgression by the suavity of his accompaniment to the Concerto. He wisely employed a much reduced orchestra for both these numbers.

L. A. S.

City Tomorrow and Yesterday at Symphony Hall

Prokofiev's Jubilee Number, as Well as Ears at Children's Matinee

Contribution from the Russian composer, Serge Prokofiev for the anniversary of the Boston Symphony Orchestra is a symphony which will be played at the concert on Saturday. It is the composer's 11th symphony and stands in C major. Within belief, it is a work written merely to fulfill a "commission"; not entirely of occasion; for the manuscript at Symphony Hall bears the number, "Op. 47, 1929." It owes its inception entirely to our mission from Boston, that was given many months ago. The composer must have set to work to write it, and he must have written with ease to believe that he was writing for the orchestra in its festival already projected and completed. The new symphony has no departures from orthodoxy, but few departures from the conventional orchestration of orchestration, however, it does discover that Prokofiev follows those moderns who with the bogey of transcriptions: all his instruments are "C"—clarinets and horns are not the first time, how- ever, Prokofiev has so written. The harmonies, in the new symphony, are paths already trodden, but of the composer. It is a precedent of the barbaric of "Sept, ils sont sept," of the first symphony, or better of "Love for Three Cyprians." The look for the composer's dissonances there are, in quantity as to dominate the symphony, and then only to be in accents—as a Whistler's canvas of grays of red. There is a characteristic device of the composer, a series of related keys, or of pass-

ing through a series of unrelated common chords are slight reminiscences of the major or minor chords, always emerging, movement. A recapitulation is much in either case, in the key prevailing at the time. The first theme sings in strings the time.

His melodies are either surprisingly active and virile, or soothingly lyric—often child-like, almost naive. In either case they have a tendency of leaping into an unrelated key in the midst of a phrase, only to return with equal suddenness in the answer. The texture of the music is in part highly contrapuntal (no dissonance is too sharp for the composer if it can serve in the natural conduct of a contrapuntal line), or goes to extremes of homophonic style. Accompaniment figures of the simple type sometimes called "Mozartean" are much in evidence. Often it assumes a slowness, a sparseness akin to chamber-orchestra style. The rhythms are of the strong, aggressive type characteristic of both the composer and of the day in which he lives.

Prokofiev's Symphony IV, in C major, Opus 47, begins with a slow introduction, Andante Assai, proceeds through a sonata-formed Allegro Eroica, for first movement; the second is the usual slow movement, Andante tranquillo; a third movement, Moderato, subtitled "Scherzo," is in the un-scherzo-like meter of two-four, and the key of B minor; the fourth movement, Allegro risoluto, returns to C major.

The introduction is quiet and tranquil in mood. Flutes and clarinets sing the theme. The bass has a rhythmic motif from which the main theme of the symphony germinates. This highly energetic theme enters with the Allegro Eroica. The "bridge" is full of staccato-rhythmed passages, accented by sharp dissonances. As it draws near a close it diminishes to the exceedingly simple Mozartean accompaniment figures. These in turn serve as perfect introduction to the clear, fluid melody which is the second theme. It is sung by flute to simple string accompaniment, is followed at once by duet between clarinet and bass clarinet. The development is very energetic, full of active skips, highly accented, works chiefly the main theme. The recapitulation is regular. The Coda once more brings final working of the main theme.

In the second movement after four measures of a sort of misty introduction a flute sings a long sustained melody of eleven measures. Then comes the chief curiosity of the symphony. Bass tuba and contrabassoon sing an expressive melody by way of transition passage. The second theme enters expressively for clarinet solo, B major, three-two. Much of this material is then worked as in a development section. Both the first theme and the tuba theme receive attention. There are ominous chords in low trombones with kettle-drums. At the

Mozart

week-end concerts list also a semi-week out of time, all but forgotten. The orchestra this year has a new clarinetist, Mr. V. Polatschek. At the concert he will play Mozart's concerto for his chosen instrument. Only this concerto has been heard at the symphony concerts—on March 29 and 18, when Mr. Sand was soloist and Schmitt conducted. Once previous-ly the history of the orchestra has been a clarinet solo, when a Mr. work bears the date Sept. 23, 1791. It was therefore written very before the death of Mozart. Biographers affirm that it was written in a day for a convivial friend of the composer who was a great clarinetist.

The concerto moves through the usual movements: Allegro, Adagio, Ron- do, and a long sustained melody of al, pleasant course. There is the conventional form, the conventional tut- tle has sufficient opportunities to show dexterity as well as the tone of four symphonies—Roussel's and Na- ms's Second on one program; Na- and Chalkovsky's Fourth on the . . . At the next pair of con- at home, on Nov. 28 and 29, Mr. on's new "Romantic Symphony" be heard and Mr. Gieseking, the

"Scythian" Suite or his choral piece "Sept, Ils Sont Sept." On the other hand, the score is not so decorous as the "Classical" Symphony; it lies between these extremes. There are the usual four movements. The thematic material is characteristic and striking. Much use is made throughout the soloists of the woodwind group and in the slow movement there is a duet of bass tuba and double-bassoon. This innovation, however, is not employed for sensational purposes; indeed, it is noticeable that nowhere in the symphony is there room for suspicion of a search for effect. With all his harmonic and contrapuntal resources and his command of orchestration, Mr. Prokofiev has evidently set himself to a purely musical task.

The Prokofiev Symphony introduced the second half of the program. It had a good reception, which, however, was immediately eclipsed by the excitement over the brilliant performance of Rimsky-Korsakoff's melancolic "Spanish Caprice," with which Dr. Koussevitzky closed the proceedings. But for some of us the high point of the concert came with Mozart's Clarinet Concerto, which was presented to the subscribers Victor Polatschek, the new first clarinet of the orchestra, captured by Dr. Koussevitzky from the Vienna Philharmonic. Mr. Polatschek, in electing the music of his great fellow-townsmen, subjected himself to a severe test, in which he achieved with most nonchalance an artistic triumph. Americans must now revise their belief that woodwind players are to be obtained only from among the graduates of the Paris Conservatoire who carry off the Prix de Rome. For Mr. Polatschek not only proved that he possesses a tone of great beauty through the vast range of the instrument, and a technique which enables him to perform with ease the tasks set by Mozart in this display piece; but he made it manifest through his sensitive phrasing and his aristocratic style, that he is a musician of fine quality, whose acquisition is without doubt a gain for the orchestra.

Although Dr. Koussevitzky has shown a tendency to overdramatize the Overture to "The Magic Flute" which opened the concert, he made up for this transgression by the suavity of his accompaniment to the Concerto. He wisely employed a reduced orchestra for both the numbers.

Tomorrow and Yesterday at Symphony Hall

Prokofiev's Jubilee Number,
Eyes as Well as Ears at
A Children's Matinee

THE contribution from the Russian composer, Serge Prokofiev for the anniversary of the Boston Symphony Orchestra is a symphony that will be played at the concert of Friday and Saturday. It is the composer's fourth symphony and stands in the key of C major. Within belief, it is not a work written merely to fulfill the demands of a "commission"; not entirely a "pièce d'occasion"; for the manuscript score at Symphony Hall bears the date and opus number, "Op. 47, 1929." If the work owes its inception entirely to the commission from Boston, that commission was given many months ago, and the composer must have set to work quickly and must have written with dispatch. It is easier to believe that he dedicated to the orchestra in its festival year a work already projected and perhaps partly completed. The new symphony shows no departures from orthodox form and but few departures from the practices of conventional orchestration. Students of orchestration, however, will be interested to discover that Prokofiev's score follows those moderns who would do away with the bogey of transposing instruments: all his instruments are written in "C"—clarinets and horns included. It is not the first time, however, that Prokofiev has so written. Prokofiev's harmonies, in the new symphony, follow paths already trodden, and characteristic of the composer. It is not to the precedent of the barbaric Scythian Suite or of "Sept, Ils sont sept," that Prokofiev here returns. Rather in the Classical Symphony, or better still, in portions of "Love for Three Oranges" may we look for the composer of this symphony. Dissonances there are, but not in such quantity as to dominate the style. The sharpest dissonances are used very sparingly, and then only to point vividly certain accents—as a Whistler might illuminate a canvas of grays by a single touch of red. There is considerable use of the characteristic device of modulating quickly through a series of comparatively unrelated keys, or of pass-

ing through a series of unrelated common major or minor chords, always emerging in either case, in the key prevailing at the time.

His melodies are either surprisingly active and virile, or soothingly lyric—often childlike, almost naive. In either case they have a tendency of leaping into an unrelated key in the midst of a phrase, only to return with equal suddenness in the answering phrase. The texture of the music is in part highly contrapuntal (no dissonance is too sharp for the composer if it can serve in the natural conduct of a contrapuntal line), or goes to extremes of homophonic style. Accompaniment figures of the simple type sometimes called "Mozartian" are much in evidence. Often it assumes a slightness, a sparseness akin to chamber-orchestra style. The rhythms are of the strong, aggressive type characteristic of both the composer and of the day in which he lives.

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The introduction is quiet and tranquil in mood. Flutes and clarinets sing the theme. The bass has a rhythmic motif from which the main theme of the symphony germinates. This highly energetic theme enters with the Allegro Eroica. The "bridge" is full of staccato-rhythmed passages, accented by sharp dissonances. As it draws near a close it diminishes to the exceedingly simple Mozartean accompaniment figures. These in turn serve as perfect introduction to the clear, fluid melody which is the second theme. It is sung by flute to simple string accompaniment, is followed at once by duet between clarinet and bass clarinet. The development is very energetic, full of active skips, highly accented, works chiefly the main theme. The recapitulation is regular. The Coda once more brings final working of the main theme.

In the second movement after four measures of a sort of misty introduction a flute sings a long sustained melody of eleven measures. Then comes the chief curiosity of the symphony. Bass tuba and contrabassoon sing an expressive melody by way of transition passage. The second theme enters expressively for four measures, B major, three-two. Much of this material is then worked as in the development section. Both the first theme and the tuba theme receive attention. There are ominous chords in low trombones with kettle-drums. At the

ere are slight reminiscences of the movement. A recapitulation is much anticipated. The first theme sings in strings at the second theme.

A Larghetto merely hints, in the oboe at once the "Scherzoso" movement. After contrasting material it is repeated in the main contrast, however, given to the oboe. "Meno Mosso," is songful in character, and vacillates in D major and F major. These divisions alternate with each other after the manner of a rondo.

last movement, Allegro Risoluto, is the most extended of the four. A very rapid and rapidly moving passage in notes, taken in unison by strings and woodwinds, forms the chief theme, which is much repeated, is subsidiary. The movement is most energetic of the four, forming the climax to the symphony. Harmon-

it is also the most daring, reminding more than the other three movements of the harmonic excesses of the decade began during the World War. Occasional slow movements, its abandon, suggestion of an earlier period, the "Scythian Suite." Now and then it rises to fury such as only this century has been able to bring to music.

Mozart

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concerto moves through the usual movements: Allegro, Adagio, Ron- dante, and a final, pleasant course. There is the conventional form, the conventional tut-tle has sufficient solo passages. The dexterity as well as the tone of four symphonies—Roussel's and Naumann's Second on one program; Naumann's Fourth on the next pair of concerts. At the next pair of concerts, on Nov. 28 and 29, Mr. will be heard and Mr. Gieseking, the

"Scythian" Suite or his choral piece, "Sept, Ils Sont Sept." On the other hand, the score is not so decorous as the "Classical" Symphony; it lies between these extremes. There are the usual four movements. The thematic material is characteristic and striking. Much use is made throughout the soloists of the woodwind group and in the slow movement there is a duet of bass tuba and double-bassoon. This innovation, however, is not employed for sensational purposes; indeed, it is noticeable that nowhere in the symphony is there room for suspicion of a search for effect. With all his harmonic and contrapuntal resources and his command of orchestration, Mr. Prokofiev has evidently set himself to a purely musical task.

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Tomorrow and Yesterday at Symphony Hall

Prokofiev's Jubilee Number, Eyes as Well as Ears at A Children's Matinee

THE contribution from the Russian composer, Serge Prokofiev for the anniversary of the Boston Symphony Orchestra is a symphony that will be played at the concert of Friday and Saturday. It is the composer's fourth symphony and stands in the key of C major. Within belief, it is not a work written merely to fulfill the demands of a "commission"; not entirely a "pièce d'occasion"; for the manuscript score at Symphony Hall bears the date and opus number, "Op. 47, 1929." If the work owes its inception entirely to the commission from Boston, that commission was given many months ago, and the composer must have set to work quickly and must have written with dispatch. It is easier to believe that he dedicated to the orchestra in its festival year a work already projected and perhaps partly completed. The new symphony shows no departures from orthodox form and but few departures from the practices of conventional orchestration. Students of orchestration, however, will be interested to discover that Prokofiev's score follows those moderns who would do away with the bogey of transposing instruments: all his instruments are written in "C"—clarinets and horns included. It is not the first time, however, that Prokofiev has so written. Prokofiev's harmonies, in the new symphony, follow paths already trodden and characteristic of the composer. It is not to the precedent of the barbaric Scythian Suite or of "Sept, ils sont sept," that Prokofiev here returns. Rather in the Classical Symphony, or better still, in portions of "Love for Three Oranges" may we look for the composer of this symphony. Dissonances there are, but not in such quantity as to dominate the style. The sharpest dissonances are used very sparingly, and then only to point vividly certain accents—as a Whittier might illuminate a canvas of grays by a single touch of red. There is considerable use of the characteristic device of modulating quickly through a series of L. A. S. comparatively unrelated keys, or of passing

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Prokofiev's Symphony Opus 47, begins with a slow Andante Assai, proceeds sonata-form, Allegro movement; the second is movement, Andante movement, Moderato, scherzoso, is in the un-scherz two-four, and the key of fourth movement, Allegro turns to C major.

The introduction is quiet in mood. Flutes and clarinets. The bass has a theme from which the main theme germinates. This theme enters with the A. The "bridge" is full of staccato passages, accented by sharp. As it draws near a close it the exceedingly simple Mozartian figures. These are as perfect introduction to the melody which is the second sung by flute to simple string movement, is followed at once between clarinet and bass clarinet development is very energetic skips, highly accented chiefly the main theme. The motion is regular. The Coda brings final working of the melody.

In the second movement measures of a sort of misty a flute sings a long sustained eleven measures. Then comes curiosity of the symphony, and contrabassoon sing a melody by way of transition second theme enters expanded clarinet solo, B major, the of this material is then in development section. B theme and the tuba theme. There are ominous trombones with kettle-drums.

and there are slight reminiscences of the first movement. A recapitulation is much abridged. The first theme sings in strings briefly. A Larghetto merely hints, in clarinet, at the second theme.

A piquant theme in the oboe at once begins the "Scherzoso" movement. After some contrasting material it is repeated in strings. The main contrast, however, is also given to the oboe, "Meno Mosso," more songful in character, and vacillates between D major and F major. These two divisions alternate with each other much after the manner of a rondo.

The last movement, Allegro Risoluto, is the most extended of the four. A very vigorous and rapidly moving passage in eighth notes, taken in unison by strings and woodwinds, forms the chief theme. To that theme, which is much repeated, all else is subsidiary. The movement is the most energetic of the four, forming real climax to the symphony. Harmonically it is also the most daring, reminding more than the other three movements of the harmonic excesses of the decade which began during the World War. Occasionally its wildness, its abandon, suggest the Prokofiev of an earlier period, say of the "Scythian Suite." Now and again it rises to fury such as only this twentieth century has been able to bring in music.

Rare Mozart

The week-end concerts list also a semi-novelty out of time, all but forgotten. The orchestra this year has a new clarinet soloist, Mr. V. Polatschek. At the coming concerts he will play Mozart's concerto for his chosen instrument. Only once has this concerto been heard at Symphony concerts—on March 29 and 30, 1918, when Mr. Sand was soloist and Mr. Schmitt conducted. Once previously in the history of the orchestra has there been a clarinet solo, when a Mr. Strasser was soloist in 1884. The score of the work bears the date Sept. 28, 1791, at Vienna. It was therefore written very shortly before the death of Mozart. Biographers affirm that it was written in a single day for a convivial friend of the composer who was a great clarinetist.

The concerto moves through the usual three movements: Allegro, Adagio, Rondo. It is Mozartean technique running its normal, pleasant course. There is the conventional form, the conventional tuttis, the conventional solo passages. The clarinet has sufficient opportunities to display dexterity as well as the tone than four symphonies—Roussel's and Brahms's Second on one program; Nabokov's and Chaikovsky's Fourth on the other. . . . At the next pair of concerts at home, on Nov. 28 and 29, Mr. Hanson's new "Romantic Symphony" will be heard and Mr. Gieseeking, the

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 pianist, will join the orchestra in Beethoven's "Emperor" Concerto. "Bolero," too, will be played once more.

There is one defender of Mr. Respighi's berated "Metamorphoseon"—the librarian of the orchestra, who spent hours in the correction of the manuscript parts. He cannot say too much for the musicianly scholarship, the command of orchestral resource and instrumental invention that such scrutiny disclosed. He admits that he is a solitary champion. And what if these paper-virtues failed to sound out of public performance? First of all music is written to be heard.

Two Russians Come Fresh to Symphony Hall

Tempting Guess-Work Around An Unsigned Overture for The Jubilee Year

AT Symphony Hall on Friday and Saturday half the program goes to novel music. First there is the overture of the composer who wishes to remain unnamed, but who is evidently a well-wisher of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. It is one more of the series of works for the Golden Anniversary. Next there is the new symphony by the new composer, Nabokov, produced by Pierre Monteux last February at the concerts of the Paris Symphony Orchestra; as yet unheard on this side of the Atlantic.

No doubt many frequenters of the Symphony Concerts are indulging in a guessing-game as to the identity of the unnamed composer. At present there is no authorized solution of the puzzle. The analyst can only submit certain meager evidence from which all who choose may draw conclusions. First, Dr. Koussevitzky said in so many words a few weeks ago that the composer is a Russian. Next, the instrumentation of the overture may be significant. For it is exactly the instrumentation of the Boston Symphony Orchestra as it was constituted last season—down to the eight horns and five trombones. It is hardly a far-fetched deduction that this Russian composer, setting to his work a few months ago, had an exact and familiar knowledge of the orchestral resources at his disposal. There, for the while, conjecture stops—say at a secret of Polichinelle.

which is not lengthy, three main divisions: an Adagio, a main portion, "Energico," and a conclusion. All three are based on a theme, frankly borrowed from the Russian Hymn of Triumph, composed by Glinka and used by Tchaikovsky in his opera "A Life for the Tsar." Concerning the origin of the theme an unidentified informant in front of one of the opera at the Public

gave the following significant information. The article is the coronation of Alexander III (1882). Certain place in the Red Square and included a periphrastic epilogue. The epilogue "represents the entry into Moscow of the tsar, first of the Poles, the Russian capital, and it by a general rising of the people." The article suggests this scene for the coronation will be only a re-enactment of the scene which the opera celebrates. In the music, it con-

tributed to the program to a concert late for the late Prince George, the authority on the subject years ago [i. e. twenty years ago] about the origin of the Fin-land to Prince Galitzin, Nicholas determined one that the must no longer employ more than the 'God Save the Tsar' which is also the English which is also the late last of the Prussian center the 'America' of the of the that she must have a declared of her own.

of the Russian composers to read Acts of national and patriotic never from the various hymns, under the them sent in, selected Club of, one by Glinka, the insisted on performance in presence of Volstead, assembly of courtiers and is

can extol and march produced a press and the fact of its being the Russian was not calculated in those days, when to with most persons, and of the court, equivalent

But Lvov, in the or- niment to his (God Save the Tsar) introduced such a num- ber of drums that Nicholas military instincts by authority, was quite carried moment of enthusiasm to Lvov. . . . did not please the Em-

Rally

—Will the "Lost" and for Attorney

peror, above all other hymns, for the Slavophiles and the malcontents generally to attach the highest importance to it; which, however, they were justified in doing on Slavic and national grounds. Glinka's "Hymn of Triumph," with its thoroughly popular character, came in any case to be looked upon as the national anthem of Russia in opposition to the State Anthem. It is hardly to be wondered at that this piece of music, esteemed as it is by Russians, used by them for joyous and festive occasions, should be taken as a theme for a work celebrating an equally festive occasion in the life of the orchestra to whom the composer dedicated it.

In the Adagio of the new overture the organ alone, in notes of even rhythm and neutral color, with utmost simplicity, gives out this theme. Other instruments take it up. The introduction completes the ascent which is preparation for the overture proper, and the theme is launched in full martial energy by the whole orchestra. A single contrast (conventional "second theme") ensues, taken by strings lyrically. There is much development of the principal theme, with episodes "fugato." It returns in even greater force, but the second theme does not recur; instead there is further development, leading up to the climactic Maestoso, which gives final utterance to the theme at broadest and most sonorous—an apotheosis.

A Singing Symphony

With attention divided between two scores, and the time limited in which those scores could be seen, it was impossible to give more than a hasty glance at Nabokov's symphony. Nicolas Nabokov is one of the expatriate Russians residing in Paris. He comes of a high-placed Russian family and was hardly more than a lad when he was taken from his native land. Probably his Parisian environment more than his Russian birth enters into his work as composer, though he is reported as having a fondness for archaic Russian melody. The foreign press records one work of large proportion from the pen of Nabokov, written previous to the symphony. It was an "Ode," performed variously in 1928, set for orchestra, chorus, ballet and cinematograph—the latter to provide forms in motion in addition to those of the ballet. "Ode" won favorable comment, though certain immaturities in style were noted.

The new symphony is in E minor and runs through three movements—Allegro, Largo, and final Allegro, which is also scherzo. It is perhaps significant that when Mr. Monteux played the symphony in Paris, Parisian papers referred to it as a "Symphonie Lyrique," though the title-page of the score does not give it any designation beyond the single word "Symphonie." The most hasty glance at the score bears witness to its essentially lyrical character. As in Mr. Roussel's sym-

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 the chief theme of the first movement a melody of considerable sweep and a reiteration of crisp rhythmic motives suitable for rhythmic definition. The second theme is marked "Andante" and is played by singing. A closing theme alone shows peculiarly rhythmic characteristics. In a slow and long-drawn-out duet of high and low strings furnishes the principal theme and sets the character of the movement. Lyricism redoubled. An independent scherzo is all break this spell; for Nabokov experiment of combining in a movement scherzo and finale. The rhythm beats now and again, but is often to sterner and also to useful stuff. To conclude, the symphony is an epilogue. "Andante Moderato" which the composer uses a version of the third theme of movement.

Moral

is emphasis upon lyric, that is upon melodious, quality, is cause of the symphony's success. Nabokov's symphony is lyrical even he did not call it so. The symphony was laden with though underlying them were rhythms. The morning of the which this article was written. The conductor, rehearsing the symphony, said repeatedly, "It must be a new music of only two years old." "every note" singing then? The question is to answer it. In the past every new thing was with rhythm. We had "scherzos," and a variety of forms. Can it be that the rhythmic lived its short-lived course, a new dispensation is upon us? A. H. M.

pianist, will join the orchestra in Beethoven's "Emperor" Concerto. "Bole" too, will be played once more.

There is one defender of Mr. Respighi's "Metamorphoseon"—the librarian of the orchestra, who spent hours in correction of the manuscript parts. He cannot say too much for the musician's scholarship, the command of orchestral resource and instrumental invention such scrutiny disclosed. He admits he is a solitary champion. And what of these paper-virtues failed to sound of public performance? First of all it is written to be heard.

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"Glinka's hymn did not please the Emperor, above all other hymns, for the Slavophiles and the malcontents generally to attach the highest importance to it; which, however, they were justified in doing on Slavic and national grounds. Glinka's 'Hymn of Triumph,' with its thoroughly popular character, came in any case to be looked upon as the national anthem of Russia in opposition to the State Anthem." It is hardly to be wondered at that this piece of music, esteemed as it is by Russians, used by them for joyous and festive occasions, should be taken as a theme for a work celebrating an equally festive occasion in the life of the orchestra to whom the composer dedicated it.

Back to Glinka

The overture, which is not lengthy, proceeds through three main divisions: an introductory Adagio, a main portion, "Molto Allegro Energico," and a concluding Maestoso. All three are based upon a single theme, frankly borrowed by the composer—from the Russian "Slavysya" or "Hymn of Triumph," composed as such by Glinka and used by him in the epilogue to his opera "A Life for the Tsar." Concerning the origin and use of this theme an unidentified clipping pasted in front of one of the scores of Glinka's opera at the Public Library, gives significant information. The occasion of the article is the coronation of Tsar Alexander III (1882). Certain festivities took place in the Red Square before the Kremlin and included a performance of the operatic epilogue. The article says that the epilogue "represents the triumphal entry into Moscow of the Tsar Michael Fedorovitch, first of the Romanovs, after the defeat of the Poles, who having occupied the Russian capital, were driven from it by a general rising of the inhabitants." The article suggests that the use of this scene for the coronation festivities will be only a re-enactment of the events which the opera celebrates. Discussing the music, it continues:

"In notes to the program to a concert of Russian music, the late Prince George Galitzin, a good authority on the subject, some twenty years ago [i. e. twenty years before the crowning of Alexander III] had this to say about the origin of the hymn. According to Prince Galitzin, the Emperor Nicholas determined one day that Russia must no longer employ on State occasions the 'God Save the Queen' of the English which is also the 'Heil dir im Siegerkrantz' of the Prussians [yes, and the 'America' of the United States], but that she must have a National Anthem of her own.

He called upon Russian composers to furnish specimens of national and patriotic music; and from the various hymns, marches and anthems sent in, selected two compositions, one by Glinka, the other by Lvov, for performance in presence of a chosen assembly of courtiers and dilettanti.

"Glinka's hymn and march produced a good effect, though the fact of its being characteristically Russian was not calculated to help it in those days, when the Russian was with most persons, and especially those of the court, equivalent to being vulgar. But Lvov, in the orchestral accompaniment to his (God Save the Emperor), introduced such a number of trumpets and drums that Nicholas, touched in his military instincts by his disposal, this excess of sonority, was quite carried away, and in a moment of enthusiasm awarded the palm to Lvov. . . .

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In the Adagio of the new overture the organ alone, in notes of even rhythm and neutral color, with utmost simplicity, gives out this theme. Other instruments take it up. The introduction completes the ascent which is preparation for the overture proper, and the theme is launched in full martial energy by the whole orchestra. A single contrast (conventional "second theme") ensues, taken by strings lyrically. There is much development of the principal theme, with episodes "fugato." It returns in even greater force, but the second theme does not recur; instead there is further development, leading up to the climactic Maestoso, which gives final utterance to the theme at broadest and most sonorous—an apotheosis.

A Singing Symphony

With attention divided between two scores, and the time limited in which those scores could be seen, it was impossible to give more than a hasty glance at Nabokov's symphony. Nicolas Nabokov is one of the expatriate Russians residing in Paris. He comes of a high-placed Russian family and was hardly more than a lad when he was taken from his native land. Probably his Parisian environment more than his Russian birth enters into his work as composer, though he is reported as having a fondness for archaic Russian melody. The foreign press records one work of large proportion from the pen of Nabokov, written previous to the symphony. It was an "Ode," performed variously in 1928, set for orchestra, chorus, ballet and cinematograph—the latter to provide forms in motion in addition to those of the ballet. "Ode" won favorable comment, though certain immaturities in style were noted.

The new symphony is in E minor and runs through three movements—Allegro, Largo, and final Allegro, which is also scherzo. It is perhaps significant that when Mr. Monteux played the symphony in Paris, Parisian papers referred to it as a "Symphonie Lyrique," though the title-page of the score does not give it any designation beyond the single word "Symphonie." The most hasty glance at the score bears witness to its essentially lyrical character. As in Mr. Roussel's sym-

the chief theme of the first movement is a melody of considerable sweep and a reiteration of crisp rhythmic motives suitable for rhythmic development. The second theme is marked "Andante" and is played by singing voices. A closing theme alone shows precisely rhythmic characteristics. In the third movement, a slow and long-drawn-out duet of high and low strings furnishes the principal theme and sets the character of the movement. Lyricism redoubled. An independent scherzo is also included. To conclude, the symphony is an epilogue, "Andante Moderato," in which the composer uses a version of the third theme of the first movement.

Moral

The emphasis upon lyric, that is upon melodious, quality, is cause for surprise. Nabokov's symphony is 'lyrique' even he did not call it so. The symphony was laden with rhythms. The morning of the day on which this article was written, the conductor, rehearsing the symphony, said repeatedly, "It must be a new music of only two years old. Every note must sing." The question is to answer it. In the past every new thing was done with rhythm. We had "scherzos" and a variety of forms. Can it be that the rhythmic life of music has lived its short-lived course, and a new dispensation is upon us?

A. H. M.

planist, will join the orchestra in Beethoven's "Emperor" Concerto. "Bole too, will be played once more.

There is one defender of Mr. Respighi's "Metamorphoseon"—the librettist of the orchestra, who spent hours in correction of the manuscript parts. cannot say too much for the musical scholarship, the command of orchestral resource and instrumental invention such scrutiny disclosed. He admits he is a solitary champion. And what of these paper-virtues failed to sound of public performance? First of all it is written to be heard.

Two Russians Come Fresh to Symphony Hall

Tempting Guess-Work Around
An Unsigned Overture for
The Jubilee Year

AT Symphony Hall on Friday Saturday half the program is to novel music. First then the overture of the composer who wishes to remain unnamed, but is evidently a well-wisher of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. It is one of the series of works for the Golden Anniversary. Next there is the new symphony by the new composer, Nabokov, produced by Pierre Monteux last Friday at the concerts of the Paris Symphony Orchestra; as yet unheard on this side of the Atlantic.

No doubt many frequenters of Symphony Concerts are indulging in guessing-game as to the identity of the unnamed composer. At present the no authorized solution of the puzzle. The analyst can only submit certain meager evidence from which all who choose to draw conclusions. First, Dr. Koenig, who said in so many words a few weeks ago that the composer is a Russian. Next, the instrumentation of the overture may be significant. For exactly the instrumentation of the late Boston Symphony Orchestra as it was constituted last season—down to the horns and five trombones. It is hardly a far-fetched deduction that this Russian composer, setting to his work at the months ago, had an exact and farber of trumpets and drums that Nicholas knowledge of the orchestral resources, touched in his military instincts by his disposal. There, for the while, this excess of sonority, was quite carried to the point of a secret of Ptarmigan, and in a moment of enthusiasm awarded the palm to Lvov. . . . "Glinka's hymn did not please the Em-

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General—w dress at the Temple ton by the Rep Governor publican of Senate, Lie Youngman will speak 8 to 11 P. Jr., presid A program mental, w tween add American cert, and sing.

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With a Moral

All this emphasis upon lyric, that is to say upon melodious, quality, is cause for thought. Nabokov's symphony is dubbed "lyrique" even he did not call it so. Roussel's symphony was laden with melodies, though underlying them were buoyant rhythms. The morning of the day on which this article was written, the conductor, rehearsing the anonymous overture, said repeatedly, "It must sing; every note in every part must sing." Recall the new music of only two years ago. Was "every note" singing then? To ask the question is to answer it. In that recent past every new thing was peppered with rhythm. We had "scherzos mécaniques," and a variety of forms that glorified the god of vigorous accentuation. Can it be that the rhythmic period has lived its short-lived course, and that a new dispensation is upon us?

A. H. M.



Serge Prokofiev—From The Drawing by Stravinsky's Son
The Composer's New Symphony, Written for the Jubilee of the Boston Orchestra, Will Be Played at the Symphony Concerts Tomorrow and Saturday

FIFTIETH SEASON, NINETEEN HUNDRED THIRTY AND THIRTY-ONE

Seventh Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, NOVEMBER 28, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 29, at 8.15 o'clock

Wagner Overture to "Der Fliegende Holländer"

Hanson Symphony No. 2, "Romantic"

(First performance: Composed for the fiftieth anniversary of the Boston Symphony Orchestra)

- I. Adagio; Allegro moderato.
- II. Andante con tenerezza.
- III. Allegro con brio.

Beethoven Concerto for Pianoforte No. 5 in E-flat major, Op. 73

- I. Allegro.
- II. Adagio un poco mosso.
- III. Rondo: Allegro ma non tanto.

Ravel "Bolero"

SOLOIST
WALTER GIESEKING

BALDWIN PIANO USED

There will be an intermission after Hanson's Symphony

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert



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WALTER GIESEKING

SYMPHONY CONCERT

Herald By PHILIP HALE Nov. 24/30

The Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky, conductor, gave its seventh concert of the season yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Wagner, overture to "The Flying Dutchman," Hanson, Symphony No. 2 Romantic (first performance, composed for the 60th anniversary of the Boston Symphony orchestra), Beethoven, Concerto for piano, No. 5 (Walter Giesecking, pianist), Ravel, Bolero.

As the overture Leonore No. 3 is to "Fidelio," so is the overture to "The Flying Dutchman" to the opera. The two overtures give the condensed and essential drama. Beethoven spares us the tiresome secondary love affair and the quartet in which four persons, each with an individual emotion, express them by singing the same tune. In Wagner we are relieved of the avaricious father and is delighted at the thought of handing over his daughter to the mysterious stranger; nor does one have to hear the bleatings of the saphead lover. No wonder Senta preferred the Dutchman.

Wagner's overture is a stormy seascape. The Dutchman knew no calm seas. The music that typifies him is one of Wagner's happiest inventions. Poor Vanderdecken sings nothing so compelling, not even in his monologue. One hears enough of Senta's ballad in the overture. One is not tempted to laugh at the operatic spinning wheels that stick when they should revolve; one does not find Wagner trying to write with Italian melodiousness. The performance yesterday deserved heartier applause than that awarded it.

Dr. Hanson, director of the Eastman school of Music at Rochester, New York, is not so burdened by official duties, that he cannot indulge in the luxury of composing. His Nordic symphony was performed here in April last year, and we believe that chamber music by him has been heard here. As director of the school, he has aided young composers by bringing out their works in concerts, so that they can hear them and revise them if necessary. His Romantic Symphony has interesting pages, especially those that are purely lyrical. It is a pity that he is so enamored of one or two figures, not important in themselves, that he cannot bear to leave them. The abrupt contrasts between measures that border on the sentimental and those that are chiefly noticeable for their terrific outbursts do not gain dramatically what they lose in logical continuity. It is when Dr. Hanson is gently romantic that he is effective. The "storm and drang" measures seldom impress nor in them is his instrumental-

tion so rich a garment for the ideas. He has ideas of value, which is more than can be said of Respighi's Theme and Variations also composed for the orchestra's jubilee. Dr. Koussevitzky and the players did everything in their power to put the symphony in a favorable light.

Mr. Giesecking and the orchestra gave a memorable performance of the concerto. That the pianist's technical proficiency was fully displayed goes without saying; yet one cannot help alluding to his treatment of octave passages in the first movement, the crescendo and diminuendo here as in many runs; the quiet, unostentatious brilliance of it all; the delicate dynamic gradations. More than all this was the grasp of the aesthetic, emotional contents. If the concerto was grandly planned by the composer, it was grandly understood by the pianist, by his adjustment of the piano to the part given to the orchestra, by the prevailing spirit of the interpretation. At no time did the piano assert itself impudently; it did not refuse to furnish a beautiful accompaniment; when it was called on to have its own say, what Beethoven gave it was said eloquently. Seldom does one hear so perfect and engrossing ensembles, for Mr. Giesecking does not play, whoever the composer may be, for self glorification. No merchant traffics in his soul.

With the concerto and the impression of pure music the concert might well have ended. As it was, it was too long. Ravel's clever and amusing trick does not excite surprise and wonder by repetition, no matter how deftly the trick is performed. The judge which feared not God neither regarded man finally allowed a widow seeking vengeance to see him, saying within himself, "Lest by her continual coming she weary me." The judicial audience—we speak out of courtesy—is apparently not wearied by the continual coming of Ravel's theme which is said to be of Arabian origin, chiefly because those who hear it for the first time are agog to know what is coming next.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The orchestra will be in Washington, D. C., from Tuesday evening to Saturday afternoon, inclusive. The program of the concerts Dec. 12, 13 will be as follows: Mozart, Symphony in G minor, Stravinsky, Symphony of Psalms for orchestra with chorus (the Cecilia)—verses from Psalm 38 (in the Vulgate) not 28 as Stravinsky has it on his title page—verses from Psalm 39—and the whole of Psalm 150. This symphony was composed for the jubilee; Stravinsky's Capriccio for orchestra with piano solo (Mr. Sanroma), and a repetition of Stravinsky's symphony.



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The Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky's conductor, gave its seventh concert of the season yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Wagner, overture to "The Flying Dutchman," Hanson, Symphony No. 2, Romantic, first performance composed for the 50th anniversary of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Beethoven, Concerto for piano No. 5 (Walter Giesecking, pianist), Haydn, Rondo.

As the overture features No. 5 is so familiar, so is the overture to "The Flying Dutchman" to the opera. The two overtures give the condensed and condensed drama. Beethoven spares us the vicarious sympathy, love affair and the part of which four persons each with an individual emotion express them in during the same time. In Wagner, we are relieved of the atrocious nature, but a delighted at the thought of landing over his daughter in the air, "vicious stranger" and does one have to fear the thought of the captured over, as wonder some perfected the Dutchman.

Wagner's "Dutchman" is a stormy sea. The Dutchman knew his calm sea. The music that typifies him is one of Wagner's happiest intentions. From Vandyck's eyes nothing so convincing as even in his monologue. One hears a whisper of Mendelssohn's ballad in the overture, but he is tempted to laugh at the overture, plucking wheels that stick when they bump together. One does not find Wagner trying to write with Italian ostentatiousness. His performance yesterday showed neither splendour than that of the Dutchman.

The Hanson, director of the Eastman School of Music at Rochester, New York, and an enthusiast by official duties that he since holds in the history of composing. His "Dutchman" symphony was performed here in April last year, and he before that, number music by him and recorded here. As director of the school he has aided young composers by bringing out their works in concerts, so that they can hear them and revise them if necessary. The Romantic Symphony has interesting pages especially those that are purely lyrical. It is a pity that it is so cluttered of one or two moments not important in themselves, but he cannot bear to leave them. The abrupt contrasts between measures that differ on the sentimental and those that are chiefly noticeable for their technical contrasts do not pain drama, and they are in logical contrast. It is when Dr. Hanson's gently reminds that he is effective. The "storm and drang" measures seldom impress him in them is his instrumenta-

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GIESEKING PLAYS WITH SYMPHONY

Pianist Does Wonders With Beethoven's Concerto

Post Nov. 29, 1930
BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

With an overture of Wagner, that to "The Flying Dutchman," a new "Romantic" Symphony from the facile and agreeable pen of Dr. Howard Hanson, a piano soloist, Walter Gieseeking, doing wonders with Beethoven's "Emperor" Concerto, and finally Ravel's "Bolero," the most popular piece of last season's pop concerts, all on one programme, the subscriber to the Symphony concerts of this week have a cup that is running over.

GIESEKING'S ARTISTRY

There are those, to be sure, who regard "Bolero," with its studied monotony of rhythm, its ingenious long crescendo, its surprise modulation at the close, as a piece to be heard once and once only; but the concert-going public

as a whole has by no means had its fill of it. Some among yesterday's audience may have felt that Dr. Koussevitzky's dramatic reading of the "Dutchman" overture was marred by the exuberant vigor of trumpets and trombones, now and then blown not wisely but too well. And those who are inconsiderate enough to scrutinize too closely a gift symphony may complain that Dr. Hanson's orotund and tuneful composition, written for the 50th anniversary of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, is undistinguished, unduly reminiscent, and lacking in that indefinable yet precious and essential quality known as style.

But if any there were yesterday who found fault with Mr. Gieseeking's and Dr. Koussevitzky's Beethoven, they were hard to suit indeed. Granted that there have been performances which lent this music greater breadth, a more heroic, more imperial quality, to make reference to the title which someone has foisted on this Concerto No. 5, in E-flat major. Yet finely chiseled, subtly proportioned as was Mr. Gieseeking's version of this music, it was never anaemic, never lacking in vitality. And what a wealth of beauty was yesterday revealed in a work played within the last two decades at no less than nine pairs at Symphony concerts.

By common consent Beethoven nodded when he wrote the finale of the "Emperor." This movement has not the greatness, the lofty utterance, of the other two. But yesterday, thanks to the art of Mr. Gieseeking and no less to that of Dr. Koussevitzky, this discrepancy was for once not marked. A rhythm firm yet flexible, a marvelous command of nuance, a rare delicacy, fineness and precision; these things yesterday made this finale engrossing. Mr. Gieseeking has always seemed an admirable pianist. Yesterday he had gained a new stature. From him had come, and again conductor and orchestra must be given their share of the credit, a performance to be treasured in the recollection, one to serve as a standard by which future performances may be gauged.

Needless to say, the audience of yesterday rewarded Mr. Gieseeking with warm and long-continued applause, as it had already bestowed its favor upon Dr. Hanson, called to the stage by Dr. Koussevitzky when the performance of his Symphony had come to an end.

New York Tribute to Boston Jubilee

The Herald Tribune Salutes The Fiftieth Year of the Symphony Orchestra

10 ans. Nov. 24, 1930

THESE are festival days (wrote Mr. Lawrence Gilman on Friday last) for the Boston Symphony, which came to town Thursday evening for its first New York concert of the season. As all the world of music knows, the orchestra which has helped to make the East Wind and the Watch and Ward Society bearable is celebrating its fiftieth season of significantly fruitful life. For half a century the name of the Boston Symphony Orchestra has stood for those aesthetic virtues which contribute to the glory of musical art. Other orchestras have sometimes lowered their standards, compromised with expediency; merchants have occasionally trafficked in their souls. We recall no instances of such lapses or perversions in the history of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

With a singularly constant ideal of rectitude and dignity this great organization combines a liberality of attitude toward the unorthodox and the experimental which has immensely enriched our musical life and stimulated our receptiveness. Great is the orchestra's reward. It is recognized today as a tongue of music unsurpassed for eloquence. It is honored as an institution which justifies the civilization that nurtured and perpetuated it. We drink a somewhat inky toast to the Boston Symphony Orchestra. May it live forever to make glad the hearts of those for whom such triumphs of the spirit outlast the drums and trampings of a half-century of material conquests.

Naturally, the B. S. O. has been celebrated, and in a characteristic way. In olden times composers were commissioned by Princes to supply for this or that occasion such works as inspiration or industry could produce. Today great orchestras have taken over that amiable and often rewarding function, leaving the imperial Mrs. P. S. Coolidge almost alone among those sovereigns of a democratic time who still seek to poke the fires of genius wherever they may be suspected of existence.

The B. S. O.'s addresses to music makers here and abroad have been of the lordliest kind. The most distinguished contemporary masters have been commissioned or encouraged to write

works for its jubilee. Prokofiev's symphony; Respighi proffered a and Variations; the Parisian composer Albert Roussel, dispatched a symphony; an anonymous writer, widely suspected of being no less a personage than the present conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra—who can play all fiddle and compose music as he leads—contributed, with promises, a "Festival Overture." Pro Edward Burlingame Hill, of Harvard, speaking up for Massachusetts, a music for an Ode by Robert Hillyer (also of Harvard). As the orchestra's favorite child, the illustrious Igor Stravinsky, it is an honor that the composer of "Le Sacre du printemps" has completed for performance in Boston on December 19 and 20 a "Symphony of Psalms," which Stravinsky has dedicated "to the God and to the Boston Symphony Orchestra." Let us hope that both be worthy of the honor.

First of these musical tributes to the orchestra in New York was set before us last evening by Mr. Koussevitzky. The new symphony by the Parisian Albert Roussel, which had its première in Boston on Oct. 24, Roussel, a mellow juvenile of sixty-one, child of his time. He can still be, he chooses, acerb and delicately. But he drinks out of his own mental which has immensely enriched our musical life and stimulated our receptiveness. Great is the orchestra's reward. It is recognized today as a tongue of music unsurpassed for eloquence. It is honored as an institution which justifies the civilization that nurtured and perpetuated it. We drink a somewhat inky toast to the Boston Symphony Orchestra. May it live forever to make glad the hearts of those for whom such triumphs of the spirit outlast the drums and trampings of a half-century of material conquests.

One is aware of a clear and distinguished mind at work in the tones—a mind urbane, critical, tinged with a French mind, lucid and one that rewards acquaintance. Koussevitzky played the new work with superlative finesse and the most comprehensive comprehension. The performance will remain among the outstanding demonstrations of his visits to New York as a dig of sympathetic identification and objective skill. For the rest of his program the conductor bore us thrice-familiar matter—the

the vacuous "Roman Carnival" and the unparagoned Johannes second best—but still Johannes.

GIESEKING PLAYS WITH SYMPHONY

Pianist Does Wonders With Beethoven's Concerto

Post Nov. 29, 1930
BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

With an overture of Wagner, that to "The Flying Dutchman," a new "Romantic" Symphony from the facile and agreeable pen of Dr. Howard Hanson, a piano soloist, Walter Gieseeking, doing wonders with Beethoven's "Emperor" Concerto, and finally Ravel's "Bolero," the most popular piece of last season's pop concerts, all on one programme, the subscribers to the Symphony concerts of this week have a cup that is running over.

GIESEKING'S ARTISTRY

There are those, to be sure, who regard "Bolero," with its studied monotony of rhythm, its ingenious long crescendo, its surprise modulation at the close, as a piece to be heard once and once only; but the concert-going public

as a whole has by no means had its fill of it. Some among yesterday's audience may have felt that Dr. Koussevitzky's dramatic reading of the "Dutchman" overture was marred by the exuberant vigor of trumpets and trombones, now and then blown not wisely but too well. And those who are inconsiderate enough to scrutinize too closely a gift symphony may complain that Dr. Hanson's orotund and tuneful composition, written for the 50th anniversary of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, is undistinguished, unduly reminiscent, and lacking in that indefinable yet precious and essential quality known as style.

But if any there were yesterday who found fault with Mr. Gieseeking's and Dr. Koussevitzky's Beethoven, they were hard to suit indeed. Granted that there have been performances which lent this music greater breadth, a more heroic, more imperial quality, to make reference to the title which someone has foisted on this Concerto No. 5, in E-flat major. Yet finely chiseled, subtly proportioned as was Mr. Gieseeking's version of this music, it was never anaemic, never lacking in vitality. And what a wealth of beauty was yesterday revealed in a work played within the last two decades at no less than nine pairs at Symphony concerts.

By common consent Beethoven nodded when he wrote the finale of the "Emperor." This movement has not the greatness, the lofty utterance, of the other two. But yesterday, thanks to the art of Mr. Gieseeking and no less to that of Dr. Koussevitzky, this discrepancy was for once not marked. A rhythm firm yet flexible, a marvelous command of nuance, a rare delicacy, fineness and precision; these things yesterday made this finale engrossing. Mr. Gieseeking has always seemed an admirable pianist. Yesterday he had gained a new stature. From him had come, and again conductor and orchestra must be given their share of the credit, a performance to be treasured in the recollection, one to serve as a standard by which future performances may be gauged.

Needless to say, the audience of yesterday rewarded Mr. Gieseeking with warm and long-continued applause, as it had already bestowed its favor upon Dr. Hanson, called to the stage by Dr. Koussevitzky when the performance of his Symphony had come to an end.

New York to Boston

The Herald Tribune The Fiftieth Symphony

THESE are festive Lawrence Gilman, the Boston Symphony town Thursday evening New York concert of the world of music known which has helped to make and the Watch and News is celebrating its fiftieth centennially fruitful life. The name of the Boston Symphony Orchestra has stood for tunes which contribute musical art. Other sometimes lowered the promised with experience have occasionally trafficked. We recall no instance of perversions in the his Symphony Orchestra.

With a singularly rectitude and dignity toward the unorthodox mental which has in our musical life and inceptiveness. Great is ward. It is recognized of music unsurpassed is honored as an institution the civilization that infected it. We drink toast to the Boston Symphony May it live forever hearts of those for whom of the spirit outlast trappings of a half-century conquests.

Naturally, the B. S. Orchestra, and in a charade times composers by Princes to supply occasion such works as dusty could produce.

Orchestras have taken and often rewarding the imperial Mrs. F. alone among those sovereign time who still fires of genius where suspected of existence.

The B. S. O.'s makers here and the lordliest kind. guished contemporary commissioned or ended

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new works for its jubilee. Prokofiev sent a symphony; Respighi proffered a Theme and Variations; the Parisian composer, Albert Roussel, dispatched a symphony; an anonymous writer, widely suspected of being no less a personage than the eminent present conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra—who can play the bull fiddle and compose music as ably as he leads—contributed, with profuse blushes, a "Festival Overture." Professor Edward Burlingame Hill, of Harvard, speaking up for Massachusetts, supplied music for an Ode by Robert Silliman Hillyer (also of Harvard). As for the orchestra's favorite child, the illustrious Igor Stravinsky, it is announced that the composer of "Le Sacre du Printemps" has completed for performance in Boston on December 19 and 20 a choral "Symphony of Psalms," which Mr. Stravinsky has dedicated "to the glory of God and to the Boston Symphony Orchestra." Let us hope that both will prove worthy of the honor.

The first of these musical tributes to be heard in New York was set before us Thursday evening by Mr. Koussevitzky. It was the new symphony by the Parisian master, Albert Roussel, which had its world premiere in Boston on Oct. 24. Roussel, now a mellow juvenile of sixty-one, is still a child of his time. He can still be, when he chooses, acerb and delicately drastic. But he drinks out of his own glass. Stravinsky may have dropped in an olive or two (in whose glass has he not done so?); there are several maraschino cherries from the Rimskyan jars—even a tiny drop from Brangaene's inescapable philtre; and the whole is (need one say?) discreetly tintured with jazz.

But one takes these things for granted. The point is that Roussel, in this music, adds something to the common store—something definitely individualized, a personal way of fusing and arranging elements, an unmistakable particularity of flavor and of pattern. This score has wit, craft, beauty. One is aware of a civilized and distinguished mind at work behind the tones—a mind urbane, critical, challenging; a French mind, lucid and adult, one that rewards acquaintance.

Dr. Koussevitzky played the new work with superlative finesse and the most intimate comprehension. The performance will remain among the outstanding achievements of his visits to New York—a prodigy of sympathetic identification and projective skill. For the remainder of his program the conductor set before us thrice-familiar matter—the brilliantly vacuous "Roman Carnival" of Berlioz and the unparagoned Johannes at his second best—but still Johannes.

Pendant

With a pseudo-Teutonic facetiousness the Evening Post also undertook to celebrate the occasion, saying: "From that still fabulous city where tis said the Lowells speak only to the Cabots and the Cabots speak only to Serge, the Boston Symphony returned to dilate the fervors of its Manhattan thurifers with the first of its Carnegie Hall series of the new season. The current roster of officers as discoverable in the program-books may be taken to indicate, however, that the ancient witticism must be broadened to include the Warrens, the Lodges, the Danas, the Howes, the Hallowells, the Lymans, the Pickmans, the Sawyers, and perhaps even some others, so persuasively has the ameliorating and leveling art of symphony reconciled even Boston to an international speech.

"Berlioz, with his 'Roman Carnival' Overture; Brahms, with his Second Symphony, and Roussel, with a new work composed especially for the fiftieth anniversary of the Boston orchestra, conspired with Dr Koussevitzky to bring Gotham and Gomorrah within its redemptive pale. For the occasion there was a reassembling of clans antedating the Koussevitzky theocracy, and we were again tempted to conclude that it is the Boston Symphony that is rooted most strongly in the older musical aristocracy here, as at home. This was a forty-fifth beginning in New York, only five fewer than in Boston."

Concert-Chronicle

Masterpiece *Mark. See.*

HOW much securer in perception and judgment is the audience at the Symphony Concert of Saturday over that of Friday! On both occasions Mr. Gieseeking, Dr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra played Beethoven's piano-concerto in E-flat as it has not been played hereabouts within easy recollection. At the matinée, the house was warily responsive. It suspected that something had happened; yet was not sure enough to let itself go in admiration. "Wait and see what the paper say." (For such innocent faith in reviews is said to survive in this town.) As it was, Mr. Gieseeking was recalled no oftener and no more warmly than any pianist of the first rank might have been.

Cynics may hint that by Saturday evening the word had been passed, as news is said to travel through the jungle. Yet with many a piece this second audience has given proof of a mind of its own, reviewers to the contrary notwithstanding. That mind perceived quickly that a signal performance of the "Em-

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know who again to marvel r remarked. ieseking's touch. uestion, the; but equally at knew there chestra and the nt years in ld voice. e lighterage, pianist and con- n, ear to ear.

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Intersta- citement unknown Mayor Ce ncerts since Dr. nlners. "v arlier in the even- ation as a Symphony came- on wi an thout the presence r 1931 eady en route to othor performance there is more than that it will be long ard at Symphony H. T. P.

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WALTER GIESEKING, pianist and composer, was born at Lyons, France, on November 5, 1895. His father was a German physician who moved to the French-Italian Riviera, and there the boy grew up. In 1911 he began to study piano-playing seriously, taking lessons of Karl Leimer at the City Conservatory of Music at Hanover, where the parents were then living. He soon became known as a concert pianist distinguished by catholicity of taste in his programs, his interest in the music of the younger composers, and his interpretation of "impressionistic and expressionistic music." Among his compositions are a quintet for piano and wind instruments, piano pieces, and songs.

Mr. Gieseeking's first recital in the United States was at New York on January 10, 1926. On the 17th of that month he played there, with orchestra, Hindemith's concerto. He gave a recital in Boston on February 6, 1926, when his program comprised music by Bach, Scarlatti, Schumann, Busoni, Debussy. On January 14, 1927, he played at a concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, in Boston, Mozart's Concerto, C major (K. 467), and Casella's Partita for piano and orchestra—Mr. Casella, guest conductor.

Since then Mr. Gieseeking has given recitals in Boston and played with orchestra and in recitals throughout the United States and in Europe.

SYMPHONY PROGRAM

The Boston Symphony Orchestra will journey to Washington this week to give a Beethoven festival in the nation's capital. The next regular pair of concerts in Symphony hall will be given on Friday afternoon and Saturday evening, Dec. 12 and 13. The "Symphonie de Psaumes," which Stravinsky has written for the anniversary of the orchestra, will then have its first public performance. This symphony is based on verses from the 28th and 39th Psalms and the entire 150th Psalm. The texts in Latin will be sung by the Cecilia Society chorus. For the clearer comprehension of this work, Dr. Koussevitzky will repeat the symphony in the latter part of this program.

Another new Stravinsky score, Capriccio for Orchestra with piano solo, will have its first American performance. Mr. Sanroma will be the pianist.

The concerts will open with Mozart's Symphony in G minor, and close with Bach's Fugue in E-flat, arranged for orchestra by Schoenberg.

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peror Concerto" was in progress; as soon as it was ended applauded to the echo. Not only must Mr. Giesecking return thanks, thrice and four times; but once he must bring with him Dr. Koussevitzky.

Possibly the most remarkable quality in these two performances, twenty-eight hours apart, of the same piece from the same hands, was the exact likeness of the one to the other. A pianist, a conduc tor, the players in an orchestra, are but men. Having distinguished themselves on a Friday, they may be less in the vein—for no discoverable reason—when they repeat the piece on the fol lowing Saturday. Or, with natural am bition to excel the first performance, they actually fall short, from over-tension, in the second. For once, no such untoward chance marred the repetition of Beet hoven's Concerto. Pianist, conductor and orchestra were not a whit less re sponsive to each other, and to the com poser. There was cause again to marvel at the felicities of Mr. Giesecking's touch, at the range of his tone; but equally at the euphonies of the orchestra and the gradations of its manifold voice.

Throughout, moreover, pianist and con ductor heard Beethoven, ear to ear. With what superbity, relieved—and there fore heightened—by lyric grace, marched the first movement! What note of ecsta sy sang out of the second, whether pian or orchestra received the melody! Through the finale the orchestra matched the fingers of the pianist, and of zest, swiftiness and instant impact, no more need be said. It was time to remember again that Dr. Koussevitzky has restored concertos, for piano or violin, to musical worth, interest and excitement unknown to the Symphony Concerts since Dr. Muck's day. . . . Earlier in the even ing Mr. Hanson's new Symphony came—and went, this time without the presence of the composer, already en route to Rome to "sit in" at another performance of his masterworks. There is more than one reason to suspect that it will be long before another is heard at Symphony Hall.

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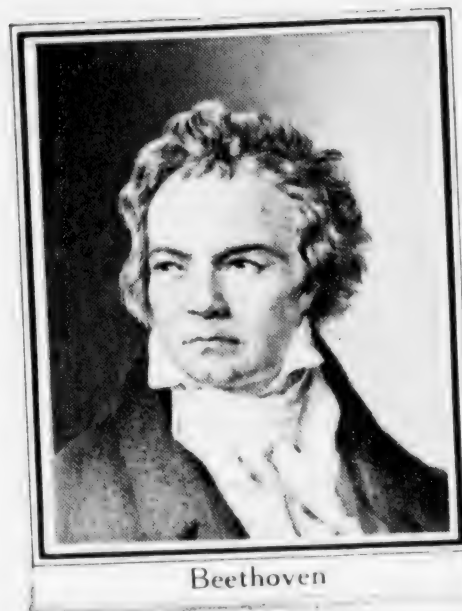
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Beethoven

Symphonic Afternoon, Brim-Full

Dr. Hanson's New Symphony, From Wagner to "Bolero," Memorable Concerto

Nov. 19, 1930

THE THIRD of the symphonies with which commissioned composers have responded to the jubilee of the Boston Orchestra was played for the first time, yesterday, at Symphony Hall. It happened to be work of an American composer, Dr. Howard Hanson, director of the Eastman School of Music at Rochester. The circumstance does not signify, since it is the just and catholic policy of Dr. Koussevitzky to make no distinctions of nationality (Americans included), whether he is distributing commissions or choosing a program. Of the symphonies preceding Dr. Hanson's, one was Roussel's; the other Prokofiev's. Both were short; while Dr. Hanson's kept to that same benignant measure. Undoubtedly, symphonic lengths, like those of Bruckner and Mahler—to say nothing of Strauss's later tone-poems—are out of fashion. There are even young image-breakers who prefer the Brahmsian four to the Beethovenian nine, because Johannes is usually more compact than Ludwig.

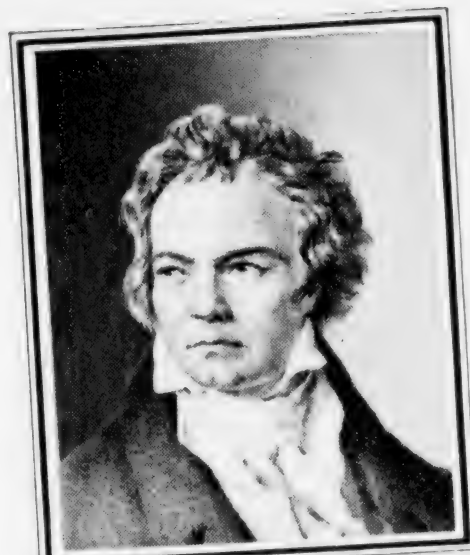
Thanks to the modernists, brevity is now the symphonic word, as Stravinsky, Honegger and Hill—also of the commissioned—will subsequently testify.

Roussel and Prokofiev followed another happy modernistic fashion. The matter and manner of both their symphonies was relatively light. Now, there is not a reason why a symphony should be necessarily weighty of content and portentous of speech, except that much German example and more German dogma affirm that so must it be. The eighteenth century, to which most musicians are harking back, held to the tolerant view. Let a symphony be what the composer chose for substance and surface, so long as it was musically unified and musically interesting. Roussel, last month, added lightness of design and content to many another merit. With Prokofiev, not long ago, a kindred lightness, soothed irritating repetitions. Lightness,

is again the symphonic fashion.

ingly Dr. Hanson would also be movement." In a program-note of his new symphony: "My to create a work young in spirit, in temperament, simple and in expression"—all of which music light in conception and ex- But the hallowed leaven of Teutonic strength, breadth and thickness has worked within him. From it rose the manner of "Pan and the Forest" and the Nordic Symphony, pieces of large dimensions hitherto in Boston. In the Romantic symphony, played on Friday, he has discarded length; but can only by breadth and thickness. tone, of which a modern orchestra is capable, sorely tempts him. To he cannot resist it through some measures in full harmony. and there Dr. Hanson's music in pounds," but it also runs thickly. re pages in this new symphony, the composer is straining toward and depths, that might have been by some German of the second or third rank, soured in the theories and of 1910. Yet the American and, on occasion, utilizes a way—the cleanly cut, sharply edged, "open-work" play of timbres monies that is one of the modernisms to music. By so much there is in the present and promise for the future. It is high time that Dr. Hanson should have pronounced the outmoded symphonic of the Germans; accepted the modernist procedures, toward certain pages of the Romantic Symphony. To some of us his most valuable piece is still the String Quartet, not little of which was frankly

wise this new symphony suffers the shortcoming that pursues us equally as composers or exponents of music—the lack of individuality, therefore distinctive, quality. The commissioned symphony of Roussel is master at sixty-three," as Mr. Hanson aptly phrased it—is his and not Prokofiev's Fourth Symphony, it is secondary, not to say Prokofiev, bears many of his earmarks. The lay ear found Respighi's "Fountains of Rome" over-written and but to the professional listener, it is emmed with his characteristics, included. Among us Americans, Roussel, last month, added lightness of design and content to many another merit. With Prokofiev, not long ago, a kindred lightness, soothed irritating repetitions. Lightness, executants, who of us, following



Beethoven

Symphony After

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Dr. Hanson's New From Wagner Memorable

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breavity, is again the symphonic fash-

Seemingly Dr. Hanson would also be "in the movement." In a program-note he writes of his new symphony: "My aim was to create a work young in spirit, romantic in temperament, simple and direct in expression"—all of which implies a music light in conception and execution. But the hallowed leaven of Teutonic length, breadth and thickness has long worked within him. From it rose the matter and the manner of "Pan and The Priest" and the Nordic Symphony, is two pieces of large dimensions hitherto heard in Boston. In the Romantic Symphony, played on Friday, he has creditably discarded length; but cannot put by breadth and thickness. The big tone, of which a modern orchestra is capable, sorely tempts him. To this day he cannot resist it through sonorous measures in full harmony.

Then and there Dr. Hanson's music indeed "sounds," but it also runs thickly. There are pages in this new symphony, when the composer is straining toward heights and depths, that might have been written by some German of the second or third rank, soused in the theories and practice of 1910. Yet the American knows and, on occasion, utilizes a better way—the cleanly cut, sharply characterized, "open-work" play of timbres and harmonies that is one of the modernist gains to music. By so much there is progress in the present and promise for the future. It is high time that Dr. Hanson renounced the outmoded symphonic tradition of the Germans; accepted frankly the modernist procedures, toward which certain pages of the Romantic Symphony incline. To some of us his most individual piece is still the String Quartet of 1923, not little of which was frankly modernist.

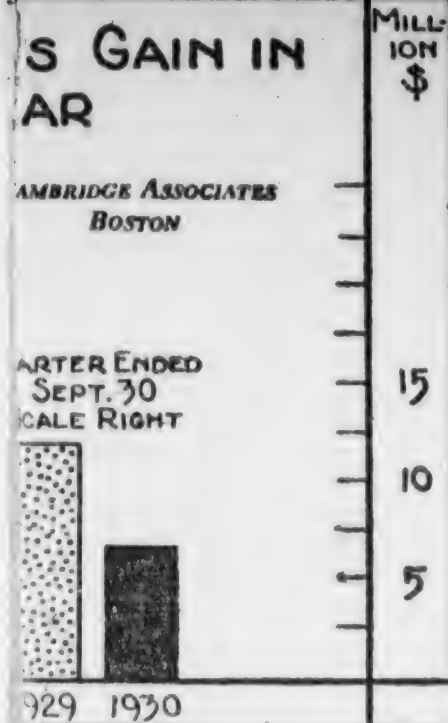
Otherwise this new symphony suffers under the shortcoming that pursues Americans equally as composers or executants of music—the lack of individual, and therefore distinctive, quality. The commissioned symphony of Roussel—"young master at sixty-three," as Mr. Gilman aptly phrased it—is his and no other's. Prokofiev's Fourth Symphony, though it is secondary, not to say minor Prokofiev, bears many of his earmarks. The lay ear found Respighi's commissioned Variations over-written and tedious; but to the professional listener they teemed with his characteristics, faults included. Among us Americans, Mr. Loeffler of the elder generation; Mr. Carpenter and Mr. Hill of the middle; Mr. Copland and Mr. Sessions of the younger, have individualized themselves. Among executants, who of us, following

Mr. Spalding's career, has forgotten how long he worked to achieve an individual style as violinist?

Now, in the light of these examples, recall Dr. Hanson's symphony of yesterday. The basic musical thoughts—that is to say the germinating and principal motif that pervades the whole music, the subordinate motifs outspringing from it or contrasting with it—are clear-spoken and engaging. The composer develops them with skill and a measure of interest to hearers. But do they, or the development, bear any stamp by which ear, mind and imagination recognize the thoughts, processes, moods and emotions of Howard Hanson composing and of no other music-maker? Rather, they are too close to the regular thing in the regular way—not imitative, to be sure, but none the less conventional; out, so to say, of the general—and not the particular—stock of music in our plentiful time.

Note again the implications of the title—a Romantic Symphony. Possibly the essence of romance is personal intensity of vision, imagination, emotion and creation; therewith an impinging strangeness, as of new worlds discovered, upon the intensified hearer. Of such are the impassioned first movements of Beethoven's greater symphonies; the finer or ampler tempered songs of Schubert; or, to descend to lesser men, the symphonies of Berlioz where they are not yet withered, or the tone-poems of Liszt, when something still remains under sound and fury. Does the listener feel this essence suffusing Dr. Hanson's Romantic Symphony, penetrating and illuding? More than half persuaded by the label, he believes he detects it; listens the more intently only to discover that it smacks of formula; that it lacks intensity and individuality. Better he says to himself the discordant whirl of Mr. Copland's forgotten and now discarded piano-concerto than this tame replica of a half-emotional, half-musical convention. All of which is not to discourage Dr. Hanson; but to bid him find himself as an individually imaginative and accomplishing composer. At thirty-four, there is still *bonne chance*.

Needless to say, Dr. Koussevitzky spared no pains in the performance of Dr. Hanson's symphony; while by this time from sheer instinct the orchestra answers to his will as to no conducting composer. As it seemed, he drew forth all that the music contained; clarified, animated, and would characterize it along the way. Dr. Hanson, indeed, might have repeated Monsieur Roussel's concise word—"parfait"—at the final hearing of his Symphony. . . . The conductor was less fortunate with his version of



ship in millions of shares of this country's industries and of stock involved a sale of the Federal Government markets of the past summer halved the government's tax the quarter ended Sept. 30 as the stock sales tax collected balancing the national budget thus be seen that the Federal government would stand to gain from a more confident tone in the market and a consequent wide

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ot	33 1/2	31 1/2	31 1/2 - 1 1/2
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r Sec	2 1/2	2 1/2	2 1/2 + 1 1/2
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Lamp	7 1/2	7 1/2	7 1/2 + 1 1/2

**HEARD AT
CONCERT
Nov. 29, 1930
Triumphs in
Concerto
of Hanson's New
Symphony" Given**

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Wagner's overture to "The Flying Dutchman" with which the concert began. He overdid it, almost exactly as he overdid Beethoven's third "Leonora" overture, when he first laid it before Bostonian ears. Then, Dr. Koussevitzky would dramatize every curve, every contrast, every transition, almost each phrase and every modulation. Inevitably the listener heard the overture as so many intensified "bits" laid side by side, not in flow, sweep and ascendant climax. Soon Dr. Koussevitzky lessened this over-zeal; remembered that a dramatic overture is also a piece of unfolding, close-knit music; then attained the two-fold performance of the "Leonora" overture that we now hear, marvellous at the musical and the dramatic eloquence fused.

Gradually, no doubt, the conductor's version of the overture to "The Flying Dutchman" will undergo like transformation. There is no need to exhaust the art of conducting upon the Hollander's storm-tossed music at beginning and at return. Wagner, foreshadowing his mature self, gave it sufficient force. The hush, until there is scarcely audible sound, as it dwindle toward the first hint of Senta's delirious and redeeming presence, exceeds the musico-dramatic contrast. So onward through the overture, with more than enough "theater" and rather less than enough music. Until the final idealizing of Senta's theme, proclaiming release and salvation to the cursed and haunted Hollander. Then Dr. Koussevitzky, stilling the tempest and opening the heavens, goes hand in hand with Wagner himself.

There were amends in the conductor's repetition of Ravel's "Bolero." At his hands, more than ever before, the piece seemed the tour de force that it actually is rather than an exercise in instrumental technique, through willed repetitions, to rack the nerves of hearers. Faithfully, Dr. Koussevitzky accepted the composer's deliberate pace. More than usual he stilled the beginnings. Like an insidious force the motif, the rhythm, the tune, spread from wind instrument to wind instrument, until group after group, choir upon choir, seized, enhanced, enriched. As hardly before, the listener heard that endless and changeless plucking of the lighter strings until it is their turn to take over and sharpen that ceaseless tune. As hardly before, conductor and orchestra drove crescendo over crescendo, each drawing tauter the suspense, until the flashing modulation into E major and the final outburst of cumulated musical sound. Call "Bolero" a feat, as it undoubtedly is; but there are feats that come close to genius. In this instance the genius of orchestral manipulation—instruments, groups, choirs, tonal detail and tonal mass. Nor does the

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Chem pt pf...	19%	20%	19%	-	7 1/2
Corp ow ...	9%	8%	8%	-	1 1/2
Dry Docks...	3	2%	2%	-	1 1/2
Founders...	9%	9%	9%	-	1 1/2
Gas Corp...	9%	8%	9	-	1 1/2
Gas Corp w...	3%	3%	3%	-	1 1/2
Gas Corp pf	90	88%	88%	-	2
LA&Pr A...	28%	26%	26%	-	1 1/2
LA&Pr B...	69%	69	69	+	1 1/2
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In the slow movement, who had been all for vigor began as all for finesse; while the orchestra answered him with its suavest emphasis. Together they enlarged the melody to serene and deeper-toned beauty that complement to the first Allegro of power. Mr. Gieseeking made the transition to the finale with conjuring fingers. The rest was the give-and-take of a virtuoso pianist and a virtuoso orchestra—musicians both—through Beethoven's gay of motives and motion. Since

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GIESEKING HEARD AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Great Pianist Triumphs in
Beethoven Concerto

First Performance of Hanson's New "Romantic Symphony" Given

Walter Gieseking again proved his right to rank as one of the greatest of concert pianists by a remarkably fine performance in Beethoven's "Emperor" Concerto. Dr Koussevitzsky and the orchestra surpassed themselves in this number, making the occasion one to be remembered. Too seldom is a great classic given so notable a performance.

A new "Romantic Symphony," dedicated to the Boston Symphony Orchestra by Dr. Howard Hanson, director of the Eastman School of Music at Rochester, N. Y., was played for the first time anywhere. A program which proved less lacking in imaginative unity than one might assume from reading it, began with Wagner's "Flying Dutchman" overture and ended with Ravel's "Bolero."

Mr Gieseeking, a musician of the finest taste as well as a remarkable pianist, gave so compelling an interpretation of the Beethoven concerto that even those to whom this piece has not in the past seemed the masterpiece it actually is, must have been impressed. Dr Koussevitzky and the orchestra provided Gieseeking with the best accompaniment they have given any soloist. For a parallel one would have to go back to the memorable day in 1915 when the Boston Symphony under Dr Muck aided Kreisler in a performance of the Beethoven violin concerto that still seems to one who was lucky enough to hear it to have realized an ideal. This performance yesterday was renewed evidence that Dr Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony are not resting upon their laurels, but attaining greater heights each season. It is to be hoped that they will some day do for most classics what yesterday they did for the "Emperor Concerto."

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The reading of Wagner's early and, on the whole, rather empty and trivial overture was eloquent, but the orchestra played it less accurately than they did the other numbers.

There are no Symphony concerts here next week, as the orchestra will give a Beethoven Festival in Washington, D. C. For Dec 12 and 13 the announced program includes the first public performance of Stravinsky's new "Symphonies de Psaumes," the most eagerly awaited of the several novelties commissioned for the 50th anniversary. P. R.

Monday Boston Symphony Orchestra

Walter Gieseking, virtuoso and musician, was the ornament of the program prepared for the seventh pair of subscription concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, in Symphony Hall, Boston, Nov. 28 and 29. He played Beethoven's E flat major Piano Concerto with that power, delicacy, fluency and musical taste which distinguish him. Dr. Koussevitzky gave him an accompaniment worthy of his interpretation, and the audience delighted in paying him honor.

The novelty of the program was the Symphony No. 2 ("Romantic") by Dr. Howard Hanson, director of the Eastman School of Music of the University of Rochester, N. Y. The composer, writing in honor of the fiftieth anniversary of the orchestra, employed, as in his "Nordic" Symphony, the cyclic form of César Franck. Mottoes set forth in the first movement are developed with erudition. Even more remote is the style of the work. When the composer called it "Romantic," he understated the case. Neither Byron nor Goethe nor Schumann nor Tchaikovsky was ever quite so romantic as this. Dr. Hanson has felt mildly the influence of modern harmonic idiom, but he has not been touched by the detachment which is alleged to be the mark of his generation. There is nothing in this symphony to offend the most tender ear, nothing which might not have been written at any time in the last 90 years. But was it necessary that it should be written? Dr. Hanson is as sentimental as Tchaikovsky. So are many other persons who have not Tchaikovsky's melodic gift, and who therefore cannot hope to equal his expressiveness.

The symphony was well received, but it seemed less contemporary than the "Flying Dutchman" Overture, which preceded it. Dr. Koussevitzky, however, tried a little too hard to point up the overture, which after all need not sound like the "Tristan" Prelude. The concert closed with Ravel's "Bolero," which no longer belongs on the programs of a major symphony orchestra. L. A. S.

They Shall Not Creak

Footnote to the Chronicles of Symphony Hall

WITHIN recollection a mystery play, acted in Boston, was named "The Creaking Chair." In it, at proper moments, a chair creaked ominously. On the stage of Symphony Hall, through more years than the weeks over which the play ran, chairs have also creaked—annoyingly. They creaked because they were made of wood, with joiner-work that stirred unsympathetically under the movements of sitting orchestral players. The regular conductor and all but the most sensitive players gradually accustomed themselves to this minute obligato. But when a guest-conductor led, or a composer put the orchestra through his own piece, the creaking often rasped his nerves and irritated his temper.

Hence the change to the chairs on view for the first time last Tuesday, discovered yesterday by the subscription audience of Friday afternoons. In shape and color they are more seemly to the observing eye; but that is a minor merit. The more essential virtues are two: First, at the small of their backs the players fit neatly into the new chairs. Second, for that reason and inasmuch as the chairs are made of jointless metal, there is not, and there cannot be, any creaking. With this amelioration of orchestral conditions—as the solemn historians may write, fifty years on—this slight footnote to the chronicle of Symphony Hall may end.

Eighth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, DECEMBER 12, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 13, at 8.15 o'clock

RICHARD BURGIN will conduct these concerts

Křenek Little Symphony, Op. 58
I. Andante sostenuto; Allegro energico, ma non troppo.
II. Andantino, poco lento.
III. Allegretto, poco grave.

(First time in Boston)

Mozart Concerto in A major for Pianoforte and
Orchestra (K. 488)
I. Allegro.
II. Andante.
III. Presto.

Sibelius Symphony No. 1 in E minor, Op. 39
I. Andante ma non troppo; Allegro energico.
II. Andante ma non troppo lento.
III. Allegro.
IV. Finale (Quasi una Fantasia): Andante; Allegro molto.

SOLOIST
BRUCE SIMONDS

STEINWAY PIANO

There will be an intermission after the Concerto

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert

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Walter Boston Symphony Orchestra

Walter Gieseking, virtuoso and musician, was the ornament of the program prepared for the seventh pair of subscription concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, in Symphony Hall, Boston, Nov. 28 and 29. He played Beethoven's E flat major Piano Concerto with that power, delicacy, fluency and musical taste which distinguish him. Dr. Koussevitzky gave him an accompaniment worthy of his interpretation, and the audience delighted in paying him honor.

The novelty of the program was the Symphony No. 2 ("Romantic") by Dr. Howard Hanson, director of the Eastman School of Music of the University of Rochester, N. Y. The composer, writing in honor of the fiftieth anniversary of the orchestra, employed, as in his "Nordic" Symphony, the cyclic form of César Franck. Mottoes set forth in the first movement are developed with erudition. Even more remote is the style of the work. When the composer called it "Romantic," he understated the case. Neither Byron nor Goethe nor Schumann nor Tchaikovsky was ever quite so romantic as this. Dr. Hanson has felt mildly the influence of modern harmonic idiom, but he has not been touched by the detachment which is alleged to be the mark of his generation. There is nothing in this symphony to offend the most tender ear, nothing which might not have been written at any time in the last 90 years. But was it necessary that it should be written? Dr. Hanson is as sentimental as Tchaikovsky. So are many other persons who have not Tchaikovsky's melodic gift, and who therefore cannot hope to equal his expressiveness.

The symphony was well received, but it seemed less contemporary than the "Flying Dutchman" Overture, which preceded it. Dr. Koussevitzky, however, tried a little too hard to point up the overture, which after all need not sound like the "Tristan" Prelude. The concert closed with Ravel's "Bolero," which no longer belongs on the programs of a major symphony orchestra. L. A. S.

They Shall Not Creak

Footnote to the Chronicles of
Symphony Hall

WITHIN recollection a mystery play, acted in Boston, was named "The Creaking Chair." In it, at proper moments, a chair creaked ominously. On the stage of Symphony Hall, through more years than the weeks over which the play ran, chairs have also creaked—annoyingly. They creaked because they were made of wood, with joiner-work that stirred unsympathetically under the movements of sitting orchestral players. The regular conductor and all but the most sensitive players gradually accustomed themselves to this minute obligato. But when a guest-conductor led, or a composer put the orchestra through his own piece, the creaking often rasped his nerves and irritated his temper.

Hence the change to the chairs on view for the first time last Tuesday, discovered yesterday by the subscription audience of Friday afternoons. In shape and color they are more seemly to the observing eye; but that is a minor merit. The more essential virtues are two: First, at the small of their backs the players fit neatly into the new chairs. Second, for that reason and inasmuch as the chairs are made of jointless metal, there is not, and there cannot be, any creaking. With this amelioration of orchestral conditions—as the solemn historians may write, fifty years on—this slight footnote to the chronicle of Symphony Hall may end.

Eighth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, DECEMBER 12, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 13, at 8.15 o'clock

RICHARD BURGIN will conduct these concerts

Křenek Little Symphony, Op. 58

- I. Andante sostenuto; Allegro energico, ma non troppo.
- II. Andantino, poco lento.
- III. Allegretto, poco grave.

(First time in Boston)

Mozart Concerto in A major for Pianoforte and
Orchestra (K. 488)

- I. Allegro.
- II. Andante.
- III. Presto.

Sibelius Symphony No. 1 in E minor, Op. 39

- I. Andante ma non troppo; Allegro energico.
- II. Andante ma non troppo lento.
- III. Allegro.
- IV. Finale (Quasi una Fantasia): Andante; Allegro molto.

SOLOIST

BRUCE SIMONDS

STEINWAY PIANO

There will be an intermission after the Concerto

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert



Ernst Krenek

The Lad With an Innocent Air

SYMPHONY CONCERT

BY PHILIP HALE

The eighth concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Dr. Koussevitzky was still suffering from a cold, but he will be able to conduct the Monday night, Saturday night and Friday afternoon concerts of next week. Yesterday Richard Burgin, the concert-master of the orchestra reigned in his stead. The program was as follows: Krenek, Little Symphony (first time in Boston), Mozart, concerto in A major for piano (Bruce Simonds, pianist) and orchestra, Sibelius, Symphony No. 1, E minor.

Krenek, of Czechoslovakian origin, born in Vienna, a pupil of Schoenberg, and now living in Berlin is in his 31st year. A fertile composer, he is probably best known in this country by his opera "Jonny Spielt Auf," which has been performed at the Metropolitan in New York, by his "Symphonische Musik," and by chamber music. The symphony played yesterday, composed in 1928, was performed on Nov. 6th of this year at a concert in New York of the Philharmonic Symphony Society, led by Erich Kleiber, a guest.

This composer must be a humorist of the first water, for he wrote an analysis of the symphony with a gravity becoming any Herr Mueller whose pedestrian work was to be played in Eisleben or Plauen. Krenek speaks of his following the traditional sonata form, of basic tonalities, reprise, coda, song form, etc., so that any one not knowing him would expect what is eulogized by reactionaries as a "solid work," "well written," "sincere," "wholly worthy"—and prepare himself therefore for a boresome half-hour. Krenek surely slapped his thighs and beat his sides with laughter as he wrote these conventional lines about a most unconventional and delightful little work, composed much of it in the spirit of jazz, but at the same time displaying the technical equipment of a thoroughly grounded musician who has an unusual gift of invention, and true fancy that runs occasionally into the fantastic. Krenek also has a pleasing melodic streak in his musical nature; a feeling for beauty, shown not only in the slow movement. The composition of his orchestra is as uncommon as the music itself; but his choice of instruments is not alone for dance rhythms. His score calls for banjos, mandolins, guitar and harp for the suggestion of the dance; also for a "vibrating, rattling, metallic sound" that he desires; but with customary orchestral instruments, curiously grouped and used, he gains surprising, fascinating effects. Rossini in his latter years wrote a Mass that has many admirable pages, among them a double fugue constructed in a masterly manner. With characteristic irony he put on the title page "Petite Messe." Krenek speaks of his "little" symphony. The three movements are

short, but the pleasure given by them is great. The audience yesterday felt with Athenaeus that music is not purposely, necessarily "educative"; that it should on occasion "dissipate sadness, produce affability and a sort of gentleman-like joy. Krenek's little work answers the definition of Athenaeus. The ladies and gentlemen of the congregation who sat in the pews of Symphony hall yesterday accepted the symphony and rejoiced in it; rejoiced and were not ashamed.

Mr. Burgin might have been a little more audacious in his interpretation of Krenek's work; even a little more reckless, for he could safely rely on the virtuosos on the stage; but the performance was exciting, and inspired the desire to hear the Symphony again and soon. His presentation of the great Symphony by Sibelius was most effective. He knows Sibelius, the man and the composer; he was for a time concert-master of the Helsingfors Symphony orchestra. It is not surprising, that yesterday he was charged with the spirit of Sibelius; the Sibelius of the earlier symphonic years. So great is Mr. Burgin's musical enthusiasm for this wild eloquence—the symphony is more than a "human document"; it is a bardic rhapsody on Finland's landscapes and sea-scapes, people and tragic history—that he communicated the intensity of his feeling to players who responded with gusto; to an audience that was moved deeply by the emotional outbursts of the composer.

Mr. Simonds played accurately and glibly Mozart's notes; he played with undeviating tonal monotony. For this performance without nuances in tempo or color, he was warmly applauded.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week is thus announced: Mozart, Symphony, G minor. Stravinsky "Symphonie de Psaumes" for orchestra with chorus (the Cecilia trained by its conductor, Arthur Fiedler); Capriccio for piano (Mr. Sanroma), and orchestra. Repetition of the "Symphonie de Psaumes." Bach, Organ Fugue in E flat major, orchestrated by Schoenberg. Stravinsky's "Symphonie de Psaumes," written for the 50th anniversary of the orchestra, also his Capriccio will be performed for the first time in the United States. The former work will be performed in Brussels today.

BURGIN CONDUCTS SYMPHONY CONCERT

Bruce Simonds Soloist in
Mozart Concerto

First Performance in Boston of
Krenek's "Little Symphony"

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The program books yesterday included a slip announcing that an exhibition of pictures, music, programs, and other relics of the 50 years of the Boston Symphony is on display in Huntington-av foyer off the first balcony. This exhibition includes a number of interesting photographs, letters of many celebrated musicians, and the portrait of Maj Higginson by Sargent which ordinarily hangs in the Harvard Union. It was thronged yesterday.

Krenek is chiefly known in America by his opera "Jonny spleit auf," produced by the Metropolitan Opera in New York two seasons ago. He was born in 1900 and was a pupil of Schreker. The "Little Symphony" played yesterday is his opus 58.

For Small Orchestra

Like so many of the younger generation of composers, Krenek has definitely broken with the 19th century, and gone back to a style recalling music of the 18th century. This symphony is for small orchestra, ingeniously scored to emphasize percussive and rhythmic effects rather than either sonority or volume of tone. Its form is consciously orthodox. Its mood has none of the

sentiment, none of the moral earnestness, none of the striving for epic breadth of 19th century German music. Krenek recalls neither Beethoven nor Wagner, but rather the lighter, more cynical, more impudent writers of the 18th century in Italy. His one aim is to make his music sprightly and entertaining. With all his ingenuity he fails to achieve it except at moments, unless yesterday's performance belied him. Of other composers known here, this symphony can most obviously be compared with some of the work of Hindemith and of Prokofeff. It is more correctly written, according to text book standards, but that is probably because Krenek cannot quite forget all that he undoubtedly learned in his student days about counterpoint in the manner of Reger.

Mr Burgin was warmly applauded by orchestra and audience. In Sibelius' symphony he gave a performance which was not merely intelligent and sympathetic, but full of the dramatic quality the eloquence of which famous orchestral conductors have no monopoly. His reading of this familiar work, and the orchestra's eager cooperation, brought about a performance that deserves to be described as memorable. Mr Burgin's conducting has steadily improved as opportunities have offered. He is now much more than a mere substitute filling an unexpectedly vacant place, as he was when he first conducted the Boston Symphony some years ago.

Bruce Simonds Plays

Bruce Simonds, a young American pianist known to Jordan Hall audiences from several recitals there, repeated the Mozart concerto he had given Thursday night in Cambridge. His performance, though competent enough, lacked distinction of musical style. Mozart is, of course, the most difficult of all composers to play really well. Celebrities far greater than Mr Simonds have failed, as he failed yesterday, to do more than play the notes about as written. The requisite nuances of melody and rhythm eluded him. Mr Burgin, obviously nervous about the difficult task of leading an orchestral accompaniment, was also not at his best in this concerto.

Next week Dr Koussevitzky plans to conduct the first public performances of Stravinsky's new "Symphony of Psalms," Stravinsky Capriccio for piano, and Mozart's G minor symphony and Bach's fugue in E flat, orchestrated by Schoenberg. The Cecilia Society chorus will assist the orchestra.

P. R.

New Krenek, Old Sibelius, Novel Burgin

The Deputy-Conductor Excels
Himself with Two
Composers

UNTIL yesterday, self-consciousness was Mr. Burgin's bane as solo-violinist or deputy-conductor at Symphony Hall. Seated in his usual place at the head of the strings, he escaped it. There these ten years he has been spirited, sensitive, steady, concert-master. From time to time he has taken the solo-part in a violin-concerto—and never done himself full justice. (Probably he came nearest it when he played Sibelius's Concerto last spring.) Violinist all his life, now ripened into a fine-fibered musician, uneasiness—not with the music in hand or with the orchestra behind him, but with his inner self—seemingly oppressed him. He was as one who did not like to be left alone on the edge of a great platform with something to play and an audience waiting to hear. . . . Similarly with his conducting as substitute for Dr. Koussevitzky on holiday or, as this week in Cambridge and Boston, indisposed. Then again sight and thought of the audience seemed to constrain him. There he was, by himself, on a conspicuous stand, with a difficult job and no one near to help, though he and everyone else knew that a friendly orchestra sat ready to his askings. Self-confidence plainly forsook him; while the listener thought to himself what an admirable conductor Mr. Burgin must be—in his own rooms. Only on one or two occasions at the Young People's Concerts has he thrown off these constraints and conducted confidently, spiritedly, as one unoppressed.

There is not a reason why the adult assemblage of Friday afternoon or, for that matter, Saturday evening, should turn Mr. Burgin uneasy. It is as full of good will toward him as the orchestra itself, year in and year out saying as much in applause of welcome and approval. At last he has made that discovery for himself; regained confidence, becoming confidence. Yesterday conducted as never before at any Hall, even with those young-pieces for boys and girls. Mr. is no fanatical modernist; but he stands intelligently and sympathetically that such composers are trying to do the orchestra is excelled by no with a bow toward Philadelphia—ert and characterizing performance this music. He led it through s "Little Symphony" with a light, hand; opened out intricate counterpoint; spared not with insistences; made adept and vivacious play strings of scrappy motifs; turned notes as though they were the most of musical means, as indeed they the composer's generation; gave sole place its true air of modish entertainment.

Mozart's Piano-concerto in A major. Burgin was not so fortunate, the assisting pianist, Bruce of Yale, was by no means blameless. The deputy-conductor had thrust the oppression of an audience, the of a pianist to be accompanied him uneasy. His hand stiff, the flowing, variable, luminous. He exaggerated contrasts, a fleet finale at the expense of a slow-paced middle movement; let a dull orchestral tone dull Mozartean. Nor did the pianist come to the . . . Intermission and a rest. Burgin outdoing himself, beyond expectation, through Sibelius's First Symphony. The deputy-conductor has worked in the North; known contacts with the composer. Pole Mr. Burgin is by birth, Sibelius's speech stimulates him. He master of form and content in the symphony; missed no characteristic trait; a resolute moment; found and entered the tone that is voice to the deepened or heightened measure of measure. Orchestra and audience impetus of remarkable performance from both at the end there was applause.

Chemists of music play their We others, if we liked, could find and more—of Chalkovsky, Grieg, German here, Scandinavian this Symphony of Sibelius written years ago. We prefer, however, regard them as residue from the stock of music in that particular, which no young composer, in and assimilating, could escape turn of the century any than nowadays he could cut in Ravel or Stravinsky. As well youthful poet for shaping a or purpling a line after the man.

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P. R.

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There is not a reassemblage of Frida that matter. Saturday Mr. Burgin undoubtedly will toward himself, year in and much in applause of approval. At last he recovery for himself

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Let the chemists of music play their game. We others, if we liked, could find traces—and more—of Chaikovsky, Grieg, Wagner, German here, Scandinavian there, in this Symphony of Sibelius written thirty years ago. We prefer, however, to regard them as residue from the common stock of music in that particular time, which no young composer, inquiring and assimilating, could escape at the turn of the century any more than nowadays he could cut free from Ravel or Stravinsky. As well blame a youthful poet for shaping a cadence or purpling a line after the man-

ner of the good, the great and the fashionable around him.

Nor need we others dally, as superior persons, with the alleged neglect of Sibelius's symphonies, from this first to the last and possibly the final eighth. From the days of Gericke who introduced the second in 1904, to the days of Koussevitzky with the third, fifth, and thence onward, the Finn has been no overlooked composer at Symphony Hall. If Rabaud through seven months ignored him, Muck played him through seven years. London, Manchester, German cities hear him more than occasionally. He is household word in Stockholm, Copenhagen and Helsingfors; each a musically intelligent city. True, he is no Latin and "maestros"—the fashionable word for conductors in New York—may not be drawn to him. The Manhattanese, who annually lament the disregard of Sibelius, may be mistaking their own city of light for an appreciably larger and different world.

What we others would hear, and to hear more than once, in this First Symphony is the unmistakable voice of Sibelius himself. It sounds in masculine strength and urge out of the first movement and the finale. It may be heard, stark and rough, from the scherzo. It sings the song of the slow movement, remembering, haunted, in gray tones of wan sweetness. For it forgives an occasional and ultimately alien lushness from Chaikovsky over the Russian border. We would also find the hand we have come to know upon Sibelius's later music. We feel it in measures that even thus early are written in bare line; or colored in black and gray; or so wrought that substance and sound are as one, with no superfluity between. For these individualities pass over an occasional Wagnerian fullness. The voice, the hand and also the spirit. It beats and surges, clanging, through the second half of the first movement. After the storm, the silence—and the Andante transmutes it into sound. Native wildness pierces out of the Scherzo. Darksome brooding descends upon the beginning of the finale. Time and again in the retrospect of 1930, we recognize qualities of which this Symphony of 1900 was more than token.

Unless we are younger and less accustomed than many in Symphony Hall on a Friday or a Saturday, the old prepossessions persist and mislead when we would listen sympathetically to modernist music. Having heard quite as much as is good for us about the "majestic" Handel or the "heavenly" Mozart, we instinctively bid composers, born into this twentieth century, go and do likewise, if, and

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The le else, seemed yes- d plan of Krenck's French reviewer, hearing a Mr. Kleiber last thing of special im- ettes lto stir interest and the listener is one ed souls who affect service towers into the the od lofty intellect car- fin qv plentiful, in or out that it may not be few be when Krenck pro- venty-odd minutes?

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W m the game to flow nple, quite unsenti- antic mood new fla- M idice, there is not a the song begun by onest tune—a tune. le Place its simplicity as it rmonic fat or instru- The finale is dance- ling, with a tango- By all odds a reflec- the younger genera- urope sees, hears, Food prod ives. It makes an choly streaks it. It the farmer is restless and less In short, a tifle of nt and dis ale and by no means ity and linear coun- a part of our young- her we like them or n the auto v accepting them, as great many ssyan harmonies or Converse ms. The error of k up it in hibited for the first ent in the technical skill for its

own sake and the connoisseurs'. It is familiar pitfall for German modern- ists, Schönberg prompting. Krenck's quick hand and changeful impulses do not always mask it. . . . Fortunately, the youngsters in the house gave him warm welcome.

To the Piano-Concerto of Mozart, which was middle item in the program, it is hardly necessary to return. Most of it is workaday Mozart, needing a transmuting touch and spirit that evaded both Dr. Burgin and Mr. Simonds. Of the deputy-conductor enough has been said. The pianist lacked for the time the d scriminating hand, shading here, measuring there, that he has often plied in Boston; let his tone run opaque, left fuzz on his phrases, so spared his periods that light barely shone through. Nor, had his usual sen ibility served him, would he have taken the Andante so slowly—an eight-enth-century Andante to boot, quicker by report than ours. A stodgy Mozart is not easy to bear. Both Mr. Burgin and Mr. Simonds tried too hard. H. T. P.

Boston Symphony Orchestra

Returning from the Beethoven Festival of the Boston Symphony Orchestra held at Washington Dec. 2-6, Dr. Serge Koussevitzky felt that he was entitled to a respite; and not unreasonably, since his labors are seldom interrupted, and since, by report, he devoted special efforts to making successful the celebration at the national capital. Richard Burgin, the concertmaster, took the baton, therefore, for the eighth pair of concerts in Symphony Hall, Boston, the first of which was held on the afternoon of Dec. 12. Mr. Burgin opened his program with a first Boston performance of Ernst Krenck's "Little Symphony," op. 58, continued it with Mozart's A major Piano Concerto (Bruce Simonds, soloist) and closed it with the First Symphony of Sibelius. It is pleasant to record that as vicar he acquitted himself with distinction.

Krenck's "Little Symphony" is to the concert hall what "Jonny Spielt Auf" is to the opera house. Although the music is clothed in symphonic form, it is, like its big brother, a pot-

pourri, with jazz and romance alternating. The composer's program note says: "The dance character of the music was suggested by my use in the score of plucked instruments; two banjos, two mandolins, guitar and harp. These instruments were not employed, however, because of their association with jazz, but because of their appropriateness to the vibrating, rattling, metallic sound which I had conceived for the expression of my music." Which recalls Stravinsky insisting that the music of the "Sacre" came to him first, the "program" afterward.

But we are concerned not with the composer's words, but with his music. There can be no doubt that he knows his way about. His play with tonalities and with free counterpoint is sufficient evidence of that, even if he had not deliberately discarded in this symphony the violas and the cellos, and added to the orchestral family some distant relations from the dance hall—this clinches the argument that he is a man of mark. We must add, however, that he has proved again that jazz does not grow at its most luxurious in European soil, and that a want of significant thematic material is not to be compensated by compositional and orchestral legerdemain. But as the present listener commented nearly two years ago, after hearing "Jonny," "let us not take the matter too seriously. We are dealing merely with a diverting entertainment."

Mr. Simonds, an excellent pianist and a scholarly musician, found himself at home in the classic style of the concerto. If one wished at moments for a more limpid tone or for more exquisite phrasing, one admired at the same time the chaste musicality of this artist. Mr. Simonds' performance was received by the audience with marked cordiality.

Some years ago we gave deep offense to a reader by referring to the Sibelius First as the "Finnish Pathetic." We hope that reader was present at the concert under review. Hearing this performance, brilliant in tone and surcharged with emotion, surely he would withdraw his protest.

L. A. S.

ner of the good, the great and the fable around him.

Nor need we others dally, as so persons, with the alleged neglect of Sibelius's symphonies, from this the last and possibly the final. From the days of Gerike who produced the second in 1904, to the Koussevitzky with the third, fifth thence onward, the Finn has been overlooked composer at Symphony. If Rabaud through seven months of him, Muck played him through years. London, Manchester, cities hear him more than once. He is household word in Stockholm and Helsingfors; each sically intelligent city. True, he Latin and "maestros"—the fashion word for conductors in New York not be drawn to him. The Man ese, who annually lament the of Sibelius, may be mistaking the city of light for an appreciably and different world.

What we others would hear, hear more than once, in this First phony is the unmistakable voice of Sibelius himself. It sounds in strength and urge out of the first ment and the finale. It may be stark and rough, from the scherz, sings the song of the slow movement, remembering, haunted, in gray wan sweetness. For it forgives sional and ultimately alien lushness. Chaikovsky over the Russian border would also find the hand we have to know upon Sibelius's later music feel it in measures that even they are written in bare line; or cold black and gray; or so wrought the stance and sound are as one, with superfluity between. For these qualities pass over an occasional nerian fullness. The voice, the ha also the spirit. It beats and clanging, through the second half first movement. After the stor silence—and the Andante trans into sound. Native wildness pier of the Scherzo. Darksome b descends upon the beginning of the Time and again in the ret of 1930, we recognize qualities of this Symphony of 1900 was more token.

Unless we are younger and less tomed than many in Symphony Hall Friday or a Saturday, the old pre sions persist and mislead when we listen sympathetically to mo music. Having heard quite as much good for us about the "majestic" or the "heavenly" Mozart, we inst ly bid composers, born into this twentieth century, go and do likewise,

so far, as they can. Because Beethoven was "cosmic," is there no virtue in those a century after him, unless they also scale heights and plumb depths? "Hark, hark, the lark" and Schubert's song mounts to the skies. Because he left such an heritage, must the sons of an dipped? Wagner wrought his marvels, all-embracing. We unconsciously deny his genius, when he would have other music-making souls proportionately vast. Our prepossessions, inherited from the nineteenth century, forbid us a music designed and accomplished "merely" to please and entertain.

To do both, and little else, seemed yesterday the purpose and plan of Krenek's "Little Symphony." A reviewer, hearing it in New York from Mr. Kleiber last November, found "nothing of special import." Need there be to stir interest and give pleasure, unless the listener is one of those too spiritualized souls who affect to descend from ivory towers into the concert-hall? Another lofty intellect cried away "no ideas." Is light and civilized entertainment so plentiful, in or out of the concert-room, that it may not be agreeably remembered when Krenek provides it through twenty-odd minutes? His orchestra promises amusement—no strings, but would have at will metallic tones and plucked rhythms. He juggles with short-breathed motifs, switches and tosses them about, in his first movement. The game is diverting to follow—when a composer has so quick a hand at modulation, piles rhythm so insistently.

Hindemith-like, from the game to flow of feeling, light, simple, quite unsentimental—the old romantic mood new flavored. Except prejudice, there is not a reason to doubt that the song begun by the clarinet is an honest tune—a tune, moreover, keeping to its simplicity as it expands, without harmonic fat or instrumental cosmetics. The finale is dance-like, metallic sounding, with a tango-like, rhythmic haunting it. By all odds a reflection of our time, as the younger generation in Central Europe sees, hears, thinks, feels and lives. It makes an adept din, but melancholy streaks it. It plays about, but it is restless and less than happy. In short, a title of a piece, but agreeable and by no means empty. And atonality and linear counterpoint? They are a part of our youngsters' idiom. Whether we like them or not, we are gradually accepting them, as we agreed to Debussyan harmonies or Stravinskian rhythms. The error of Krenek, as here exhibited for the first time in Boston, is technical skill for it

own sake and the connoisseurs'. It is familiar pitfall for German modernists, Schönberg prompting. Krenek's quick hand and changeable impulses do not always mask it. Fortunately, the youngsters in the house gave him warm welcome.

To the Piano-Concerto of Mozart, which was middle item in the program, it is hardly necessary to return. Most of it is workaday Mozart, needing a transmuting touch and spirit that evaded both Dr. Burgin and Mr. Simonds. Of the deputy-conductor enough has been said. The pianist lacked for the time the discriminating hand, shading here, measuring there, that he has often plied in Boston; let his tone run opaque, left fuzz on his phrases, so spaced his periods that light barely shone through. Nor, had his usual sensibility served him, would he have taken the Andante so slowly—an eighteenth-century Andante to boot, quicker by report than ours. A stodgy Mozart is not easy to bear. Both Mr. Burgin and Mr. Simonds tried too hard. H. T. P.

Boston Symphony Orchestra

Returning from the Beethoven Festival of the Boston Symphony Orchestra held at Washington Dec. 2-6, Dr. Serge Koussevitzky felt that he was entitled to a respite; and not unreasonably, since his labors are seldom interrupted, and since, by report, he devoted special efforts to making successful the celebration at the national capital. Richard Burgin, the concertmaster, took the baton, therefore, for the eighth pair of concerts in Symphony Hall, Boston, the first of which was held on the afternoon of Dec. 12. Mr. Burgin opened his program with a first Boston performance of Ernst Krenek's "Little Symphony," op. 58, continued it with Mozart's A major Piano Concerto (Bruce Simonds, soloist) and closed it with the First Symphony of Sibelius. It is pleasant to record that as vicar he acquitted himself with distinction.

Krenek's "Little Symphony" is to the concert hall what "Jonny Spielt Auf" is to the opera house. Although the music is clothed in symphonic form, it is, like its big brother, a pot-

pourri, with jazz and romance alternating. The composer's program note says: "The dance character of the music was suggested by my use in the score of plucked instruments; two banjos, two mandolins, guitar and harp. These instruments were not employed, however, because of their association with jazz, but because of their appropriateness to the vibrating, rattling, metallic sound which I had conceived for the expression of my music." Which recalls Stravinsky insisting that the music of the "Sacre" came to him first, the "program" afterward.

But we are concerned not with the composer's words, but with his music. There can be no doubt that he knows his way about. His play with tonalities and with free counterpoint is sufficient evidence of that, even if he had not deliberately discarded in this symphony the violas and the cellos, and added to the orchestral family some distant relations from the dance hall—this clinches the argument that he is a man of mark. We must add, however, that he has proved again that jazz does not grow at its most luxurious in European soil, and that a want of significant thematic material is not to be compensated by compositional and orchestral legerdemain. But as the present listener commented nearly two years ago, after hearing "Jonny," "let us not take the matter too seriously. We are dealing merely with a diverting entertainment."

Mr. Simonds, an excellent pianist and a scholarly musician, found himself at home in the classic style of the concerto. If one wished at moments for a more limpid tone or for more exquisite phrasing, one admired at the same time the chaste musicality of this artist. Mr. Simonds' performance was received by the audience with marked cordiality.

Some years ago we gave deep offense to a reader by referring to the Sibelius First as the "Finnish Pathetic." We hope that reader was present at the concert under review. Hearing this performance, brilliant in tone and surcharged with emotion, surely he would withdraw his protest.

L. A. S.

LITTLE AND BIG WORK BY SYMPHONY

Krenek's Banjo Piece and Sibelius' First Played

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

For Dr. Koussevitzky, indisposed, so it is said, as the result of his struggles with an ill-trained chorus at the recent Beethoven Festival in Washington, there can be only sympathy and hope for a speedy recovery. Yet the Symphony concert, led by Richard Burgin, yesterday, was one that for the moment amply satisfied, one indeed that could ill have been spared.

SIBELIUS' FIRST

There was yesterday the Little Symphony of Ernest Krenek of "Jonny Spielt Auf" fame, that as a representative work of a much-talked-of composer deserved a hearing in Symphony Hall. There was the second of Mozart's two piano concertos in A major, delightfully played by Bruce Simmonds and delightfully accompanied by Mr. Burgin and the orchestra. And there was, for fitting climax to an enjoyable afternoon and in a performance that did full justice to the music, a masterpiece from the hand of one of the few truly vital figures among living composers, the First Symphony of Sibelius.

Krenek's Little Symphony, written in May and June of 1928 when the prolific composer of the most celebrated of jazz operas, was still in his 29th year, is symptomatic of the tendency on the part of many of the Central European music-makers to treat their art not seriously but flippantly and perhaps a shade contemptuously.

Banjos and Mandolins

Krenek writes for a small orchestra from which violas and cellos are absent, their places filled by two mandolins, two banjos and a guitar. The first of the three movements is clever, ingenious, original in ideas and in treatment, although the jazz at the end of it seems impertinent and obtrusive, distracting if diverting, amusing yet annoying. The second movement is one of conscious simplicity, not without charm and a personal flavor and distinguished by curious effects in instrumentation.

The Finale, in Tango rhythm, with its liberal use of plucked and pulsatile instruments, aims merely to entertain, and if one be not too highbrow, too jealous of the traditional dignity of symphony concerts, fulfills its mission.

Power and Beauty

But what a rebuke to the fooleries and superficialities of Krenek were the burning sincerities, the passionate utterance, the might and power, the beauty and pathos, of Sibelius' Symphony, written before young men were world-weary and disillusioned. It would be interesting to come back in 50 years and see how the first two symphonies of the Finn have fared in comparison with the more individual but for most of us less forcefully appealing Sixth and Seventh. Incidentally, is it not high time that the Fourth was heard again in Symphony Hall?

Yesterday's audience welcomed this puissant First Symphony gladly and heartily, and applauded until Mr. Burgin bade the players, who throughout the afternoon had given him notable co-operation, rise and bow.

FIFTIETH SEASON, NINETEEN HUNDRED THIRTY AND THIRTY-ONE

Ninth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, DECEMBER 19, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 20, at 8.15 o'clock

Mozart Symphony in G minor (Koechel No. 550)

- I. Allegro molto.
- II. Andante.
- III. Menuetto; Trio.
- IV. Finale: Allegro assai.

Stravinsky "Symphonie de Psalms," for Orchestra with Chorus

- I. Psalm XXXVIII (Verses 13 and 14).
- II. Psalm XXXIX (Verses 2, 3 and 4).
- III. Psalm CL (Entire).

(Played without pause)

(First performance in America; Composed for the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Boston Symphony Orchestra)

Stravinsky "Symphonie de Psalms" (repeated)

Stravinsky Capriccio for Piano and Orchestra

- I. Presto.
- II. Andante rapsodico.
- III. Allegro capriccioso, ma tempo giusto.

(Played without pause)

Piano Solo: JESÚS MARÍA SANROMÁ

(First Time in America)

Bach Prelude and Fugue in E-flat for Organ
(Arranged for Orchestra by Schönberg)

CECILIA SOCIETY CHORUS (Arthur Fiedler, Conductor)

STEINWAY PIANOS

There will be an intermission after Stravinsky's "Symphonie de Psalms"

A fiftieth anniversary exhibition is now on view in the Huntington Avenue foyer
(first balcony)

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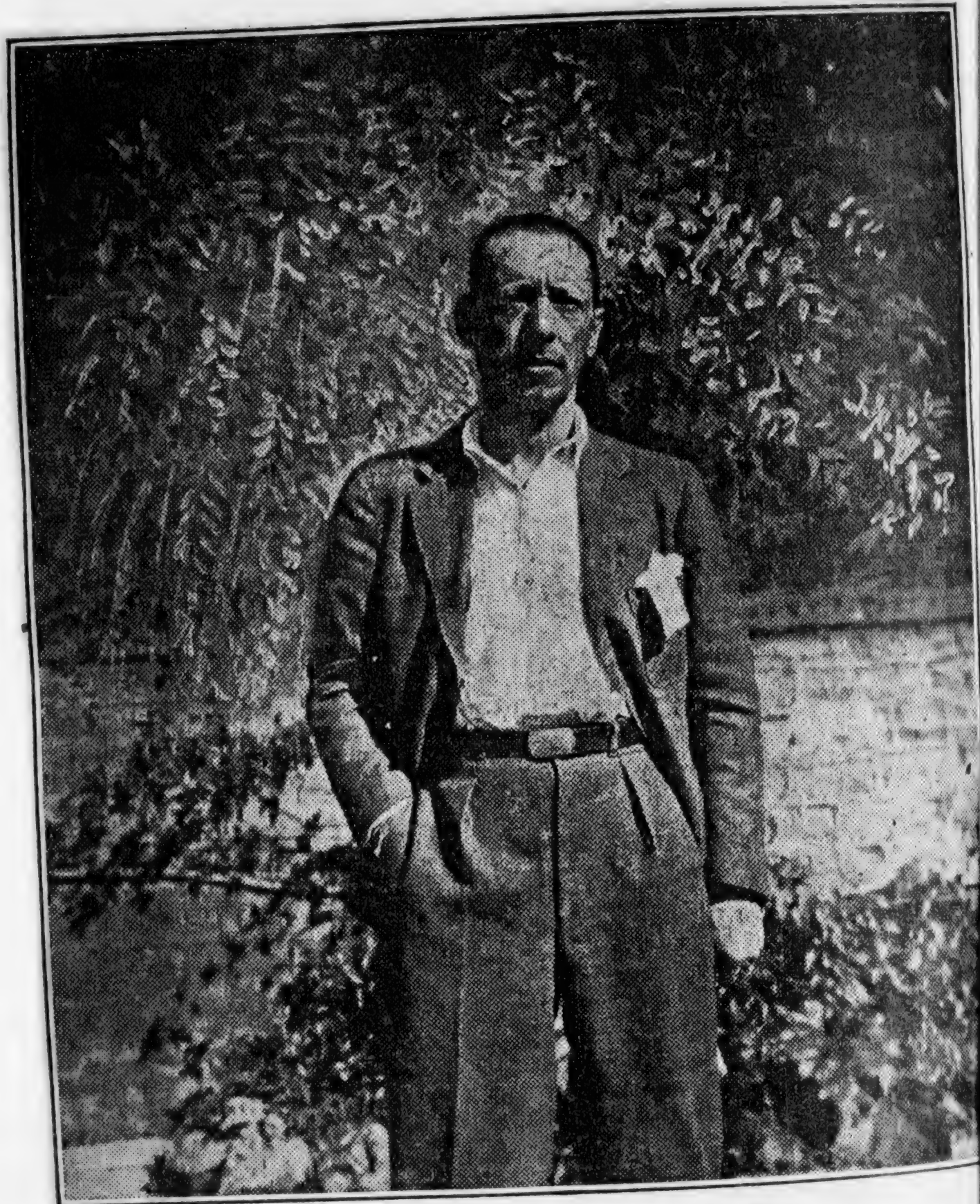
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Stravinsky (Summer, 1930)

Snapshot Taken at Plombières-les-Bains in the Vosges

SYMPHONY CONCERT

Handed By PHILIP HALE 1764 29

The ninth concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky conductor, took place in Symphony hall yesterday afternoon. The program was as follows: Mozart symphony in G minor. Stravinsky, "Symphonie de Psaumes" for orchestra and chorus, composed for the jubilee of the orchestra; Capriccio for piano and orchestra (first time in this country); Bach, prelude and Fugue in E flat major for organ, orchestrated by Arnold Schoenberg. The orchestra was assisted by the Cecilia Society, which had been trained by its conductor, Arthur Fiedler. The pianist was Mr. Sanroma.

It has been said that Stravinsky of late is deeply religious; that he may devote himself to the glorification of God in music. This rumor possibly arose from the fact that he dedicated his "Symphonie de Psaumes" to the orchestra, but composed it, as he states on the title page, "to the glory of God." And so Bruckner intended to dedicate his unfinished ninth symphony to the Lord God Omnipotent. But is this new symphony of Stravinsky the devout, more musical, more poetic, more imaginative than the compositions written in his supposedly pagan state? It surely is a less engrossing work, less interesting musically than the wordly Capriccio played yesterday and produced at Paris last December. Stravinsky should remember that he can show religious devotion in a ballet—even if Apollo is his hero—or in music that fascinates by jazz rhythms or by the suggestion of them. He might say with Sir Thomas Browne: "For even that vulgar and tavern music, which makes one man merry, another mad, strikes in me a deep fit of devotion, and a profound contemplation of the first composer."

Stravinsky went to the Psalms for inspiration, choosing the sonorous text of the Vulgate Verses of the 39th (the number in the King James version). Verses that are a prayer, an entreaty; from the 40th in which the Psalmist rejoices that his cry was heard, that he was taken from the horrible pit and the miry clay; and the 150th in which the people are urged, and all things that have breath, to praise the Lord with the sound of all manner of instruments. His choice of instruments for these psalms is peculiar: no violins, no violas; but five flutes, many other wind instruments, a harp. He called for two pianos. Although the psalmist wished organs and high sounding cymbals to give praise, Stravinsky would not be the man to be so literal in his orchestration.

It is to be regretted that the repetition of this symphony did not take place as first announced, for much that was strange, almost foreign to the text might then have seemed pertinently eloquent. Schoenberg's arrangement of Bach's organ prelude and figure might better have been omitted. Without the repetition the concert was too long as it was. The orchestral interludes are the most baffling portions of the symphony at the first hearing. They seem to be purposeless; hardly designed to put one in the mood for the following text; not a musical commentary on what has preceded. Was it the composer's endeavor to be Hebraic in his music? Hebraic in spirit, after the manner of Ernest Bloch—but not too reminiscent of the synagogue? The ending of the first psalm is indeed beautiful, originally beautiful; so is the treatment of the Alleluia later. And Stravinsky escaped the temptation of making the Psalm of Jubilation one prolonged shout; there is a most effective passage in it to be sung in a subdued manner, as by worshippers in awe of the majesty of the Lord. The symphony is of such importance that it demands a second hearing, one not too long deferred.

The Capriccio is rightly named; the capriciousness is enchanting. Here is an answer, if one were needed, to the charge that Stravinsky is not a melodist when he wishes; that he can write only patterns and rhythmic experiments; that his music is only cerebral. In this Capriccio he may at times entertain the spirit of the music hall, but there is no vulgarity; his tunes are not over-ripe. They incite spiritual gaiety, not a tapping of heels on the floor. His gaiety flags a little for a moment in the second section, but even then the diabolically clever use of orchestral instruments while the piano maintains a pleasingly monotonous figure is in itself a joy. Mr. Sanroma played the piano with a brilliance that was musical, never metallic; with the appropriate capriciousness of mood. Dr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra played as if inspired. And so yesterday the worldly Stravinsky triumphed as far as the audience was concerned over Stravinsky the devout.

There was an exquisite performance of Mozart's symphony, music and a performance of pure beauty. No detail was neglected; no one was unduly emphasized. Never have we heard, for example, so charming an interpretation of the Trio in the Minuet.

Mr. Leopold Stokowski, who has tinkered some of Bach's compositions for orchestral use, explained his reasons a few days ago: "Bach was just a sleepy old man, but a wonderful musician, of course. The music appeals to me for

what can be done with it. What matters is the result." No doubt Mr. Stokowski is pleased with the result of his tinkering. Herr Schoenberg has not commented on Bach's sleepiness; he looked on the organ piece as affording a study in orchestration. When Mr. Toscanini conducted Respighi's transcription of Bach's Passacaglia last week in New York Mr. William J. Henderson remarked: "Maybe it is commendable to dress Bach's organ music for orchestration lest it remain unheard by the multitude, but when listening to these metamorphoses this music lover cannot help remembering the line: 'I sometimes think 'twere better had I left the Lord alone.'"

The concert will be repeated tonight. Next week Lourie's "Sonate Liturgique" (with alto voices) and Mahler's "Song of the Earth," symphony for tenor (Mr. Crooks), contralto (Mme. Matzenauer) and orchestra.

SYMPHONY HAS DAY OF STRAVINSKY

'Symphony of Psalms'
and "Capriccio"
Performed

Post — Dec. 20, 1930

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Dr. Koussevitzky has recovered from his recent indisposition and, to judge by his conducting of yesterday afternoon, is none the worse and is, perhaps, even the fresher for his enforced vacation. Yesterday's was, indeed, in many ways a most diverting Symphony concert, thanks not a little to Mr. Igor Stravinsky's new and engaging custom of reminding us of

composers more engrossing or entertaining than himself.

TWO STRAVINSKY NOVELTIES

There were two novelties by the Gallicized Russian, who is still the best "copy" among living composers: a "Symphony of Psalms" for orchestra and chorus, in which the Cecilia Society assisted, and a capriccio for piano and orchestra, the solo part of which fell to the exceedingly capable hands of Jesus Maria Sanroma.

The symphony is one of the many scores composed in honor of the 50th anniversary of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and had it been played last week, as originally planned, the performance in Symphony Hall would have been a world premiere. Instead the first performance took place at Brussels last Saturday; but at least yesterday's was the first performance in this country, as was that of the capriccio.

Reseats the Players

As texts for the choral portion of his symphony Stravinsky chose two verses from the 38th psalm, three from the 39th and the whole of the 40th. He scored his orchestral parts for wind and percussion instruments, two pianos, harp, cellos and basses. This made necessary a reseating of the orchestra and Dr. Koussevitzky bade flutes, oboes and bassoons occupy the first chairs of the violins and placed the four horns where violas usually sit. Accordingly some in the audience had their first good look at a bassoon and must needs inquire of their musically more erudite neighbors just what those funny instruments were.

At the outset Stravinsky's so-called symphony arrested and gripped the listener, creating the impression that the composer had regained his old power of incisive utterance. There was a semi-barbaric wildness in the opening measures that recalled the psalms of Bloch and Honegger's "King David," although Stravinsky here speaks with his own voice.

Exactly Like "Tosca"

After that the music languished; the choral writing proved ungrateful and ineffective; there was little of the fervor, the elevation of mood that the words so plainly suggested.

Only when there was a definite and decided rhythm—and rhythm is one thing of which the present-day Stravinsky is still master—did the music regain its hold upon the hearer, until the end of the third psalm was reached and here Stravinsky has either recalled the finale of the first act of "Tosca" or

miraculously hit upon the same idea. Whichever it was, it was a case of Puccini to the rescue. Like the beginning, the end of the symphony proved effective.

Seemingly the Cecilia chorus performed well its difficult and generally unrewarding task and there was much of applause when Dr. Koussevitzky brought forward Arthur Fiedler, who had trained the singers in this exacting music.

Bound to Be Popular

The new Capriccio, and in this it would seem to differ from the symphony, is bound to be popular with audiences. Although somewhat spotty and disjointed, perhaps in deference to its title, it is effectively written for the solo instrument and it is full of engaging if undistinguished and reminiscent and at times somewhat inexpensive tunes. There is suggestion in the first movement of the rhetorical and showy style of Weber and Chopin, though the second hark back to the early 18th century. There is more that is Weberish and Chopinesque in the finale, together with a good deal that misses neither vulgarity nor triviality, that recalls the type of music associated with cafe orchestras. The audience liked the Capriccio; and that one cynic could dub the piece "Ten Minutes with Old Friends" merely suggested a reason for its popularity. Again there was applause that was redoubled when Dr. Koussevitzky escorted the young pianist to the podium and affectionately patted him on the shoulder.

Mozart's Symphony in G minor, in exquisite performance, began the concert and Schoenberg's elaborate orchestration of Bach's E-flat major organ Prelude and Fugue brought it to a sonorous close.

NEW STRAVINSKY AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Two new works by Stravinsky were performed for the first time in America at yesterday's Symphony concert. One of them, entitled "Symphonie de Psalms," for orchestra and chorus, is dedicated "To the Glory of God, and to the Boston Symphony Orchestra, on the occasion of its 50th anniversary."

The postponement of the first performances here, caused by Dr. Koussevitzky's illness, unexpectedly gave the "world premiere" to Brussels, where a performance was scheduled for Dec. 13. The other is a Capriccio for piano and orchestra, first performed at Paris Dec. 6, 1929.

A chorus from the Cecilia Society, trained by Arthur Fiedler, assisted in the "Symphonie de Psalms." The pianist in the Capriccio was Jesus M. Sanroma. The concert began with Mozart's G-minor Symphony and ended with Bach's organ prelude and fugue in E flat arranged by Schoenberg.

Dr. Koussevitzky at the last moment decided not to repeat the "Symphonie de Psalms" on this week's programs. It will be performed again later in the season instead of twice at each of the same pair of concerts, as first planned.

The "Symphonie de Psalms" is a setting for chorus and orchestra of verses from the 38th, 39th and the entire 150th Psalm, in the Latin text of the Vulgate. There are three movements. "Hear my prayer, O Lord, and give ear unto my cry" is the first line of the first of the three texts. "I waited patiently for the Lord, and He inclined unto me, and heard my cry," begins the second. "Praise ye the Lord, praise God in His sanctuary," exults the last.

Stravinsky has scored his music for an original grouping of instruments. He does not use violins or violas or clarinets. There are five flutes, four oboes, other wind and brass instruments, harp, two pianos, cellos and double basses.

This work is not a symphony in the sense of the term current since the time of Haydn. Stravinsky has remembered that in the 18th century "Symphonie," or more commonly "Sinfonia," was used for almost any work in one or more connected movements, regardless of formal structure.

One's impression at a first hearing is that the "Symphonie de Psalms" is a masterpiece, and a masterpiece in a style somewhat different from anything Stravinsky has hitherto given us. Here he conceals rather than obtrudes the rhythmic complexities and subtleties that pervade so much of his work. Here, more markedly than ever before, he is able to express restrained emotion by musical means within the reach only of a master technician who makes his own rules.

One feared, looking over the text beforehand, that the setting of the 150th psalm, to which the rest of the work leads up, would prove a vulgar shout of triumph like some of the choruses in Gounod's oratorios, and the perorations of minor 19th century symphonic poems. On the contrary, the joy is mystical exultation, not pompous triumph, and there is no single big climax, but a wave-like succession of small climaxes. The end is quiet, but with no sensational pianissimo effect.

The real test of a new work is whether it stirs one's emotions. The "Symphonie de Psaumes" made a profound impression. Its originality is too great for it to have instant popular appeal. But one looks forward to a day when audiences will give it applause more unanimous than yesterday's applause was.

The Capriccio is a brilliantly written and thoroughly ingratiating piece of light music, also very ingeniously scored for orchestra. Its themes, rather surprisingly, are in the vein of Tchaikovsky's "Nutcracker" suite, or of the ballet music of Delibes. But the vivacity, the rhythmic ingenuities, the harmonic and contrapuntal effects display the fertility and the modernity of Stravinsky's talent.

One felt that the music ought to be banal, yet, somehow, it wasn't. The audience was enthusiastic over the Capriccio, recalling Mr. Sanroma and Dr. Koussevitzky again and again. Mr. Sanroma had given a remarkably brilliant performance of the very exacting solo part, and quite deserved to be patted on the head for it publicly, as he was by the conductor.

Dr. Koussevitzky and the performers acquitted themselves well in the Stravinsky. The Bach was eloquently played. In the Mozart symphony the tempo of the first movement was not, as it so often is, unduly rapid. On the whole, this was as good a reading of Mozart as Dr. Koussevitzky has yet offered here, and an improvement over some he has given.

For next week Mahler's "Lied von der Erde" and a new "Sonate Liturgique" by Lourie fill the announced program. *Globe Dec. 20, 1920* P. R.

Symphonic Day Of Stravinsky Doubly Tested

The "Symphony of Psalms"
and the Caprice in First
American Hearings

PARIS would have called yesterday's Symphony Concert a "Grand Gala Stravinsky." . . . Two pieces by the illustrious composer, each played for the first time in America; one, a "Symphony of Psalms," written for the Boston Orchestra to mark

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Symphony, the Stravinsky of "The Rite" and the Stravinsky of "Oedipus" are together climbing the ridge.

Consider, first the idiom and the nature of the "Symphony of Psalms." The music is persistently spare, sinewy, stripped. With equal persistence, it is economical and precise. Nothing seems obscure to the ear, even at first hearing. Nothing evades the eye as it traverses the staves. One may not add or subtract a note, set in or strike out an inflection, alter one timbre in the orchestra, one progression for the chorus, without distorting a musical texture, both close-knit and clear-knit. The idiom is unchangeably contrapuntal, yet incessantly fluid. There is line, rhythm—in the persistent play of figures in motion; but little harmonic color. Out of polytonality the dissonances are born, sharp-edged or hollow. There is fugal development in the second division. It is strict. Archaisms, especially in the choral parts, occur and recur—the archaisms of primitive directness and austerity rather than of historical or atavistic imagination. If the motifs, concise and bare almost to curtness, are suggestive of the liturgy of the Greek Church, then has that ritual been touched by the orientalisms to which early Russia was near and absorbent. Throughout there is full resource and complete mastery of orchestral and choral sonorities. Stravinsky composes as directly for an orchestra individualized, for a chorus massed, as did Strauss in prime.

Consider now the thought conceived, the emotion released. They are the expression of a single religious spirit. Yet it is fain to imagine and to compass them, as from the minds and hearts of massed men and women—the tribe, if the hearer sets store by the archaisms and orientalisms. Hence the extent and importance of the choral part. Being massed expression, Stravinsky would have it as impersonal as may be. Therefore the suggestion on the title page of children's voices—an impossible notion with so exacting a music.

The first division entreats the Lord God; bows in submission; rises in supplication. The music is persistently sombre, save when it sharpens in pang or petition. The listener thinks back to the Introduction to the Second Part of the pagan "Rite"; finds here in degree, twenty years on and expressed in another idiom, its Christian counterpart. . . . Through the beginning, the second division waits in contrition—a fugue penetrated with a state of spirit. There is suspensive orchestral interlude; then gathering, upswelling sonorities. The Lord God hath put "a new song" into the minds and hearts of men. . . . The third division sings it. The orchestra begins in lum-

Dec. 13,

inous and quasi-mystical evocation. Stravinsky touches beauty. The choral sonorities enter and upswell—"Praise ye the Lord in his sanctuary." Stravinsky releases power. "Praise Him with the psalter and the harp . . . with the timbrel and the dance." The pulse of the music quickens; the timbres of orchestra and voices brighten; but the austerity does not much or long relax. The sequence of praise mounts, clanging deeper and higher; hushes itself with awe; poises at climax, the flight completed; sinks and stills.

The stark and sinewy musical texture has not altered; nor the directness, gravity, austerity, of thought, emotion and speech. Here sounds religious faith, stripped of upholsteries and gauds, of sentiment, almost of mystery. Yet of stark strength and darksome splendor when its voice, in contrition, in entreaty or in praise, ascends to the Lord who is God. Stravinsky reads in the Old Testament, not the New. Proclaiming an individual faith, the old tribal instinct seizes and possesses him. In this "Symphony of Psalms," hearers may suspect another height, possibly another summit. At the least, Stravinsky is again his intrinsic self.

Upon the Caprice, commentators, like the composer, have loosed the reins of fancy. One Parisian reviewer, quoted recently in these columns, imagined into it a fantastic, many-sided tale of Harlequin, life, nature. Another, reprinted in the program-book, finds it "touched with mystery," swarming "with phantoms and ghosts." Not to be behindhand, Stravinsky himself intimates that his cherished Chaikovsky was "the point of departure," apparent in "melodic material" and "certain orchestral effects." It is a pity that he did not mark them in the score. At first test, they are not apparent to the hearing ear. If there must be "a point of departure," some might suspect it to lie in a Lisztian neighborhood, with Chopin—for moments in the piano-part—not too far away. Believably, by the evidence of yesterday's performance, the Caprice is self-contained, self-sufficient, essentially Stravinskian.

Concerto-like, in the displayful day before the graver German masters would have the form symphonic, it consists of a piano and an orchestral part, as often interlaced as contrasted. (Thereby, the Caprice leans upon the Russian, even the Chaikovskian, model.) The piano-part—presumably the "piano-solo" of one more

1% - virtuoso stuff, exact.
4 - immediate impres-
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1% - 1% the passing moment.
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Stravinsky Returns to Himself

By L. A. SLOPER

WE HAVE complained so often of the unsatisfactory musical behavior of Igor Stravinsky that it was pleasant on the afternoon of Dec. 19 to find him showing signs of grace. The Boston Symphony Orchestra then performed in Symphony Hall, Boston, for the first time in America, two of the two latest compositions by the most conspicuous of the musical modernists: the Capriccio for piano and orchestra, which was heard in Paris a year ago, and the "Symphonie de Psalms," for orchestra and chorus. This latter work, says the title page of the score, was "composed to the glory of God and dedicated to the Boston Symphony Orchestra on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of its existence." It was to have had its first performance anywhere at the concerts of the Boston orchestra a week earlier. Dr. Koussevitzky, however, was then resting from the labors of the Washington Festival, and the honor of the first performance went to the Brussels Philharmonic Society, which played the "Symphonie" on Dec. 13.

Neither the Capriccio nor — we should say after a single hearing — the "Symphonie" is destined to occupy a pedestal beside that of the "Sacre," but the gratifying thing about them both is that they seem to indicate a renewal of the composer's individuality. Since the "Sacre" Stravinsky had seemed to be concerned mainly — except in the "Noces" — with "returning" to one or another classic composer: Bach or Handel, or even Tchaikovsky. With each of these side-trips he produced an impressive piece of propaganda accompanied by an inconsiderable piece of music. The only one of these excursions which yielded much booty was that to Handel, which resulted in "Edipus Rex." That too, except for an aria, which was sung in Boston by Margaret Matzenauer, seemed more reminiscence than invention. Now Stravinsky appears to have doubled back out of — we hope — the last of these musical culs-de-sac.

It is possible to believe that one hears in the Capriccio echoes of Rimsky-Korsakoff and even of Rameau—but also of "Pétroushka." It has charm and wit, achieved by simplicity and economy of means. It was played dazzlingly by J. M. Sanromá and the orchestra.

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inous and quasi-mystical evocation. Stravinsky touches beauty. The sonorities enter and upswell—"Praise the Lord in his sanctuary." Stravinsky releases power. "Praise Him with psalter and the harp . . . with the quakers; the timbres of orchestral voices brighten; but the austerity is not much or long relaxed. The score of praise mounts, clanging deeper; hushes itself with awe; the climax, the flight completed; stills.

The stark and sinewy musical has not altered; nor the direction, gravity, austerity, of thought, and speech. Here sounds religious stripped of upholsteries and gaseous sentiment, almost of mystery. stark strength and darkness; when its voice, in contrition, in or in praise, ascends to the Lord God. Stravinsky reads in the Old Testament, not the New. Proclaiming individual faith, the old tribal seizes and possesses him. In the phony of Psalms, hearers may find another height, possibly another. At the least, Stravinsky is again intrinsic self.

Upon the Caprice, commentators the composer, have loosed the fancy. One Parisian reviewer, recently in these columns, imagined a fantastic, many-sided tale of love, life, nature. Another, repeating the program-book, finds it "touching mystery," swarming "with phantoms." Not to be behindhand, Stravinsky himself intimates that the finished Chaikovskian was "the point of departure," apparent in "melodic and certain orchestral effects." pity that he did not mark the score. At first test, they are parent to the hearing ear. must be "a point of departure" might suspect it to lie in a neighborhood, with Chopin—for in the piano-part—not too far believably, by the evidence of yesterday's performance, the Caprice is tained, self-sufficient, essentially vlnskian.

Concerto-like, in the display before the graver German master have the form symphonic, it is a piano and an orchestral part, interlaced as contrasted. The Caprice leans upon the Russian, Chaikovskian, model. The piano presumably the "piano-solo" of the

fancy, the title—is virtuoso stuff, exacting, brilliant, making immediate impression. In the fashion, or the conviction, of his generation, Stravinsky counts the piano an instrument of percussion. It shall rhythm and ornament. It may juggle figures and play about in scales, arpeggios and every sort of arabesque. It may even color. But it shall not sing—for more than the passing moment. It may and does exchange witty dialogue with the orchestra; thrum at a listless figure when that orchestra bids it be still; toss out a hint of jazz and then forget it; run away into any fancy, any vagary that occurs to it—the composer prompting.

At moments, the orchestral part runs a little spare and hard in good Stravinskian fashion. It can prefer line rather than color, which is Stravinskian mode. Yet it is not insistently contrapuntal; while it has shameless moments in which it returns frankly to harmonic color. Withal it is astutely adept and tirelessly agile. Being contained in a Caprice, it can mix styles, permitting the strings to divert themselves in the ancient "concertino" groups; yet using the wind choir in full modernistic flavors. The moods are as mixed and changeable as the styles—wit, gaiety, passing melancholy, petulance and brusquerie, dashes of cynicism; but everywhere and always an immense skill and an immense exhilaration. It may have been the work of many days. It sounds like a fantastic, masterful, irresistible, improvisation—Stravinsky at his play in a sunshine seldom shadowed.

The performances of both Symphony and Caprice were contrasted tours de force by orchestra and conductor. The orchestra achieved the difficult idiom of the Psalms; made it sound lean and linear, sombre and austere; passed readily to the fluidity and dazzle of the Caprice; played as though upon each several man the Stravinskian fortunes depended. Whatever qualities this review has attributed to Stravinsky emanated no less from Dr. Koussevitzky. He worked in understanding and sympathy. He accomplished by imagination, ardor and devotion. The Cecilian chorus was weak in men's voices; lacked depth and surge of tone; but better than usual it served. Seemingly Mr. Fiedler is teaching it the confidence that in time will sing out. Mr. Sanromá, by inclination as well as practice, was virtuoso with every modernism. . . . After the concert of this evening, Mozart's Symphony and Schönbergian Bach may have their turn.

H. T. P.

Stravinsky Returns to Himself

By L. A. SLOPER

WE HAVE complained so often of the unsatisfactory musical behavior of Igor Stravinsky that it was pleasant on the afternoon of Dec. 19 to find him showing signs of grace. The Boston Symphony Orchestra then performed in Symphony Hall, Boston, for the first time in America, two of the two latest compositions by the most conspicuous of the musical modernists: the Capriccio for piano and orchestra, which was heard in Paris a year ago, and the "Symphonie de Psalms," for orchestra and chorus. This latter work, says the title page of the score, was "composed to the glory of God and dedicated to the Boston Symphony Orchestra on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of its existence." It was to have had its first performance anywhere at the concerts of the Boston orchestra a week earlier. Dr. Koussevitzky, however, was then resting from the labors of the Washington Festival, and the honor of the first performance went to the Brussels Philharmonic Society, which played the "Symphonie" on Dec. 13.

Neither the Capriccio nor — we should say after a single hearing — the "Symphonie" is destined to occupy a pedestal beside that of the "Sacre," but the gratifying thing about them both is that they seem to indicate a renewal of the composer's individuality. Since the "Sacre" Stravinsky had seemed to be concerned mainly — except in the "Noces" — with "returning" to one or another classic composer: Bach or Handel, or even Tchaikovsky. With each of these side-trips he produced an impressive piece of propaganda accompanied by an inconsiderable piece of music. The only one of these excursions which yielded much booty was that to Handel, which resulted in "Edipus Rex." That too, except for an aria, which was sung in Boston by Margaret Matzenauer, seemed more reminiscence than invention. Now Stravinsky appears to have doubled back out of — we hope — the last of these musical culs-de-sac.

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JESUS MARIA SANROMA,

Second With

A Stirred New Str Bach

Trans.

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And Mozart

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the instrumental sonorities; know the
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proof enough, whenever Dr. Koussevitz-
ky plays. May he play more—
and at the approaching Bach Festival!
What a musical world this would be, if
the purists ruled over it! A human de-
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Tenth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, DECEMBER 26, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 27, at 8.15 o'clock

Arensky . . . Variations on a Theme of Tchaikovsky, Op. 35a

- Thema—Moderato
- Variation I. Un poco piu mosso
- Variation II. Allegro non troppo
- Variation III. Andantino tranquillo
- Variation IV. Vivace
- Variation V. Andante
- Variation VI. Allegro con spirito
- Variation VII. Andante con moto; coda

Mahler . . . "Das Lied von der Erde" ("Song of the Earth"),
Symphony for Tenor, Contralto and Orchestra

- I. Das Trinklied vom Jammer der Erde (*Tenor*).
(The Drinking Song of Earthly Woe).
Poem of Li-Tai-Po (702-763).
- II. Der Einsame im Herbst (Autumn Solitude) (*Contralto*).
Poem of Tschang-Tsi (800).
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Tenor: RICHARD CROOKS
Contralto: MARGARET MATZENAUER

There will be an intermission after Arensky's "Variations"

A fiftieth anniversary exhibition is now on view in the Huntington Avenue foyer
(first balcony)

Second Round With Psalms And Caprice

A Stirred Audience Hears the New Stravinskian Scores, Bach and Mozart Also

AT Symphony Hall on Saturday evening, the "Grand Gala Stravinsky" continued and ended auspiciously. A second houseful observed with wonder the woodwinds seated for the "Symphony of Psalms," in the chairs usually occupied by the violins; the horns, trumpets and trombones similarly displacing the violas; while the violoncellos, as old slang ran, "went 'way back and sat down," and the double-basses hugged the forward left-hand corner. So do modernist composers testify that the full string choir is no sacred fount of music. In their practice, it should be assembled, parted or even dismissed, according to the character and the texture of the piece in hand—all of which seems sound reasoning, unperturbed by tradition. The performance of the new Symphony, especially in the choral parts, was more confident than on Friday; the interest of the audience more stimulating; the applause more general and hearty. There was no discoverable occasion to alter the impressions set down in this place last Saturday. Only to note that they overlooked the divining skill with which Stravinsky individualizes instruments and groups of instruments through Part One, and, indeed, through the whole Symphony; the penetrating quality of the introduction to Part Two, in which he intensifies a familiar ability; his return to driving rhythms in parts of the final chorus of praise; the beauty of the phrases into which it finally hushes.

In turn, the Caprice renewed the ecstasies of Friday afternoon. The house volleyed plaudits at Mr. Sanromá and Dr. Koussevitzky until pianist and conductor stood side by side and arm in arm upon the latter's platform; redoubled them

d Defeat

and resumes activities on Monday night. Dartmouth collected the new record of 31-27 at Burlington, it left im- of Friday for New York and watched 31-27 at score its fourth straight vic-1. At the year Friday night withams were a loser. It causes one to won was whether the ease with which covered's team conquered the Crim-The Har- ad any bearing on the worker of the n in the first half. Fifteen the floor, sed before Ben Burch scored they all first basket of the game. inutes of n was off ig Farrell d to spur

comeback

night's game will provide, for the Green for although, the sec- rs no longer have Charley, w game ore points there are several, ep ahead om last year's team which in a lead o of twenty-five games. Thus, liam Hol- gh has played five games, personal middle western opponents, Holland n three. It lost the opening n, which, eastern Reserve, 32-14, and Wachte- ed Ohio State 25-17, Mar- the poor 8, and Nebraska 32-22, but Dick Spo- night Creighton won 22-18, n in the East-rn team was able to played, use last season and that was to play the Orange has a double, tion two winning tomorrow's contest, place at s to gain revenge for last Maturse- ng and the other to regain prestige the veteran Orange when Dartmouth beat it a Saturday night. Last year's played at New York, but to- acuse will have the benefit and of supporters. It was year ago that the Orange an end the long string of victories, winning by a mar- n points.

s from Syracuse report that at Dartmouth did the Orange than harm. The fact the that lost only two games a as intact, had brought about ident attitude, but that was out of the team at Hanover. evident Saturday night that as in form for it defeated reserve, which downed Pitts- a 46-28 score. The fact it lost one game will give it ge over Columbia of not try- an unbeaten record intact. who very shortly will start of their intercollegiate title, the five New York colleges not been beaten yet

Tenth Programme

DAY AFTERNOON, DECEMBER 26, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 27, at 8.15 o'clock

Variations on a Theme of Tchaikovsky, Op. 35a

Thema—Moderato

- Variation I. Un poco piu mosso
- Variation II. Allegro non troppo
- Variation III. Andantino tranquillo
- Variation IV. Vivace
- Variation V. Andante
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Second

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when a standing orchestra crowned the general delight. Perish the cynic who found the Caprice less exhilarating at second performance than first; who suspected the need of a considerable interval between effective repetitions to the same audience, as, say, with Ravel's "Bolero." Even so, there was enough to engage eye, ear and mind—the singularly placed group of strings in half-circle close around the conductor, to be what the ancients called the "concertino"—Stravinsky throwing "back" once more; the vertiginous pace of the finale with Mr. Sanromá's hands flying like light flails; the feeling throughout that Stravinsky's melodies are intrinsically for wind instruments; while the piano "points up" and the strings set in background or interpose dialogue. Certainly there is melody enough in the Caprice, easily recognizable, though scarcely of distinguished quality. The short-breathed, short-lived, songful measures of the slow division come nearest to distinction. The conspicuous tuning, in the first sounds common enough till Stravinsky begins to conjure with it; while that in the third, when the trumpets join in, is blood-brother in quality, though not in matter, to the celebrated measures of The Blackamoor in "Petrushka" entering, with cornet, into The Ballerina's cell, displacing the cellos, as old s

And Mozart

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and resumes activities on Vermont at the new will be with a record of two defeats. Following N. Y. defeat of Friday was beaten 31-27 at Saturday afternoon. At the half the two teams were and that Army won was Tom Farrell was covered were resumed. The Harvard the high scorer of the baskets from the floor, part of it is they all first twenty minutes of the Crimson was off it is a good thing Farrell certainly tried to spur his own actions. took the lead as the second and a see-saw game managed to keep ahead to have Army gain a lead shed after William Hol out on four personal indicate that Holland for the Crimson, which hat Coach Ed Wachter am following the poor C. C. N. Y. Dick Spoke pivot position in the the Crimson played w for Holland to play ayed that position two reshman. His place at n by Alphonse Maturse-

FIFTIETH SEASON, NINETEEN HUNDRED THIRTY AND THIRTY-ONE

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"Singularly enough" again—though the good ladies failed to remark it—Bach ended the Stravinskian day and night. The organists, however, active and retired, were on the spot, lifting pious hands distressed. For the impious Schönberg had opened Johann Sebastian's "great" Prelude and Fugue in E-flat and transcribed it from organ to orchestra. Now, it is to be noted (1) that Bach has become a much sought and highly honored composer at orchestral concerts; (2) that the Suites and the Brandenburg Concertos are insufficient to supply the demand; (3) that transcriptions from Bach's organ-pieces and from other sources fill the need; (4) that able and sympathetic pens have made them of late. Schönberg's, Respighi's, Stokowski's (6) that to most ears the resulting music is not only orchestral but also of Bach enlarged and renewed. Few can hear this particular transcription without discovering and feeling the organ-voice through the instrumental sonorities; know the "lift" of the successive periods, the sheer magnificence of the contrapuntal progress, without deep sense of Bach, the creator. The listening of the audience is proof enough, whenever Dr. Koussevitzky plays. May he play more and at the approaching Bach Festival! What a musical world this would be, if the purists ruled over it! A human desire for more and richer Bach may sometimes "have the call."

And Mozart

"Singularly enough, and demurring, ladies remarked on Friday, Mozart began these Stravinskian rites with the Symphony in G minor, played in rare insight and felicity, the strings, as usual, diminished. In the first movement the lightness of tone, motion, phrasing and accent, enticed the ear. Here was the Mozart who is all grace of invention, fancy, workmanship; but, growing older, tinged them with pensive melancholy. Out of the slow movement sounded the graver Mozart who takes thought of fates and destinies; feels the daimon (as he called it) within him; soothes himself with half-shadowed, half-serene music-making. With the minuet Dr. Koussevitzky renewed light vigors; took the Trio so that each group of instruments sounded transparent and individualized—Mozart the modernist. To end, a finale that rounded each phrase and blurred no beat, even as it sped them. Recall the conductor's Mozart in his first years in Boston; set beside it this performance of the Symphony in G minor. The new insight and sympathy, the new finesse and felicity, speak for themselves.

Tenth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, DECEMBER 26, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 27, at 8.15 o'clock

Arensky . . . Variations on a Theme of Tchaikovsky, Op. 35a

Thema—Moderato

- Variation I. Un poco piu mosso
- Variation II. Allegro non troppo
- Variation III. Andantino tranquillo
- Variation IV. Vivace
- Variation V. Andante
- Variation VI. Allegro con spirito
- Variation VII. Andante con moto; coda

Mahler . . . "Das Lied von der Erde" ("Song of the Earth"),
Symphony for Tenor, Contralto and Orchestra

- I. Das Trinklied vom Jammer der Erde (*Tenor*).
(The Drinking Song of Earthly Woe).
Poem of Li-Tai-Po (702-763).
- II. Der Einsame im Herbst (Autumn Solitude) (*Contralto*).
Poem of Tschang-Tsi (800).
- III. Von der Jugend (Of Youth) (*Tenor*).
Poem of Li-Tai-Po (702-763).
- IV. Von der Schönheit (Of Beauty) (*Contralto*).
Poem of Li-Tai-Po (702-763).
- V. Der Trunkene im Fruhling (*Tenor*).
(The Drunkard in Spring-time).
Poem of Li-Tai-Po (702-763).
- VI. (a) In Erwartung des Freundes (*Contralto*).
(Awaiting a Friend).
Poem of Mong-Kao-Jen (Eighth Century)
- (b) Der Abschied des Freundes (*Contralto*).
(The Farewell of a Friend).
Poem of Wang-Wei (Eighth Century).

Tenor: RICHARD CROOKS

Contralto: MARGARET MATZENAUER

There will be an intermission after Arensky's "Variations"

A fiftieth anniversary exhibition is now on view in the Huntington Avenue foyer
(first balcony)



From a sketch by Arnold Schrenk

GUSTAV MAHLER

SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The program of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's concert yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall, Dr. Koussevitzky, conductor, comprised Arensky's Variations for string orchestra on a theme of Tchaikovsky's and Mahler's "Song of the Earth," which was performed here for the first time on Dec. 7, 1928. The singers in the latter composition were Madame Matzenauer, contralto, and Richard Crooks, tenor. Their predecessors in Boston were Madame Charles Cabier and George Maeder.

Tchaikovsky was fond of Arensky. Perhaps for this reason he scolded him for choosing "La Dame aux Camelias" as the subject of a Fantasia. He asked Arensky how an educated musician—when there were Homer, Shakespeare, Gogol, Pushkin, Dante, Tolstoi and others—could feel any interest in the history of a demi-mondaine adventuress, "which even if written with French cleverness, is in truth false, sentimental and vulgar." He wrote him a long letter. Did Arensky repay his friend's interest by writing these Variations? He had an example, for Tchaikovsky after Nicolas Rubinstein's death, wrote a Piano Trio in memory of the man who at first could see nothing in Tchaikovsky's piano concerto in B flat minor, and was so scornful that he wounded the sensitive Peter to the quick.

Arensky took for his theme the familiar legend of the Christ child, which as a claim has been sung here more than once. In its original form it is one of the 16 children's songs composed by Tchaikovsky in 1883. The variations are for the most part amiably melancholy, as befits the content of the verses. There are sets of variations in which the chief interest of the hearer lies in detecting the theme itself. Then he smiles, and says to himself: "Ha, ha! now I've got you!" Such variations are to be avoided, no matter whose name is signed to them. Either Arensky's inventive faculty was not strong enough, or he had a heart and allowed the hearer the pleasure of being able to hum the tune even to the end. These variations were beautifully played, so charmingly that they had a significance which otherwise might have been wanting.

The singers in Mahler's symphony sang in German. It would be interesting to know whether Hans Bethge, who selected and translated these Chinese poems did with them as Fitzgerald treated Omar Khayyam, amplified, relected, introduced lines of his own. Some of the lines seem to be more German in their sentiment and sentimentality than Chinese.

The cycle is frankly pessimistic. Life

as well as death is gloomy. As the old song by Thomas Jordan has it, speaking of the "beautiful Bit":

"Whose lightness and brightness doth cast such a splendor
That none but the stars
Are thought to be fit to attend her,
Though now she seems pleasant and sweet to the sense,
Will be damnably mouldy a hundred years hence."

But, brethren, there's the wine cup to console one, says Chinese Bethge, and the poets he calls on felt as the Third Kalandar in the wild Arabian tale: "And the bowl went merrily round. Hereupon such gladness possessed me that I forgot the sorrows of the world one and all and said, 'This is indeed life; Oh, sad that 'tis fleeting!'"

Mahler in the music for the drinking songs is boisterous, perhaps appropriately, and has given the tenor a muscular task, for he must sing against a raging orchestra which no conductor can subdue and, at the same time, do justice to Mahler's intention. Mr. Crooks strove courageously and for the most part successfully in making himself heard. When the composer was compassionate, the vocal art and the intelligence of the singer were more clearly revealed. When Mahler, like John Ford, wrote in deliberately doleful dumps to convey the message of the poets—and he himself in his later years was something of a Dismal Jemmy—he found out music that has genuine emotion, music that while it is charged with sadness, yet is so full of beauty, even serenity that it breathes resignation not despair. Man goes to his long home—but the distant skies are blue; the heart is at peace while it is waiting. Mme. Matzenauer was an eloquent interpreter, and to the contralto Mahler gave his more inspired, also his more personal music.

As for the work as a whole, it shows Mahler at his best and at his worst; now with great ideas, now with trivialities in thought and expression; now almost childlike, now super-sophisticated; now startlingly original, now remembering in orchestral measures the manner of illustrious contemporaries. The orchestral performance, no matter how eccentric, how extravagant at times is the instrumentation, was of the highest order. Mahler, who was himself a great conductor, would have applauded Dr. Koussevitzky. The audience was deeply impressed.

The performance will be repeated tonight. Next week Beethoven's overture to "Coriolanus," Lourie's "Sonate Liturgique" (first time here), Walton's viola concerto (Mr. Lefranc, solo viola, first time in the United States), Strauss's "Ein Heldenleben."

SYMPHONY PERFORMS A MAHLER

"Song of the Earth" Fills Greater Part of Concert

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

It was not exactly the conventional holiday programme that Dr. Koussevitzky offered at the Symphony concert of yesterday afternoon: Mahler's "Song of the Earth," that filled the greater part of it, is, for all its occasional lightness of mood, a solemn music, although Dr. Koussevitzky did, on second thought, defer till next week Lourie's "Liturgical Sonata," that has to do with Good Friday, and substitute for it Arensky's Variations on a Theme of Tchaikovsky.

WITH TWO VOICES

But if there was little yesterday that was gay or festive, the audience seemed not to mind. Arensky's music, slight but graceful, marked by an unobtrusive scholarship and at times as Tchaikowskian as though the elder composer had written variations as well as theme, quite obviously pleased. And whether the applause after the intermission was

for Mahler's music or for Margaret Matzenauer and Richard Crooks who sang it, and for conductor and orchestra, it was unmistakably fervent, especially at the end when there were many recalls and players as well as singers and leaders must needs bow their acknowledgments.

In the face of Dr. Koussevitzky's eloquence with Mahler's score it is almost ungrateful to complain of his cavalier treatment of Mr. Crooks in the first of the six songs that make this so-called symphony, "The Drinking Song of Earthly Woe." Granted that the composer with his large orchestral apparatus and his indication "Allegro Pesante" is through most of this movement inconsiderate of the singer, Dr. Koussevitzky by his zeal made matters worse. At least Mr. Crooks, unlike Mr. Meader who sang in the first Boston performance of Mahler's monumental work two years ago, was not completely overpowered and obliterated in the stormier passages; but it was a pity that he must so force and strain his beautiful voice in order to make his presence felt. And even then, though the voice was heard, the words of the text were often lost.

His Song "Of Youth"

In Mr. Crooks two remaining opportunities, the third song, "Of Youth," and the fifth, "The Drunkard in Spring-Time," both composer and conductor were kinder to him; and of his singing of them nothing but praise may be written. The gaiety of the one, the abandon and the occasional poetry of the other he both sensed and transmitted. Nothing that Mr. Crooks has done here has so redounded to his credit.

In that she must step into the shoes of Mme. Cahier, who sang this music of Mahler so memorably in the performances of December, 1928, Mme. Matzenauer was faced yesterday with a difficult task of which she acquitted herself with the artistry and the intelligence, not to mention the sheer beauty of vocal tone, that were but to be expected from her. That she could sing her long and taxing part without the aid of notes proved of itself that her acquaintance with the music was by no means a superficial one. Furthermore, like Mme. Cahier before her, Mme. Matzenauer entered into the performance of this "Lied von der Erde" in the manner of one taking part in a play.

Again Mahler And His "Song Of the Earth"

With Mme. Matzenauer and
Richard Crooks to Give
It Voice

Dec. 27, 1930
IT was in December—two years ago—that Dr. Koussevitzky introduced Mahler's "Das Lied von der Erde" to Boston. In accordance with his wise custom, a work once introduced, remains not on the shelves to gather dust, but is brought forth for repeated hearings. And again at the close of 1930 a December audience was the gainer. Neither of the soloists of that first Bostonian performance returned yesterday. This time one heard Madame Matzenauer and Mr. Crooks. To precede Mahler, itself almost a novel piece, Dr. Koussevitzky brought a set of variations—as yet unplayed at these concerts—from Arensky, upon a song of Chalkovsky, "A Legend," of the childhood of Christ.

Gustav Mahler, having completed his tremendous eighth symphony, and, as some think, with premonition that he would not have long to live, set to work upon "Das Lied von der Erde." With the ninth and the incomplete tenth it has often been called Mahler's swan song. For "The Song of the Earth" he found a collection of old and new Chinese poems which Hans Bethge had put into German verse. From this collection Mahler selected seven poems that he thought beautiful, that expressed the melancholy, the pessimism, the brooding, the cynicism, finally the attained peace of the state of mind in which he found himself. Like the Biblical writer of "All is Vanity," Mahler through Chinese poets and the German Bethge, finds life a mockery, his "soul's gardens desolate"; bitterly contrasts the less than a hundred years of man's life with the endlessness of eternity; laments that those short years are but filled with sorrow.

Better the goblet of wine, better the fullness in pleasure, for, "Dark is life, is death." He continues through a plaint of loneliness, of the weariness of his life, for he now views that life in its autumn season. He reviews life, he

youth, playful, happy youth; heauty, beauty that calls youths lens to each other. From the of the springtide of life he turns has had its disappointments, itght disillusion. Again to be-pleasure. The "Drunkard in lves only to drink and to sleep. drink till he can drink no more; m only for more of his one And finally, a soul that has ts way through disappointments g peace: "My heart is at rest its its hour." He peers into All space about him seems of zure. He would open the veil future. "Eternally . . ."

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thinks of youth, playful, happy youth; he recalls beauty, beauty that calls youths and maidens to each other. From the promises of the springtide of life he turns away. It has had its disappointments, it has brought disillusion. Again to be numbing pleasure. The "Drunkard in Spring" lives only to drink and to sleep. Let him drink till he can drink no more; waken him only for more of his one solace. And finally, a soul that has worked its way through disappointments to lasting peace: "My heart is at rest and awaits its hour." He peers into eternity. All space about him seems of endless azure. He would open the veil of the future. "Eternally . . . Eternally. . . ."

For a single mood thus many-sidedly developed the music is fit vehicle. Mahler is assuredly giving of himself. For all this is more than artist at play (or work) with his materials. It is the artist baring his soul, revealing the inmost recesses of the self, going down more deeply than mind can go, delving into the things the heart cherishes—that hearers may experience a rarely touched emotion—if one questions at all, in this resulting sea of beauty, it is whether this difficult mood of melancholy, and of passion tinged with melancholy, may with wisdom be asked to endure for an almost uninterrupted sixty-five minutes. Only once, in the poem of Youth, does the composer give relief from this single mood. For the rest, darksome elegiac brooding. Yet, who may cavil, when sustained beauty results, such as the beauty of "The Song of the Earth?"

Witness now the music which Mahler has written for this symphony of brooding upon the vanities of life, of peace and rest attained at the last. Mahler is no modernist, though he wrote when the innovations of Debussy had all been made, when that composer had written most of the best of his works; though he wrote just before Stravinsky burst upon the scene to become a world-figure. He is not of this innovating movement. He is not a "reformer" in musical style and musical language. The musical problems that interest him are problems of form rather than of style—but that is another story. Though not of the innovators he nevertheless eschews the rhetoric of the romantics—in his day all the world other than that part which had gone into the Debussy camp. Economical, clear and clean as a whistle, his style is strangely prophetic of the stripped and spare manner of the later modernists. Now and again it approaches the tenuous outlines of chamber music. Of the trappings of Wagnerianisms only one item remains: a single motif runs through the entire six pieces; and that motif is more in

evidence to the eye of the studious analyst than to the ear of the hearer—say on a Friday afternoon or a Saturday evening. Otherwise, in the scheme of the Mahlerian symphony, with weightiest movement at the end rather than at the beginning, "Das Lied von der Erde" follows and unites with the text of the seven poems cast into six pieces.

Like a challenge horns fling out the motif that introduce the ardors and the ambitions of the verses of the "Drinking Song of Earthly Woe." In defeat all sinks back in each verse with the refrain "Dark Is Life, is death." If horns were a challenge in the poem, they were also a challenge yesterday to the abilities of Mr. Crooks. Dr. Koussevitzky laid on and spared not. Into the symphonic tutti the voice of Mr. Crooks plunged, daring to pit itself against the mass of sound. Mr. Meader, two years ago was utterly unable to cope with it. Mr. Crooks yesterday answered it in kind. Standing with feet wide apart, singing with all the might his by no means spare body found itself able to project into his tones, he conquered in this most grueling test. His voice retained its just place in the ensemble, lost not in quality, was the voice of the music of Gustav Mahler as well as of the person of Richard Crooks.

Wistfulness, the matter that impressionism is made of, is the substance (if that is not too solid a word) of which the second poem is compounded. Jade-dust and lotus flowers are the background for the loneliness of the poet's spirit. The mood Mahler—and with him Madame Matzenauer (singing, as is her wont at symphony concerts, from memory), renders exquisitely. Witness the greyness of the music as these artists express the infinite weariness of the poet; the peace as they sing and play of restful abiding place; the warmth of voice and orchestra when the words bring them to the "sun of love."

Again: Mr. Crooks sings of youth. Playful is the music, picturing an Oriental scene (for these poems are Chinese, after all). Koussevitzkian orchestra and tenor are as one in these playfully jolly measures. . . . "Beauty" falls to the lot of Madame Matzenauer. The one departure from the prevailing mood of the piece has been accomplished. The exquisiteness of the previous song is resumed. Yes, beauty is picturing beauty.

Comes the "Drunkard in Spring." The music grows heavier. The pessimism and the tragedy continue through the recklessness born of despair. Mahler has of course resisted the obvious temptation to become openly realistic. A certain abandon he allows himself, no more. In

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little preluding variations d to go into detail. The is theme is charm- Through half a dozen is modestly and pleas- Never is the simple ly lost sight of. Arensky composer to vary Chal- ings of the Boston Sym- were perfect voice for A. H. M.

MUSIC AT NY CONCERT

Concerts of this week
Arensky's "Variations
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Equitable auer, contralto, and
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This work is anything but ponderous; most certainly not unimaginative. Some of the instrumentation, to be sure, is overladen and garish, but this is the exception and not the rule.

The warm emotion of the work is unmistakably sincere; however hyper-sensitive some of this emotion may be, it is not whining and does not deserve to be swept aside contemptuously.

The last movement seems the best to the writer, although the first, fourth and fifth are almost equally good. In the third movement is to be found a curious incongruity: the instrumental part is more or less Oriental in character, but the vocal part to Western ears is anything but that. Under these circumstances, naturally, the movement is bereft of artistic force and conviction.

Mme Matzenauer, an artist who is greatly—and deservedly—admired here, sang the arduous contralto solos splendidly, except in a portion of the first movement, where she had apparent difficulty in subduing her large voice to the proportions requisite to the music. The intensity of emotion and the beauty of tone she displayed in the last movement will be remembered.

Mr Crooks' work in the tenor parts was done admirably. Much of the tenor music, with its great dynamic force, lies just on the border line of bombast; Mr Crooks, however, dissipated none of its force, yet made it ring true and sincere.

One wished that the instrumental accompaniment in the first and fourth movements had not been so loud, for at times Mr Crooks could not be heard above the orchestra. It is to be hoped, now that the work has been brought forth once again, that Dr Koussevitzky will cause the "Song of the Earth" to appear on future Symphony programs.

The Arensky variations made but little impression on the writer. Regardless of the austere variations form, the Arensky piece seems commonplace and uninteresting. Some of the technical devices recognized are, unless utilized by a master craftsman and an extraordinary artist, musical bromides. And the variations are neither ingratiating nor appealing to the heart.

As it was, the work was done smoothly, brilliantly, by the virtuosi, orchestrally speaking, of the string sections of the orchestra. The performance provided a fine example of what redeeming power there is in virtuosity applied to inferior musical material.

The concerts next week will include in addition to the Lourie "Sonata Liturgique," Beethoven's "Coriolanus" overture; Richard Strauss' "Ein Heldenleben" and Walton's new Concerto for Viola and Orchestra. Jean Le-franc will be the soloist.

Orchestra Inconsistency

Mahler's "Song of the Earth," repeated in notable performance at the Symphony Concert Saturday, is still sounding in the ears, it is worth the space to the Manchester Guardian. The paragraph about his propering of the orchestral voices. It is a fortnight ago, by Neville, principal reviewer for The States after the first performance, in of "The Song of the Earth." in his ripest works, seems to have patented the orchestral writers day by his insistence not on tone, but on significant in- and dbrs and contrasts. "The Song of the Earth" and his Ninth Symphony third d'r no texture in the ordinary apt; as term. Most of the instru- will allotted music which thrives in individuality. Mahler is ck in tide spacing of his parts, and the same at is not a rich canvas a sort of orchestral silver- me befo thick scoring of the nine- ry romantic writers does not perpetual sense of responsi- chrestal players. They can states ain insensibilities of style a. neral mass of tone. Mahler, he was, expected each of bankrupt to possess the subtle and o. 47.40 nique of a soloist and the of an artist. Music for him of Chelse rendered full of meaning rict afoi skilful and pointed expres- is an art of nuance.

only to study Mahler's direc- and th scores to understand how ll be trusted the professional in- 6, Young's ability as a class to dis- ay of Ja forenoon notes and music. He ditore Mrs bar by bar what they are a trust he distrusted, also, the such oth own art to say all that he ind to say. He certainly occasional doubts about his ss knows. But if he was a ted State great was his fall! He went setts. ven, we can be sure, and is the Elysian fields—with Bankrupt rhaps he will find his ideal o. 47827 a. Dec. 29. 1930

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Mahler's Orchestra Speaks

WHILE Mahler's "Song of the Earth," repeated in notable performance at the Symphony Concert of Saturday, is still sounding in many ears, it is worth the space to reprint from the Manchester Guardian a discerning paragraph about his handling of the orchestral voices. It was written a fortnight ago, by Neville Cardus, principal reviewer for The Guardian, after the first performance, in Manchester, of "The Song of the Earth."

"Mahler, in his ripest works, seems to have anticipated the orchestral writers of our own day by his insistence not on a mass of tone, but on significant individual colors and contrasts. 'The Song of the Earth' and his Ninth Symphony have little or no texture in the ordinary sense of the term. Most of the instruments are allotted music which thrives on their own individuality. Mahler is fond of a wide spacing of his parts, and the effect aimed at is not a rich canvas but rather a sort of orchestral silver-point. The thick scoring of the nineteenth century romantic writers does not call for a perpetual sense of responsibility in orchestral players. They can conceal certain insensibilities of style under the general mass of tone. Mahler, idealist that he was, expected each of his players to possess the subtle and flexible technique of a soloist and the imagination of an artist. Music for him had to be rendered full of meaning by the most skilful and pointed expression; his art is an art of nuance.

"You have only to study Mahler's directions in his scores to understand how much he distrusted the professional instrumentalists' ability as a class to distinguish between notes and music. He tells his players bar by bar what they are to do. Maybe he distrusted, also, the power of his own art to say all that he had in his mind to say. He certainly had reason for occasional doubts about his music, goodness knows. But if he was a failure, how great was his fall! He went straight to heaven, we can be sure, and is now walking the Elysian fields—with Bruckner. Perhaps he will find his ideal orchestra there." Dec. 29, 1930

Boston Symphony

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hearing renewed the feeling that the composer is entitled to our respectful admiration for his work, even while it again reminded us forcibly of his debt to his predecessors. Unquestionably there are passages of great beauty in this work, both for voices and for instruments—as in Part II and elsewhere. There are also periods of great tediousness—as notably in the orchestral interlude between the last two songs. Mahler surely allowed himself more time than was strictly necessary for the conveyance of his ideas.

Richard Crooks permitted us to appreciate the qualities of the tenor solo parts as we had not been able to enjoy them at the previous Boston hearing. Besides possessing an excellent voice, well trained, Mr. Crooks has musical intelligence. And from a fine lyric tenor he has developed into a quite heroic singer. His rendition of Parts III and V won enthusiastic applause. That splendid artist, Margaret Matzenauer, was the contralto soloist. Like Mme. Charles Cahier (the original singer in this part) she sang notes or words, thereby emphasizing the dramatic quality of her voice. We have heard Mme. Matzenauer with a better voice, but with the same achievement a splendor. L. A. S.



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Eleventh Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, JANUARY 2, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, JANUARY 3, at 8.15 o'clock

Beethoven Symphony No. 1 in C major, Op. 21

- I. Adagio molto; Allegro con brio.
- II. Andante cantabile con moto.
- III. Menuetto: Allegro Molto e vivace; Trio.
- IV. Finale: Adagio; Allegro molto e vivace.

Lourié "Sonate Liturgique," in the form of Four Chorales
(With Alto Voices)

- I. Sequentia.
- II. Cantus Passionis.
- III. Prosa.
- IV. Horae Passionis.

Altos: Nellie Rich Hottel; Ida C. Keay; Elsa Limbach; Mildred Merrill; Marie Murray; Mary Osborne; Isabelle Ray; Alice Reese; Elizabeth Stoddard; Claramond Thompson; Marion Aubens Wise; Louisa Burt Wood. Trained by ARTHUR FIEDLER

(First time in the United States)

Strauss "Ein Heldenleben," Tone Poem, Op. 40

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Arthur Lourie

Whose Devoutly Religious and Highly Christianized Music Will Be Heard
at the Symphony Concerts Today and Tomorrow.

(Sketch by Courtesy of the New York Times)

MUSIC

SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE (Jan. 3, 1931)

The program of the 11th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra conducted by Dr. Koussevitzky yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall was as follows: Beethoven, symphony C major, No. 1, Lourie "Sonate Liturgique" in the form of four chorales (with alto voices). Strauss, "Ein Heldenleben."

Arthur Lourie, or Lurye, born at Leningrad in 1889 (some say 1892), was, according to a Russian biographer, a roaring and ramping "futurist" in his younger years. He was to be seen, and no doubt heard, at "The Stray Dog," frequented by writers, musicians, painters, and all entertaining extremely "advanced" views. The revolution possibly sobered him; at any rate under the soviet rule he became a government official to maintain friendly artistic relations with other nations. In 1923 he left Russia to make Paris his home. Some of his music has been performed in New York as well as in Paris; for example, his Concerto Spirituale for piano and chorus, heard in New York last March.

This sonata was performed yesterday for the first time in the United States. Composed in 1928 it was brought out in Paris last February at a concert conducted by Walter Straram, who used to live in Boston as a conductor of the ill-fated Boston Opera Company. The sonata is in four movements. The first a "Sequence" and the third a "Prose," are instrumental; the second with a text, "Cantus Passionis"—describing the Crucifixion is taken from a lesson in "Feria VI in Parascave"—and the fourth, a hymn in three verses—"The Hours of the Passion"—author unnamed—are for orchestra and alto voices. The orchestra is composed of a few wind instruments, a few double basses and a piano.

Now a sonata in old times was a word applied to any piece of music. From the derivation of the word it is easily to be inferred that this piece of music should "sound." Whether the sound should ravish the ear or rasp the nerves, is left to the ability of the composer and the executants, and to the predilection and taste of the hearer.

Lourie's sonata, when the altos sang the sacred words—their voices were euphonious in themselves and well-trained—sounded as if bolshevistic instruments were attempting to discompose the singers, if not to jeer and mock their pious office. Seldom, if ever, have we heard such a laborious, inef-

fectual, needlessly cacophonous use of instruments, which, when treated kindly and skilfully, respond gratefully to the wish of a composer who would be picturesque, dramatic, or emotional by the assemblage and disposition of sounds. Puccini did his best to give musical emphasis to the torture scene in "Tosca." That music is of pastoral melliflence compared to the excruciating sounds that came from M. Lourie's tortured instruments. The sounds were not illustrative of the Divine passion; they might have served at the black mass with Satan grinning hideously as the celebrant.

M. Lourie is not brainless; he has written fluently and often shrewdly about music, but it is easier to write about music than to write it. Years ago Fontenelle asked: "Sonata, what do you wish of me?" The hearers yesterday would not answer this question in an equivocal manner.

But there was much to enjoy in the concert; the sonata was only a passing disturbance in the air of the hall. There was a charming performance of Beethoven's symphony by a reduced orchestra; one that for clarity, fine taste, sheer beauty could not be surpassed. This performance in its way was as severe a test of the players and the interpretative ability of Dr. Koussevitzky as was the superbly glowing and stirring performance of Strauss' autobiography with its amazingly egotistic pages. Much of this tone poem is of the too fluent poorer Strauss, but the performance almost persuaded the hearer that the music was worthy the composer of "Till," "Don Juan," "Don Quixote" and "Der Rosenkavalier." Certain pages in "Ein Heldenleben" still worked their spell. Those depicting the hero's wooing, with the solo violin played brilliantly by Mr. Burgin. It was pleasant to hear the quotations from Strauss' earlier works. Then there is the peaceful contemplative ending, pages that Strauss has seldom surpassed, perhaps only in the "recognition" scene of "Elektra" and the presentation of the rose by the cavalier.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The next concerts will be on Jan. 16, 17, when Arthur Hadley will conduct. His program is thus arranged: Haydn, Symphony, E flat major, No. 1; McKinley, "Masquerade" (first time at these concerts). Hadley "Salome" (after Oscar Wilde); also Hadley's suite, "Streets of Pekin," which will be played for the first time in Boston. The conductor of the concerts of Jan. 23, 24, will be E. Fernandez Arbos.

"HELDENLEBEN" AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Strauss' Tone Poem Given Brilliant Performance

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Strauss' music. Yesterday's applause was a tribute to the interpretative talent of Dr. Koussevitzky, and to the magnificent outpouring of orchestral tone from the players. Nor should Mr. Burgin's admirable playing of the taxing cadenza-like passages for solo violin be forgotten.

Lourie, or Lurye (the name is spelled both ways), is a Russian Jew, whose family is said to have been converted to Catholicism some generations back. He is a well-to-do resident of Paris, where he has a hand in many musical ventures. He has composed a good deal of music. He is writing a biography of Dr. Koussevitzky, which is announced for publication in New York next Spring.

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The title, "sonata in the form of four chorals," is nonsense, according to received notions of musical form. One felt in the music, also, that the composer wished to be original and believed that originality means breaking all the rules. But any child can do that. It takes a Schoenberg or a Stravinsky to do it well. Lourie's music is not devoid of talent. He plainly has harmonic sense and a devotion to medieval liturgical music. But the work heard yesterday is amateurish.

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Afternoon Of Richard The Second

Dr. Koussevitzky Creates Anew A Straussian Masterpiece, The Cerebral Lourie

THE second half of the Symphony Concert, yesterday afternoon, fell to Strauss's tone-poem, "A Hero's Life." Piece and performance nearly effaced the memory of all that had gone before. "Ein Heldenleben," as the German title runs, was the first of Strauss's longer works played by Dr. Koussevitzky to Bostonian audiences. With it, he was then on the way to be master-conductor. Now he has gained and assured that mastery. His orchestra, in those earlier years, was still an imperfect instrument. Now it is entirely and instantly responsive to his will, able, besides, to bring to pass whatever he—or the composer—asks. Remember from this performance of Strauss's tone-poem the unfailing certainty and richness of the eight horns, the beauty with which the first of them, Mr. Böttcher, clothed his tone; the wealth of voice in the strings, controlled by the utmost sensibility; the measured power of the brass; the individual quality of the woodwinds, the endless plasticity and resilience of the whole orchestra. It played as 110 men—for it was present in full numbers. It played also as one man—Dr. Koussevitzky, for Strauss.

The outcome was a performance of "A Hero's Life" in which veracity, saliency and felicity deepened into beauty or ascended into power. As exposition, it made "Ein Heldenleben" as clear as an autumn day. For once, those intricate passages in which Strauss twines together motifs from his earlier works, seemed a sounding as well as a paper music. For once, the measures of battle were ordered, not jumbled, dissonance; while the derision from the hero's adversaries proceeded, as it should, out of a cheeping background. These signs denote a performance in the newer, rather than the elder, manner with Strauss. When "Ein Heldenleben" first made the round of American concert-halls, it was custom to bear on hard and speak very loud. The adversaries squealed; the bat-

tle; the so-called heroic than in the outset the on the world, so, d from it most the canvas, the e broader the e conductor, or to the heroic ne Straussians— were sometimes

gone the way of recent memory simplified it here- er now prevails. Dr. Koussevitzky orchestra failed hat first superb less proclaimed; upbuilding him the tonal stage. he pause before e mélée of living e pages for the uality as music t of the shadows, d shrill far down the "love-scene" price of the be-

upon Mr. Bur- arous close, with an melody tem- those who may . . . The battle- ear by riot than the close, of the down the wind. . . . The rest, pes it, is a single mulating music. s memories and e feats of coun- the Straussian house. To our for granted—in s, these semi- brance; hear the be only débris ng; then resigned ess. They will a solemn mur- ear and high. He is less trans- n now by "Wel- into descending 'Birthday Over-

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PERU A Mystic Empire

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He was a brazen tumult; the so-called "love-scene" was more heroic than intimate and solitary; as at the outset the hero was proclaimed upon the world, so, at the close, he departed from it most sonorously. The vaster the canvas, the bolder the outline, the broader the strokes, the nearer were conductor, orchestra and audience to the heroic Strauss. No wonder, the Straussians—Huneker in the van—were sometimes hard put to defend him.

The old manner has gone the way of most over-zeal. Within recent memory only Mr. Mengelberg exemplified it hereabouts. The new manner now prevails. Consistently, yesterday, Dr. Koussevitzky followed it. Though the orchestra failed him ever so little at that first superb leap into the music, he less proclaimed than characterized the hero; upbuilding him in full-rounded life upon the tonal stage. Finely suspensive was the pause before the hero springs into the mêlée of living and doing. . . . The pages for the adversaries had true quality as music heard from a distance out of the shadows, as light-birds chatter and shrill far down the horizon. . . . The "love-scene" mounted out of the caprice of the beginning—lightly moody upon Mr. Burgin's violin—to the rapturous close, with the sweep of the Straussian melody tempered to its depth, as of those who may not speak for loving. . . . The battle-episode less stirred the ear by riot than by the sounding, toward the close, of the hero's motif, victorious, down the wind, over the stricken field. . . . The rest, as Dr. Koussevitzky shapes it, is a single unfolding, ascending, cumulating music. We traverse the hero's memories and barely heed the incredible feats of counterpoint—once for all the Straussian technique is to be taken for granted—in the melancholy of remembrance; hear the hero restless and champing; then resigned and contemplative; to a solemn music putting the world away. He is less transfigured than vanished—into descending silence.

So imagined, designed and played, "Ein Heldenleben" remains high-placed in the music of Strauss, in the music of the turn of the century. Thirty years on, its shadow does not lessen. Save for the pages of the adversaries and the battle, there is no need to regard it in historical perspective. Rather, the listener looks forward; wonders how the next generation will in turn receive it. No doubt the snarling of the adversaries belongs to the days when bitter realism was a strange new thing in symphonic music. Reasonably enough, these sneering pages seem now a perverse petulance on the part of Strauss. But when was a genius such without that counter-quality? Nowadays, again, the din of the battle

ism in the con- is the course ose—the reduc- a background, of hero and en- which the love- all three signify, is not lowered. tions and there r sons and suc- s "the greater who is manifold n in tones; of nd definition of has thereby ex- c. The Strauss the blending of e simultaneous ion, character- of the theater ely pinnacle in in, the Strauss heart to water ng, deep-sound- e superior may but they still imagination of ther half of the all-shapen form, re of color, the resource.

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Four Horses in New Orleans

New Orleans, Jan. 3 (A) and a barking dog early heric roles in a fire that four Thoroughbreds at the race plant which opened racing season on New Year.

Mrs. J. W. Thoman, assistant near the track, was dog's continuous barking to see flames licking at the eight.

The quick response of ment was credited with valuable Thoroughbreds in six and seven nearby.

The racers lost in the Minister, Rusticate and three owned by W. H. Fize a fourth horse, Honey Gre.

Two Negroes and an aroused before the fire arrived, managed to save horses quartered in the bla

N. E. Amateur Three Championship Her

The New England cushion championship to be held at the State Theat

is a commonplace of realism in the concert-hall. The salvation is the course that Dr. Koussevitzky chose—the reduction of the tumult to a background, against which the motifs of hero and enemy may flare, above which the love-motiv may hover. Then all three signify, and the level of the whole is not lowered.

Put by these two divisions and there remains fourfold what our sons and successors may call with us "the greater Strauss." The Strauss who is manifold master of characterization in tones; of the musical implication and definition of psychological states; who has thereby extended the domain of music. The Strauss who is no less master of the blending of musical progress with the simultaneous course of thought, emotion, characterization. As such—music of the theater aside—he sits upon a lonely pinnacle in the concert-hall. Yet again, the Strauss who can turn the listening heart to water with those long, upswelling, deep-sounding, diatonic melodies. The superior may call them commonplace; but they still seize the ears and the imagination of most that hear; while another half of the mind lays hold upon the full-shapen form, the rich texture, the range of color, the inexhaustible, ever-ready resource.

Last, the Strauss who can exalt us with power, touch us with beauty, join together pathos and solemnity, in more than one close. We have heard him, from Dr. Koussevitzky, at the end of "Death and Transfiguration" and now of "A Hero-Life." We have yet to hear him, from the conductor, in the matchless close of all—the death of Don Quixote. . . . Our notion of Strauss is cluttered by too close contact with his years of decline from the "Alpine Symphony" in the concert-hall to "The Egyptian Helen" in the opera house. To our sons' sons these routines, these semi-failures and failures, will be only debris about the feet of greatness. They will see Richard Strauss clear and high. Who remembers Beethoven now by "Wellington's Victory" or the "Birthday Overture?"

The novel number of the afternoon was Lourie's "Liturgical Sonata," played and sung for the first time in the United States. For it, the stage was first cleared; then in the center were convoked a small chamber-orchestra of woodwinds (less flutes), of brass (less the tuba), of double-basses and piano; around it a chamber-choir of twelve alto voices from Arthur Fiedler's Cecilia. This orchestra played the "Sequence" and the "Prose," out of the ancient Roman office, as described a few days back in these columns; joined with the voices in the "Song" and the "Hours" of the Passion, again out of Roman service-books. Of the quality of the performance it is impossible to write.

since it asked a recondite knowledge and a state of listening mind which nowadays not one in a hundred, in any concert-room, may yield. With the rarest exceptions, what do the most learned and cultivated listeners at Symphony Hall know of the Ambrosian plain-song which was, by report, Mr. Lourié's source book and model? With as few exceptions, how many of us may regain the mystical, ecstatic moods of the pietists of the early church, when they listened to these stark and monotonous measures and knew the Son of God upon his Cross? Since Dr. Koussevitzky had prepared the music of a friend; since virtuosi of the Symphony Orchestra played and a well-schooled choir sang, be it assumed that the performance did the Sonata justice.

To the nearly insuperable obstacle of musical matter and procedure alien to listeners in this thirty-first year of the twentieth century, even though our own polytonality now and then streaks it; to the nearly total lack in most of us of responsive mind and mood, add yet another barrier. There is no doubt that Mr. Lourié is deeply devout, worshipping God in spirit and in truth; that he believes himself possessed of a spiritual illumination which he would communicate in music to his follow-men. Yet to most that listened yesterday, that faith and enlightenment seemed wholly mental; that transmission wholly from the mind. The most pagan of us may listen to Bach and know the mystical longings of the believing and uplifted Christian. Bach touches our emotions as he sways our minds. Sursum corda, and we also must obey.

Down the centuries, with Franck at his highest, we may again share, from tones, mystical vision and rapture. In our own time, the English Holst is no stranger to the idiom and the exaltation of ancient plain-song. Here and now on remembered pages, Mr. Loeffler has touched us with the stripped beauty, the evocative power, of this music of the Roman fathers. But his heart had first been touched. Whereas, Mr. Lourié's processes in this "Liturgical Sonata" seem wholly mental. In his mind he assimilated the ancient music; by mental will would write in the twentieth century kindred matter in kindred manner. In his mind are all his faith and all his exaltation. For him a state of the spirit becomes an operation of the reason. To no more than our minds can he communicate it; whereas he should penetrate our hearts; while between most of our minds and his opens an impassable breach. No more dryly cerebral music (as the word goes) than Mr. Lourié's has been heard in recent memory across Symphony Hall. Little has been more coldly received. He might be readable in

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Beethoven began the con-
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sounded to the Viennese
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knowing well the succeed-
d Beethoven's other master-
concert-hall. Whatever his
upon this beginning, they
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lays the first movement and
fancy we hear, a bolder out-
spacing, a broader melody,
eenth-century Viennese sym-
of the Beethoven who was
enlarge symphonic substance
mic form. The slow move-
s, and all agree that it is
century—Beethoven following
lels. The Minuet-Scherzo fol-
teenth-century and the best
say again to ourselves. But
beyond is our perceptive
who can find in it the germ
new-made Scherzi to come.
introduction to the Finale
s, indeed, none but the future
could so herald his maturer

Thus our ears and minds
little symphony, still pleasing
self, is nearly lost in a haze
on.
H. T. P.

SYMPHONY GLORIFIES STRAUSS

"A Hero's Life" Given Superbly Artistic Performance

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

To the eye as to the ear the Sym-
phony Concert of yesterday after-
noon presented curious contrasts.
For Beethoven's First Symphony,
which began the concert, Dr.
Koussevitzky reduced the number of
strings, as is now his judicious way
with 18th century pieces. Lourié's
"Sonate Liturgique," which followed,
called for a band of 13, plus 10 alto
singers, while Strauss' "Ein Helden-
leben," assembled, as it seemed by
comparison, a veritable army of in-
strumentalists.

LOURIE'S MUSIC DISMAL

The oddly styled sonata by Arthur
Lourié, a Russian, who lives in Paris,
a Jew whose forebears turned to Christ-
ianity, was first intended by Dr. Kous-
sevitzky for performance at the con-
certs of last week. Fortunately, Dr.
Koussevitzky saw the light and post-
poned it. Here is no music for the
holiday season, even if the Latin words
of the second and fourth sections, in
which the singers are used, had not
specifically to do with the crucifixion.
For Lourié's music, scored for wind

instruments, four stringed basses and
pianoforte, is dismal, lugubrious; music
suggestive of sackcloth and ashes.

When the final chord of this sonata
died away the audience seemed not
to realize that the piece was ended,
and there was no answering applause
until Dr. Koussevitzky turned on the
stand as if to signify that hand-clap-
ping was in order. Indeed he had com-
pleted part of his journey toward the
green room ere the perfunctory plaudits
were forthcoming. Plainly few had
found Lourié's sonata, music of un-
doubted sincerity and individuality of
expression, to their liking.

Make Strauss Imposing

How different was the reception ac-
corded the "Heldenleben," which yes-
terday, for all its extreme length, and
the strain it imposes on the listening
ear and the receiving mind, scored a
popular success.

In turn these long-continued signs of
approbation were acknowledged by Dr.
Koussevitzky, who had conducted with
sympathy, understanding and a quick-
ening ardor; by Mr. Burgin, who had
played as virtuoso and poetizing
musician the difficult and important
part for solo violin, and by all the play-
ers of the orchestra who had responded
nobly to Dr. Koussevitzky's efforts to
make songful each strand of the con-
trapuntal web, to bring clarity and pro-
portion out of Strauss' maze of notes,
to characterize the hero, his snarling
adversaries, his coy, yet tender help-
meet, his brave challenge to the world,
his mighty struggle, and his final re-
treat from the sphere of action into
that of contemplation.

32 Years of Age

Next March will bring the 32nd anni-
versary of the first performance of this
remarkably conceived, remarkably exe-
cuted tone-poem which at that time
must have seemed, as we know in fact
that it did, a baffling, confusing, over-
whelmingly distracting music. Today
"A Hero's Life" is far easier of
comprehension, yet not all who sit in
critical places are willing to admit that
the later symphonic Strauss is the
greater Strauss, to accept the obvious
parallel with Wagner and place the sec-
ond Richard's "Don Juan," "Death and
Transfiguration" and "Till Eulen-
spiegel" with the "Flying Dutchman,"
"Tannhauser" and "Lohengrin," his
"Zarathustra," "Ein Heldenleben,"
"Don Quixote" and Alpine Symphony
with "Tristan," "Meistersinger,"
"Parsifal" and the "Ring."

Like Mahler and Bruckner, the
Strauss of the later tone-poem is a
debatable figure, by some adored, by
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since it asked a recondite knowledge a treatise upon St. Thomas Aquinas, but he is beyond comprehension as tone-poet in plain-song. . . . Dr. Koussevitzky is, indeed, the most open-minded of conductors.

The young Beethoven began the concert—the Beethoven of the First Symphony, played by a diminished orchestra, with the conductor all susceptible ear and sensitive hand. So this "new grand symphony for full orchestra" may have sounded to the Viennese hearing it in the spring of 1800. But we of 1930 listen, knowing well the succeeding eight and Beethoven's other masterpieces of the concert-hall. Whatever his concentration upon this beginning, they are also at the back of the conductor's head. He plays the first movement and we hear, or fancy we hear, a bolder outline, a wider spacing, a broader melody, less of eighteenth-century Viennese symphonies than of the Beethoven who was to free and enlarge symphonic substance and symphonic form. The slow movement ensues, and all agree that it is the best models. The Minuet-Scherzo follows. Eighteenth-century and the best models, we say again to ourselves. But three rows beyond is our perceptive friend, Ixe, who can find in it the germ of all the new-made Scherzi to come. The slow introduction to the Finale sounds. Yes, indeed, none but the future Beethoven could so herald his maturer self. . . . Thus our ears and minds go, and a little symphony, still pleasing in its young self, is nearly lost in a haze of speculation.

To the nearly insuperable obstacle of musical matter and procedure alien to listeners in this thirty-first year of the twentieth century, even though our polytonality now and then streaks the nearly total lack in most of the responsive mind and mood, add yet another barrier. There is no doubt Mr. Lourie is deeply devout, worshipping God in spirit and in truth; that he believes himself possessed of a spiritual illumination which he would communicate to his follow-men. Yet to that listened yesterday, that faith-enlightenment seemed wholly mental; transmission wholly from the self. The most pagan of us may listen to and know the mystical longings of believing and uplifted Christian. touches our emotions as he sways go, and a little symphony, still pleasing in its young self, is nearly lost in a haze of speculation.

Down the centuries, with Franck at his highest, we may again share, from tones, mystical vision and rapture. In our own time, the English Holst is no stranger to the idiom and the exaltation of ancient plain-song. Here and now on remembered pages, Mr. Loeffler has touched us with the stripped beauty, the evocative power, of this music of the Roman fathers. But his heart had first been touched. Whereas, Mr. Lourie's processes in this "Liturgical Sonata" seem wholly mental. In his mind he assimilated the ancient music; by mental will would write in the twentieth century kindred matter in kindred manner. In his mind are all his faith and all his exaltation. For him a state of the spirit becomes an operation of the reason. To no more than our minds can he communicate it; whereas he should penetrate our hearts; while between most of our minds and his opens an impassable breach. No more dryly cerebral music (as the word goes) than Mr. Lourie's has been heard in recent memory across Symphony Hall. Little has been more coldly received. He might be readable in

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H. T. P.

SYMPHONY GLORIFIES STRAUSS

"A Hero's Life" Given
Superbly Artistic
Performance

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

To the eye as to the ear the Symphony Concert of yesterday afternoon presented curious contrasts. For Beethoven's First Symphony, which began the concert, Dr. Koussevitzky reduced the number of strings, as is now his judicious way with 18th century pieces. Lourie's "Sonate Liturgique," which followed, called for a band of 13, plus 10 alto singers, while Strauss' "Ein Heldenleben," assembled, as it seemed by comparison, a veritable army of instrumentalists.

LOURIE'S MUSIC DISMAL

The oddly styled sonata by Arthur Lourie, a Russian, who lives in Paris, a Jew whose forebears turned to Christianity, was first intended by Dr. Koussevitzky for performance at the concerts of last week. Fortunately, Dr. Koussevitzky saw the light and postponed it. Here is no music for the holiday season, even if the Latin words of the second and fourth sections, in which the singers are used, had not specifically to do with the crucifixion. For Lourie's music, scored for wind

instruments, four stringed basses and pianoforte, is dismal, lugubrious; music suggestive of sackcloth and ashes.

When the final chord of this sonata died away the audience seemed not to realize that the piece was ended, and there was no answering applause until Dr. Koussevitzky turned on the stand as if to signify that hand-clapping was in order. Indeed he had completed part of his journey toward the green room ere the perfunctory plaudits were forthcoming. Plainly few had found Lourie's sonata, music of undoubted sincerity and individuality of expression, to their liking.

Make Strauss Imposing

How different was the reception accorded the "Heldenleben," which yesterday, for all its extreme length, and the strain it imposes on the listening ear and the receiving mind, scored a popular success.

In turn these long-continued signs of approbation were acknowledged by Dr. Koussevitzky, who had conducted with sympathy, understanding and a quickening ardor; by Mr. Burgin, who had played as virtuoso and poetizing musician the difficult and important part for solo violin, and by all the players of the orchestra who had responded nobly to Dr. Koussevitzky's efforts to make songful each strand of the contrapuntal web, to bring clarity and proportion out of Strauss' maze of notes, to characterize the hero, his snarling adversaries, his coy, yet tender helpmeet, his brave challenge to the world, his mighty struggle, and his final retreat from the sphere of action into that of contemplation.

32 Years of Age

Next March will bring the 32nd anniversary of the first performance of this remarkably conceived, remarkably executed tone-poem which at that time must have seemed, as we know in fact that it did, a baffling, confusing, overwhelmingly distracting music. Today "A Hero's Life" is far easier of comprehension, yet not all who sit in critical places are willing to admit that the later symphonic Strauss is the greater Strauss, to accept the obvious parallel with Wagner and place the second Richard's "Don Juan," "Death and Transfiguration" and "Till Eulenspiegel" with the "Flying Dutchman," "Tannhauser" and "Lohengrin," his "Zarathustra," "Ein Heldenleben," "Don Quixote" and Alpine Symphony with "Tristan," "Meistersinger," "Parsifal" and the "Ring."

Like Mahler and Bruckner, the Strauss of the later tone-poem is a debatable figure, by some adored, by others suspected.

Holiday Ends, The Concerts Proceed Again

Lourie and His Plain Song,
New Grist of Programs,
Guest-Conductors

FOR the first concerts of the new year Dr. Koussevitzky and the Symphony Orchestra, together with a semi-chorus of altos from The Cecelia, will play, and sing, as novelty Arthur Lourie's "Sonate liturgique en forme de quatre chorales." To which title the score adds "Anno Domini 1928." The career of Arthur Lourie, of whose work Boston has as yet heard nothing, is a varied one. He is of Jewish stock, though the family have been Roman Catholics for some generations. He was born in Petersburg (as it then was in 1892. (Reimann's Dictionary, according to the best information obtainable hereabouts, is incorrect in giving the date as 1884.) He was educated in the schools, musical and otherwise, of his native city. After the Revolution he was active in Government service. From 1918 to 1920 he held a position which we should probably call head of the Music Division of the Department of Fine Arts.—If we had a Fine Arts Department in the Cabinet of our country. A large part of his duty was to facilitate the interchange of artists between Russia and the rest of Europe. In 1923 he left Russia and settled in Paris, where he has since remained. While in Russia he was known as an extremely radical composer.

Arrived in Paris, Lourie spent some years in meditation and study, thinking through his methods, polishing his technical equipment, enlarging his point of view, building for himself finally a personal esthetic. During this period he avoided publicity as far as possible. While other composers were looking for performances of their works, Lourie tried to keep his

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Lourie is also an author of no little importance. He contributes variously to Parisian journals and periodicals. For the American "Modern Music" he has written two articles, "Neogothic and Neoclassic" and "An Inquiry into Melody." In them he shows himself a profound thinker, a musical philosopher whose pronouncements have the ring of authority. In the first of these two articles Schenker and his school of expressionists are of course the "neo-Goths," while Stravinsky et al., are the "neo-classicists." He longs for and discusses a possible synthesis of the two but ends by questioning the possibility of such a desirable union. The "Inquiry into Melody" places melody as the chief matter of music, entirely outranking rhythm. He opines that perhaps the moment is at hand when what which the builders have set aside will again become their cornerstone."

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The voices proceed in two parts, in hollow sounding or dissonant intervals, deeply suggestive of the mysticism of the early days of the church. There is orchestral introduction and epilogue in descending slowly moving chords, against slow arpeggio figures. These descending scale figures assume almost the importance of a common motif for the last three movements. In the "Song of the Passion" it is descending eighth notes in the orchestral bass. In the "Prose" it is the half-note choral in high register. In the "Hours of the Passion" it is in the descending whole-note chords of introduction and epilogue.

It is difficult to recall any other composer who has used plain-song so consistently for its own sake. From Debussy onward, many composers have made use of it. But that use has ever been as an exotic, to provide new color for some scheme or plan about some other subject in the mind of the composer. Lourie uses plain-song to express what it was originally intended to express, the mysteries, devotions and exaltations of the church itself. The oldest of musical themes is again, through him, coming into use. And the Catholics of Paris are said to be acclaiming him as the leader in this newest plain-song renaissance.

A. H. M.

The Strange Case of Arthur Vincent Lourié

His Record and Music from
A Revolutionary Past
To a Religious
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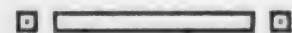
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His Record and Music from
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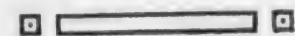
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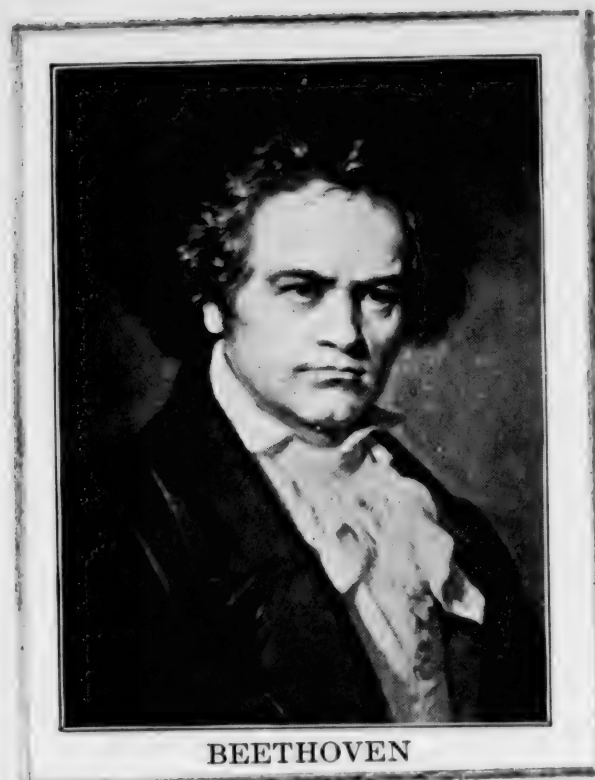
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Twelfth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, JANUARY 16, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, JANUARY 17, at 8.15 o'clock

HENRY HADLEY will conduct these concerts

PROGRAMME

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 I. Adagio; Allegro con spirito.
 II. Andante.
 III. Minuet.
 IV. Finale.

McKinley Masquerade
 (First time at these concerts)

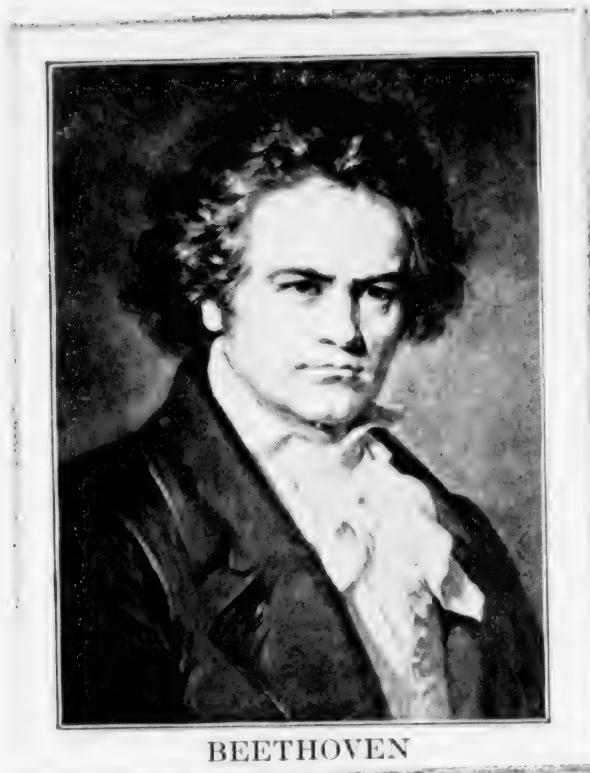
Hadley "Salome," Tone Poem after Oscar Wilde's
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Hadley Suite for Orchestra, "Streets of Pekin"
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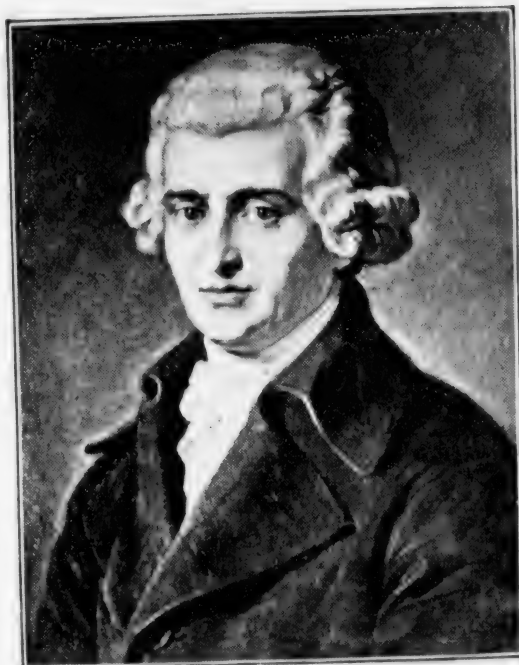
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HAYDN

SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE Jan. 17, 1933

As Dr. Koussevitzky is taking a vacation of two weeks Henry Hadley, the conductor of the Manhattan orchestra of New York, was the leader yesterday afternoon. He will lead tomorrow night. The conductor of the concerts next week will be Enrique Fernandez Arbos. Mr. Hadley arranged this program: Haydn, Symphony No. 1 E flat major. McKinley, "Masquerade" (first time at these concerts). Hadley, "Salome," tone poem (after Oscar Wilde). Hadley, Suite "Streets of Pekin" (first time in Boston).

Mr. Hadley, cordially welcomed, was loudly applauded throughout the concert, as conductor; and in the latter part, as composer. He has had much experience as a conductor in cities of this country and of Europe; Buenos Aires, and Tokio are not foreign to him. It was a great pleasure to hear the Symphony by Haydn, a composer who is much neglected, and when attention is paid to him by conductors the Symphonies chosen are thrice familiar. Dr. Koussevitzky rejoiced the audience by bringing out the "Horn" Symphony. The one chosen yesterday is as fresh as if it were composed last year. It has vitality; it overflows with high spirits; here and there are passages that are singularly "modern": harmonically and in mood. Mr. Hadley's interpretation was not perfunctory, as is too often the case when a conductor deigns to notice Haydn; nor was it too reverential. The music appealed to him; he knew what he wished for the performance; the orchestra sympathized with him; the result was delightful.

Mr. McKinley's "Masquerade" was played in Boston for the first time at a concert of the New England Conservatory of Music's orchestra late in 1929. Last June it was heard at a "Pop." concert. Composed in 1924, it waited a public hearing till it was performed in 1926 at a New York Stadium concert. It has been played by symphony orchestras of Chicago, Detroit, Philadelphia, New York, Syracuse. The composer, born at Yarmouth, Me., in 1895, is now a member of the New England Conservatory's faculty. He disclaims any program or descriptive intention for his "Masquerade." The title suffices.

This music is agreeable to hear, while it is playing, but it leaves no definite impression; it does not disclose marked individuality. When it breaks into what is loosely known as "jazz," the rhythms lead one to expect pages that are exhilarating, exciting. The hearer remains calm, and longs for a less refined, less genteel handling. After all, frank vulgarity in moderation, is not displeasing in compositions of this order. Not that a musical masquerade should be a tonal orgy, but it should quicken the pulse and stir the blood. Even the

most refined composer should be able to let himself go occasionally, as Beethoven did at the end of the "Egmont" overture and in the finales of the "Eroica" and the Seventh Symphonies.

Hadley's "Salome" was performed for the first time in this country by the Boston Symphony orchestra in April, 1907. It was composed before 1905. It made a favorable impression when it was first heard here. The audience yesterday evidently enjoyed the various sections that tell in tones the story of Salome and John the Baptist according to Wilde, who invented the character of Salome (unnamed by the evangelists), having been fascinated by pictures, legends, tales and poems in which she is the dancing heroine. Mr. Hadley's tone poem was highly creditable to him at the time he wrote it. Frankly descriptive, it has picturesque pages. If there are measures that show the influence of the Strauss of the tone poems—even in Mr. McKinley's "Masquerade" there is a fleeting reminder of Till Eulenspiegel's impudence—there are many more that are Mr. Hadley's own. The dance section is not too deliberately oriental in character, which is a blessing, for there has been far too much pseudo-orientalism in music. When Mr. Eichheim gives us the real thing, bringing the native instruments with him, the effect is chiefly the gratification of curiosity—and this in spite of all his skill and taste as a musician.

Mr. Hadley conducted a series of orchestral concerts last September in Tokyo where his suite "Streets of Pekin" was first performed. There are seven short movements. There is no attempt to be rigorously, phonographically oriental. In fact, the Suite might easily bear another title. Occasionally a theme pops up that Mr. Hadley may have heard, as he sojourned in the east, but the treatment throughout the Suite is European-American. Two of the slow movements have genuine charm—especially the one with the expressive violoncello solo, beautifully played by Mr. Bedetti. These movements might as well have been entitled "Nocturne" and "Moonlight on the Hudson." The Suite is interesting; there are skilfully orchestrated pages. It is the work of a well-grounded musician who happened to be in the east and paid his compliment by giving his new work the title "Streets of Pekin," with sub-titles which would give the local color not to be found in the music itself.

The concert will be repeated tonight. Mr. Arbos has arranged the following program for next week: Corelli, Suite. Cesar Franck, Symphony in D minor; De Falla; Suite from "El Amor Brujo;" Albeniz, "El Albaicin" and "Navarra" (arranged for orchestra by Arbos).

DR. HADLEY CONDUCTS SYMPHONY

Plays Own "Salome"
and "Streets of
Pekin"

Post Jan. 17, 1931
BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Dr. Koussevitzky is now taking the well-earned fortnight's rest that it has been his custom to take in mid-season, therewith entrusting two pairs of Symphony Concerts to guest conductors. Thus the concert of yesterday afternoon, as will that of this evening, brought to the conductor's stand an eminent American musician who has more than once before presided, Henry Hadley.

TWO OF OWN WORKS

Since Dr. Hadley is composer as well as conductor, he not unnaturally likes to appear simultaneously in both capacities; hence yesterday under his baton a revival of his tone-poem, "Salome," last played here in 1907, and the first Boston performance of his new suite, "Streets of Peking," seven short descriptive pieces, fruit of a recent visit to the Orient. To the classics Dr. Hadley paid his respects by placing at the head of his programme Haydn's seldom-heard Symphony in E-flat major, known in Germany as the "symphony of the drum-roll," and he recognized a younger colleague by playing after this symphony Carl McKinley's "Masquerade," a piece heard here in Boston twice last season, at a concert of the orchestra of the New England Conservatory, the institution where Mr. McKinley is now teaching, and at a Pop concert.

Mr. McKinley's piece has already been played by several of the major

American orchestras and it is to be presumed that he had offered it to Dr. Koussevitzky. If that is the case, it is not altogether easy to see why Dr. Koussevitzky should have rejected it, especially since his eagerness to help the deserving young American composer is well known.

"Masquerade" Well Received

This "Masquerade" is not a particularly individual or original music. It is not important. But as a symphonic treatment of dance forms, from the waltz to the fox-trot, it is entertaining, gay and brilliant, and it "comes off." And if a choice is to be made between unimportant music which comes off and unimportant music which does not, the former is, from the listener's standpoint, much to be preferred, though Dr. Koussevitzky has given us plenty of the latter, domestic as well as foreign. "Masquerade" was well received by yesterday's audience, and from his seat in the balcony the composer was compelled many times to bow his acknowledgements.

In that it followed one of the less genial and inspired of Haydn's symphonies, "Masquerade" had yesterday a flattering setting. One of the 12 that Haydn wrote for his concerts in London, this symphony in E flat has been overshadowed by most of its companions. The most pleasing movement of the four is the Andante, with its recurring theme of folk-song character. Dr. Hadley conducted the symphony in straightforward fashion, yet it might be said that in the role of interpreter he did less for Haydn than for McKinley's music and for his own.

To come finally to Dr. Hadley's compositions, both the youthful tone-poem and the recent suite place the well-intentioned reviewer in the quandary wherein Dr. Hadley's music generally places him. It were idle to deny Dr. Hadley's mastery of every musical resource, as it were also idle to deny his possession of a certain gift for apposite and telling expression. There are glowing and seductive pages in "Salome," derived to be sure, like much music of the period of its composition, straight from Wagner. There are atmospheric and suggestive pages in the Chinese suite, an evocation of the spell and mystery of the East accomplished without recourse to bald thematic or instrumental literalism that, somewhat paradoxically, may quite easily fail of its purpose. Yet, with these compelling and arresting pages come measures that are undistinguished, platitudinous, that are even banal. There is much that is even tily bombastic in "Salome"; there are measures in the suite that stand not much above the level of tailor-made incidental music for stage-play or film.

Both compositions obviously pleased yesterday's audience, and at the close of the concert there was much applause for the composer-conductor.

Symphonic Afternoon In Routine

Henry Hadley for Conductor,
With His Own and Others'
Pieces Drifting By

THESE are concerts to be discussed, praised, remembered. There are concerts to be discussed, blamed, forgotten. There are also concerts that merely drift past the best-intentioned listener; proceed in routine; leave no other trace behind. No long annual series may altogether escape them. Now and then they recur in our Symphony Concerts, energized and manifold as Dr. Koussevitzky, above all his predecessors, keeps them. For the first time this season one such befell yesterday at Symphony Hall. "The master"—as the word goes in New York—is on winter "holiday." That is to say, he is devoting a fortnight, free from rehearsals and concerts, to the making of plans and the study of scores for the half year to come. Consequently a guest-conductor reigned in his place—and in this January of 1931, guest-conductors are hard to come by.

To these two pairs of concerts from which Dr. Koussevitzky is annually absent, it has become custom to invite, first, a notable composer who can also conduct in his own music; second, a notable conductor to set forth his specialties before a new audience. For some years past, such a composer—Honegger, Ravel, Glazunov—has been on tour in the United States, ready and waiting for invitation, possibly with a program slipped casually into his portfolio. His presence, his conducting, the excursion through his "works," were sure to make an event of his pair of concerts. This season, however, no eminent composer is spending the winter in the United States; while such Americans as Mr. Loeffler or Mr. Carpenter are too familiar figures to make an occasion, even if they had the inclination.

European conductors, on visit, are likewise few. The rising Russo-Parisian, Vladimir Golschmann, has "come out" to take over the St. Louis Orchestra for a few weeks—the particular week included in which, were he disengaged, Symphony Hall might have sought him. Mr. Fernandez-Arbo lastly finished his annual

in St. Louis and is available for week in Boston. Again, most conductors settled in America were out of choice. They lead "union" orchestras while the Boston Orchestra remains obstinately "non-union." Shall Stock, for example, risk a lasting gaffe in Chicago for the pleasure and profit of a week in Boston? Not adroitly. From a field that was nearly empty, Symphony Hall finally picked Henry Hadley. He might pass for conductor, having divided his work-life between the two careers. He was home-born and bred. More than once he had been called to Symphony Hall. A prudent sailor, riding the musical seas these forty years, he has made and friends in every port. Wherefore was guest at the Symphony Concert yesterday afternoon; will be such at the same time this evening.

Now Mr. Hadley as conductor and composer is a highly respectable talent, of a sort that we good-natured Americans, at all times polite in the arts, take and propulsively. The fortunate patrons of our tolerant good will hear and no harsh words about themselves their work; make their bows, gain plaudits, go confidently along their way with never a thought of troublesome criticism. If, heeding King Solomon, they are "diligent in business" and watch for opportunity and connections, they usually "arrive"; are finally taken for granted. In this agreeable position, as he turns into his sixtieth year, Mr. Hadley now finds himself. Nobody lifted an eyebrow of surprise when it was announced that he would be guest this time at Symphony Hall. Nor, visibly, did anyone toss his hat in air. Yesterday he was welcomed to the stage with polite applause, mild and brief; at each recurrence renewed. The usual audience, seemingly substitutes—was present in the usual numbers; sat tranquilly through a concert of the usual length, the way improving its acquaintance with the daughter of Herodias, upon whom Mr. Hadley bestowed a tone-poem the editor of the program-book and all. At a quarter past four the concert dispersed, stirred to neither approval nor demur. There had merely been a Symphony Concert.

Of long experience, Mr. Hadley continued conductor. As the stock goes, he knows what he wants and the means wherewith to get it; before him on Friday was an orchestra as sensitive as it is puissant, the loyal Burgin, as concert-master, giving it to familiar mettle. Playing it, Mr. Hadley brought to pass a full, competent, smooth-surfaced performance of Haydn's Symphony in

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Symphonic Afternoon In Rotunda

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With His Own and C
Pieces Drifting

THESE are concerts to be praised, remembered, concerts to be discussed, forgotten. There are concerts that merely drift past the intended listener; proceed to leave no other trace behind. Now and then they recur in phony Concerts, energized as Dr. Koussevitzky, above all others, keeps them. For this season one such befell the Symphony Hall. "The mast word goes in New York—is 'holiday.'" That is to say, he is fortnight, free from rehearsals, to the making of plans study of scores for the half year. Consequently a guest-conductor in his place—and in this Jan. guest-conductors are hard to

To these two pairs of concerts which Dr. Koussevitzky is sent, it has become custom first, a notable composer will conduct in his own music. Notable conductor to set foot on the stage before a new audience years past, such a composer as Ravel, Glazunov—has been the United States, ready and invitation, possibly with lights, slipped casually into his presence, his conducting, through his "works," were an event of his pair of seasons, however, no eminence is spending the winter in States; while such American figures to make an occasion had the inclination.

European conductors, on the other hand, are few. The rising star, Vladimir Golschmann, has taken over the St. Louis Symphony for a few weeks—the particular in which, were he disengaged, Hall might have sought to

in St. Louis and is available for next week in Boston. Again, most conductors settled in America were out of the choice. They lead "union" orchestras; while the Boston Orchestra remains obstinately "non-union." Shall Mr. Stock, for example, risk a lasting grudge in Chicago for the pleasure and honor of a week in Boston? Not advisedly. From a field that was nearly empty, Symphony Hall finally picked Henry Hadley. He might pass for composer-conductor, having divided his working life between the two careers. He was Boston-born and bred. More than once he had been called to Symphony Hall. Like a prudent sailor, riding the musical seas these forty years, he has made and kept friends in every port. Wherefore he was guest at the Symphony Concert yesterday afternoon; will be such at the repetition this evening.

Now Mr. Hadley as conductor and composer is a highly respectable talent, of the sort that we good-natured Americans, almost always polite in the arts, take kindly and propulsively. The fortunate recipients of our tolerant good will hear or read no harsh words about themselves and their work; make their bows, gain their plaudits, go confidently along their way, with never a thought of troublesome self-criticism. If, heeding King Solomon, they are "diligent in business" and watch out for opportunity and connections, they gradually "arrive"; are finally taken for granted. In this agreeable position, as he turns into his sixtieth year, Mr. Hadley now finds himself. Nobody lifted an eyebrow of surprise when it was announced that he would be guest this week at Symphony Hall. Nor, visibly, did anyone toss hat in air. Yesterday he was welcomed to the stage with polite applause, mild and brief; at each re-entrance renewed. The usual audience—or seemingly substitutes—was present in the usual numbers; sat tranquilly through a concert of the usual length, along the way improving its acquaintance with the daughter of Herodias, upon whom Mr. Hadley bestowed a tone-poem and the editor of the program-book an essay. At a quarter past four the company dispersed, stirred to neither approval nor demur. There had merely been another Symphony Concert.

Out of long experience, Mr. Hadley is routinized conductor. As the stock phrase goes, he knows what he wants and the means wherewith to get it; while before him on Friday was an orchestra as sensitive as it is puissant, with the loyal Burgin, as concert-master, holding it to familiar mettle. Playing upon it, Mr. Hadley brought to pass a faithful, competent, smooth-surfaced performance of Haydn's Symphony in

B-flat, the first of the London series. Written by Carl McKinley, New
now of the faculty at the Con-
in recent past variously
abouts. It is free in form;
full orchestra, plentiful in the
corner; has no more "pro-
the single word of the title
recognizable figure wanders
with the staves, the orchestra
stening imagination. As per-
otiv undergoes sundry varia-
haps in the play with the fig-
the disguises of the motif,
to find the title fulfilled. More
and equally suiting it, are
ims—some out of the popular
jazz age—handled elastically
gly, spangled with harmonic
mental color. Gruenberg-like,
sudden snaps and catches.
Mr. McKinley has a flair for
thing in that sort of treat-
ay even be counted as off-set
y to remember, oftener than
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ic than for invention and in-
among American composers.
long peace, to respectable
H. T. P.

With his own compositions, which
filled half the concert. Mr. Hadley suc-
ceeded better. In matter and manner
his tone-poem, "Salome," is of the mus-
cal period in which he most flourished
and with which he remains most in sym-
pathy—the first decade of the century
twenty years back. Into the piece went
the best of his invention, resource and
imagination, to make a whole less calcu-
lated and put together than many an-
other of his scores. If he wrote thought-
fully, he wrote also ardently. In these
days of other fashions and a different
goal in music-making, not a little of "Sa-
lome" sounds outmoded or conventional.
Strauss himself, in a whole music-drama,
has not been able to save Wilde's princess
and her Jokanaan from semi-oblivion.
Yet there are sonorities and delineative
measures on Mr. Hadley's pages that still
make their effect. The conductor-com-
poser manifestly exhibits the tone-poem
as his favorite and longest-lived child.
Warrantably, it received the warmest ap-
plause of the afternoon.

The newest addition to the accumu-
lated Hadleyana—the composer must be
near, or have passed, his Opus 100—is a
suite "Streets of Peking," travel-sketches
and travel-notes set down in tones during
a recent journey to the Orient. Mr. Had-
ley was not disposed to the research and
assimilation with strange scales and in-
strumental timbres that have made Mr.
Elchheim a curious and unique composer.
Nor did the rhythms and colors of land
and folk in the Far East touch his imagi-
nation as they touched, say, Roussel's.
He saw and heard as tourist; wrote as
competent and conventional musician. He
would be atmospheric and glamorous,
fanciful and moonlit; or large and sono-
rous; or else rattle in street-scenes with
pleasant and humorous din. The common
stock of music the world over yields him
much. The common stock of Oriental
color in the concert-hall ekes it out.
The harmonic and instrumental surfaces
are wholly conventional. A more undi-
vidualized music were hard to imagine.
In composition and in performance a
lighter hand than Mr. Hadley's would
have better served it.

Along with the Hadleyan Suite came
another and more fortunate effort to
make something out of nothing—"Mas-

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Hadley es the Baton

Jan. 16, 1931.
of the Boston Symphony
Cambridge last evening,
ley proffered a program
same program which he
ymphony Hall this after-
rrow evening as guest-
ing the vacation of Dr.
Even the oldest number,
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responsive and polished self under his
leadership, the musicians following his
beat with ease and responding readily to
the peculiarities of his leadership.

Principal interest in the occasion con-
verged upon Mr. Hadley's new suite,
"Streets of Peking," and Mr. McKinley's
"Masquerade." Haydn's early symphony
was not inexpertly chosen as preliminary
piece against which might be set to good
advantage the two novelties. This is the
symphony popularly known as "with the
drum-roll." Even against the compara-
tively mild modernism of Hadley and
McKinley, it is serene, inoffensive music
and it must be admitted, rather dull
throughout the greater portion of its
length. It begins auspiciously with its
drum-roll and prophetic introductory
chords, but the subsequent measures of
beat pattern-making appear, to contem-
porary listeners, not particularly inspired.
There are two or three engrossing
variations in the slow movement, the trio
of the minuet is delightful and the closing
movement contains some stirring meas-
ures. Mr. Hadley read the score with
straightforward accuracy with no attempt
to discover fresh nuances.

Though it may be said that Mr. Mc-
Kinley and Mr. Hadley ignore cert in-
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dividual and sincere in using the idiom
which is more naturally their medium of
expression. At one time organist in a
New York theater and now member of
the faculty of the New England Con-
servatory of Music, Mr. McKinley has ob-
served at close range the fashion of the
people's music outside the hallowed con-
cert hall. By this is meant the music of
the movie palace, the musical stage and
jazz. "Masquerade" has some first-rate
jazz. True, it is idealized jazz in the
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ers and glints with the sh en that is
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ing. Its honesty is one of its most en-
gaging features. The young people of
yesterday's audience enjoyed it, im-
mensely.

This is scarcely the time to review
Mr. Hadley's "Salome." Written in the
idion of Wagner and Strauss, but not
necessarily imitative of these two com-
posers, it became familiar nearly twenty
years ago. It serves now to cite the
fact that even then Mr. Hadley was an
adroit manipulator of orchestral effect, a
skilled technician and a confirmed melo-
dist, as he is today. The change in
fashion is to him as well as to others
who, through no fault of their own,
found their creative faculties shaped by
an earlier school, unfortunate.

ets of Peking" is one of Mr. Had-
most graceful and spontaneous

Not so very long ago, the Sym-
Orchestra produced in Sanders
Ravel's orchestra transcription
Sorgsky's much-admired "Pictures
Exhibition." There is very little
nce between the artistic concept
her piece. Both are descriptive
based upon external impressions.
has used his orchestra in the way
nown to him. Hadley, likewise,
sed peculiar means, regardless of
actices of others. Though it may
d that his orchestral harmony re-
the Western idea of Chinese musi-
ect, no one has yet come forward
ufficient authority to successfully
e this idea. Personal impressions
stimate in all art. Suffice it that
s of Peking" has much material
ctive melodic beauty, particularly
case of the excerpt entitled "Jade

Harmony and orchestral color
the sensuous ear. We sometimes
have our music please the sen-
ear. For which reason, yesterday's
se received Mr. Hadley's new piece
uch enthusiasm. N. M. J.

HADLEY CONDUCTS SYMPHONY CONCERT

McKinley's "Masquerade"
and Hadley Pieces Heard

Jan. 17, 1931
Mr. Koussevitzky is taking his an-
nual midseason vacation. Yesterday's
nphony concert was conducted by
ary Hadley, as guest. Next week
Fernandez Arbos will return as
st conductor. Mr Hadley's program
terday included Haydn's E-flat
nphony, the one with the drum roll;
one poem entitled "Masquerade,"

Carl McKinley; Mr Hadley's
lome," first performed in 1927, and
latest work, "Streets of Peking,"
tten in Japan last Summer.
r Hadley, born in Somerville in
l, grew up and studied music in
city, though he has not lived here
ce the 1890s. He last appeared as
st conductor at the Boston Sym-
ny concerts five years ago. In the
antime he has more than once con-
ted the People's Symphony as
st. He is now living in New York
conducting concerts by the Man-
tan Symphony. A good deal of his
sic has been heard in Boston from
time to time.

With his own compositions, filled half the concert. Mr. Hadley succeeded better. In matter and in his tone-poem, "Salome," is of the best of his invention, resourceful and put together than many other of his scores. If he wrote fully, he wrote also ardently. In days of other fashions and a goal in music-making, not a little Strauss himself, in a whole has not been able to save Wilde's and her Jokanaan from semi-obscure and in the disguises of the motif, hearers are to find the title fulfilled. More apparent, and equally sultry it, are dance-rhythms—some out of the popular stock of the jazz age—handled elastically and amusingly, spangled with harmonic and instrumental color. Gruenberg-like, alive with sudden snaps and catches. Seemingly Mr. McKinley has a flair for that sort of thing in that sort of treatment. It may even be counted as offset to a tendency to remember, oftener than to invent, his *materia musica*. . . Altogether, a better afternoon for the common stocks of music than for invention and in-lome sounds outmoded or conventional. American composers, Peace, and a long peace, to respectable II. T. P.

Trans. — Jan. 16, 1931.
the Boston Symphon

AT the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Cambridge last evening, Henry Hadley proffered a program of novelties—the same program which he will project at Symphony Hall this afternoon and tomorrow evening as guest-conductor during the vacation of Dr. Koussevitzky. Even the oldest number, Haydn's Symphony in E-flat, No. 1 in the Breitkopf and Härtel catalogue, is so infrequently heard as to produce an entirely fresh if not a particularly stimulating impression. Mr. Hadley's own "Salome," though more familiar to symphony audiences when tone-poems were more the fashion, has been neglected sufficiently of late to make it appear novel to the present-day listener. Still better deserving the term is Carl McKinley's "Masquerade" and Mr. Hadley's latest piece, "Streets of Peking," bearing the recent date of September, 1930. A well-known figure to the public of Boston and suburbs, facile composer of long service and wide reputation, genial and particular leader of musicians, Mr. Hadley received a cordial welcome. He conducted with the authority and precision of a musician long accustomed to orchestral procedure. Angular but not ungraceful, he expressed his intentions with broad gestures of his arms and sweeping movements of his tall body. The Boston Sym-

phony Orchestra was quite its accurate, responsive and polished self under his leadership, the musicians following his beat with ease and responding readily to the peculiarities of his leadership.

Principal interest in the occasion converged upon Mr. Hadley's new suite, "Streets of Pekin," and Mr. McKinley's "Masquerade." Haydn's early symphony was not inexpertly chosen as preliminary piece against which might be set to good advantage the two novelties. This is the symphony popularly known as "with the drum-roll." Even against the comparatively mild modernism of Hadley and McKinley, it is serene, inoffensive music and it must be admitted, rather dull throughout the greater portion of its length. It begins auspiciously with its drum-roll and prophetic introductory chords, but the subsequent measures of neat pattern-making appear, to contemporary listeners, not particularly inspired. There are two or three engrossing variations in the slow movement, the trio of the minuet is delightful and the closing movement contains some stirring measures. Mr. Hadley read the score with straightforward accuracy with no attempt to discover fresh nuances.

Though it may be said that Mr. McKinley and Mr. Hadley ignore certain trends of the time as regards orchestral composition, they are none the less individual and sincere in using the idiom which is more naturally their medium of expression. At one time organist in a New York theater and now member of the faculty of the New England Conservatory of Music, Mr. McKinley has observed at close range the fashion of the people's music outside the hallowed concert hall. By this is meant the music of the movie palace, the musical stage and jazz. "Masquerade" has some first-rate jazz. True, it is idealized jazz in the main, in a skiful and workmanlike transcription, but it is rough and earthy enough to be unashamedly toe-ticking at the same time. Orchestraly, it litters and glints with the shen that is the essence of present-day pleasure-seeking. Its honesty is one of its most engaging attributes. The young people of yesterday's audience enjoyed it immensely.

This is surely the time to review Mr. Hadley's "Salome." Written in the idiom of Wagner and Strauss, but not necessarily imitative of these two composers, it became familiar nearly twenty years ago. It serves now to cite the fact that even then Mr. Hadley was an adroit manipulator of orchestral effect, a skilled technician and a confirmed melodist, as he is today. The change in fashion is to him as well as to others who, through no fault of their own, found their creative faculties shaped by an earlier school, unfortunate.

Not so very long ago, the Sym-
Orchestra produced in Sanders
or Ravel's orchestra transcription
sorgsky's much-admired "Pictures
Exhibition." There is very little
nce between the artistic concept
her piece. Both are descriptive
based upon external impressions.
has used his orchestra in the way
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sed peculiar means, regardless of
ntices of others. Though it may
d that his orchestral harmony re-
he Western idea of Chinese musi-
ct, no one has yet come forward
ufficient authority to successfully
e this idea. Personal impressions
timate in all art. Suffice it that
s of Pekin" has much material
ctive melodic beauty, particularly
case of the excerpt entitled "Jade
Harmony and orchestral color
the sensuous ear. We sometimes
have our music please the sen-
ear. For which reason, yesterday's
received Mr. Hadley's new piece
uch enthusiasm. N. M. J.

Kinley's "Masquerade" and Hadley Pieces Heard

Mr. Koussevitzky is taking his annual midseason vacation. Yesterday's symphony concert was conducted by Henry Hadley, as guest. Next week Fernandez Arbos will return as assistant conductor. Mr Hadley's program yesterday included Haydn's E-flat symphony, the one with the drum roll; a poem entitled "Masquerade," Carl McKinley; Mr Hadley's "Home," first performed in 1927, and latest work, "Streets of Pekin," written in Japan last Summer.

Mr. Hadley, born in Somerville in 1861, grew up and studied music in that city, though he has not lived here since the 1890s. He last appeared as assistant conductor at the Boston Symphony concerts five years ago. In the meantime he has more than once conducted the People's Symphony as assistant. He is now living in New York and conducting concerts by the Manhattan Symphony. A good deal of his music has been heard in Boston from time to time.

Mr McKinley, born in Yarmouth, Me., in 1895, and a graduate of Harvard, is now a member of the New England Conservatory faculty. His "Masquerade," written in 1924, has been played at the Pops in Boston and at series of orchestral concerts in a number of other American cities. It is, rather surprisingly, the first work of his to be played by the Boston Symphony.

Light Music

"Masquerade" has no program beyond that implied by the title. It is an ingratiating and lively piece of light music, written with gusto and discrimination. Mr McKinley has succeeded better than anyone else one can recall in securing from a symphony orchestra some of the effects many musicians admire in the best jazz bands. His "blues" are delightful. The style of the piece is not modernistic. He does not break rules and smash precedents out of any doctrinaire radicalism.

But despite the conventionality of the idiom and a few reminiscences, "Masquerade" is an original and agreeable piece, one that would bear repetition at these concerts far better than would some recent imported novelties by Lourie and others. Mr Hadley gave a sympathetic reading of McKinley's music and a spirited one of the familiar Haydn symphony. The audience liked McKinley's piece better than it likes most new pieces. The composer was obliged to stand repeatedly and bow in his place in the first balcony.

Mr Hadley's choice of program yesterday showed that it was as composer rather than as conductor that he wished to come before the Boston Symphony audience. His long experience and the resultant skill in orchestral routine left no difficulties in the way of his giving an authoritative interpretation of his own music.

Tone Poem

His "Salome," published in 1906, was finished before he saw Richard Strauss' opera, also based on Wilde's notorious play. If he had known that Strauss was writing a "Salome" he would doubtless have selected a different topic for his tone poem. With the exception of the symphony, "Youth and Life," one felt that Hadley's "Salome" is the most interesting and the most successful artistically of his numerous compositions. Its style is sometimes turgid, sometimes too facile, sometimes reminiscent. But despite obvious faults, this tone poem was for 1906 an original and stimulating work. Nor has it in 1930 lost all its imaginative appeal.

The orthodoxy and conventionality characteristic of Mr Hadley's music are also shown in the new "Streets of

Pekin," with its seven brief sections suggested by impressions of that city. The audience was pleased with the suave and piquant Orientalism of this score, not based on actual Chinese music, or on modernist technique, but on a tradition long familiar to Western ears. Even those who prefer Elchhelm's "Oriental Impressions" or Stravinsky's "Nightingale" as musical pictures of China cannot deny to Mr Hadley the mint of doing well what he set out to do. P. R.

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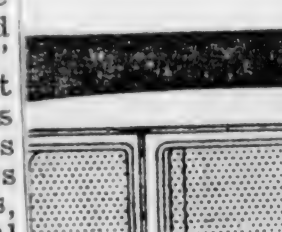
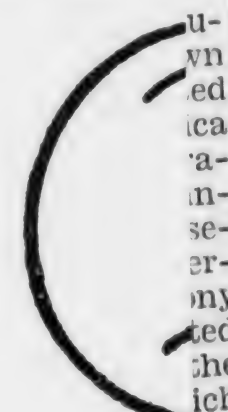
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Dr. Henry Hadley

Mr McKinley, born in Yarmouth, Me., in 1895, and a graduate of Harvard, is now a member of the New England Conservatory faculty. His "Masquerade," written in 1924, has been played at the Pops in Boston and at series of orchestral concerts in a number of other American cities. It is, rather surprisingly, the first work of his to be played by the Boston Symphony.

Light Music

"Masquerade" has no program beyond that implied by the title. It is an ingratiating and lively piece of light music, written with gusto and discrimination. Mr McKinley has succeeded better than all

recall in securing for his orchestra some of the best musicians in the city. For the first week of Dr. Koussevitzky's midwinter vacation, Henry Hadley, distinguished American conductor and composer, was invited to take over the podium and incidentally to set before the Boston public some examples of his own compositions.

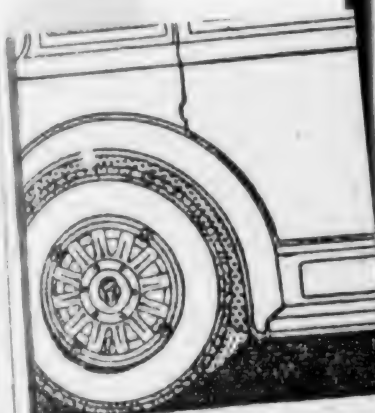
But despite the fact that the idiom and a few of the "Masquerade" is an original and capable piece, one that would stand up to any of the recent works of Carl McKinley's "Masquerade," and by Lourie and others. Mr. Hadley's Tone Poem, "Salome," and Suite, "Streets of Peking." Mr. Hadley's musicianship and authoritative leadership are well known to audiences not only in the United States, but in Europe, South America and the Far East. With the cooperation of the splendid orchestral instrument lent to him by Dr. Koussevitzky, he obtained an excellent performance of the Haydn Symphony. His long experience and resultant skill in conducting left no difficulties in giving an authoritative performance of his own music.

Tone Poem

His "Salome," published before he finished his New England as Strauss' opera, also "Maine," is now a member of the faculty of the New England Conservatory of Music, in Boston. "Masquerade" was written in 1924. It had been played twice previously in Boston, but not before "at these concerts." The composer says that it is successful artistically without program or descriptive intention other than that implied by its title. He has employed a large orchestra to restate very competently and stimulating work. Nor has it in 1930 lost all its imaginative appeal.

The orthodoxy and conventionality characteristic of Mr Hadley's music are also shown in the new "Streets of

Pekin," with its seven brief sections suggested by impressions of that city. The audience was pleased with the suave and piquant Orientalism of this score, not based on actual Chinese music, or on modernist technique, but on a tradition long familiar to Western ears. Even those who prefer Eichheim's "Oriental Impressions" or Stravinsky's "Nightingale" as musical pictures of China cannot deny to Mr Hadley the merit of doing well what he set out to do. P. R.



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But despite the idiom and a few examples of his notes pointed out, before Strauss's "Masquerade" is an operatic piece, one that would some recent by Lourie and others. Mr. Hadley's music and a spirited and Suite, "Streets of Peking," which was completed before Mr. Hadley was acquainted with Strauss's score. It is evident, however, that it had not been completed before certain other European musical masterworks had been made known to the world. But originality is rare, and it was perfectly proper that Mr. Hadley should tell his story in the musical language which 25 years ago was commonly current.

Mr Hadley's choice of the splendor of the instrument lent to it rather than as conduct to come before the Eivitzky, he obtained no earlier than last September, while to audience. His long performance of the Mr. Hadley was serving as guest conductor of the Tokyo New Symphony Orchestra. It has been heard in Tokyo, New York and in Chicago. There are seven divisions, descriptive of contrasted scenes of city life in the East. The idiom is effectively Oriental in the Puccinian style, though some of the atmosphere comes from no farther away than Paris. The most interesting of the sketches is the fourth, called "Jade Street (Moonlight)." Here with strings, flute and horn, the composer has conveyed impressions of loveliness.

Tone Poem

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Boston certain musical truths which first were discovered variously in Vienna and in Harlem.

For the first we Mr. Hadley's tone poem, after Oscar Wilde's tragedy, has been played many times since its first performance in Boston under Dr. Muck in 1907. The work was composed, as the program notes pointed out, before Strauss's opera on the same subject was produced at Dresden, and was completed before Mr. Hadley was acquainted with Strauss's score. It is evident, however, that it had not been completed before certain other European musical masterworks had been made known to the world. But originality is rare, and it was perfectly proper that Mr. Hadley should tell his story in the musical language which 25 years ago was commonly current.

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Dr. Henry Hadley

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to Y. The "Peking" Suite was composed nine months earlier than last September, when the Mr. Hadley was serving as guest conductor of the Tokyo New Symphony and Orchestra. It has been heard in Tokyo, Amén in New York and in Chicago. The suite are seven divisions, descriptive of conditions in the East.

Under the seven divisions of life in the Eastern world, the sketches of daily life in the East and the East idiom is effectively Oriental in the Puccinian style, though some of the atmosphere comes from no farther away than Paris. The most interesting of the sketches is the fourth, called "Jade Street (Moonlight)." Here the strings, flute and horn, the composer has conveyed impressions of joy and beauty.

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Dr. Henry Hadley



Max Kunze, Richard Burgin, concert master; Jean Bedetti, first violoncello; Jean Letranc,
Fernand Thillois, leader of the second violins. Julius Theodorowicz.

Thirteenth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, JANUARY 23, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, JANUARY 24, at 8.15 o'clock

ENRIQUE F. ARBÓS will conduct these concerts

Corelli Suite
Sarabande—Gigue—Badinérie.
(First time in Boston)

Franck Symphony in D minor
I. Lento. Allegro non troppo.
II. Allegretto.
III. Allegro non troppo.

de Falla . . . Suite from "El Amor Brujo" ("Love the Sorcerer")
Introduction and Scene—The Gypsies (Evening)—The Homecomer—
Dance of Terror—The Magic Circle (Narrative of the Fisherman)—Midnight
(Sorceries)—Ritual Dance of Fire (To dispel Evil Spirits)—Pantomime—
Dance of the Game of Love—Finale (Morning Chimes).

Albéniz . . . Two Pieces (Transcription for Orchestra by E. F. Arbós)
I. El Albaicin.
II. Navarra.
(First time in Boston)

STEINWAY PIANO

There will be an intermission after the symphony

A fiftieth anniversary exhibition is now on view in the Huntington Avenue foyer
(first balcony)

SYMPHONY CONCERT

Herald By PHILIP HALE

Enrique Fernandez-Arbos, as a guest, conducted the 13th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Corelli, Suite; Franck, symphony in D minor; De Falla, suite from the ballet-pantomime, "El Amor Brujo"; Albeniz, two pieces, "El Albaicin" and "Navarra," piano pieces transcribed for orchestra by Mr. Arbos.

Corelli was known to the symphony audience by his "Christmas" concerto. The suite played yesterday consists of a Sarabande, a Gigue and a Badinerie, a term equivalent to juggling or foolery, a term found in a concerto by Bach. Ettore Pinelli, a Roman musician of note, took these movements from a book of Corelli's sonatas, and showed taste in the selection. How much he did to the original music is unknown to us, but there is fidelity to the old grace and spirit; there is no attempt at impudent modernization, fortunately; for the music is charming in its simplicity—the Sarabande with its simple tenderness; the Gigue, fresh and sparkling, not overlabored and spun out as is too often the case in Bach's movements of this nature; the Badinerie precisely what the title indicates. Mr. Arbos gave the necessary nuances with a fine regard for the spirit of Corelli's period, and did not try to give undue importance by overconducting. How beautiful this old music is! What a spell it works, and by what simple means! The trouble with so many of contemporaneous composers is that they cannot write simply, for they have few musical ideas; so they are forced to follow the frog in the fable, or they strive to startle an audience by desperate endeavors to be original, thinking that they will be like Offenbach's Archduke Ernest:

"Original! Original!
Combien je suis original!
Non rien n'est plus original,
Qu'un Archiduc original!"

And that the hearers will shout in chorus:

"Oui, c'est un original!"

In Mr. Arbos's reading of Franck's symphony many features of the detail, features in the thematic development were brought out, but not in a manner to check the musical flow; not as if certain passages—revealed clearly to the audience for the first time—were so many digressions, but as if they were illustrations, comments on the treatment of the fundamental ideas; and so the ultimate triumph of faith over the

torments of doubt was all the more glorious. The performance was thus poetically dramatic; the drama was that of the questioning soul. Too much stress has been put on the singular goodness, the child-like innocence of Franck's character. It has been wisely said that in the soul of every saint, evil lurks. Blessed is the holy man that realizes this; thus is he humanized! It is curious that when Franck tried to portray evil, when the hosts of hell were supposed to be wicked in song, as in "The Beatitudes," he only was conventionally operatic in Meyerbeer's worst manner. The mental struggle between doubt and faith inspired the composer of the symphony. No wonder that after the performance of yesterday the orchestra joined the audience in tumultuous applause.

Excellent as was the performance of De Falla's music, an interpretation arresting through the understanding and the fire of the composer's friend and countryman, it still holds good that ballet music, whatever its intrinsic worth, suffers by separation from the action. The reading yesterday was splendid in vitality, dash and color, but the music would have been thrice as significant if it had served to emphasize the strange drama on the stage.

It is fortunate for Albeniz that he is not known by his own orchestration of the pieces in "Iberia." Mr. Arbos urged Albeniz to arrange them for the orchestra, but in the two that were ready for performance the composer showed little skill. It was meet and proper that Mr. Arbos himself should undertake the task. The symphony audience heard "La Fete-dieu a Seville" and "Tirana" two years ago when the transcriber was a guest conductor. Yesterday it heard "El Albaicin" and "Navarra," the first from "Iberia"; the second a posthumous work which was left unfinished. Deodat de Severac completed it for the piano, but his musical nature was not in rapport with that of the Spaniard. Mr. Arbos in his arrangement completed "Navarra" as a Spaniard should. It is not probable that any other countryman was the man for the task; Mr. Arbos has a peculiar gift for orchestration. He is master of finesse as well as gorgeous coloring. And so yesterday the music of Albeniz seemed the soul of Spain—the Spain of the Moors and the gypsies.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concerts to be conducted next week by Dr. Koussevitzky will comprise: Elgar's "Introduction and Allegro for Strings"; Sibelius's symphony No. 7, and Strauss's Symphonia Domestica. Jan. 24, 1931

ARBOS AT HELM WITH SYMPHONY

Receives Ovation for
His Reading of
Franck

Post Jan. 24, 1931
BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Many years ago concert-master at the Boston Symphony Orchestra and much more recently guest conductor at a pair of Symphony Concerts, Enrique Fernandez Arbos returned to Symphony Hall, yesterday afternoon, to direct this week's concerts in the absence of Dr. Koussevitzky. Well received throughout the afternoon, Mr. Arbos was accorded what might be described as an ovation after the Symphony of Cesar Franck, which completed the first half of the programme.

WARMLY RECEIVED

Occasionally audiences restore, if they often shatter, one's faith in human nature. There have been more exciting, more sensational performances of Franck's Symphony at Symphony Hall, performances far better calculated to sway, to arouse, to inflame the susceptible hearer. Yet not within long memory has that symphony been received so warmly as it was received yesterday.

Familiar as it is and clear as it is today, the Symphony of Franck proves often a stumbling-block to conductors.

Some, taking their cue from the idolatrous attitude of Vincent d'Indy, endeavor to read into the music the mysticism and other-worldliness of "Father" Franck the man. Others again, following the implications of the printed page, produce a version of the music which, to quote an inspired commentator, might be described as a blend of the sentimentality of Gounod and the theatricality of Liszt.

Reminds Some of Gericke

But Franck's Symphony has no need to be regarded, on the one hand, as music of the cloister nor, on the other, to be set forth as music of the boudoir and the footlights. Read and played simply as music, without exaggeration, over-emphasis or pose, it makes, as it made yesterday, its fullest effect and appeal. It were difficult to decide, in commenting on the interpretation of Mr. Arbos, which to stress first, the unflinching rightness of his tempi, his lucid exposition of the music's structure, his ability to seize upon significant detail without doing violence to the larger concept, or his unflinching feeling for a euphony that steadily charmed the ear yet never once cloyed. After the performance of yesterday one enthusiast was heard to declare that the Symphony had not so sounded in that auditorium since the distant days of Wilhelm Gericke.

For the rest, Mr. Arbos introduced to Boston yesterday a suite of three pieces for strings, arranged by one E. Pinelli from the sonatas of Corelli and also the conductor's own effective transcriptions for full orchestra of two piano pieces of Albeniz, "El Albaicin" and "Navarra." Between Franck's Symphony and these last-named pieces there came the familiar suite from De Falla's ballet, "Love the Sorcerer," to be seen on the stage of the Opera House next Wednesday evening.

Corelli a Master

Corelli's music, anticipating now that of Bach, now that of Handel, and now that of the later Italians, yet having, withal, an individuality of its own, gave much pleasure. No mere pioneer was Arcangelo Corelli, but a master in his own right.

De Falla's music, perhaps the most significant that has come out of modern Spain, was sympathetically interpreted by his gifted countrymen. Beside it the music of Albeniz seemed of the conventional, the parlor Spain, though "Navarra," recalling a little Chabrier's brilliant "Espana," made an effective final number and brought forth warm applause.

A Friendly Symphonic Afternoon

Mr. Arbos, as Guest, Prevails
in Franck's Symphony
And Spanish Pieces

Spans. — Jan. 24, 1931

CYNICUS has invented a new wisecrack. Through the intermission, at the Symphony Concert on Friday, he was busy circulating it. The audience, he said, and not Dr. Koussevitzky, had gone on vacation. Every one knew that the conductor was working in his study at the programs for the Bach Festival and other plans for the second half of the season. Through a fortnight he had "passed up" rehearsals and concerts, only to busy himself with scores. Whereas an appreciable part of the usual audience was taking a second Friday holiday. Look around anywhere, and familiar figures were missing; while up in the second balcony there were rush-seats standing empty.

The subscribers in presence—Cynicus rattled on—were clearly in vacation mood. Last week they had lolled through Mr. Hadley's array of his own and other masterpieces; while today they had settled back in their chairs to hear a comfortable performance of Franck's familiar Symphony; only to be aroused by Mr. Arbos's well-placed fervors. Cynicus himself had picked the half-hour to listen with one lobe of such brain as he has; while with the other he chose the family guests for a supper-party he is soon giving on his sister-in-law's birthday. The conductor's vigors detached him from that pious task and he had joined in the tumult of applause that crowned the performance. Cynicus, who migrated from New York twenty-five years ago, had clapped the louder, because he had overheard someone calling Mr. Arbos "our old and esteemed friend"—in the "most patronizing Boston manner."

The gentleman from Madrid is indeed rather more than "our old and esteemed friend" from his days as concert-master

Gericke in 1903 to his first return "at" Symphony Hall two years ago is in fact an able and refreshing experience, even when weeks of exacting St. Louis have tired him. In days we expect "individual reading" from our eminences of the baton, them the composers outspread in front of them the orchestra ready to do their bidding. Behind the audience await the illumination of the masterpiece in hand by the personality. (If some turns out to be a darkening of the composer's counsels, never mind. All "thinking" people take genius as it is.) In contrast, Mr. Arbos is a man of faithful, honest, straightforward conducting. Clear-minded music reads the score on his desk, the composer set it down. Practitioner, he transmits it to hear without a thought of "filtering it through his own personality." When the orchestra is as sympathetic as it was yesterday, the transmission is the richer. Arbos had no need to spur his mates (a week ago.)

Those who would have the con-mirror to the composer, there is no more truthful glass—Toscanini aside—than Mr. Arbos. His grace and poise likewise commend him. Of late years, on his travels, he has been a quiet apostle of the older and Spanish composers. But he has not overloaded a program with their while one, yesterday, long since international recognition—de ballet, "Love the Sorcerer." When himself transcriber for orchestra, was now, with two piano-pieces of Albeniz, the record on the program suffices. He is all for Albeniz, a new dress, as little as may be himself as dressmaker. He has, be-queant ways longer to be remembered than a deal of "personality." Who watched him on Friday will forget the springs into the air with which he emphasized to the orchestra the swift changes of rhythm in de Falla's

Mr. Arbos, like the rest of us, can be obtrusively in the fashion. Time when a classic or a modern over-egan symphonic programs. Now the piece is an eighteenth-century piece or suite, as often as not for choir. Mr. Arbos's choice lighted a suite of three movements, assembled and arranged from sonatas of Corelli. The first was a Sarabande, slow-grave and songful; the second a accented gigue; the third, the traditional chit-chat and sport with fig-

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Some, taking their cue from the idolatrous attitude of Vincent d'Indy, endeavor to read into the music the mysticism and other-worldliness of "Father" Franck the man. Others again, following the implications of the printed page, produce a version of the music which, to quote an inspired commentator, might be described as a blend of the sentimentality of Gounod and the theatricality of Liszt.

Reminds Some of Gericke

But Franck's Symphony has no need to be regarded, on the one hand, as music of the cloister nor, on the other, to be set forth as music of the boudoir and the footlights. Read and played simply as music, without exaggeration, over-emphasis or pose, it makes, as it made yesterday, its fullest effect and appeal. It were difficult to decide, in commenting on the interpretation of Mr. Arbos, which to stress first, the unfailing rightness of his tempi, his lucid exposition of the music's structure, his ability to seize upon significant detail without doing violence to the larger concept, or his unfailing feeling for a euphony that steadily charmed the ear yet never once cloyed. After the performance of yesterday one enthusiast was heard to declare that the Symphony had not so sounded in that auditorium since the distant days of Wilhelm Gericke.

For the rest, Mr. Arbos introduced to Boston yesterday a suite of three pieces for strings, arranged by one E. Pinelli from the sonatas of Corelli, and also the conductor's own effective transcriptions for full orchestra of two piano pieces of Albeniz, "El Albañil" and "Navarra." Between Franck's Symphony and these last-named pieces there came the familiar suite from de Falla's ballet, "Love the Sorcerer," to be seen on the stage of the Opera House next Wednesday evening.

Corelli a Master

Corelli's music, anticipating now that of Bach, now that of Handel, and now that of the later Italians, yet having, withal, an individuality of its own, gave much pleasure. No mere pioneer was Arcangelo Corelli, but a master in his own right.

De Falla's music, perhaps the most significant that has come out of modern Spain, was sympathetically interpreted by his gifted countrymen. Beside it the music of Albeniz seemed of the conventional, the parlor Spain, though "Navarra," recalling a little Chabrier's brilliant "Espana," made an effective final number and brought forth warm applause.

A Friend Symp Af

Mr. Arbos, as
in Franck's
And Spani

CYNICUS has a crack. Throu at the Symph day, he was The audience, he said, -vitzky, had gone one knew that the cor. in his study at the Bach Festival and second half of the fortnight he had, "pa and concerts, only to scores. Whereas an the usual audience v Friday holiday. Look and familiar figures up in the second balc seats standing empty

The subscribers in rattled on—were e mood. Last week the Mr. Hadley's array o masterpieces; while r tled back in their ch fortable performance miliar Symphony; on Mr. Arbos's well-plac himself had picked t ten with one lobe o has; while with the family guests for a soon giving on his day. The conductor him from that piou joined in the tumul crowned the performa migrated from New years ago, had clap cause he had overh Mr. Arbos "our old a —in the "most patro ner."

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under Gericke in 1903 to his first return "as guest" at Symphony Hall two years ago. He is in fact an able and refreshing conductor, even when weeks of exacting work in St. Louis have tired him. In these days we expect "individual readings" from our eminences of the baton. Before them the composers outspread scores. In front of them the orchestra sits ready to do their bidding. Behind them we of the audience await the illumination of the masterpiece in hand by the light of their personalities. (If sometimes it turns out to be a darkening of the composer's counsels, never mind. All "right-thinking" people take genius as they find it.) In contrast, Mr. Arbos is a paragon of faithful, honest, straightforward conducting. Clear-minded musician, he reads the score on his desk as the composer set it down. Practised conductor, he transmits it to hearers without a thought of "filtering it through his own personality." When the orchestra is as sympathetic as it was yesterday, the transmission is the richer. (Mr. Burgin had no need to spur his mates as he did a week ago.)

For those who would have the conductor mirror to the composer, there is usually no more truthful glass—Toscaninian finesse aside—than Mr. Arbos. His modesty and poise likewise commend him. Of late years, on his travels, he has been quiet apostle of the older and younger Spanish composers. But he does not overload a program with their works; while one, yesterday, long since gained international recognition—de Falla's ballet, "Love the Sorcerer." When he is himself transcriber for orchestra, as he was now with two piano-pieces by Albeniz, the record on the program-sheet suffices. He is all for Albeniz in a new dress, as little as may be for himself as dressmaker. He has, besides, piquant ways longer to be remembered than a deal of "personality." Who that watched him on Friday will forget the little springs into the air with which he emphasized to the orchestra the swift, sharp changes of rhythm in de Falla's ballet?

Yet Mr. Arbos, like the rest of us, can be unobtrusively in the fashion. Time was when a classic or a modern overture began symphonic programs. Now the mode is an eighteenth-century piece—concerto or suite, as often as not for string choir. Mr. Arbos's choice lighted upon a suite of three movements, assembled and arranged from sonatas of Corelli. The first was a Sarabande, slow-paced, grave and songful; the second a lightly accented gigue; the third, the orchestral chit-chat and sport with fig-

ures that the day named "badinerie." The suite was not Bach, father or sons; no more was it Handel. It was not even the later and luscious Vivaldi. Instead, it gave a quiet pleasure of its own. Invention was not Corelli's strong point; nor could he compass vivid and stirring polyphony. By exception in his Roman day, he had skill and what we should now call "feeling" for instrumental voices. For its time Corelli's Sarabande is uncommonly rich-textured; while in the finale he is making play not only with figures but also with the contrasts of brighter and darker strings. The texture and the timbres were both the gainers by the tone of Dr. Koussevitzky's choir.

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ures that the day named "bad". The suite was not Bach, father of no more was it Handel. It was not the later and luscious Vivaldi. It gave a quiet pleasure of its own. The convention was not Corelli's strong nor could he compass vivid and polyphony. By exception in his man day, he had skill and what should now call "feeling" for instrumental voices. For its time Corelli's bande is uncommonly rich, while in the finale he is making play only with figures but also with the trasts of brighter and darker strings texture and the timbres were begainers by the tone of Dr. Koussevitch.

Nor could Mr. Arbos resist the temptation to dramatize. It is not necessary to believe in elderly people who "enjoyed" (because it brought them excitement) Germans are the authors of all evil. It is that Dr. Muck set the tone at Symphony Hall. Not even Koussevitch, who dramatized first and nearly all the time, outdid him. He was apocalyptic, and also sonorous, progression of the triumphant chief motif. Then and there Mr. Arbos kept brass and strings within plausible bounds. He no more than saw Franck elate, the sun of righteousness.

Rather, the Arbosian specialty was rhythming of this motif when entered emphatically or in climax. Though Stravinsky himself had written as though the orchestra of "Les Femmes d'Alger" were sounding it. All of which, permissible to suggest, is a by-product from "Father" Franck hearing the pets of beatitude as he mused in the loft of Sainte-Clothilde; or from Franck who, with this motif, speaks of the soul. Mr. Arbos, however, parts pardoned, as becomes a dancer. From his hand, ear and true divinity the second movement sang itself of troubled sadness into ingenuous tender beauty. Therein, for these ures, is the Franckian essence. trace of symphonic "theater" mar distorted them.

Now and again in the Spanish Mr. Arbos's Iberian blood ran clear, hot, even through the veins of the sixties. He was not, apparently, the conductor of "Love the Sorcerer" theater of Pastora Imperio, the dancer; but he was the first to de Falla's music, in earlier, sleek form, into the concert-room as a tone-poem. Of course, the rhythm of Fire Dance beats when Miss Hess, Englishwoman, plays it from the

or when Dr. Koussevitch, the Russian, outflings it across Symphony Hall. With Mr. Arbos, however, as with Mme. Argentina, the rhythm beats home as no foreigner can drive it. More: the conductor had not traversed a dozen measures before memories of the dancer pushed him into an imaginary orchestral pit and she herself, passioning above the ritual fire, filled the stage. All things Spanish are not possible to all the world any more than "Die Meistersinger" goes better in Paris than it does in Munich.

It was to be noted also that Mr. Arbos often infused into the orchestra the guitar-like, metallic quality of de Falla's rhythmic figures; that he drew from the songs, sung—in the concert-version—by the English horn, an undernote of restless melancholy. Both instincts in the conductor worked to the greater glory of de Falla and to illusion and atmosphere in his gypsying. But a ballet is not a ballet until it is represented in the theater, as the Argentina ought long since to have proved with "Love the Sorcerer" and her Spanish train. Instead, no farther away than next Wednesday, the Chicagoan dancers and mimes will proffer it in the Opera House.

The other Spanish pieces—transcriptions of Albéniz's "El Albaicin," which is of the gypsy quarter of Granada, and of his Jota of Navarre—came, went and left not too many traces behind. Both are pages from the books of piano-pieces in which he traversed Spain on total tour. But he has whipped out sharper rhythms than any that beat from this Jota; been more lavish and hot with harmonic color. "El Albaicin" may not be all that Debussy imagined out of his delight in Spanish perfumes and Spanish nights; but the doleful, aching gypsy-tune that haunts it, runs in strange and piercing idiom, while Mr. Arbos, scoring for orchestra, hears the metallic timbres, the guitar-like figures, no less than he did conducting through de Falla's more adept ballet.

New—from Mr. Arbos

To the Symphony Concerts of the week-end Mr. Arbos, guest-conductor of the moment, brings, as he did two years ago, arrangements of his own from the dances of Albéniz's "Iberia." This time they are "El Albaicin" and "Navarra." Of "Iberia" Carl Van Vechten wrote in The Garrett: "These pieces, without exception, are all masterpieces of piano-literature. More; they are the corner-stone, the Koran, of the modern Spanish school. They are the dances and songs, the sights and sounds, of the peninsula, translated with peculiar felicity into the language of the piano, which Albéniz has even successfully extended for his purposes. In rhythm, in emotion, in harmony, in the

mal content, and in complexity they are almost may add that in the orchestra some of them by Mr. Albéniz felicitously treated.

"El Albaicin" has been more than many of the others. Its direction is "Allegro assai, colico." It would suggest a quarter at Grenada, that "in it one discovers the blossom-filled nights of an article on Albéniz's Quarterly Edgar Isted's guitar figurations and the harities of the canto jondo this movement its speed. The canto jondo is the tragic, cantilena of and Andalusian folk-music. In the middle section is derived. Throughout the piece effects suggestive of gypsies. Vechten discovers "an effect singing a plaintive melody, lust, wildness and woe—tents, poverty, the life of

"Navarra" was left in Albéniz. Déodat de Séverac's version for piano, which he scored for orchestra. It is a fantasia on a jota them Moorish origin, is one of the of Spanish song-dances. It has its own jota, but it is those of Aragon, and Navarre. (The title of the indicates its origin.) The waltz, but with much man and the woman using castanets; advancing, as if in a suggestion of voluptuous a militant spirit. twelfth century. Albéniz the dance takes its of Valencia because singing. He found

Music

Monitor—Jan. 24, 1931
Boston Symphony

For the second week of Dr. Koussevitch's midwinter holidays, Enrique Fernandez Arbós was called to the dais of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The program he set for the concerts of Jan. 23 and 24 in Symphony Hall, Boston, consisted of a Corelli Suite (Sarabande—Gigue—Badinerie); Franck's Symphony; de Falla's Suite from "El Amor Brujo,"

and two Albéniz piano pieces transcribed for orchestra by Mr. Arbós, "El Albaicin" and "Navarra." The Corelli item and the transcriptions were played for the first time in Boston.

Mr. Arbós was welcomed with exceptional warmth, and not only because 27 years ago he was concertmaster of the Boston orchestra. He was remembered too for his vital leadership as guest conductor at a pair of concerts two years ago. He was saluted even more enthusiastically after the symphony and at the close of the concert; for he had reasserted the qualities which won admiration on his previous visit. He obviously had the cooperation of the superb orchestra as well as the good will of the audience, and a most pleasurable concert resulted.

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One had anticipated that Mr. Arbós would diverge from the Koussevitchian path also by giving a "straight" reading of the symphony, but evidently the Spanish approach to this score is similar to the Russian, for the visitor made it as dramatic as ever did the resident commissioner. This pointing up has stirred protest before; no doubt it will again, but not from your correspondent. Years ago we wearied of the "grandeur" of the Franck Symphony, and we welcome treatment which decently veils the banality of some of its material.

Mr. Arbós of course is in effect ambassador of the music of Spain. It was a pleasure to hear the familiar and admired music of de Falla come alive under his baton. The first of the two transcriptions from Albéniz also was agreeable to hear, but we doubt whether the second was worth the transcriber's trouble. Philip Hale's erudite program notes informed us that this piano piece was left unfinished, and was completed by Déodat de Séverac "in a contradictory manner," as Henri Collet thinks. Déodat was too original not to stamp his own charming but not exuberant

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Cesar Franck Symphony
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Enrique Fernandez Arbos conducted yesterday's Symphony concert as guest, in the absence of Koussevitzky, who is taking his customary mid-season vacation. The noted Spanish conductor was applauded with unusual warmth for his remarkably subtle and brilliant reading of Cesar Franck's symphony. De Falla's suite from his ballet "El amor brujo," a suite by Corelli, and two piano pieces by Albeniz, admirably transcribed for orchestra by Mr Arbos were the other numbers. This concert was one of the most enjoyable of recent seasons.

Mr Arbos, recalled by most of yesterday's audience from his appearances as guest conductor in 1929, was remembered also by the elder generation as having been for the season of 1903-4 concert master of the Boston Symphony under Gericke. He is conductor of the Madrid Orchestra, and has made many appearances as guest in Europe and the United States.

Suite by Corelli

The little suite by Corelli with which the concert began was arranged by Pinelli from a collection of violin sonatas. It is new to Boston. The opening sarabande is unusually beautiful. The other movements heard yesterday, a gigue and a badinerie, are less remarkable. Mr Arbos' flexible rhythm, his sensitive phrasing, his feeling for lightness and brightness of tone made his reading notable. A violinist himself, he got the violins in the orchestra to play more gracefully, more deftly, than is their present habit. A musician of the first order, Mr Arbos adds to impeccable taste imaginative intensity.

These qualities were even more strikingly exemplified in the performance of the Franck symphony which followed, a performance that was the

best given here in many seasons. This symphony, regarded 40 years ago as unpleasantly modernistic, has become with the passage of time one of the best liked works in the entire orchestral repertory. It is now suffering the fate of most popular classics, and meeting the dislike, even the scorn, of the youthful musical intelligentsia.

One must concede that Franck's habit of ceaseless modulation sometimes degenerates into a mannerism, and that some of the climaxes, especially in the first movement, can be made to sound bombastic and vulgar.

Mr Arbos, who obviously loves and understands this symphony, contrived to bring out all its beauties and minimize its defects. Yesterday's audience was thrilled beyond its wont by listening to a masterpiece eloquently yet reverently interpreted. He never obtruded his personality between the listener and the music.

Brilliant Ballet Music

As a Spaniard, Mr Arbos obviously has special qualifications for interpreting the music of his own country. Its rhythms fascinate, yet too often baffle foreign musicians. In De Falla's brilliant ballet music, and in his own even more sonorous and brilliant arrangements of Albeniz, Mr Arbos showed a master's command of rhythm. Here, one felt, was the true Spain; here, and not in Bizet's "Carmen," Chabrier's "Espana," or Rimsky Korsakoff's "Spanish Caprice." These sinuous, swaying rhythms, phrase balancing phrase with no hint of metronomic rigidity, were fascinating.

The orchestra has never sounded better than it did yesterday. Mr Arbos likes brilliant, sonorous tone, but he obviously detests overplaying, excessive loudness, blatant brass and other tonal exaggerations. His long and varied experience as a conductor has made him able to impose his will on an orchestra easily and successfully.

His absorption in his task of conducting, his freedom from any hint of self-consciousness or affectation, compelled respect and liking. One hopes he will appear in Boston more often in future.

Dr Koussevitzky will conduct next week a program including a new introduction and allegro by Elgar, Debussy's Seventh Symphony and Strauss' Symphonia Domestica. P. R.

Fourteenth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, JANUARY 30, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, JANUARY 31, at 8.15 o'clock

Elgar . . . Introduction and Allegro for String Orchestra, Op. 47
(First time in Boston)

Sibelius Symphony No. 7, Op. 105
(In one movement)

Strauss Symphonia Domestica, Op. 53
(In one movement)

There will be an intermission after Sibelius' symphony

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The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert

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Sir EDWARD ELGAR

SYMPHONY CONCERT

Jan. 31, 1921 By PHILIP HALE *Herald*

Dr. Koussevitzky's reappearance on the platform of Symphony hall yesterday afternoon, after his vacation of a fortnight, was greeted by vigorous and prolonged applause. He had arranged this program for the 14th concert: Elgar, Introduction and Allegro for string orchestra, op. 47 (first time at these concerts perhaps the first time in Boston); Sibelius, Symphony No. 7, op. 105. Strauss, Symphonie Domestica.

Elgar, like cricket, Punch, and the "glorious bit-tah beer," is an English institution. Even Bernard Shaw, who before he turned his attention to dramatic work and various schemes for reforming society and bringing in the millennium, was a brilliant music critic, writing fearlessly and with full understanding, declared some months ago that Elgar is "one of the greatest composers in the world." Sir Edward, not to be outdone, said in a presumably hoarse voice choked with emotion: "Shaw is the best friend to any artist." Blest is the tie that binds.

In this instance is it not possible that G. B. S. was unduly heated by free indulgence in his habitual vegetables?

Take the piece heard yesterday. It was first performed over 25 years ago when Elgar was at the height of his creative powers. He had already sent out his overtures Cockaigne and In the South; also his Enigma Variations. What does one find in this Introduction and Allegro? Careful workmanship, a mastery of form and thematic treatment, sound, orthodox instrumentation, but little or no poetic thought, no imagination, little noteworthy melodic invention. A highly respectable work that arouses in the listener only respect for the maker.

If Elgar were the only British composer, one would not be surprised at finding leading critics in this year of grace analyzing at some length a march of his recently produced; speaking of its "effulgence," proclaiming it to be a masterpiece. But there are Delius, Bax, Vaughan Williams, Holst, Ireland, not to mention others. It should not be forgotten that Elgar is "Sir Edward." The title may impress even music critics.

Mr. Lawrence Gilman was right in characterizing Sibelius's seventh symphony as "enigmatic, puissant." Is it also, as he says, "strangely moving"? It is not a symphony for an afternoon's careless pleasure. The music is not descriptive, pictorial, decorative; it has no literary basis. In his earlier works Sibelius sought inspiration in Finland's epic "Kalevala." The works thus inspired, will be more generally popular than the later symphonies. (The first and second have already made their way; the people hear them gladly.)

The music of Sibelius is never frankly sensuous. It seldom accepts the canons of obvious beauty. His musical soul is proud, regardless of popular applause. In his latest works he seems to be writing for himself; to be absorbed in introspection and the expression of what he finds that is dear and important to himself alone. There are noble ideas, fleeting and haunting passages, in this symphony, but the plan and the conclusion of the whole are not easily grasped; nor could Sibelius give any explanation that would satisfy a doubting Thomas or a man from Missouri. He would simply say: "That's what I felt; that's what you may or may not feel." So it goes back to the famous definition of music by Walt Whitman. Jones is reminded by the instruments of Sibelius; Ferguson has ears and he does not hear, much less feel.

Strauss, on the other hand, made musical copy of his wife, interesting baby, and himself. He takes the hearer into the nursery, bathroom, bed chamber, and probably the kitchen, though no rapt admirer of Richard has pointed out the section of music particularizing the pots, pans, and servant giving notice. Here is skill wasted on the unimportant; gorgeous orchestral robes covering an insignificant body, as in Thackeray's picture of Louis XIV in royal dress and without it. The splendor of the performance was great; the enjoyment of the audience corresponded.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The orchestra will be out of town next week. The program for Feb. 13 and 14 comprises Pilati's suite for piano and string orchestra (first time in Boston); Honegger's symphony composed for the orchestra's jubilee (first performance; Loeffler's "La Bonne Chanson" and "Pagan Poem."

STRAUSS OVERTOPS SYMPHONY

Elgar and Sibelius
Used in Formidable
List

Post Jan. 31, 1931

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

In the midst of a feast of opera, a Symphony Concert. But Dr. Koussevitzky, preparing his programme for the concert of yesterday which marked his return, after a three weeks absence, to what are called the "regular" Symphony Concerts, gave little thought to those who were to sit through "Die Walkure" in the evening.

ELGAR, SIBELIUS AND STRAUSS

In other words, the programme of yesterday was, in some respects, a formidable one. Music by living composers made it. At the outset there came, for the first time in Boston, although the piece is by no means new, an Introduction and Allegro for strings by Edward Elgar, a composer heard here none too frequently of late. Followed the Seventh Symphony of Sibelius, an austere and baffling composition known here only, by performance at a single pair of concerts four years ago. And after Sibelius, for final number, came another symphony in one movement, though the piece is sometimes styled a tone-poem: the "Symphonie Domestica" of Richard Strauss.

To speak first of the novelty of the afternoon, Sir Edward Elgar's composition begins genially, persuasively; there is mood and atmosphere; and we are told in the programme notes that the music was inspired by distant sing-

ing heard on a visit to Wales. But once launched upon his Allegro, Sir Edward indulges in what may be styled academic virtuosity. Save when the Welsh song returns this portion of the music is not free from the reproach of dryness and artificiality. But if it were Dr. Koussevitzky's purpose to find yet another composition whereby he might disclose the technical prowess and tonal virtues of his string choir, he could hardly have found a better one. Perhaps the applause, which was unmistakably hearty, was as much for the performance as for the music.

Even more than did Sibelius' Sixth Symphony, more recently heard here, did the Finn's Seven and latest work in this form impress yesterday as music in which reticence or an unwillingness to speak out is carried to lengths approaching perversity.

Ever and anon in the course of this symphony come hints of the earlier Sibelius, though a Sibelius with his warmth cooled and his ardors diminished. But between these momentary gleams of light the music fades into something not far removed from barrenness. Perhaps our ears are not yet properly attuned to this music. Perhaps it is a true music of the future. Not a few of us, however, still unashamedly prefer the Sibelius of the first five, even, if the truth be told, of the first two symphonies.

Yet it is hardly safe to say that the powers of a contemporary composer are declining. When Strauss' "Symphonie Domestica" was first given to the world, 27 years ago this coming spring, more than one voice was raised to proclaim the fact that Strauss was done for; that there remained in his music only a colossal technique; that inspiration and inventiveness, dangerous terms both, had failed him.

Persuasive and Eloquent

Now for many the "Domestica," that idyll expanded to the dimensions of an epic, music, if ever there was such, of the joy of living and the fullness of life, is the very crown of his symphonic writing. And that "period of decline," concerning which there was so much foreboding, was to bring forth, among other things, "Salome," "Elektra" and "Der Rosenkavalier." No, Strauss was not done for in the year 1904.

For the music of Elgar and Sibelius Dr. Koussevitzky presumably did yesterday all that might be done; here the present reviewer at least has no basis for comparison. But from the vantage point of previous experience with many performances and many interpretations of the "Domestica," it may confidently be said that Dr. Koussevitzky's reading of the score and his orchestra's playing of it is the most persuasive, the most eloquent that Boston has known.

The Master Returns to His People

Koussevitzky Conducts Again,
Sibelius and Strauss
Memorably

Trans. Jan. 31, 1931

THE CONDUCTOR who is not guest returned to his post yesterday afternoon at Symphony Hall. His orchestra rose to greet him, and there seemed less of formality than of feeling in their interchanges. Warmly the audience added its plaudits; but Dr. Koussevitzky was in the mood to settle at once into the work of the day. Elgar's Introduction and Allegro for Strings may pass, for the moment, as so much preluding. Then followed, with Sibelius' Seventh Symphony, as signal a performance as in all their association conductor and orchestra have accomplished. Above even his later habit the composer is sparing with his forces—the usual strings, the usual wood-winds, horns, trumpets, trombones, kettle-drums; all in the usual, or less than the usual, numbers. He reduces the orchestra to its kernel. He uses it with the utmost directness of means and effect. There are no technical exactions, unless Sibelius finds them necessary to the disclosure of his thought, the release of his emotion. There are no flourishes of virtuosity, no exhibitional measures; for his Seventh Symphony he would have an orchestra of musicians rather than virtuosi. They play stripped. No harmonic veils, no luscious overlaying of timbres hide them. They attack directly, speak directly. They are sinewy and austere. They move unhurriedly, graphically and with power. The kernel of the Symphony Orchestra met every one of these tests; played with and for composer and conductor.

Within recollection, Dr. Koussevitzky has not been more master of himself, his band, the music before them. No over-zeal trapped him. He did not dramatize a Symphony intrinsically undramatic. He did not sentimentalize a music that shuns every such weakening of emotion. No

dual and enthralling raptures be- him from his post of command. were no languors of motion, no ing over-emphasis, for the sake of vice sonority upon the ear. Dr. Koussevitzky saw in outline the tonal ure that Sibelius would raise. With and for him he raised it. The com- is clear-minded in what he puts to paper. As lucidly the conductor ted every detail within that struc- The sinewy progress, the curt trans-; the stark speech—bare phrases, periods, bare harmonies, bare tim- the impact of emerging motifs, the f unexpected modulation or disso-; above all the great ground-swell the depths upward, urging and ex- ing the whole—nothing of all these ed Dr. Koussevitzky.

ensibly, this Seventh Symphony of us is an "absolute," self-contained. If, as some infer, a program or a ground haunted the composer's cre- mind, he has divulged no hint. Yet rsonal and introspective emotion y and unmistakably suffuses it; to- the end rises to passionate procla- on. Dr. Koussevitzky answered to the on and the passion; infused them he performance; wrought them upon ore sensitive hearers. At every call, as master of himself, the orchestra the music in hand—the unsurpassed actor, since Dr. Muck's day, of Sibe- n American concert-halls.

r the reviewer, putting pen to copy- r, this Seventh Symphony remains ly inexpressible. The motifs emerge; n words for print their thrill weak- They are born of intense personal ion communicated to the hearer; but paper-phrase bears them poor wit- Curt as they are, the naked ear s in them—as naked—a puissant g. They are enlarged, unfolded, new- nted, new-colored; opposed, contrast- oined together. The structure unfolds is upreared. The progress goes firm- nd more variously. Changes of pace mood bring new intensities.

ow an orchestral choir is the back- nd; again it is the proclaiming voice. choirs cry out to each other, urge each r on. To the isolated and united igs fall measures that seethe and cut. e are dark and sombre passages; stark flashes of color in the wood- i; in the brass heroic chanting. Dis- nt chords sweep by. Climaxes rise fall away, leaving the tremulous gs to whisper mysteries. But always ground-swell mounting and passionate he emotion within; making out of these vs its own music. There is suspense conclusion—an end in grandeur at

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ing heard on a visit to Wales. But once launched upon his Allegro, Sir Edward indulges in what may be styled academic virtuosity. Save when the Welsh song returns this portion of the music is not free from the reproach of dryness and artificiality. But if it were Dr. Koussevitzky's purpose to find yet another composition whereby he might disclose the technical prowess and tonal virtues of his string choir, he could hardly have found a better one. Perhaps the applause, which was unmistakably hearty, was as much for the performance as for the music.

Even more than did Sibelius' Sixth Symphony, more recently heard here, did the Finn's Seven and latest work in this form impress yesterday as music in which reticence or an unwillingness to speak out is carried to lengths approaching perversity.

Ever and anon in the course of this symphony come hints of the earlier Sibelius, though a Sibelius with his warmth cooled and his ardors diminished. But between these momentary gleams of light the music fades into something not far removed from barrenness. Perhaps our ears are not yet properly attuned to this music. Perhaps it is a true music of the future. Not a few of us, however, still unashamedly prefer the Sibelius of the first five, even, if the truth be told, of the first two symphonies.

Yet it is hardly safe to say that the powers of a contemporary composer are declining. When Strauss' "Symphonie Domestica" was first given to the world, 27 years ago this coming spring, more than one voice was raised to proclaim the fact that Strauss was done for; that there remained in his music only a colossal technique; that inspiration and inventiveness, dangerous terms both, had failed him.

Persuasive and Eloquent

Now for many the "Domestica," that idyll expanded to the dimensions of an epic, music, if ever there was such, of the joy of living and the fullness of life, is the very crown of his symphonic writing. And that "period of decline," concerning which there was so much foreboding, was to bring forth, among other things, "Salome," "Elektra" and "Der Rosenkavalier." No, Strauss was not done for in the year 1904.

For the music of Elgar and Sibelius Dr. Koussevitzky presumably did yesterday all that might be done; here the present reviewer at least has no basis for comparison. But from the vantage point of previous experience with many performances and many interpretations of the "Domestica," it may confidently be said that Dr. Koussevitzky's reading of the score and his orchestra's playing of it is the most persuasive, the most eloquent that Boston has known.

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individual and enthralling raptures betrayed him from his post of command. There were no languors of motion, no lingering over-emphasis, for the sake of a choice sonority upon the ear. Dr. Koussevitzky saw in outline the tonal structure that Sibelius would raise. With him and for him he raised it. The composer is clear-minded in what he puts to music-paper. As lucidly the conductor adjusted every detail within that structure. The sinewy progress, the curt transitions; the stark speech—bare phrases, bare periods, bare harmonies, bare timbres; the impact of emerging motifs, the jab of unexpected modulation or dissonance; above all the great ground-swell from the depths upward, urging and expanding the whole—nothing of all these escaped Dr. Koussevitzky.

Ostensibly, this Seventh Symphony of Sibelius is an "absolute," self-contained music. If, as some infer, a program or a background haunted the composer's creating mind, he has divulged no hint. Yet a personal and introspective emotion deeply and unmistakably suffuses it; toward the end rises to passionate proclamation. Dr. Koussevitzky answered to the emotion and the passion; infused them into the performance; wrought them upon his more sensitive hearers. At every call, he was master of himself, the orchestra and the music in hand—the unsurpassed conductor, since Dr. Muck's day, of Sibelius in American concert-halls.

For the reviewer, putting pen to copy-paper, this Seventh Symphony remains nearly inexpressible. The motifs emerge; but in words for print their thrill weakens. They are born of intense personal emotion communicated to the hearer; but any paper-phrase bears them poor witness. Curt as they are, the naked ear hears in them—as naked—a puissant clang. They are enlarged, unfolded, new-accented, new-colored; opposed, contrasted, joined together. The structure unfolds and is upreared. The progress goes firmer and more variously. Changes of pace and mood bring new intensities.

Now an orchestral choir is the background; again it is the proclaiming voice. The choirs cry out to each other, urge each other on. To the isolated and united strings fall measures that seethe and cut. There are dark and sombre passages; then stark flashes of color in the woodwind; in the brass heroic chanting. Dissonant chords sweep by. Climaxes rise and fall away, leaving the tremulous strings to whisper mysteries. But always the ground-swell mounting and passioned by the emotion within; making out of these motifs its own music. There is suspense and conclusion—an end in grandeur at

once concentrated and outspread. The ear recalls, the mind assimilates, the tense, terse advance from strength to strength. For this Seventh Symphony is the symphony of Sibelius's power and will.

Though intermission separated the two, the other major piece of the afternoon made the veriest contrast—Strauss's spacious and showy (as it now seemed) "Symphonia Domestica." Set beside Sibelius's Seventh, the listener half-forgot its merits for its differences. Strauss now seemed prolix, as one who could not bear to leave his full-throated singing in the middle division, or abate by one jot the prancings of his double fugue; who dwelt too lovingly upon a conscious art of transition. Strauss's long-breathed themes after Sibelius's curt motifs! Strauss's harmonic and instrumental luxuriance beside Sibelius's bareness! The externalized characterization, the candid emotions of the tone-poem, over against the tight-lipped speech, the inner passion of the Symphony! Sibelius the introspective, self-devouring solitary. Strauss the high-placed composer, achieving one more tone-poem on the great scale out of the common stock of domestic emotion. Sibelius, inventing his own technique because no other may release him. Strauss, the heir and master of multifarious musical procedures.

So much for the accident of a chance juxtaposition upon a well-contrasted program. Rather, dwell upon the transfigurations that, for a second or a third time, Strauss's tone-poem underwent at Dr. Koussevitzky's imagining hands. The conductor cares little for the so-called drastic humors of Straussian domesticity; for the tonal delineation of some of its incidents—if the analysts are right in their over-energetic labels. For him—to choose convenient example—the striking clock is quite by the way. Nor, the listener suspects, is he much drawn to the music of the child, save where it yields sturdy measures or is suffused with the mother's tenderness. Instead, and divinely, Dr. Koussevitzky is most for Strauss's characterization and Strauss's poetry. He is not content merely to array the motifs that express on this side and that the father and the mother. He gives them profile, warmth and animation; glimmers them when they are in lighter interplay; invigorates them when they turn assertive. He is zealous to discover the poetry of many a page—for it is there; quick in response and revelation.

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TWO SYMPHONIES AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Global — Jan. 31, 1931

Strauss' "Domestica" and Sibelius' Seventh Heard

Dr. Koussevitzky, returning to his post after his annual mid-season vacation, chose a program from the elder generation of living composers for yesterday's Symphony concert. There were but three numbers, two of them symphonies, Sibelius' Seventh and Richard Strauss' "Symphonia Domestica." An introduction and Allegro for strings by Sir Edward Elgar, composed in 1904, but not previously performed in Boston, began the concert.

Dr. Koussevitzky's interest in pieces for string orchestra is probably responsible for his choice of Elgar's well-written but dull piece, which is not one of the best works of that composer.

It is unfair to judge Elgar by his popular pieces of the salon type, or his "Pomp and Circumstance" marches. His oratorio, "The Dream of Gerontius," and his "Enigma" variations are the work of a composer greater than the Baxes and Waltons of the younger generation in England. But the music heard yesterday will not be often played in the future. Dr. Koussevitzky showed off once more the qualities of the strings in the Boston Symphony, of whose virtuosity he is obviously proud. The audience applauded cordially.

Powerful Work

Sibelius' Seventh Symphony, introduced here by Dr. Koussevitzky in 1926, is an original and powerful work, by a composer who, like the masters of the past, goes his own way musically, never following current fashions or aligning himself with any much-touted group. Yesterday's performance was

clearer, more accurate, and thus more genuinely eloquent than the one in 1926.

The music made a deep impression on some in the audience, though it still apparently baffled the great majority. The real greatness of Sibelius becomes more obvious with the passage of time. His music does not "date." It is the work of a master, and will live.

Richard Strauss' reputation has so far overshadowed that of Sibelius. His music, as the "Symphonia Domestica" abundantly proved yesterday, is more brilliantly scored, more effectively written. At a first hearing its appeal to a sophisticated audience is greater than that of the serious work of Sibelius, whose vogue with the public has rested on things like his "Finlandia" and "Valse Triste," at which the sophisticated musician is now apt to sneer.

Yet despite the superlative workmanship of Strauss, the magnificent sonorities of his orchestration, and, one must add, despite his "showmanship," his talent for getting himself and his music talked about, one begins to wonder whether the symphonies of Sibelius have not a better chance than all but two or three of Strauss' works of being in the orchestral repertory 50 years hence.

Admirable Performance

The chief trouble with the "Symphonia Domestica," as with "Heldenleben," aside from the curious bad taste of the programmatic description of life in the Strauss household, is a paucity of original musical ideas. Strauss can do wonders with a little musical material, to be sure. But he has not many ideas.

Dr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra gave an admirable performance of Strauss' music, brilliant without blatancy or coarseness, dramatic and emphatic only within the bounds set by the composer's directions.

The orchestra goes on tour next week. For Feb. 13 and 14 the program now announced, subject, of course, to change, includes Honegger's new symphony written for the orchestra's anniversary season, two works by Loeffler, in honor of his recent 70th birthday, and a new suite for piano and strings by a young Italian named Piliati, otherwise unknown here. P. R.

Boston Symphony

Monday — Jan. 31, 1931

Dr. Serge Koussevitzky, returning from his midwinter holidays, prepared this program for the Boston Symphony Orchestra concerts of Jan. 30 and 31 in Symphony Hall, Boston: Elgar's Introduction and Allegro for string orchestra, op. 47; the Seventh Symphony of Sibelius, and Strauss' "Symphonia Domestica." The usual rites were observed by the orchestra in honor of its restored shogun.

The Elgar item, which has been familiar to the rest of the western world this quarter-century, was heard at the Friday concert for the first time in the capital of music which this orchestra serves. Its advent had been delayed too long. It may have sounded more thrilling (though this seems improbable) in 1905. There are Englishmen who proclaim Elgar one of the great creative geniuses of his time, just as there are Austrians who look upon Mahler and Bruckner with like reverence. If Elgar has a claim to such consideration it will receive stronger support from other compositions of his which we have heard than from this Introduction and Allegro. The work did serve, however, to reveal again the tonal beauties, the virtuosity and the flexibility of the Boston string choirs.

Among the many signal services rendered by Dr. Koussevitzky to the art of music must be included his publicity campaign in behalf of such composers as Sibelius and Delius, who deserve a great deal more attention than they receive in most quarters. Dr. Koussevitzky has played most of Sibelius' symphonies in Boston, even including the Third, which has seemed baffling to more than one autocrat of the baton. This Sibelius Seventh, composed in 1925, was introduced by Dr. Koussevitzky late in 1926. It is not the most ingratiating composition of this composer who disdains to be ingratiating. Yet this austere musical utterance, with its basic theme of an ascending scale, its subdued colors and its restrained passion and power, exercises a potent spell upon the imagination. Conductor and orchestra become the voice of its vital and compelling utterance.

Strauss' bed-time story had been restudied with more devotion perhaps than it deserved. Richard the Second remains one of the most exasperating of composers. A little more taste, a

touch of modesty, a capacity for self-criticism, and what an artist the author of "Till Eulenspiegel" and "Rosenkavalier" might have continued to become. The beauties of this score are so manifold that it is difficult to forgive the composer for the inconcinnities. You think you can free yourself of the less pleasing aspects of the domestic scene if you put aside the "program" and listen to the music purely as music. But even if you can do that—it is very difficult—you are distressed by the banality of some of the musical material itself.

But we should be grateful for the performance. Strauss, if he could have heard it, doubtless would entertain a still higher opinion of his powers. For the Boston orchestra in these days is at the top of its superb form, sensitive and responsive to the most exacting demands a conductor can make upon it. Dr. Koussevitzky had discovered, and the orchestra revealed at his behest, more charms than this score had yielded to us before. Only such an imaginative leader, with an orchestra capable of such subtle inflections of shading and tempo, could have exposed them.

L. A. S.

For New York

From Dr. Koussevitzky for the concerts of the Symphony Orchestra in New York next week. On Thursday evening: Introduction and Allegro for Strings... Elgar
Symphony, No. 7, in One Movement... Sibelius
Symphonia Domestica... Strauss

For Saturday afternoon:

Two Preludes (Adagio: Vivace) ... Bach
(Scored for String Orchestra by Plick-Mangiagalli)
Caprice for Orchestra with Piano... Stravinsky
(Pianist: Mr. Sanroma)
Symphonia Domestica ... Strauss

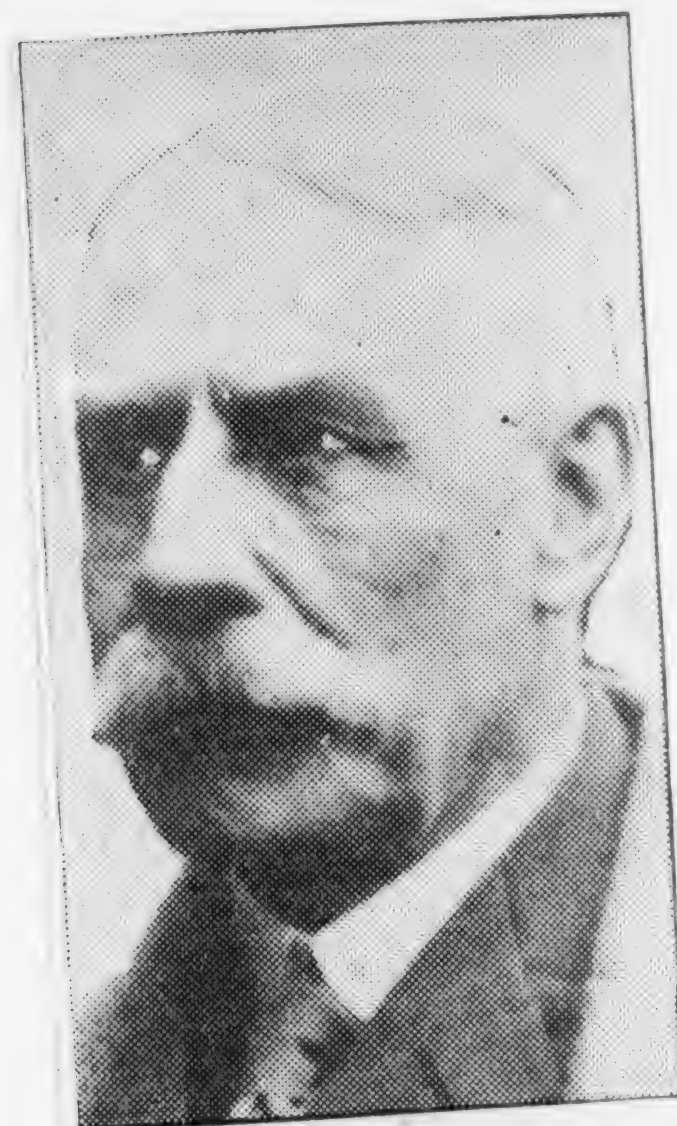
From Dr. Koussevitzky

FOR the Symphony Concerts of Friday, Feb. 13, and Saturday, Feb. 14, the next in the series:

Suite for Piano and String Orchestra... Piliati
(New: First Times: Pianist, Mr. Sanroma)
Symphony ... Honegger
(First Performances: Written for the Jubilee of the Orchestra)
Pagan Poem (After Vergil) ... Loeffler
La Bonne Chanson (After Verlaine) ... Loeffler
(Both Played to Mark the Composer's Seventieth Birthday)

For the supplementary matinee of the Symphony Orchestra on Tuesday, Feb. 10 in Symphony Hall:

Overture to Goethe's Play, "Egmont" Beethoven
Concerto, No. 4, in G major for Piano and Orchestra ... Beethoven
(Pianist: Miss Hess)
Symphony, No. 3, in E-flat major
"Eroica" ... Beethoven



SIR EDWARD ELGAR
Composer of several oratorios and other
famous works; created a baronet.

Fifteenth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 13, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 14, at 8.15 o'clock

Pilati Suite for Pianoforte and String Orchestra

- I. Introduction.
- II. Sarabande.
- III. Minuet (Rondo).
- IV. Finale.

Piano: Jesús María Sanromá.
(First time in Boston)

Honegger Symphony

- I. Allegro marcato.
- II. Adagio.
- III. Presto.

(First Performance: Composed for the 50th Anniversary of the
Boston Symphony Orchestra)

Loeffler Canticum Fratris Solis (After St. Francis of
Assisi) for Voice and Orchestra

Loeffler "A Pagan Poem" (after Virgil) for orchestra, Pianoforte,
English Horn and Three Trumpets Obbligati, Op. 14

SOLOIST
POVLA FRIJSH

STEINWAY PIANO

There will be an intermission after the symphony

A fiftieth anniversary exhibition is now on view in the Huntington Avenue foyer
(first balcony)



POVLA FRIJSH
Renown Danish Soprano

Symphony Concert Herald By PHILIP HALE

The program of the 15th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky, conductor, given in Symphony hall yesterday afternoon, was as follows: Pilati, Suite for piano and orchestra (first time in Boston). Honegger, Symphony (composed for the jubilee of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. First performance). Loeffler, Canticum Fratris Solis (after St. Francis of Assisi) for voice and orchestra; also "A Pagan Poem" (after Virgil), Mme. Povla Frijsh, soprano, was the singer; Mr. Sanroma the pianist.

Mario Pilati is a Neapolitan born in 1903, now a teacher of counterpoint, composition and musical history. This Suite is in four movements, Introduction, Sarabande, Minuet (Rondo), Finale. These movements are comparatively short. The Sarabande is the most musically thought and expressed of the four. In the other movements there is a too apparent endeavor to shun the obvious. One might say that in the three there are "smart Alecisms." The Minuet begins in a charming manner; suddenly the composer says to himself, "This will never do;" he introduces at intervals rapid and inconsequential passages and excuses himself for the liberty by putting "Rondo" after "Minuet." The Finale is an Allegro burlesca. As Queen Victoria once remarked: "We were not amused." The Introduction consists of tentative phrases which hint at something worth while to come. Pilati undoubtedly has a certain talent; he is not devoid of sentiment; he appreciates the beautiful—this is shown in his Sarabande. The other movements suffer from "smartness."

Mr. Honegger took his commission seriously. He considered the dignity and the importance of the occasion, nor was he willing to write the conventional "piece d'occasion" which is heard, disappoints expectation, and is at once forgotten. This symphony must be ranked with the best of his many orchestral works; in some respects it is the best. The first movement with its crashing discords will probably disturb those who like to led in the paths of the dominant and sub-dominant with now and then a straying into the field of the sub-dominant. But there is impressive power, there is fiery energy in the skillfully contrived discordant measures; they are there with a purpose. Have-lock Ellis, speaking of the many who found—and still find—Proust unreadable and Joyce unintelligible, says "until we find the door and the clue the new writer remains obscure. Therein lies the truth of Landor's saying that the poet must himself create the beings who are to enjoy his Paradise." Surely no one yesterday, hearing the remain-

ing two movements, if he knocked at Honegger's door found it shut. One could hardly fail to recognize the strength of the Adagio, its massive architecture, the heroic spirit of the long and resonant melodic lines; music of lofty thoughts not lowered by the medium of expression. As for the last movement, with its persistent rhythmic figures on which compelling musical sentences, always interesting, often eloquent, are declaimed; then the lovely tranquillity of the last pages—one may well fear lest this movement become at once "popular," and not in the best meaning of that word. It is a pleasure to add that this new work of a high standing composer was well received. Even those who have exclaimed "Honegger" to scare the timid from attending a concert when that name is on the program; who have honestly thought him a Bogyman, if not the Antichrist in music, were obliged to admit that there might be something in him after all.

Two of Mr. Loeffler's compositions were performed to bring him public honor, as a fortnight ago he passed his 70th birthday. It was on Nov. 20-21, 1891, that he appeared for the first time as a composer at a concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. He then played his suite for violin with the orchestra of which he was a valued member; his suite "Les Veillees de l'Ukraine" (after Gogol). Since then while he was still a member and after his regretted retirement, he has enriched the repertoire of this orchestra and the repertoires of other orchestras in this country and in Europe by his compositions. Those chosen yesterday are no doubt among his best, some may say they are his best, but there are earlier works that one would gladly hear. For example, his "Villanelle du Diable"—in which the macabre side of his musical nature is revealed; his Divertimento for violin and orchestra; his concerto for violoncello; his tragic "Mort de Tintagiles," nor should his composition for a jazz orchestra be neglected nor thought too light for a symphony concert—we suffer from undue seriousness, not to say solemnity that is almost ecclesiastical—for Mr. Loeffler has shown that jazz may be refined, even poetic, as well as exciting.

Yesterday the composer, the conductor, the singer and the orchestra were loudly applauded; and singer, conductor and orchestra were united in the payment of tribute to Mr. Loeffler.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week will be as follows: Handel, Concerto Grosso for strings, G minor, No. 6 (not op. 6 No. 9 as previously announced). Stravinsky, "Symphonie de Psalms" for orchestra and chorus. Berlioz, Symphonie Fantastique. Feb. 14, 1931

MODERN MUSIC AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Loeffler Honored, and New Honegger Work

By Bob. Feb. 14, 1931

Dr Koussevitzky devoted yesterday's Symphony concert to the performance of an all-modern program. Honegger's Symphony, dedicated to the Boston Symphony and to its present conductor, was played for the first time in public. Charles Martin Loeffler, two of whose works were played was warmly applauded, orchestra and audience standing to do him honor at the end of the concert. The only other number was an insignificant suite for piano and string orchestra by an obscure young Italian named Pilati.

Mr Loeffler has so long been a familiar figure at Symphony Hall that there is some danger of people forgetting that he is a composer of rare distinction and considerable repute. His recent 70th birthday was said to be the occasion of including his "Pagan Poem" and "Canticle of the Sun" on yesterday's program. But his music deserved to be heard for its own sake, with no commemorative or anniversary motive in the offing.

Mme Povla Frijsch repeated the sensitive and musicianly interpretation of the solo in the "Canticle" which she first gave here last season. Yesterday her voice was in fine condition, so that tonal beauty as well as musical taste distinguished her singing.

Mr Sanroma not only played the piano solo in "A Pagan Poem" but was also the pianist in Pilati's suite. In Mr Loeffler's brilliantly written measures for piano he excelled. In Pilati's rather trivial music he did all that anyone might to make it seem interesting and original.

Honegger's Symphony

This Pilati suite is the work of a young modernist composer trying to revive the formulae of 18th century music without understanding them. He fell into most of the cliches of both 18th and 20th century music. But his piece is sprightly, and very showily written for strings.

Honegger's symphony seemed at a first hearing to be a masterpiece, despite hints of the styles of other composers as diverse as Wagner and Stravinsky. In one piece, in fact, there is more than a hint of a theme from the latter's "Firebird," but Honegger is no mere tepid imitator, trimming his sails to every musical breeze, following the latest current fashion blindly and eagerly. On the contrary his music has almost excessive vigor of substance. Its rhythms, singly and in combination, are vital and original.

Almost alone in his generation, Honegger is not afraid to be, on occasion, frankly melodious. Almost alone among the younger moderns, he is not afraid of heroics, of the intensity, the passionate outbursts so characteristic of both good and bad 19th century composers. Nor do Honegger's outbursts become bombastic. They seem the spontaneous overflow of powerful feeling and are therefore, by all the canons of 19th century critical authority, positively justified.

It is, of course, absurd to pass judgment on so intricate a new piece after the first performance. One can only in such circumstances record impressions. The style of this piece seems a bit crabbed. There are curiously angular melodic and rhythmic figures. The writing for orchestra sometimes seemed yesterday to lack clarity and sonority. The idiom is modernistic, so much so that some of the combinations of notes heard sounded fortuitous, as though they could not be what was written.

Loving Care

Yet one trusts conductor and orchestra to play such things pretty accurately. It was evident that this symphony had been rehearsed by them with loving care. The performance triumphed over many obvious difficulties produced by Honegger's passion for rhythmic counterpoint.

Dr Koussevitzky's commissions to noted present-day composers for works to be written for the Boston Symphony's 50th anniversary season have fully justified themselves in the production of Russell's symphony, Stravinsky's "Symphonie de Psalms" and this Honegger symphony. Each has seemed at a first hearing a masterpiece. Each should, if possible, be repeated this season, as Stravinsky's work will be next week. P. R.

SYMPHONY'S TRIBUTE TO LOEFFLER

Two Numbers Played —Honegger's Work for First Time

Post Feb. 14, 1931

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

A distinguished citizen of these parts, Charles Martin Loeffler, is appropriately honored at the Symphony Concerts of this week. Mr. Loeffler has just passed his 70th birthday, and Dr. Koussevitzky paid his respects by playing yesterday afternoon, as he will this evening, Mr. Loeffler's "Pagan Poem" and his more recent "Canticle of the Sun." In the latter piece, Povla Frijsch was the singer.

TWO NEW PIECES

Mr. Loeffler heard his setting of St. Francis' canticle, first performed here 13 months ago, from his accustomed place in the balcony. Before the performance of the "Pagan Poem" he left his seat, and when that piece was concluded he was escorted by Dr. Koussevitzky to the front of the platform where he was obliged to bow again and again in acknowledgement of the applause.

It was an eventful afternoon. Immediately before these complimentary rites had come the world premiere of a symphony by Arthur Honegger, composed for the 50th anniversary of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and dedicated to the orchestra and its conductor, while before that there was played for the first time in Boston a suite for piano and strings by the 28-year-old Italian, Mario Pilati, a composer hitherto unknown here.

Mr. Pilati, as his suite disclosed him, is a gifted young man who has not yet found his own voice. In the first two movements of his suite, an introduction and Sarabande, he indulges in the popular modern sport of pouring new wine into old bottles. In the Sarabande he does this with conspicuous success.

The movement has a wistful charm, a fragrance as of things old and half-forgotten. The ensuing Minuet is disturbed by a bizarre figure of sharply reiterated notes and there are suggestions here, as in the final Allegro Burlesca, that Mr. Pilati is well acquainted with the music of the modern Frenchmen, particularly that of Ravel. The suite was brilliantly played by the orchestra's strings and Jesus Maria Sanroma, who was also the pianist in the two pieces of Loeffler.

Another Railroad Piece

Mr. Honegger's Symphony was to be heard with mixed emotions. Portions of the work are forceful and convincing, but not all of it. The first movement disconcertingly recalls that musically most famous of locomotives, Mr. Honegger's own "Pacific 231"; possibly this is "Pacific 232." The engine puffs and snorts; it telescopes a "local" at Readville; but at the end it steams, battered but still jaunty, into the South station. The second movement is marked by a sort of strained lyricism and is not without its moments of intensity. The opening measures, scored for violin, cellos and basses, are original and effective. This movement has character.

In the finale there are irresistible rhythms combined with a grim and rasping harmonic and orchestral dress. The very end, however, is blandly placid, seeming by contrast with what had gone before almost smugly suphonic. But this happy ending pleased the audience. Few of the many works written for this anniversary season have been so warmly received.

Loeffler's Canticle

There are beautiful pages in Mr. Loeffler's Canticle, pages in which the soul takes wings and soars aloft, pages truly mystical. But the nature of the text made difficult both the avoidance of monotony and the attaining of perfect continuity. A voice more sensuously lovely than that of Mme. Frijsch, who sang with her customary insight and intelligence, is needed for this work with its coloring so softly rich, a voice that would not shrill, as did Mme. Frijsch's now and then, against this melting euphony.

There was a glowing performance of the "Pagan Poem." But it is heresy to suggest that this ecstatic, rapturous composition, one of the notable scores of the 20th century, is beginning to sound a little prolix and diffuse? That it tends here and there, if ever so slightly, to cloy and to lose its grip upon the hearer?

Honegger's New Symphony

Monitor Feb. 14, 1931. By L. A. SLOPER

ARTHUR HONEGGER, whose musical achievements are many and familiar, was among the composers invited to supply compositions in honor of the fiftieth anniversary of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. His contribution to the festival year occupied the central position on the program prepared by Dr. Serge Koussevitzky for the concerts of Feb. 13 and 14 in Symphony Hall, Boston. This proved to be a symphony without key designation, made audible at the Friday concert for the first time anywhere.

M. Honegger, if not the most original of all composers, is certainly among the most accomplished. His symphony is characteristic of him. That is, it is the sort of symphony one would expect from the man who wrote "Horace Victorieux" and the "Pastorale d'été," "King David" and the Prayer of Judith, "Pacific 231" and the Concertino.

Upon the ears of M. Honegger, if not upon those of all his auditors, sevenths and seconds fall with a soothing incidence. Most of his works, therefore, demand that the conservative listener revise his theories of beauty in sound. This symphony is no exception. Of its three movements, the first is of Stravinskian violence and harshness, and the second is lyrical and the third is a Presto in the nature of a Scherzo, which includes among its many ingredients passages of folk dance flavor and a touch of jazz in a portamento figure in the solo trombone; not to mention an echo of the horns of King Marke's hunting party.

It is this last movement, too, which opens with a short descending figure (in the contrabassoon) which Honegger seems to have used in many of his works much as Whistler used a butterfly. But strangely enough, the symphony closes with a brief Andante tranquillo, quite in the mood of the "Pastorale d'été." No doubt it was because of these measures that an active minority of the audience re-

called the conductor until he was justified in inviting the players to share in what amounted to a considerable success, for a new piece in modernist vein. This result probably will not be surprising to the composer. It is not only by a noisy conclusion that one may achieve an effect.

Now it is all very well to intimate that had not Wagner, Liszt, Strauss, Florent Schmitt, Stravinsky and Schönberg lived and written, this symphony would never have graced the Boston orchestra's fête year. Every composer makes use of his musical inheritance. Honegger perhaps more than most. But it must be noted that he is at all events master of his materials. His music is atonal, but in structure it is severely classical. Honegger is not one of those who can compose without ever having had a lesson in their lives. His technique, in both composition and orchestration, is expert. Perhaps it is even too expert for his inspiration. That may be why we feel that for all his brilliance, Honegger need not yet be placed in the first rank of composers. Yet his symphony is by no means the least important of the compositions written for the Boston anniversary. The work had been devotedly prepared and the performance was magnificent.

Another novelty (so far this time as Boston was concerned) was the Suite for pianoforte (J. M. Sanromá) and string orchestra by Mario Pilati, a young Italian musician. Consisting of an Introduction, Sarabande, Minuet and Finale, it pleased by its simplicity and by its nostalgic evocation of more graceful days.

The remainder of the program was devoted to one of America's most distinguished composers. Charles Martin Loeffler, although born in Alsace, has lived and worked in the United States for nearly 50 years, and used to sit beside Franz Kneisel at the first desk of the Boston orchestra's violins. It was fitting, therefore, that in honor of his recent seventieth birthday, Dr. Koussevitzky should perform two of his most important works, the "Canticum Fratris Soli" for soprano (Povla Frijsh) and orchestra, and the "Pagan Poem" for orchestra, pianoforte, English horn and three trumpets obbligati. At the close, Mr. Loeffler was brought to the stage, and artists and audience delighted in paying him homage.

For Loeffler, For Honegger, The Garlands

The Parisian's New Symphony,
The Bostonian Honored
And Epitomized

Janus. Feb. 14, 1931

TO a certainty, Honegger completed no half-finished manuscript; clapped upon the fly-leaf a dedication to the Boston Symphony Orchestra; so fulfilled a commission for its jubilee. Nor, having received the invitation, did he search his soul and cudgel his brains to write the desired piece of music. Whether his "Symphony for Orchestra"—played at the Symphony Concert yesterday for the first time anywhere—attracted or repelled the hearer, there was no doubting 'it as work of a composer possessed by what he would say: striking out, white-hot, the means to the saying. For Honegger—the chroniclers agree—composition is a rapid, absorbing process. He wrote, for example, the whole music to "King David" in an incredibly brief time. By the dates on the score the new Symphony occupied him through six months, for him a long incubation. To hear it, however, is to believe that he sketched it in a passion of creation; amplified, revised and rounded it with no chill upon the earlier heats. Never once does progress falter or texture sag. Like or dislike it, his Symphony is a design accomplished, a state of spirit expressed.

Honegger, now entering the prime of the forties, writes out of full mind, large resource, busy experience. His range of musical knowledge extends from Bach to the newest prodigy of Paris. Some who have scrutinized this first Symphony say they find in the score traces (as chemists call them) of this, that and the other composer. Likely enough; for to discover such, even of Monsieur Massenet, was a favorite process when "King David" was new. Hearing is another matter. Whatever Honegger may have

new Symphony stamped by his throughout it is the

Honegger writes force at command. he may put to most part send orchestra. As it unfolding Sym- brim. One de- stance, facture, ear only to be ct. The listener enriched. Two old not exhaust music. (It is to maining third of vitzky will find

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Honegger's New Sym

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THUR. EVE.
FEB. 26
AT 8:15
MAXIM

THUR. EVE.
MAR. 5
AT 8:30
PERCY

SAT. EVE.
MAR. 7
AT 8:30
MARY

SUN. AFT.
MAR. 8
AT 3:30
ALBER

TUES. EVE.
MAR. 10
AT 8:15
HAM

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3 SATURDAY AFT
OUR COLORFUL SOU

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AMY EVANS—MARGARET
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MAJESTIC

assimilated into the new Symphony comes forth unmistakably stamped by his mind and hand. Throughout it is the full voice of a full man.

By the same token Honegger writes with every desired resource at command. Whatever he wills, that he may put to music-paper; for the most part send sounding from his orchestra. As it seemed yesterday, the unfolding Symphony was filled to the brim. One detail after another, of substance, facture, expression, pricked the ear only to be thrust away by the next. The listener heard, exhilarated and enriched. Two or three repetitions would not exhaust the surprises of this music. (It is to be hoped that in the remaining third of the season Dr. Koussevitzky will find room for one.)

Long since Honegger was fertile in the development of his musical ideas. In the "Symphony for Orchestra," he sets forth the leading motifs unescapably. They are stripped, clarified, reiterated. From them he develops secondary motives; weaves this development into a many-stranded web of counterpoint—linear counterpoint in the modernist sense of the words. (An applauding minority bore witness to ears already accustomed.) Once and again these lines are so many and close that ear and mind may hardly carry and differentiate them. Then, as with Strauss in kindred, abundance, comes a moment of paper-music, written rather than heard.

Honegger writes atonally, not because atonality is the newest musical discovery or the current musical fashion—for it has ceased to be either—but because it is the idiom in which he best expresses himself. His is an honest, spontaneous atonality. So written, this keyless Symphony teems with dissonance, shrill and piercing, harsh and deep, unmitigated, driven home. All ears, unless they are deliberately closed to the voice of modernist music, are now well schooled to these barrages. (The intent listening of yesterday was the proof.) In the Symphony, as usual with Honegger, it is unforced and unfaunted dissonance—the natural turn, the particular emphasis, of the musical moment. But, admittedly, it is uncommonly acrid and astringent. Similarly with his instrumental voices as such. Often they are harsh, acidulous. They protrude, bear down, shout, hammer. Or, if they sing, the melodies turn bitter on their lips. Honegger is frank, honest, urgent composer. Having chosen his ways and means, he does not spare them upon an audience. He plies them—as the American vernacular puts it—"until they hurt." When his "Horace Victorieux" was played at Symphony Hall, some found him—to quote their very words—"the most repul-

by will now count hestra" as com-

egger of the first ably a composer are bold. Even s they are little s beat sharp or e linear counter- progressions grind ching themselves ad oftenest from The brass affirms ght to mutter or melodic measures semblance. Yet nd ascendant; the In sum a music on many a page ent; a music in- present halls as

modernisms. Hon- temperament. Con- practice, his slow atic as though it agnerian heyday. elody—not as the ssics" or the nine- ics" invented and modernist melody, ged, thin-clothed, in long line rather cut as in a cham- ardent and inten- d yet alight with g luxuriance that may go bare and ovement, vitalized ger's counterpart of power.

er of exuberance. subsidiary, jostle bout in a demonic t; all is flux and sharp voice—until tiv calls for order; heir contrapuntal e Symphony end ill say breathless. ise in modernist n modernist ardor, th this fine frenzy . . . Here at at, without a pro- any other verbal lf and of itself not ate time; that de- earsals spent upon sympathy, force Dr. Koussevitzky claimed it. Once hestra, and he as kesmen par excel- his immediate day.

Honegger's New Sym

Monitor Feb. 14, 1931. By L. A. SLOPER

ARTHUR HONEGGER, whose musical achievements are many and familiar, was among the composers invited to supply compositions in honor of the fiftieth anniversary of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. His contribution to the festival year occupied the central position on the program prepared by Dr. Serge Koussevitzky for the concerts of Feb. 13 and 14 in Symphony Hall, Boston. This proved to be a symphony without key designation, made audible at the Friday concert for the first time anywhere.

M. Honegger, if not the most original of all composers, is certainly among the most accomplished. His symphony is characteristic of him. That is, it is the sort of symphony one would expect from the man who wrote "Horace Victorieux" and the "Pastorale d'été," "King David" and the Prayer of Judith, "Pacific 231" and the Concertino.

Upon the ears of M. Honegger, if not upon those of all his auditors, sevenths and seconds fall with a soothing incidence. Most of his works, therefore, demand that the conservative listener revise his theories of beauty in sound. This symphony is no exception. Of its three movements, the first is of Stravinskian violence and harshness, and the second is lyrical and the third is a Presto in the nature of a Scherzo, which includes among its many ingredients passages of folk dance flavor and a touch of jazz in a portamento figure in the solo trombone; not to mention an echo of the horns of King Marke's hunting party.

It is this last movement, too, which opens with a short descending figure (in the contrabassoon) which Honegger seems to have used in many of his works much as Whistler used a butterfly. But strangely enough, the symphony closes with a brief Andante tranquillo, quite in the mood of the "Pastorale d'été." No doubt it was because of these measures that an active minority of the audience re-

called the concert justified in its share in what considerable success, for modernist vein. They will not be surprised. It is not only by that one may achieve that had not Wagner. Florent Schmitt, a Schönberg lived a symphony would be the Boston orchestra. Every composer, a musical inheritance, perhaps more than noted that he is at of his materials. H but in structure it Honegger is not one compose without a lesson in their liv in both composition is expert. Perhaps pert for his inspira why we feel that Honegger need not the first rank of at symphony is by the important of the for the Boston anny had been devoted the performance was

Another novelty as Boston was of Suite for piano and string orchestra a young Italian m of an Introduc Minuet and Final of simplicity and by cation of more g The remain

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FEB. 26
AT 8:15

MAXIM

THUR. EVE.
MAR. 5
AT 8:30

PERCY

SAT. EVE.
MAR. 7
AT 8:30

MARY

SUN. AFT.
MAR. 8
AT 3:30

ALBER

TUES. EVE.
MAR. 10
AT 8:15

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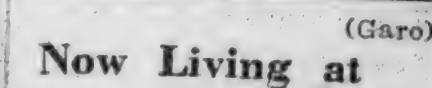
modernists." They will now count
Symphony for Orchestra" as com-
piece.

vertheless, the Honegger of the first
ment is unmistakably a composer
wer. The contours are bold. Even
the songful measures they are little
ned. The rhythms beat sharp or
The march of the linear counter-
is inexorable. Progressions grind
ast each other, wrenching themselves
The strings sound oftenest from
upper registers. The brass affirms
twentieth-century right to mutter or
brill. The more melodic measures
alter the pervading semblance. Yet
design is spacious and ascendant; the
texture glows. In sum a music
ck off at white heat, on many a page
rous and incandescent; a music in-
t with what this present hails as

With all his honest modernisms, Hon-
ger has the eclectic temperament. Con-
v to much current practice, his slow
vement is as chromatic as though it
e written in the Wagnerian heyday.
is also music of melody—not as the
teenth-century "classics" or the nine-
enth-century "romantics" invented and
hioned it. Instead, modernist melody,
ort-breathed, hard-edged, thin-clothed,
arp-voiced, unfolding in long line rather
an vivid color, clear-cut as in a cham-
r-piece; none the less ardent and inten-
ve. Unsentimentalized yet alight with
ark emotion, shunning luxuriance that
urface and underbody may go bare and
ear, such a slow movement, vitalized
roughout, is Honegger's counterpart
the first movement of power.

The finale is a welter of exuberance.
Motifs, principal or subsidiary, jostle
notifs; figures whirl about in a demonic
wondo. All is rhythm; all is flux and
art; high tension and sharp voice—until
at last the principal motif calls for order;
sets the others in their contrapuntal
place; bids the whole Symphony end
calmed—or as some will say breathless.
After his first exercise in modernist
power and his second in modernist ardor,
Honegger "tops off" with this fine frenzy
of modernist tension. . . . Here at
last is a symphony that, without a pro-
gram, a foreword or any other verbal
gloss, expresses in itself and of itself not
a little of this immediate time; that de-
served the week of rehearsals spent upon
it; the understanding, sympathy, force
and fullness with which Dr. Koussevitzky
and the orchestra proclaimed it. Once
more, the Boston Orchestra, and he as
conductor, are the spokesmen par excel-
lence for the music of this immediate day.

H. T. P.



Once more a considerable part of the audience heard and rewarded. The commissions that have added to the phony of Honegger to Stravinsky, "Psalms," and both to Rouse's phony with which the series began, are not bestowed in vain.

The second half of the concert was nearly as might be the birthday of Charles Martin Loeffler as violinist and composer, has marked these forty years his work in his dwelling. The Symphony had reason to honor the violinist out of its ranks has become a distinguished composer in his time; handed it many a manuscript; wh

ness to a fine, true and vital culture existent in Boston and concert-capitals of these United States. To end the afternoon came a domestic scene. At the call of D. S. S. sevitzy, Mr. Loeffler descended the stage from his seat in the balcony hailed with united and hearty applause by the waiting audience; while the orchestra rose to salute him, and plaudits, and the conductor, as enthusiastically as might be, joined in a general homage. No one was lacking except Mme. Frijsh who had sung the part in Mr. Loeffler's setting of Francis's "Canticle of the Sun" from her place on the platform a gesture, she had already passed on to the composer her well-earned applause. Here in America, she is essential to the Hymn. From the outset it has known no other voice. Still she ripens in it.

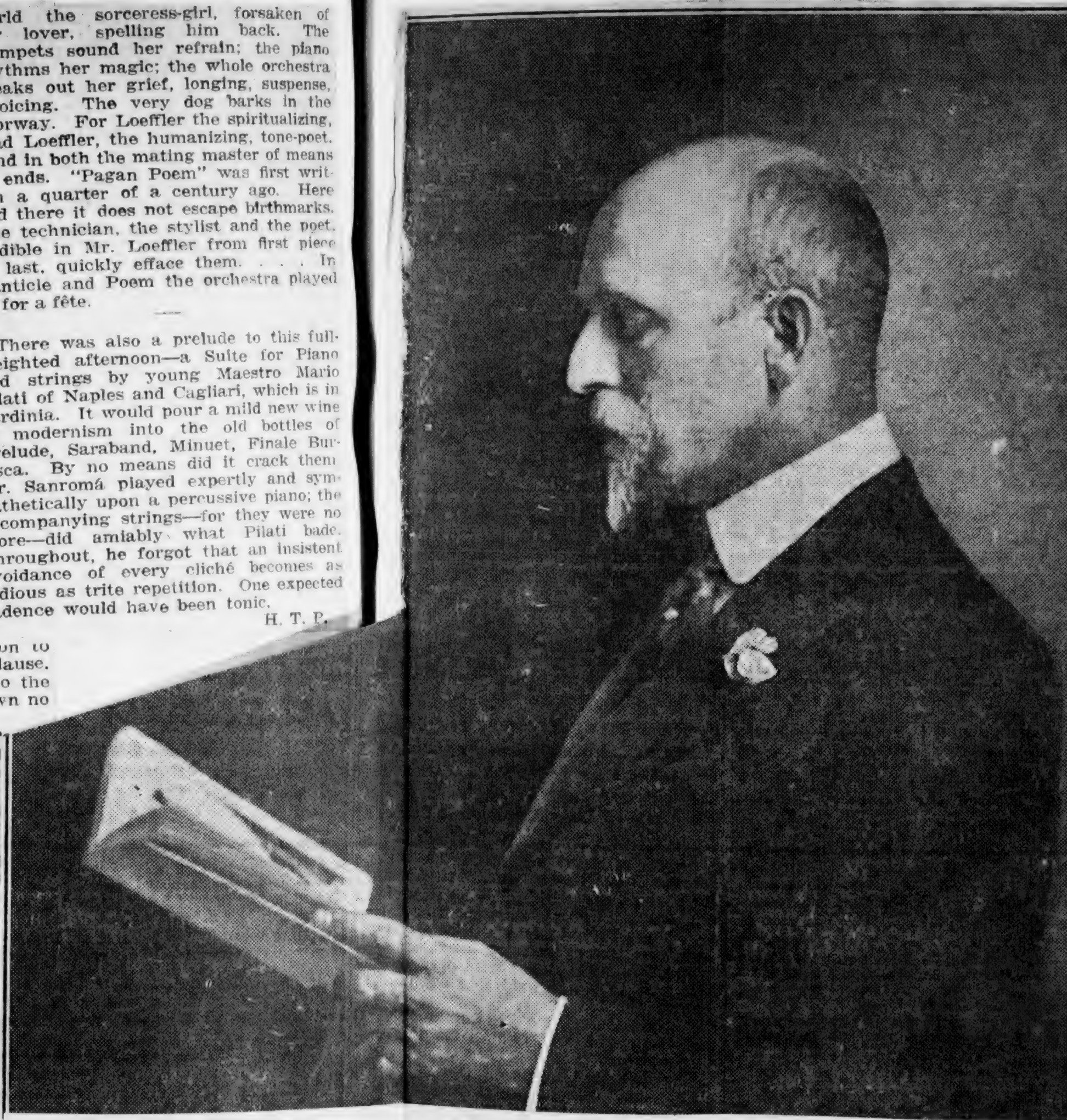
The "Canticle," and "Pagan Poem" which followed, were discerningly chosen to exemplify the symphonic Loeffler. Unless the Symphony ("Hymn") which he still reserves for seemingly less revision, shall ultimately excise this hymn of the holy and fraternal, it is his most completely accomplished and most characteristic work. In a new yesterday, this music is neither place nor period. It is self-contained, self-sufficient, timeless, its own life. Out of the crucible of imagination, it is expression not of Francis's verse but of Francis's. It suffuses the Hymn, yet marks detail as it mounts. It is no less a vision of the devout, the mystical, truly spiritual Loeffler—the sacred as the old phrase ran—who may of these things only in tones; and singing, lift up also the hearts of those who hear.

Over against the Canticle went "Pagan Poem" to embody the romantic dramatizing, the exorcising Loeffler conjuring out of Vergil's a

world the sorceress-girl, forsaken of her lover, spelling him back. The trumpets sound her refrain; the piano rhythms her magic; the whole orchestra speaks out her grief, longing, suspense, rejoicing. The very dog barks in the doorway. For Loeffler the spiritualizing, read Loeffler, the humanizing, tone-poet. Find in both the mating master of means to ends. "Pagan Poem" was first written a quarter of a century ago. Here and there it does not escape birthmarks. The technician, the stylist and the poet, audible in Mr. Loeffler from first piece to last, quickly efface them. In "Canticle and Poem" the orchestra played as for a fête.

There was also a prelude to this full-freighted afternoon—a Suite for Piano and strings by young Maestro Mario Pilati of Naples and Cagliari, which is in Sardinia. It would pour a mild new wine of modernism into the old bottles of Prelude, Saraband, Minuet, Finale Burlesca. By no means did it crack them. Mr. Sanromá played expertly and sympathetically upon a percussive piano; the accompanying strings—for they were no more—did amiably what Pilati bade. Throughout, he forgot that an insistent avoidance of every cliché becomes as tedious as trite repetition. One expected cadence would have been tonic.

H. T. P.



Charles Martin Loeffler: Born at Mulhouse (Alsace) Jan. 30, 1861 Now Living at Medfield

(Garro)

Added Leaves To. Loeffler's Wreath of Bay

For His Seventieth Birthday
New York Pens also Write
His Praises

Trans. — Feb. 11, 1931

SOME years ago—never mind just when: dates are dry food—Arthur Whiting, musician, composer, scholar and observer, gave a musical party. It was a coming-out party. The debutante was not a fair maiden, but a group of songs. The place was Whiting's studio. About thirty men gathered in the room. There were fire-light, the dull glow of lamps and the enshrouding veil of fragrant tobacco-smoke. Before the songs were sung Vincent d'Indy, composer of the "Ishtar," variations and high priest of the Schola Cantorum of Paris, read with elegant diction the texts by Paul Verlaine from which the songs were made. Then we heard the music.

Francis Rogers sang the lyrics Arthur Whiting played the piano and the composer of the songs played the viola obbligato. After the group had been disclosed to us we had an interval for conversation beer, sandwiches and continued smoke. Then we resumed our seats and the songs were sung again. It was in the intermission that Walter Damrosch said to his brother: "Frank, this man Loeffler has something that the rest of them have not."

And that was straight talk. It took many of them years to find it out and there are dullards in the world of music who do not know it yet. However, there are celebrations just now because Charles Martin Loeffler has attained the Biblical three score and ten. He has been dwelling for several years in the seclusion of his house in Medfield, Mass.; but Boston, which knew him when he sat at the first desk of its great orchestra beside Franz Kneisel, has drawn him out of his den and turned the white light of approbation upon him.

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Remember, in listening to the Thessalian, the desirous, and the enchantress sick to trace her urgent songs; we find the strange and stirring thing that inspired the music is enough—the movement of its noble and sweeping light is more beauty, its sorcerous art, whether Loeffler himself, he is today one haps and honors, known as a per fund, has never cheapened or as prop, model for artists of every on of its quiet simplicity, its devotion to the modest per beautiful things, to the shap e institutions and individual excellence earned the question institutions. They not word

quest, on important number on the on their Charles Martin Loeffler's cal ques. The composition is no lved the our concert halls, but it was ions. It evening for a special purpose e should, the most eminent composer lated, this country with the possible law by of Rakhmaninov, was seventy was no on Jan. 30 and his composition presented in celebration of the political. Molinari had made a thorough the score and conducted it with those earnestness and moving results. slave, sent forth once again its pro of the visions of Virgil. ne it birthday was honored not long on o e audience applauded the music nean enthusiasm astonishing after so uivalent. [The Sun as a] You C ar Symphony Orchestra has Beef, arly able history. Older concert.

will recall the seasons when at the two desks sat Kneisel and Loeffler, Adamowski and Otto Roth, all of appeared at various times as soloists at concerts of the organization. one occasion Mr. Loeffler was not soloist, but composer. This was at ourth concert of the twelfth season e orchestra in New York. It was in Metropolitan Opera House. The pro comprised Beethoven's "Egmont" ure, Mr. Loeffler's Divertimento for and orchestra, Mrs. Beach's "Gael-symphony, the customary three ex-s from "The Damnation of Faust" Rimsky-Korsakov's "Scheherazade." Loeffler was the soloist in his own Mr. Kneisel played the solos in Rimsky-Korsakov music.

st why violinists, who are none too supplied with material, do not ex-e this piece is a subject for wonder. not one of Mr. Loeffler's loftiest ions, but it is distinctly good violin-and grateful for the soloist. It is in movements, preamble, "Eclogue" classic view of the composer already-acteristic) and "Carnival des Mortes." finale is a set of brilliant variations de "Dies Irae." The composition is in melody, color and effective orches-on. It is crowded with difficulties perhaps in these days might be rude-shed aside by Brahmins as a virtuoso-but since violinists persistently rm compositions which have only ical disp! y to recommend them, Divertimento of Loeffler, which is also music, might be worth at least one ing. It is not necessary to descant the merits of the composer's better n works. They deserve to enjoy a period of active life. They possess iduality and musical beauty of a high [W. J. Henderson in The Sun

Added To Loeffler's Wreath

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What Walter Damrosch said was the pith of the whole matter. Loeffler is one of the composers who was developed under the spread of the Debussy influence over music. Loeffler's art is inconceivable except as part of the beginning of the modernist advance. But it is none the less strikingly original and distinguished by certain qualities of imaginative creation and by aristocracy of style. Loeffler, the reflective, introspective and highly cultivated man, the student of Vergil and Horace, the lover of long nature-vistas and of the thoughts of men, speaks in every work, whether it be the "Death of Tintagiles," the "Pagan Poem" or the "Villanelle du Diable."

It is fitting that this musician should be honored by his fellows. He has lived in this country many years and is a citizen of the United States. He was born and studied abroad, but he is thoroughly Americanized. He is at any rate the foremost composer in this country. More than that, he is one of the foremost composers of his time. The world of music, not only here but across the seas, has reason to be proud of him. [W. J. Henderson in The Sun]

At three score and ten, Charles Martin Tornov Loeffler still tends assiduously the fires he kindled many years ago upon the altars of the Muses. His latest composition, "Evocation," composed especially for the opening of Severance Hall in Cleveland, has just had a first performance in the Ohio city. An interview in Musical America tells of the enthusiasm of the septuagenarian for all kinds of music, jazz and "hyperprisms" included. The score composed for Cleveland makes use of three saxophones. When the violoncellos sound weak that is the help they need, avers this classicist. Or is he a romanticist? Or an impressionist?

Placing Loeffler has been one of the most perplexing tasks of those who have had to write about him. Is his music in any sense American? Born in Alsace, is he, by inspiration and derivation, still French? Are there Russian, Irish or Spanish influences asserting themselves alongside modal recollections of a world of monks and plain-song? Or, after all, is his kinship to Parker, Chadwick and others of the dwindling New England school a little closer than has been recognized?

Through all these conjectures Loeffler retains a distinct musical personality. Last Thursday, in observance of the composer's seventieth anniversary, Bernardino Molinari gave "A Pagan Poem" the place of honor on his Philharmonic program. As chamber music, the work dates back some thirty years; as music for orchestra, it is a quarter of a century old. It sounds as personal today, as his

Years Now Bear Him Witness

Gilman Plaits The Birthday Wreath

equality as it possesses, could evolved from the slave-rider antiquity but for the remarkable developments coming between, the Ages."

McIlwain remarked at the time in dealing with slavery in the poem, the desirous, and es one must try to trace the condition, a merging of ideas into something different. This general movement of the music is enough—the flux of ideas corresponding to the noble and sweeping in life and thought is one beauty, its sorcerous art. Particularly which one has and honors, known as a considering, or other fund to his art; whose life government.

on Then

on about all these institutions most vitally concerned the middle ages was the question. Were they institutions of nature or were they not? It came a historical question. The nature depended upon the intensely practical question because it involved the of all these institutions. I according to nature should. Should they be tolerated? obey the rules of law by ere enforced? This was not a question.

whole history of political fessor McIlwain asserted questions older than those the status of the slave ended the institution, prold be allowed to define it came from his notion of equality, for him, meant not an absolute equivalence proportional equality was in the fact that men are can be equivalent in vir the view which the early adopted.

two of three things about the speaker declared referred to repeat the cur about all men having by me status, and at the same the practical effort to equally enjoyed it. At the the theory of Aristotle been forgotten almost ere still discussing the ol renuously as in the time whether human institution only conventional, but fev of slavery is one of thos

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later music. Its line is too bold for it to
be lumped with so-called Debussyan im
pressionism, whatever the Debussyan in
fluences to be noted in its chord structure.
Nor can the heritage of "Tristan," which
Loeffler here shares with all the modern
world, be construed as identifying this
music as in any valid sense Wagnerian.
If there is a tie to Saint-Saëns in pas
sages of more elementary coloring, this
music leaves that worthy far behind
when it spreads its wings. D'Indy, per
haps? But for us d'Indy is dryer, more
austere, less fluid. Straussian this
music is not at all; and it is equally far
from the once prevalent flood of diluted
Brahms. If Loeffler is, indeed, a French
composer, he is one whom America has
every reason to be proud it has natura
lized. No other living figure in the coun
try's musical life has written as much
that has worn as well. [The Evening
Post

And Again
The Philharmonic Society gave a
birthday party Thursday evening at
Carnegie Hall in honor of Charles
Martin Loeffler, who was seventy years
old on the thirtieth of last month; but
the guest of honor did not appear to ac
knowledge the plaudits (and several
"bravos") which followed the perform
ance by the orchestra of his "Pagan
Poem," and so the audience had to con
tent itself with recognizing the power and
beauty of the music.
When the "Pagan Poem" was intro
duced here almost a quarter-century ago
it seemed to many a cryptic and baffling
score, forbidding by reason of harmonies
that then seemed strange and, to some,
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Seventy Years Now Bear Him Witness

Lawrence Gilman Plaits The Birthday Wreath

We need not remember, in listening to this native masterpiece, the Thessalian girl of Virgil's poem, the desirous and forsaken woman, the enchantress sick with love, chanting her urgent songs; we may forget the strange and stirring imagery of the poem that inspired the composer. The music is enough—the music, with its noble and sweeping passion, its rare beauty, its sorcerous art. As for Loeffler himself, he is today full of years and honors, known as a musician who has never cheapened or exploited himself or his art; whose life has been a model for artists of every kind by reason of its quiet simplicity, its dignity, its devotion to the modest perfecting of beautiful things, to the shaping of a choice and individual excellence of the spirit. [The Herald Tribune

will recall the seasons when at the two desks sat Kneisel and Loeffler, Adamowski and Otto Roth, all of whom appeared at various times as soloists at concerts of the organization. One occasion Mr. Loeffler was not soloist, but composer. This was at the fourth concert of the twelfth season of the orchestra in New York. It was in the Metropolitan Opera House. The program comprised Beethoven's "Egmont" and orchestra, Mrs. Beach's "Gaelic Symphony," the customary three excerpts from "The Damnation of Faust," Rimsky-Korsakov's "Scheherazade," and orchestra. Mr. Loeffler was the soloist in his own piece, the "Pagan Poem." Mr. Kneisel played the solos in the Rimsky-Korsakov music.

At why violinists, who are none too supplied with material, do not expect this piece is a subject for wonder. It is not one of Mr. Loeffler's loftiest compositions, but it is distinctly good violin and grateful for the soloist. It is in movements, preamble, "Eclogue" (characteristic) and "Carnival des Morts." The composition is a set of brilliant variations in melody, color and effective orchestration. It is crowded with difficulties perhaps in these days might be rudely brushed aside by Brahmins as a virtuoso's arm compositions which have only a technical display to recommend them. Divertimento of Loeffler, which is also music, might be worth at least one hearing. It is not necessary to descant the merits of the composer's better works. They deserve to enjoy a period of active life. They possess individuality and musical beauty of a high order. [W. J. Henderson in The Sun

For the Record

The other important number on the program was Charles Martin Loeffler's "Pagan Poem." The composition is no stranger to our concert halls, but it was played last evening for a special purpose. Mr. Loeffler, the most eminent composer resident in this country with the possible exception of Rakhmaninov, was seventy years of age on Jan. 30 and his composition was presented in celebration of the day. Mr. Molinari had made a thorough study of the score and conducted it with immense earnestness and moving results. The tone-poem sent forth once again its proclamation of the visions of Virgil, whose birthday was honored not long ago. The audience applauded the music with an enthusiasm astonishing after so long a session. [The Sun

More Memories

The Boston Symphony Orchestra has a remarkable history. Older concert

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What Walter Damrosch said was the pith of the whole matter. Loeffler is too bold for it to be lumped with so-called Debussyan impressionism, whatever the Debussyan influences to be noted in its chord structure. Nor can the heritage of "Tristan," which Loeffler here shares with all the modern world, be construed as identifying this music as in any valid sense Wagnerian. If there is a tie to Saint-Saëns in passages of more elementary coloring, this music leaves that worthy far behind when it spreads its wings. D'Indy, perhaps? But for us d'Indy is dryer, more austere, less fluid. Straussian this music is not at all; and it is equally far from the once prevalent flood of diluted Brahms. If Loeffler is, indeed, a French composer, he is one whom America has every reason to be proud it has naturalized. No other living figure in the country's musical life has written as much that has worn as well. [The Evening Post]

And Again
The Philharmonic Society gave a birthday party Thursday evening at Carnegie Hall in honor of Charles Martin Loeffler, who was seventy years old on the thirtieth of last month; but the guest of honor did not appear to acknowledge the plaudits (and several "bravos!") which followed the performance by the orchestra of his "Pagan Poem," and so the audience had to content itself with recognizing the power and beauty of the music.

When the "Pagan Poem" was introduced here almost a quarter-century ago it seemed to many a cryptic and baffling score, forbidding by reason of harmonies that then seemed strange and, to some, wayward and uncouth. But time and public susceptibility eventually caught up with genius that thinks in advance of its period, and they have caught up with Loeffler and his music.

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Through all retains a distinctness of last Thursday, the composer's seventieth birthday, when Loeffler was placed of honor beside Franz Kneisel. As chamber orchestra, it is old. It sounds as personal today, as his

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LAWRENCE GILMAN

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Loeffler's field of reference (barring his tentative dalliance with Jazzerella), is remote from the preoccupations of our day. Music and musicians have traveled far from the time when composers were addicted to symphonic poems, and chose for their subjects doomed and piteous children, velled hand-maidens and sinister dread Queens, Sorceresses out of Virgil, wind among Celtic reeds, the deathlessness of Helen. Composers no longer write symphonic poems, or, if they do, they go for their subjects to regions far removed from those nameless lands "in the strange years of legends" that yielded such music as Loeffler's. They go to the football field, or the railroad yard, or the steel-mill—which is all very well, and quite as it should be; though one may be tempted to ask if the drop-kick or the locomotive or the foundry have yet given us any music that shows signs of enduring vitality. Will Honegger's "Pacific, 231" still be snorting and pounding through the symphonic night thirty years after it was written, as Loeffler's Xgraine and Tintagiles still cry to us from the darkness of

If Charles Martin Loeffler at seventy is not, musically speaking, the First Citizen of Massachusetts, at least he seems so to many among those who observe that Commonwealth from a distance. It is almost half a century since Loeffler came to America (the French ship "Le Canada" brought him to New York from Havre in July, 1881); and during most of that half-century he has been conspicuously associated with the musical life of Boston. He joined the Symphony Orchestra in the season of 1882-83, and remained a member of the organization for two decades. He became an American citizen in 1887. Since his retirement to Medfield, he has continued, in his reluctant and self-challenging way, to add to his output as a creative artist; and whatever he has put forth has redounded to the honor of musical art as practised in the land of his adoption. Long ago he was ranked by the discerning as the most individual and in many ways the most remarkable music-maker in America. He is still a solitary figure, salient, aloof, autonomous—a composer extraordinary for his purity of intention, his distinction of thought, his choiceness of procedure. He is among the aristocrats of musical style. Even when he pays brief court to Jazzerella, he cannot quite dissemble the

Sixteenth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 20, at 2.30 o'clock

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Handel . . . Concerto Grosso for String Orchestra, Op. 6, No. 6, G minor
Larghetto e affetuoso—Allegro ma non troppo; Musette; Allegro; Allegro.

Stravinsky . . . "Symphonie de Psalms," for Orchestra with Chorus
I. Psalm XXXVIII Verses 13 and 14.
II. Psalm XXXIX Verses 2, 3 and 4.
III. Psalm CL (Entire).
CECILIA SOCIETY CHORUS (Arthur Fiedler, Conductor)

Berlioz . . . Symphonie Fantastique, in C major, Op. 14A
I. Dreams, Passions.
Largo: Allegro agitato e appassionato assai.
II. A Ball.
Waltz: Allegro non troppo.
III. Scene in the Meadows.
Adagio.
IV. March to the Scaffold.
Allegretto non troppo.
V. A Witches' Sabbath.
Larghetto: Allegro.

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There will be an intermission after Stravinsky's "Symphonie de Psalms"

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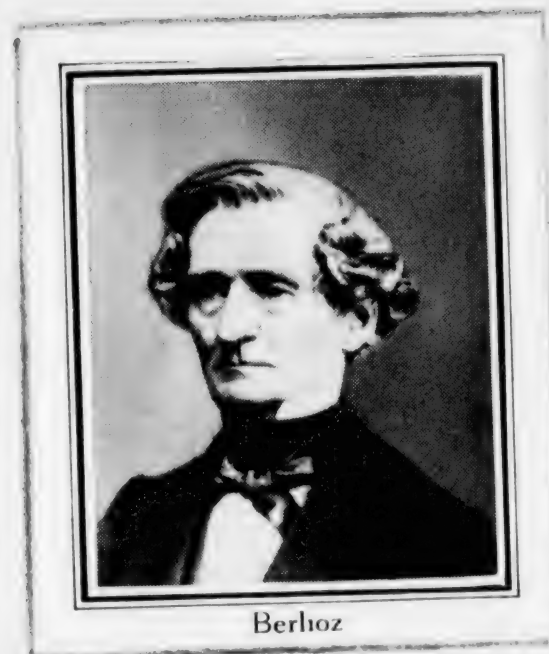
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Berlioz



Arthur Fiedler

MUSIC

SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE
The Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr.

Koussevitzky, conductor, gave the 16th concert of its 50th season yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Handel, Concerto Grosso for string orchestra, G minor, op 6 No 6; Stravinsky, "Symphonie de Psaumes" for orchestra and chorus (Cecilia Society, Arthur Fiedler, its conductor); Berlioz, *Symphonie Fantastique*.

Seldom has anything more beautiful been heard in Symphony hall than the latter half of Stravinsky's 150th psalm as it was performed yesterday. Seldom has there been a more dramatic performance of any work than that of the "Fantastic" symphony as it was interpreted by Dr. Koussevitzky and played by Boston's superb orchestra. Much might be said about the two works themselves: Stravinsky's *Three Psalms* composed in 1930 for the orchestra's jubilee; the symphony of Berlioz, composed in 1830 and first performed in that year.

When one remembers that Beethoven had died only a few years before Berlioz wrote his symphony; that Schubert also had died; that Schumann and Wagner were not known as composers; one must regard this audacious work of Berlioz as nothing less than marvelous. No predecessor had given him hints for orchestration; he invented his own system; he thought and wrote orchestrally. Liszt, Meyerbeer, Wagner, Strauss, the Russian school, in fact the musical world of the last century is indebted deeply to Hector Berlioz. Without him all would have been sadly at a loss.

Yet it is the fashion today in some quarters to sneer at his harmonic schemes, to say that his melodic vein is thin and feeble. The Oxford crowd in its supercilious way speak flippantly of him; even in New York, the young lions of the press put him in the ranks of the impotent. The English philistines have met a valiant champion of Berlioz in no less a critic than Ernest Newman.

Another charge brought against Berlioz is that he was hysterically roman-

tic. When he wrote this symphony, it was in a romantic period. The leading poets, novelists, dramatists, painters of France were then all wildly romantic. What we now decry as unaesthetic exaggeration was in the air. Not till his blood had cooled did Berlioz join classicists with his Virgilian opera "Les Troyens." In the 30's his passion also influenced his art. One may smile in this age of machinery at the frantic love of Berlioz for the Irish actress; at the program of the "Fantastic" symphony, written when he was not 27 years old; but there's no denying the genius shown in this work, the genius that has kept this music alive in spite of a few cheap or arid pages; for there is the imagination, the poetic sensitiveness that we rightly associate with genius. If one would gladly shorten the "Scene in the Fields" what is to be said against that masterpiece the "March to the Scaffold," with its haunting, nightmarish rhythm, its ghostly chatter of the bassoons, its mocking shouts of brass? Or who does not find beauty in the first movement, brilliance in the second, and a demoniacal spirit in the Finale?

Mr. Newman has wisely said that the harmonies of Berlioz suited exactly his aims; that however strange they may seem on paper, they are justified when they are heard. As for the charge of failure as a melodist, there are the songs; there is the pathetic air of Marguerite in "The Damnation of Faust"; the "Farewell of the Shepherds" in "The Childhood of Christ"; the grand arias in "Les Troyens."

Stravinsky's "Psalms," the third in order still seems to be the most musical, the most original in treatment. There are fine moments in the two preceding, but the orchestral portion at times is labored and unnatural, not in the spirit of the text; often at war with the choral expression and warring without justification. But the third Psalm is an answer to those who say that Stravinsky is now merely a man of patterns and rhythms; a man whose inspiration has fled, not to return.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week as announced comprises the Prelude to the second act of Chabrier's "Gwendoline"; Hill's new symphony (first time); Beethoven's Violin concerto (Mr. Heifetz, violinist) and the overture to "Egmont."

TWO SYMPHONIES AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Berlioz' "Fantastic" and Stravinsky's New Work

Dr Koussevitzky put two symphonies on yesterday's Symphony concert program, Stravinsky's new "Symphonie de Psalmes," first performed earlier this season, and Berlioz' "Fantastic," a masterpiece too seldom heard of late years. To these he prefixed an unfamiliar and very dull Handel concerto grosso. This program was one of the longest and one of the most taxing to the listener's attention, that one can recall. It was not over until 4:40.

The repetition of Stravinsky's masterpiece was welcome. A second hearing convinced one that this symphony of psalms will remain in the repertory and grow upon the listener with familiarity. Yesterday's applause was longer and more hearty than that at the first performance last December. Both the chorus, from the Cecilia Society, and the orchestra surpassed their achievement at the premiere. Yesterday the intricate score was more clearly and more brilliantly interpreted than before.

Those who still deem Stravinsky a clever poseur, a mere juggler with rhythms and orchestral timbres, should listen to the last movement of this symphony, one of the noblest hymns of praise ever written. Its great emotional power comes from its melody and harmony. Here is none of the ostentation of the 19th century type of apotheosis, ending in a blare of sound and fury. This music is more noisy than Mozart's "Requiem" and quite as impressive.

His Own Language

The first two movements are as original, but again at a second hearing one cannot quite grasp them as a whole, either imaginatively or intellectually. Stravinsky throughout this symphony is speaking his own musical language, with no attempt at neo-classicism, or at daring cleverness.

What he is saying seems as new as his means of expression. One can catch bits of his meaning, but not his whole argument. This is not program music, but absolute music, as independent of nonmusical phenomena as is Mozart's work.

Berlioz wrote the symphony heard

yesterday over a century ago, but writers about music still fail to agree about its qualities. Everyone concedes the uncanny cleverness of the scoring for orchestra, but to some the harmony is amateurish, the melody nonexistent, the technique crude. To others, including the writer, Berlioz is one of the few 19th-century composers whose music has gained rather than lost in attractiveness in the past 20 years. It is hard to believe this "Fantastic Symphony" was written in 1830, so much in it anticipates the later work of Wagner, even that of Debussy, even Stravinsky.

19th Century Melody

A tune to the average 19th century writer was a luscious and obvious thing. Most 19th century melody after Beethoven and Schubert was headed straight for the kind of thing it ended in, say, Massenet's "Elegie." Most musicians today are weary of Massenet's "Elegie." Some even grow weary of Schumann and Chopin and Liszt. But Berlioz' melody might be that of a contemporary of Honegger. His workmanship as a writer for orchestra is notably superior to that of so able a present day technician as Respighi. His music still stirs the pulse, still touches the heart, despite the absence of polyphonic texture, and the romantic overemphasis of every mood.

Berlioz was, however, a genuine romantic, as readers of his memoirs, one of the most interesting books ever written by a musician, do not need to be reminded. He was all his life a surexcited dreamer, always on the heights or in the depths, never calm, not even in old age. His music in its fever of passion expresses the man himself, and not the artistic fashions of the Parisian 1830s.

Yesterday's performance of the Berlioz was an unusually eloquent and sympathetic one, brilliant in the best sense of a much abused adjective. One wishes Dr Koussevitzky would revive other symphonies, say the "Harold in Italy" of Berlioz.

Conductor and Orchestra at Full Stature

Stravinsky's Summit in the Psalms — Berlioz as He Imagined Himself

Jan. 21. — Feb. 21. 1931

IT IS a year of anniversaries at the Symphony Concerts. The orchestra has been marking its own jubilee with a repetition of its first pair of concerts under its first conductor; with the intermittent performance of commissioned works. There are additional rites to come. Not until next May, possibly, will they all be fulfilled. Into the midst of things careless time chose to drop other anniversaries. At mid-January Mozart passed his one hundred seventy-fifth birthday. Performances of his Symphony in G minor noted it. A fortnight later Mr. Loeffler was seventy years old. A week ago half a program fell to him, with his fellow townsmen standing at salute. On the fifth day of December in 1830, Berlioz' Fantastic Symphony was born into the Parisian world. Dr. Koussevitzky would signalize its century of existence in the active repertory of many orchestras. Yesterday he found opportunity. The piece filled the second half of the longest Symphony Concert within recollection. It continued through nearly an hour. At the end of the March to the Scaffold came a burst of irrepressible clapping. At the close of the whole Symphony the audience forgot the speedy exit customary on Fridays; lingered obstinately until orchestra as well as conductor had received its plaudits. True, there were noticeable departures at the pause midway—after the "Scene in the Fields." Even so, there was no questioning the pervasive interest and pleasure.

In the fifty years of the Symphony Orchestra the Fantastic Symphony has been played at fourteen pairs of concerts. No longer ago than 1920, it was repeated, "by general request," at a second pair in the same season. In the time of Dr. Muck, who disliked it, though he was quite willing to play the super-romantic Liszt, it fell out of the repertory for

Witzky has not useful Berlioz autumn of 1925. Lonable and in "Fantastic" is in Bostonian public good that visit. Only recurs in subscribing aud. ires overtures like Mr. Wein. and then even place. By the that this consual audience in the records at "Harold" oz' storm-ridden the onlooker scans the pro. philosophical, ring of the Fan. impulse and obably unaware, eternal in stress, Smithson, s and frenzies believed he had 30 are indeed Nor does it read and the emo- er the vast and by chance or h he also com-d down and Parisians cele- and see, first the Romantics Who knows? To us Americans ay be waiting l we take thema machine age. ong comes the romantic past C Berlioz—their seem, for the ad a Bostonian substance. ly through an concert-hall per- h unmistakable moment. Be-

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Berlioz' "Fantastic" and Stravinsky's New Work

Dr Koussevitzky put two symphonies on yesterday's Symphony concert program, Stravinsky's new "Symphonie des Psaumes," first performed earlier this season, and Berlioz' "Fantastic," a masterpiece too seldom heard of late years. To these he prefixed an unfamiliar and very dull Handel concerto grosso. This program was one of the longest and one of the most taxing to the listener's attention, that one can recall. It was not over until 4:40.

The repetition of Stravinsky's masterpiece was welcome. A second hearing convinced one that this symphony of psalms will remain in the repertory and grow upon the listener with familiarity. Yesterdays applause was longer and more hearty than that at the first performance last December. Both the chorus, from the Cecilia Society, and the orchestra surpassed their achievement at the premiere. Yesterday the intricate score was more clearly and more brilliantly interpreted than before.

Those who still deem Stravinsky a clever poseur, a mere juggler with rhythms and orchestral timbres, should listen to the last movement of this symphony, one of the noblest hymns of praise ever written. Its great emotional power comes from its melody and harmony. Here is none of the ostentation of the 19th century type of apotheosis, ending in a blare of sound and fury. This music is more noisy than Mozart's "Requiem" and quite as impressive.

His Own Language

The first two movements are as original, but again at a second hearing one cannot quite grasp them as a whole, either imaginatively or intellectually. Stravinsky throughout this symphony is speaking his own musical language, with no attempt at neo-classicism, or at daring cleverness.

What he is saying seems as new as his means of expression. One can catch bits of his meaning, but not his whole argument. This is not program music, but absolute music, as independent of nonmusical phenomena as is Mozart's work.

Berlioz wrote the symphony heard

yesterday over a century ago, but writers about music still fail to agree about its qualities. Berlioz's music is the uncanny cleverness of scoring for orchestra, but his harmony is amateurish, non-existent, the technique of others, including the 19th century composers whose music has been lost in attractiveness. It is hard to believe that Berlioz wrote "Fantastic Symphony" in 1830, so much in it is the later work of Wagner and Debussy, even Stravinsky.

19th Century Melody

A tune to the average 19th century writer was a luscious thing. Most 19th century melody is straight for the kind of thing it is, say, Massenet's "Elegie." Musicians today are weary of Schumann and Chopin. Liszt. But Berlioz' melody is that of a contemporary of Beethoven. His workmanship as a writer of music is notably superior to that of a present day technician. His music still has a pulse, still touches the heart, the absence of polyphonic texture, the romantic overemphasis on mood.

Berlioz was, however, a romantic, as readers of his music of the most interesting kind. He was written by a musician, do not be reminded. He was all in a surexalted dreamer, always heights or in the depths, not even in old age. His fever of passion expressed himself, and not the artist of the Parisian 1830s.

Yesterday's performance of Berlioz was an unusually sympathetic one, brilliant in sense of a much abused word. It wishes Dr Koussevitzky to play other symphonies, say the "Italy" of Berlioz.

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nine years. Dr. Koussevitzky has not returned to it since the autumn of 1925. None the less, "The Fantastic" is in good standing with the Bostonian public of symphonic music—so good that visiting conductors, with no subscribing audience, have ventured it, like Mr. Weingartner within long memory.

It is difficult to believe that this continuing audience is versed in the records and the legends of Berlioz' storm-ridden twenties. Except as it scans the program-book at each re-hearing of the Fantastic Symphony, it is probably unaware of his amours with the actress, Smithson, or of the retaliation he believed he had wrought into his music. Nor does it read in his letters and discover the vast and frenetic design in which he also composed it. Last year the Parisians celebrated the centenary of the Romantics of 1830 in all the arts. To us Americans they are less known and we take them less seriously. But along comes the Fantastic Symphony of Berlioz—their spokesman in music—and a Bostonian audience listens intently through an hour; then applauds with unmistakable emotion.

Now through all these fifty years the reputation of Berlioz has been steadily undermined. In his youth—we have been told—he wrote romantic melodrama; at maturity affected a pale classicism. It is the early Berlioz who survives in the concert-hall and there—the indictment continues—he poses and rants, the perpetual barnstormer. He cannot invent a melody; or if he does, it loses the way and dies of exhaustion as it crosses instrumental waste-lands. He imagined this, that and the other; he felt, as the French say, énormément; but no sooner would he transfer these images and sensations to music-paper than he was frustrated. He believes himself burning with white or red flame; in the outcome is only bathetic or lurid. His counterpoint is enep; his harmony sterile. Even his orchestral voices, with which traditionally he excelled, have dwindled and hollowed in these days of Strauss and Ravel, Rimsky-Korsakov and Stravinsky.

Finally, the romantic flood on which the Parisian generation of 1830 floated to fame, receded long since. Their ark, which was the romantic convention, is now derelict. We ought to hear the Fantastic Symphony as indifferently as we sit before Hugo's "Hernani" in the theater or as detachedly as we survey Delacroix's "Death of Sardanapalus" in a memorial exhibition. Who now reads the narrative poems of Byron, unless they are set as college task; or pulls down the poetry of Hugo when he has an evening among his books? By all the

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exercises of reason the youthful Berlioz ought to be equally unfashionable and in disuse.

Yet the Fantastic Symphony recurs in the concert-hall; two or three overtures keep it company; now and then even "Harold in Italy" gains place. By the customary signs, the usual audience hears them gladly; even at "Harold" neither balks nor grins. If the onlooker chooses to be abstract and philosophical, he may say that romantic impulse and romantic sensibility linger eternal in human nature. The fervors and frenzies of the romanticists of 1830 are indeed relegated to the mental and the emotional garret; but when by chance or design they are fetched down and paraded again, we hear and see, first interested, then stirred. Who knows? A romantic renaissance may be waiting around the corner, even in a machine age. Meanwhile ghosts of the romantic past haunt the premises; may seem, for the instant, less shades than substance.

In the theater and the concert-hall performance may bring that moment. Before the Comédie-Française declined into a house of mistresses and walking gentlemen, it was possible to sit before "Hernani" or "Ruy Blas" and receive the veritable illusion that Hugo would evoke; to know the thrill that traversed his romantic time. Not so long ago in New York, Mr. Toscanini almost resuscitated "Harold in Italy." Yesterday, in Symphony Hall, we heard the Fantastic Symphony of Dr. Koussevitzky and his present orchestra; while out of it, and often enough to be engrossing, emerged the Fantastic Symphony that Berlioz imagined and believed he had put on music-paper. Of course, no conductor can draw from a piece of music what, manifestly, it does not contain; but by conjuring and transmitting imagination he can, on a fortunate day, release what the self-deceiving composer left semi-articulate. Dr. Koussevitzky has no more precious or triumphant quality than his ability to believe to the utmost, at rehearsal or performance, in the pages open before him. That faith sharpens his insight, warms his imagination, intensifies his imparting powers.

Berlioz' "idée fixe"—the motif that symbolizes the haunting beloved and therefore haunts the whole Fantastic Symphony—is no remarkable invention. It is paltry beside the motifs of Wagner or the more significant themes of Strauss. The scornful may even liken it to salon melody. Yet as it emerged yesterday, as it wandered through the whole music, Dr. Koussevitzky, and the orchestra doing his will, so shaped and colored it, so

prepared its entrances and returns, so manipulated Berlioz' counterpoint—as in the waltz at the ball—that it gained tonal vitality and seldom failed of illusion. Berlioz' "Dreams and Passions" are obviously neither Beethoven's nor Brahms's; but they have their own quality of romantic restlessness, tossing no-whither, tortured by they know not what. From Berlioz' measures, the divining conductor drew it. Persuading himself that he was Berlioz' haunted lover, Dr. Koussevitzky made the waltz sound sensuously, from afar, upon a trembling air—which is to give it romantic voice.

A hundred years on, in this our particular time, the meditative Scene in the Fields seems over-long and overwrought. Call more or less of it, if the listener likes, romantic elaboration, hollow within. By these very tokens, it is next of kin to the long, decorative, furrowed speeches in Hugo's dramas. (Remember Charles V. before the tomb of Charlemagne in "Hernani"). Such music, such poetry, has reason in its rhetoric, by that rhetoric lives. It must be declaimed, not spoken; in the actor or the conductor is its final and compelling being. Dr. Koussevitzky manipulated this third movement elaborately; sung it rhetorically. Throughout it was alive again.

Conductor and orchestra must agree wholeheartedly to the tonal spectacle of the March to Execution, the frenetic fantasy and parody of the Witches' Sabbath. Doubt them for a moment, and thereafter performance only shams. But launch them as so much melodrama in tones and they prevail. When the brass travesties the "Dies Irae," Berlioz believed he was blaspheming. Such music is not intended to make sense. It is designed and written as pure sensation. Dr. Koussevitzky took Berlioz at his word; went him better, and hearing was near to believing. There is no other way in these days. Berlioz must be acted, staged, infused and intensified with an artful rhetoric. He must be performed as an act of faith. Then he speaks with his own voice; moves in his own image; sounds and illudes upon an audience seized and possessed.

It was indeed an afternoon of the unexpected. To the repertory of the string choir, Dr. Koussevitzky added a Concerto Grosso of Handel, hitherto unheard "at these concerts"—Number Six, in G minor, of Opus 9, in the usual five movements. Anticipation ran easily: a

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SYMPHONY CONCERT VERY LONG

Handel, Stravinsky
and Berlioz Make
Up List

Post Feb. 21, 1931
BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

The Symphony Concert of yesterday afternoon was one of the longest of recent seasons. Yet there have been many that offered more music in the narrower sense of the term. Only the Concerto Grosso of Handel, No. 6 in G minor, with which the afternoon began, gave the listener 100 cents on the musical dollar.

ANOTHER CENTENNIAL

But two other pieces made this generous programme: the one, Stravinsky's "Symphony of Psalms," composed for the present golden jubilee year of the Symphony Orchestra and first performed here last December; the other, Berlioz's "Fantastic Symphony," which reached its 100th birthday on the fifth of the same month and was played yesterday in somewhat belated commemoration of that anniversary.

A second hearing of Stravinsky's so-called Symphony clarified certain impressions and resulted in a much more satisfactory performance by the chorus of the Cecilia Society of the generally ungrateful measures that fell to its lot. To be fair to the composer, this re-hearing did bring to light certain striking effects that at first either went unheeded or were speedily forgotten. But it did not efface the conviction prompted by the first performance that this music is the work of an enormously clever man who was once a genius.

If Stravinsky had written as rewardingly for the voices as he has for the instruments, the work would afford more consistent pleasure. But the choral writing is too often not merely dissonant, but muddy and unsonorous. The play of timbres that make linear counter-point and atonal and polytonal writing effective for the orchestra does not operate, at least in the same degree, in the case of the chorus.

The most successful parts of the work are the first movement, which has a certain primitive strength, the orchestral introduction to the second, which conveys a far more definite emotion than does the succeeding choral part, and the last half of the third movement. But here, as was observed in these columns before, Stravinsky's music reminds us of the finale that one Giacomo Puccini contrived for the first act of his opera "Tosca."

Berlioz's Music Fades

None can take away from Berlioz the glory that is his for having invented, perhaps created is the better word, the modern art and science of orchestration. That the "Fantastic" should have come upon the world when it did seems today more than ever incredible. But alas, while Berlioz's command of orchestral resources at that distant day still causes us to gasp and stare, his music has faded sadly. There are persuasive pages in the first section, pages of genuine tonal poetry. The ensuing dance-scene is brilliant and alluring—as a whole, by far the strongest movement of the five. The "Scene in the Fields" is as empty of musical interest as it is long drawn out, the "March to the Scaffold" no longer sends shivers down our backs and the "Witches' Sabbath" has dwindled into a flat and tasteless racket.

Conductor and orchestra labored valiantly with the Symphony yesterday and were rewarded by warm and long continued applause on the part of those members of the audience who had not departed discouraged after the third movement.

Music

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Boston Symphony Orchestra

The "Fantastic" Symphony of Hector Berlioz holds an important place in the history of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. It stood upon the program that Friday afternoon, now nearly 11 years ago, when the "strike" was precipitated that for a time threatened the existence of the orchestra. Do not misunderstand; it was not Berlioz's music that caused the strike of a majority of the players. They walked out in sympathy with the then

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stately, sonorous Preludium or Overture; a slow movement unfolding in the deep curve of amply fashioned, warmly felt melody; quick movements of running figures or lively counterpoint. Instead, came a first movement, almost wholly contrapuntal, strand woven against strand; restlessly phrased and accented, grave and troubled of mood. To it suc- ceeded a terse fugue of contrast. Next an extended Musette belieing the dance that named it; again an austere, brood- ing, closely wrought music, forswearing rich melody and propulsive march.

For ending, two brief and rather me- chanical Allegros, added, like an after- thought, to round out a form and fulfill the expectation of an eighteenth-cen- tury audience. Enough for Handel that in the first three movements he had ex- pressed himself: with the end of the Musette was done. Seemingly a per- turbed mood had beset him, to be re- leased in this hard-surfaced counter- point. Self-absorbed, he had put by his usual expansiveness. The string choir, used oftenest as a whole, gave him the edgy power he asked. A puzzled audi- ence applauded meagerly.

Middle piece was the promised repeti- tion, from last December, of Stravinsky's "Psalms-Symphony," soon to be conveyed to New York for double performance there with the chorus of the Schola Can- torum. Again, the orchestra was recon- stituted and reseated according to the composer's prescriptions. Mr. Sanromá and Mr. Fiedler took place at the two pianos. The Cecilia provided the chorus, more confident, and therefore more spirited, with their long diatonic periods. Under repetition, the studious listener grasped more clearly the singular and in- tricate fugue in the second division; heard plain the arrayed motifs that fill the orchestral interlude in the third; bet- ter perceived the sinewy frame, the close- knit texture, the lean and pungent voice of the whole music. The seeker for æsthetic sensations felt anew the op- pressed atmosphere, the somber course, the straining, sharpening accents of the Psalm of petition; the suspensive prog- ress, the sonorous expansion of the Psalm that foretells divine favor and the new song; the glow and pulse of the fer- vor, deep and mystical that suffuses the final praises into beauty. Hearing, the measurer of Stravinsky's career added a third summit to the peaks of "Le Sacre," and "Oedipus Rex." All of which is to say that with the "Psalms-Symphony" repeti- tion is confirmation. H. T. P.

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The "Fantastic" Symphony of Hec- tor Berlioz holds an important place in the history of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. It stood upon the program that Friday afternoon, now nearly 11 years ago, when the "strike" was precipitated that for a time threat- ened the existence of the orchestra. Do not misunderstand; it was not Berlioz's music that caused the strike of a majority of the players. They walked out in sympathy with the then

concertmaster, who was dismissed on the technical ground that he had refused to obey Pierre Monteux's signal to the orchestra to rise and share the applause for an excellent performance of the "Fantastic."

For this reason, and because the score is a century old, and because controversy over the merits of its composer has been raging in Europe recently, and because Dr. Koussevitzky excels in riding the musical tempest, it was a pleasure to see this symphony restored to the active list for the concerts of Feb. 20 and 21. Now that memories have been revived, and curiosities satisfied, we shall not repine if the score is put back on the shelf for a long rest.

For the important thing about the "Fantastic" Symphony is that it is 100 years old. When it was first performed, as Mr. Hale's program notes reminded us, Beethoven and Schubert had only recently passed on, Schumann had just obtained his mother's permission to study music, Verdi was a student at Busseto, César Franck was eight years old, Wagner was studying at Leipzig, and Brahms and Tchaikovsky were unborn. Therefore, though we smile at the composer's naive extravagances, his absurd theatricalities and his banal musical material, let us not fail to marvel at the genius which enabled him to blaze the way for modern orchestration and for the symphonic poem. Perhaps this symphony should be played only in a

musical equivalent of Mr. Morley's lamented Old Rialto Theater, Hoboken; or perhaps it should be kept in the museum or the classroom. Nevertheless, but for its author, it is unlikely that Liszt, Rimsky-Korsakoff or Strauss could have accomplished what they did. Conductor and orchestra did all they could for the piece, and won for themselves a generous reward of applause from an audience that had been kept in its seats half an hour longer than usual.

In 2031 will paragraphs like the above be written about Stravinsky's "Symphonie de Psaumes," for orchestra with chorus, one of the Boston Orchestra's jubilee presents, which was heard for the second time this season? We hope not, because a second hearing tended to confirm our first impression that it is among the more individual and characteristic works of its composer, ranking no doubt below the "Sacre" and the "Noces," but probably above the "Edipus Rex." The Cecilia Society Chorus (trained by Arthur Fiedler) and the orchestra distinguished themselves in the performance.

That imp of overstraining which always lurks at Dr. Koussevitzky's elbow again got control of his baton in the Handel Concerto Grosso in G minor, op. 6, no. 6, and obtained from this fine body of players some very ragged entries and a negation of the flow which belongs to Handelian music.

L. A. S.

Statue—Seventy-Five

Nearly thirty years ago, when the old Music Hall was abandoned as concert-room, the statue of Beethoven that had long stood at the back of the stage in front of the organ was removed to the New England Conservatory. There it was re-erected at the entrance into Jordan Hall from Huntington Avenue, in a much traversed corridor. Seventy-five years ago, on March 1, 1856, the statue—a gift from Charles C. Perkins—was unveiled in the Music Hall. To mark the anniversary, the Conservatory has arranged informal exercises next Tuesday afternoon at three o'clock in Jordan Hall. Professor Hill of Harvard will then say a word about Beethoven. The Conservatory Orchestra, with Mr. Goodrich conducting, will play the slow movement from the Ninth Symphony and the Overture to Goethe's "Egmont."

Seventeenth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 27, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 28, at 8.15 o'clock

Chabrier "Gwendoline," Entr'acte (Prelude to Act II)

Hill Symphony No. 2 in C major

- I. Moderato tranquillo e sostenuto.
- II. Scherzo molto vivace.
- III. Maestoso ma non troppo lento.
- IV. Allegro energico.

(First Performance)

Beethoven Concerto for Violin in D major, Op. 61

- I. Allegro ma non troppo.
- II. Larghetto.
- III. Rondo.

Beethoven Overture to Goethe's "Egmont," Op. 84

SOLOIST

JASCHA HEIFETZ

STEINWAY PIANO

There will be an intermission after the symphony

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- I. Allegro ma non troppo.
- II. Larghetto.
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Beethoven Overture to Goethe's "Egmont," Op. 84

SOLOIST

JASCHA HEIFETZ

STEINWAY PIANO

There will be an intermission after the symphony



HEIFETZ SYMPHONY SOLOIST

Reaches Heights in Beethoven's Concerto

Post Feb. 28, 1931

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

In days gone by, when assisting artists were the "regular thing" at the Symphony Concerts, the soloist, in the eyes of many, was the concert. The soloist today does not usurp the place that properly belongs to orchestra and conductor. Yet when he is an "eminence," he does, even in the enlightened present, tend to dominate the occasion.

HEIFETZ SERVES COMPOSER

Jascha Heifetz, violinist, in some respects without peer, appeared yesterday with the orchestra and there was no mistaking the air of impending excitement that hung over the hall immediately before his entrance. His playing was heeded as that of the orchestra alone is seldom heeded, and the applause at the end was of the sort bestowed on prima donnas.

In the meanwhile the cause of this furor, the centre of this adulation, bore himself with his usual quiet dignity. Mr. Heifetz's piece was the Concerto of Beethoven. He was there to serve the composer, if the audience was pleased, so much the better. And serve the composer Mr. Heifetz did, with a spirit humble, yet not abashed, in the presence of greatness and with

all the skill that is his to command, with fine and true musicianship.

Violinist at Heights

For a time it seemed as though Mr. Heifetz was going to stop short of the highest rung on the violinistic ladder. When he played the Concerto of Brahms with the Symphony Orchestra a season or two ago, such forebodings were happily dispelled. It was then to be seen that Mr. Heifetz could rise, and magnificently, to an occasion. Yesterday he rose again, and conductor and players did not lag behind. Not since Mr. Kreisler and Dr. Muck between them brought about an ever-memorable performance of this same concerto many seasons ago had the piece so sounded in Symphony Hall. To write in detail of Mr. Heifetz's tone and technique would be an impertinence. They were means rather than end.

Mr. Heifetz did not play yesterday until after the intermission. Before the concerto, had come, for the first time under Dr. Koussevitzky's direction, the prelude to the second act of Chabrier's opera, "Gwendoline," and, for the first time anywhere, the Second Symphony of Edward Burlingame Hill. Beethoven's overture to "Egmont," in stirring performance, brought the close.

Was Dr. Koussevitzky's pace with Chabrier's music slower than that to which we were once accustomed? In any event he made the most of its richness of coloring, its warm and intense expressiveness.

Mr. Hill's Symphony

On first hearing, Mr. Hill's symphony seemed less individual, less salient in invention than its predecessor, which Dr. Koussevitzky has twice conducted here. There is mood and atmosphere in each of the four movements, pervadingly a grave and reflective mood that does not wholly disappear even in the Scherzo, a movement of much charm.

The great and enduring symphonies—and the last hundred years have produced few enough that deserve such characterization—have without exception been marked by striking thematic invention. And it is this that Mr. Hill's newest score, for all its wealth of pleasing detail, seems most to lack. The most arresting theme, at first blush, was the chief theme of the finale, but it was not to be felt, at least on one hearing, that the composer had made the most of its possibilities.

Present in the audience, Mr. Hill was brought to the platform by Dr. Koussevitzky, who had conducted his work eloquently, and there received the cordial plaudits of his fellow-townsmen.

HEIFETZ HEARD AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Violinist Applauded in
Beethoven Concerto

Globe — Feb. 28, 1931

Jascha Heifetz was the soloist at yesterday's Symphony concert. His playing in the Beethoven violin concerto was applauded with exceptional warmth not merely by the audience, but also by the members of the orchestra. The usually impassive demeanor of the celebrated virtuoso varied for a moment. His gratification at the applause from the orchestra was plain.

One can hardly blame him after experiencing it all his life, for accepting any amount of applause from any audience as the usual thing. A new symphony by Prof. E. B. Hill of Harvard, his second, performed for the first time in public won rather more applause than is given to most American compositions. The composer came on the stage to acknowledge it. Dr. Koussevitzky's program began with an entr'acte from Chabrier's "Gwendoline" and concluded with Beethoven's overture to "Egmont."

It was the Beethoven concerto in which Heifetz made his debut at the Boston Symphony concerts in 1919. To one who then heard him for the first time yesterday's repetition of the same piece offered an interesting chance to compare memories with actualities. In 1919 Heifetz played with the same astonishing technical facility, the same exquisite beauty of tone he still manifests at every appearance here. This generation has heard no other violinist equally gifted in these respects.

In 1919, however, his playing seemed superficial, musically considered. He then merely displayed his amazing virtuosity, exactly as though the concerto were by Vieuxtemps and not Beethoven.

Much Played Masterpiece

Yesterday's performance was far more mature, far more thoughtful. He has now worked out an individual interpretation of the much played masterpiece. He stresses its almost wistful lyricism, its romantic play of light and shade. He minimizes its

classic serenity and vigor. For profound emotion, which some have revealed in this music, Heifetz substitutes tender sentiment, half veiled longing, sprightly graces. It is all very beautiful, but is it the true Beethoven? Dr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra, rather curiously, were not quite at their best in the orchestral accompaniment.

Mr. Hill explains in a program note that this C major symphony "has no descriptive background, no literary quotations appended."

"I find myself in sympathy with those of the younger generation who feel that music has enough intrinsic problems of its own without adding those of the other arts," he writes. "Also, I have kept to the traditional forms, thinking I had not had sufficient experience to experiment."

From this last remark some of the younger generation, not to mention their elders, might learn. For Mr. Hill, now in his 50s, has written a number of previous works for orchestra, most of them heard at Boston Symphony concerts.

Imaginative Power

One thought yesterday of the music of Prokofiev in listening to this symphony. Its graceful scherzo, placed by exception before the slow movement, recalled that composer's "Classical Symphony." The deliberate austerity, the intentional bareness verging on monotony of much in the other movements, the jagged rhythmic figures and harmonic clashes sedulously imposed on a musical substratum essentially conventional reminded one of the latest symphony by the clever Russian. Mr. Hill, unlike most of his musical generation, has changed with the musical times. He no longer models himself on Debussy, Ravel, and Faure.

This symphony did not yesterday impress one by its imaginative power. It was rather the good taste and the craftsmanship shown that struck the listener's mind. His heart remained unstirred.

Dr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra managed to make Chabrier's entr'acte sound less banal than it actually is. To make music appear better than it is, is a gift reserved to the greatest performers. Kreisler, for instance, can do it to perfection.

Their performance of the "Egmont" overture was much the best they have given that classic. It, like that of Chabrier's piece, demonstrated the great improvement achieved in recent seasons.

Old Concerto, New Symphony, Rare Fragment

Resurrection from Chabrier,
Heifetz and Beethoven,
Mr. Hill Virtuoso

Times — Feb. 28, 1931

THOUGH the polite program-book makes no such distinction, an "assisting artist" is one thing at the Symphony Concerts, a "soloist" another. The "assisting artist" comes to serve the needs of a piece of music. Usually it is a "novelty" or a "revival." The conductor would include it in a pair of concerts. It contains a solo-part. No doubt, X, Y or Z would "get it up" for the sake of an appearance with a celebrated orchestra. He might even be interested in the piece for itself. X, Y or Z accepts the invitation—and the honorarium; plays the solo-part ably; if he is clear-minded, foresees his own fate. The discriminating will regard him as an accessory to the piece in hand, blending applause for him with applause for it and the composer. The casual may resent both and, subconsciously, let this distaste cool their warmth toward him. At best he is shackled to a task. He cannot soar through his own glories. He must be a very clear-minded virtuoso to count the piece and the occasion more important than himself.

Not so with the "soloist" in the full sense of the word. He also may come because the conductor desires to set a particular piece upon a program. Usually it is a classic Concerto, long familiar. Two audiences will listen to it as to a thing of custom; whereas they will hear the "soloist" as occasion for rare pleasure. They already know him as eminent hand upon violin or piano. Rightly enough, they believe him summoned that the given Concerto may shine anew in the radiance of his perfections. They will receive him as the whole house, yesterday, received Mr. Heifetz when he came to his place by the conductor's stand. The season through, for no "soloist"—not even for Mr. Gieseking—has there been such a burst of applause, so long, hearty and general. In five months, more rapt ears have not followed any piece played at these concerts. The first audience for this Violin-Concerto of Beethoven could

have listened more intent. "Publicans and devotees of Mr. Heifetz" may be left to number the recalls and. As usual Dr. Koussevitzky is on the stage; but it is an old story to conductor, within memory at the Symphony Concerts, is so solicitous as to the orchestral part of a Concerto. As well, since he fuses the into a symphonic piece, yet not overclouds the "soloist."

poised Heifetz is an objective musician. He sees the music before him and whole; hears it in character. Even, in these middle years, pre-figures the violin as a songful instrument; for it and for his friend, Clementi, the Concerto. The so-called knocking may haunt the first movement; male may run away into crisp and exuberant phrase. Through-ly, however, it is the first concern of Heifetz to be songful. It is variously over the long Allegro. In the slow movement it sounds and transfigures melody. Not once through the whole Concerto did Mr. Heifetz depart from this clarity and pervading quality. As he plays them, the cadenzas—from his master—reiterated this quality. In the air of lyric innocence, the concerto contains exacting, even display-asures, as virtuoso-fiddling went in Mr. Heifetz took them so evenly, that the listener felt rather perceived—much less considered—mastery. It came and went as the vision of the passing moment.

Concerto is not a highly emotional music. The scale is less ambitious, spicing, the musical thought less the creative ardor less glowing they were to be in Beethoven's next to—"The Emperor" for the piano. It is not even the poetized conflict of orchestra and piano that perpetuates movement of the preceding Concerto in G major. Violin and orchestra play, sympathetically. They join in euphonies melting upon the or the orchestra sets in a luminous sound, stream-like, for the flowing. The "knocking" phrase animates, than troubles, the first movement. Ingressing Heifetz left room for than a thought of Dr. Koussevitzky's ability to every curve, accent and g. of his quick ear and instant hand every fusion or contrast of solo and tral parts; of a unanimity that together composer, conductor and st in a single voice and style.

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Globe — Feb. 29, 1931

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One can hardly blame him after experiencing it all his life, for accepting any amount of applause from any audience as the usual thing. A new symphony by Prof. E. B. Hill of Harvard, his second, performed for the first time in public won rather more applause than is given to most American compositions. The composer came on the stage to acknowledge it. Dr. Koussevitzky's program began with an entr'acte from Chabrier's "Gwendoline" and concluded with Beethoven's overture to "Egmont."

It was the Beethoven concerto in which Heifetz made his debut at the Boston Symphony concerts in 1919. To one who then heard him for the first time yesterday's repetition of the same piece offered an interesting chance to compare memories with actualities. In 1919 Heifetz played with the same astonishing technical facility, the same exquisite beauty of tone he still manifests at every appearance here. This generation has heard no other violinist equally gifted in these respects.

In 1919, however, his playing seemed superficial, musically considered. He then merely displayed his amazing virtuosity, exactly as though the concerto were by Vieuxtemps and not Beethoven.

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Mr. Hill explains in a program note that this C major symphony "has no descriptive background, no literary quotations appended."

"I find myself in sympathy with those of the younger generation who feel that music has enough intrinsic problems of its own without adding those of the other arts," he writes. "Also, I have kept to the traditional forms, thinking I had not had sufficient experience to experiment."

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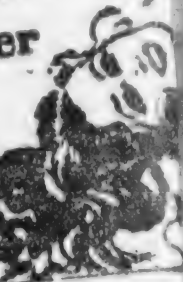
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The Concerto is not a highly emotionalized music. The scale is less ambitious and aspiring, the musical thought less deep, the creative ardor less glowing than they were to be in Beethoven's next Concerto—"The Emperor" for the piano. There is not even the poetized conflict of orchestra and piano that perpetuates the slow movement of the preceding Concerto in G major. Violin and orchestra go amiably, sympathetically. They join together in euphonies melting upon the ear. Or the orchestra sets in a luminous background, stream-like, for the flowing violin. The "knocking" phrase animates, rather than troubles, the first movement. The engrossing Heifetz left room for more than a thought of Dr. Koussevitzky's sensibility to every curve, accent and shading, of his quick ear and instant hand for every fusion or contrast of solo and orchestral parts; of a unanimity that bound together composer, conductor and violinist in a single voice and style.

Violin and orchestra are, indeed, embarked by Beethoven's will upon a single-hearted quest. They seek, all three, the beauty which only music may compass and convey. It is born in this Concerto of no external suggestion. It springs from no inner emotional conflict. It is a self-contained passion for an ideal beauty of songful sound in the particular voice of

the violin. The Allegro gains it variously in a gentle fervor of creation. In the Larghetto the violin and the orchestra first speak it one to another; then the violin takes it to itself; carries it, as a bird wings upward, through the last ineffable measures. The orchestra recalls the violin to the light vigors of the finale; but through the interstices still plays that beauty in another phase.

Whatever the music, this disembodied beauty of sound, pellucid, unflawed, finely measured, is the essence of Mr. Heifetz's violin-playing. Yesterday he had only to join the beauty which he emanates to the kindred beauty which Beethoven would create. From first bar to last, the jointure was complete and unbroken, equally of the spirit within and the tone without. Kreisler and Muck, Heifetz and Koussevitzky—twice within twenty years Beethoven's Violin-Concerto has been Ariel's music of an enchanted air.

* It is the moment for an intermezzo about another rare performance. The Introduction to the Second Act of Chabrier's opera, "Gwendoline," began the concert. On paper, it seemed a convenience. For the congenitally tardy must be served, lest their late and inconsiderate entrances disturb—as they did yesterday—more important music. And "Gwendoline" itself? One of the operas written in Paris when the example of Wagner was potent upon the generation of the eighties. Perhaps, the best of them; now fallen out of the repertory everywhere, preserved only by an Overture and this Introduction. To lift the curtain upon an amorous second act, Chabrier wrote misty, longing, dreamful measures; distributed them to the woodwinds and the strings of a hushed orchestra; swelled them to climax; bade them droop and sigh and vanish into silence. Dr. Koussevitzky and his choirs played them with a diaphanous beauty and a gentle intensity renewing and transfiguring Chabrier's pages. The effect was momentary; but it vies in recollection with that of the Concerto itself.

Finally to the new Symphony of Professor Hill, in C major and the full panoply of four movements, played for the first time, and in the applauded presence of the composer. His fellow townsfolk do not forget his services in Boston and Cambridge to the art of music; to that art liberalized and falling upon open ears and minds. Before them of late he has proved his maturing quality as composer, excelling with the concentration of full-furnished years the more desultory adventures of younger days. If their applause yesterday seemed more hesitant than of old, the explanation is the nature of this second Symphony.

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SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HILL Feb. 27/31
 The Boston Symphony Orchestra

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Mr. Hill's symphony was well received. He was present and bowed his acknowledgment of the applause. The work itself at this, the first hearing, did not seem to be of as pronounced musical interest as Mr. Hill's preceding venture in the symphonic field. One missed in this later work the melodic grace, the flowing line, the harmonic tints and colors, the pervading poetic spirit that have characterized much of his music. The themes in the second symphony have not the distinction of those in the earlier work, nor is the treatment of them so uniformly interesting. Mr. Hill has said that he has here kept to the traditional forms, thinking he has not had sufficient experience to experiment. He is too modest: he has experimented in the past and with pleasing results. If one says here is an instance of new wine in old bottles, it may also be said that the wine is too heady and not always clear. A large orchestra is employed to give authority to outbursts and climaxes. There is at times a violence, a fury that one does not associate with Mr. Hill's indisputable musical nature; there is an absence of the subtlety that is more eloquent than obvious storm and stress. Of the movements the Scherzo seems now to be the most spontaneous and interesting. It pleased at once—perhaps by its persistent, compelling rhythm and ingratiating chief musical idea. There was that stir in the audience that is a sign of glad acceptance.

Mr. Heifetz, always a welcome visitor, again played with the tonal beauty, the brilliant technic, the exquisite treatment of details, and the general aesthetic taste that have given him fame. Yet to some the second movement was performed at too slow a pace, too much ad libitum. There was at times an approach to lackadaisicalness. Will any violinist ever have the courage to omit the final movement? Not even Mr. Heifetz's delicate reading, an almost capricious reading of the chief theme, can disguise the intrinsic vulgarity of it; nor can consummate mastery in the performance reconcile one to the thematic hiccups that come from solo violin and orchestra. Dr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra gave Mr. Heifetz an accompaniment that was as noteworthy as the performance of the soloist; an accompaniment that was most sympathetic in support, and was itself a thing of beauty; but even the leader and the orchestra could not make the third movement music of great or even moderate worth.

The concert will be repeated tonight. Next week the orchestra will be out of town. The program of March 13-14 will be, i. e., is announced as follows: Haydn, Symphony, D major (B. & H. No. 10); A. L. Steinert, "Leggenda Sinfonica" (first time in the United States); Brahms, Violin Concerto and Two Hungarian Dances. Nathan Milstein will be the solo violinist.

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"The second symphony, like the first," said the composer in a note contributed to the program book, "has no descriptive background, no literary quotations appended. I find myself in sympathy with those of the younger generation who feel that music has enough intrinsic problems of its own without adding those of other arts." And this professor of music in Harvard University adds: "I have kept to the traditional forms, thinking I had not had sufficient experience to experiment."

the violin. The Allegro gains in a gentle fervor of creation. The Larghetto the violin and the orchestra speak it one to another; the violin takes it to itself; carries it bird wings upward, through ineffable measures. The orchestra calls the violin to the light vigors finale; but through the interstices plays that beauty in another phase.

Whatever the music, this disem- beauty of sound, pellucid, un- finely measured, is the essence of Heifetz's violin-playing. Yesterday had only to join the beauty which nates to the kindred beauty which hoven would create. From first to last, the jointure was complete and broken, equally of the spirit with the tone without. Kreisler and Heifetz and Koussevitzky—twice twenty years Beethoven's Violin-Concerto has been Ariel's music of an en- air.

* It is the moment for an inter- about another rare performance. Introduction to the Second Act of brier's opera, "Gwendoline," began concert. On paper, it seemed a of- ience. For the congenitally tardy be served, lest their late and in- erate entrances disturb—as they d- terday—more important music. "Gwendoline" itself? One of the written in Paris when the exam- Wagner was potent upon the gene- of the eighties. Perhaps, the be- them; now fallen out of the rep- everywhere, preserved only by an- ture and this Introduction. To li- curtain upon an amorous second Chabrier wrote misty, longing, dre- measures; distributed them to the winds and the strings of a hushe- chestra; swelled them to climax; them droop and sigh and vanish- silence. Dr. Koussevitzky and his- played them with a diaph- beauty and a gentle intensity ren- and transfiguring Chabrier's pages. effect was momentary; but it vi- recollection with that of the Cor- itself.

Finally to the new Symphony of fessor Hill, in C major and the- pancy of four movements, playe- the first time, and in the applaud- ence of the composer. His fellow- folk do not forget his services in B- and Cambridge to the art of musi- that art liberalized and falling upon ears and minds. Before them of la- has proved his maturing quality as- pcer, excelling with the concentrat- full-furnished years the more des- adventures of younger days. If ap- plause yesterday seemed more he- than of old, the explanation is the- of this second Symphony.

For it seemed, in the casual impres- sions of first performance, a virtuoso- music. It is entirely self-contained. It addresses itself wholly to the creation of a musical substance and a musical move- ment that shall generate purely musical reactions. It abounds with ready re- source. It teems with adroit devices. A manifold craftsmanship never declines into routine or academic exercise, sus- taining momentum, keeping animation throughout. By the same token it is a Symphony of this immediate day, frankly but not calculatingly modernis- tic; neither mannered nor opinionated; preferring the play of sonorities, rhythms, timbres to emotionalized or poetized expression; a young man's Sym- phony, were youth to be blessed with the readiness and abundance of Mr. Hill at middle age.

The first movement passes swiftly, vividly—with inexhaustible rhythmic flexibility, quick changes of pace and mood, diversified and animated working of the musical material, spirited and pointed play of instrumental voices. Throughout go the modern freedoms, the modern vitalizing, upon orthodox form. The following scherzo is virtuoso- exercise with rhythmic figures, driven at high speed, whipped and colored with fancy; relaxing this tonal sport for brief lyric interludes; never reiterating, be- ing nothing out too thin. The succeeding slow movement develops and enriches a single musical thought; fore- goes rhythmic flexibility for rhythmic in- tensity; searches out darker timbres; ab- and flows sensitively; swells into broad and deep sonority. The finale re- turns to the rhythmic energy, the vitality, ing freedom, the animation and urgency of the beginning—to the end a quick- spirited, unflagging music, be the hand upon it vigorous or light.

A virtuoso-symphony—the listener re- peated to himself—peradventure a bril- liant symphony; such a symphony as- should go into European festivals of cou- temporary music to prove that an Ameri- can composer can do that sort of thing and do it notably well. Then came the reservations. By the evidence of those- very qualities, Mr. Hill has written a co- mopolitan Symphony that any composer of his abilities might have accomplished of his abilities might have accomplished environment and a soil; whereas Mr. Hill's first Symphony sounded out of New England; was seldom tuned to an eclectic modernism. Yet again—scarcely one of Mr. Hill's motifs in this Second Symphony lays immediate hold on the ear; individualizes itself to the listening mind. At first hearing, they sound as matter for treatment, and that treatment soon becomes everything. But a composer has unquestionable right to make a symphony in whatever mood and to whatever end may possess him.

H. T. P.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

Harold By PHILIP HALE Feb. 27/31
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Mr. Hill's style is much the same whether he is setting down notes or words, except that musically he speaks mainly French. His new score, dedicated to his colleague, Prof. Walter R. Spalding, opens with a movement in sonata form in which the principal theme has the "feminine" quality usually associated with a second theme. Then comes a Scherzo with Trio. The third is the slow movement, marked "Maestoso ma non troppo lento." The Finale is an "Allegro energico." All is logical and orderly.

The musical ideas of the composer are characteristically his own, the idiom in which he conveys them that of the modern French school. This symphony therefore, though more considerable, is a companion piece to its author's Symphony in B flat and his "Lillacs," after Amy Lowell's poem. Rhythmic patterns are perhaps somewhat more complex than in the former works, but the influence of the modern Russians is slight. It is hardly necessary to add that in both composition and orchestration, the

symphony is the work of a master hand. It was received with marked favor.

The other principal item of the program was the Beethoven Violin Concerto, with Jascha Heifetz as soloist. Probably any lingering trace of the notion that Heifetz is "cold" had been destroyed in the symphony audiences by this artist's performance of the Brahms Concerto two years ago. Certainly no one could have found coldness in the player's tone in the lovely melody of the slow movement in the concert under review. The performance was of course masterly throughout (including the orchestral accompaniment), and the ovation was prolonged until after the soloist had brought back Dr. Koussevitzky to share in it.

The program opened with the Prelude to Act II from Chabrier's "Gwendoline," a charming bit of lavender and old lace which the audience viewed apathetically. The final item was the "Egmont" Overture.

L. A. S.

MR. JASCHA HEIFETZ was born at Vilna, Russia, on February 2, 1901.* He began his musical studies at the age of three with his father, a violinist; at the age of five he entered the Royal School of Music at Vilna; when he was six he played Mendelssohn's concerto in public; the next year he was graduated. He then went to St. Petersburg (Leningrad), where he took lessons of Leopold Auer for two years. He gave recitals there, and soon afterwards played in seven concerts with the Odessa Symphony Orchestra. In 1911 he toured for the first time outside of Russia, playing in Berlin with orchestras led by Arthur Nikisch, in Vienna with an orchestra conducted by Safonov. Having played in other cities of Germany and Austria, he returned to Russia, where he gave concerts. The World War broke out. Mr. Heifetz toured in Denmark, Norway, and Sweden. In the winter of 1916-17 he gave many recitals in Leningrad. In September, 1917, he arrived at New York, coming from Russia by way of Siberia, across the Pacific Ocean. He made his first appearance in New York on October 27, 1917. He played in Boston for the first time on January 6, 1918. Since then he has given other recitals.

With the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Boston he played on January 3, 1919, Beethoven's concerto, Mr. Rabaud conductor; on March 15, 1929, Brahms's concerto, Dr. Koussevitzky conductor.

In 1925, Mr. Heifetz gave a concert hall to Jerusalem, Palestine. In 1926 he was made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor.

Eighteenth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 13, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 14, at 8.15 o'clock

Haydn Symphony in D major (B. & H. No. 10)
I. Adagio; Allegro spiritoso.
II. Capriccio: Largo.
III. Minuetto.
IV. Finale.

Steinert Leggenda Sinfonica
(First performance in the United States)

Brahms Concerto for Violin in D major, Op. 77
I. Allegro non troppo.
II. Adagio.
III. Allegro giocoso, ma non troppo vivace.

Brahms Two Hungarian Dances
No. 2, in F major.
No. 1, in G minor.

SOLOIST
NATHAN MILSTEIN

There will be an intermission after Steinert's "Leggenda"

Original plans for Symphony Hall by Charles F. McKim are now to be seen in a central case of the exhibition in the first balcony foyer

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Original plans for Symphony Hall by Charles F. McKim are now to be seen in a central case of the exhibition in the first balcony foyer

Virtuoso



NATHAN MILSTEIN

SYMPHONY CONCERT

Herald By PHILIP HALE *Mich.* 14, 1931

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky, conductor, gave its 18th concert of the season yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Haydn, Symphony in D major (B. and H. No. 10). Steiner's Leggenda Sinfonica (first performance in this country). Brahms, Violin Concerto and Hungarian Dances Nos 2 F major, and 1, G minor. Nathan Milstein, the solo violinist, played for the first time in Boston.

The symphony by Haydn, one of the six written for the Concert de la Loge Olympique, Paris, was no doubt unknown to the great majority of the assembled hearers. It was played in 1902 in the reign of Wilhelm Gericke, as another symphony in this set. The Bear, was introduced at these concerts by Arthur Nikisch in 1889. Its zoological companion The Hen is by no means familiar. The symphony played yesterday is fresh and blithe in spite of the formulas expected from every God-fearing composer at the end of the 18th century. It provokes what a speaker at the banquet reported by Athenaeus called "gentleman-like joy." The Parisian orchestra, which Haydn undoubtedly had in mind, was a large one—40 violins, 12 violoncellos, eight double basses—so that the composer could be sure of strong contrasts in performance by the string section. Fortunate composer—whose symphonies require no analysis—no remarks about chief and subsidiary themes: music that one can, sitting back, enjoy without inquiring into psychological intention or noting attempts at realism in musical seascapes and landscapes—music not inspired by book or picture—just music: now pompous, now merry, and in more serious moments, never too sad, but with a constant feeling for tonal grace and beauty.

The Symphonic Legend by Alexander Lang Steinert, dedicated to the Boston Symphony Orchestra on its 50th anniversary, was played for the first time at the Augusto in Rome on Dec. 14, 1930, when Howard Hanson conducted it. This Legend is a more important work as regards form, construction and contents, if less poetical, than Steinert's Southern Night played here under Dr. Koussevitzky, nearly five years ago. The Legend is the more mature composition, as is natural, for in the years between the composer has not been working and hearing. It is all very well for a composer to stay in his ivory tower lest by straying into concert halls he may be

unduly influenced. While Mr. Steinert's teachers since 1923 have been leaders in the Parisian schools, his own music is not like the bean described by Gilbert as "too French." His own independence in musical thought and his natural taste have kept him from slavish imitation of some master either of the impressionistic, the realistic or the anarchistic school. It is not surprising then that this Legend is first of all honest music; there is no desire on the part of the composer to show the originality that is merely eccentricity or perverse in its worship of ugliness. There is a respect for the sound traditions, respect for that which is distinctively characteristic of the French school—we are not speaking of the dissenting or heterodox chapels—clarity, logical continuity, a sense of rhythmic and dynamic values; coloring that is appropriate to the musical thoughts and is neither pale nor gaudy. Although Mr. Steinert calls for a large and modern orchestra he uses it discreetly and does not find it necessary to employ all the instruments all the time or work them overtime. The Legend is the expression of a sensitive musician. It was received with more than the usual favor shown for an unfamiliar work. The composer bowed his acknowledgment.

Mr. Milstein is in his 27th year. There are some who think that a violinist should not attempt to play music by Johannes Brahms until his hair is silvered, his legs wobble and the state of his heart debars him from life insurance. Liszt said that youth is the time for virtuosity, but your true Brahmsite shudders if his "Master" and virtuosity are named in the same breath. After all, Johannes wrote for the fiddle music that demands full expression, and full expression does not come from the fiddle until the player is a virtuoso in the best sense of the word. "But," some say, "the music of Brahms demands thoughtfulness, gravity, a feeling for the eternal verities, a spiritual nature." There is no end to this pretty talk or balderdash, as you will. Surely Mr. Milstein's experiences in Russia until he made his escape gave him experience, gave him food for thought. Nor should the fact that he is an accomplished violinist preclude him from expounding the gospel according to St. Johannes. It is enough to say of his performance yesterday that technically, emotionally and "intellectually"—if any one insists on this feature of an interpretation—it was engrossing and admirable, a performance that by its compelling nature aroused genuine enthusiasm. It is needless to say that Dr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra gave an accompaniment that was not merely a support.

The concert ended with the exciting, fiery, paprika reminder of Hungary. For once the old saying that the music of Brahms is a gypsy woman trying to dance in a tight corset was forgotten.

The concert will be repeated tonight. Next week the usual Saturday night concert will take place on Thursday night. The Friday afternoon concert will still be on Friday. The program will comprise Mendelssohn's overture and Scherzo from the "Midsummer Night's Dream" music; Honegger's Symphony (played earlier in this season); Tchaikowsky's piano concerto No. 1 (Mr. Horowitz) and Salome's dance from Strauss's opera.

Music

Monitor — March 7, 1931

Boston Symphony Orchestra

A "Leggenda Sinfonica," by Alexander Lang Steinert, dedicated "to the Boston Symphony Orchestra on its fiftieth anniversary," was the novel piece set upon the program for the orchestra's eighteenth pair of concerts, in Symphony Hall, Boston, March 13 and 14. It had had a previous performance at the Augusteo, Rome.

Mr. Steinert, as the program informed us, is "at home in Paris, France." This information had already been conveyed by the composer's symphonic poem, "Southern Night," introduced by the Boston orchestra four seasons ago; and it was corroborated by the new score, which shows him still under the spell of Debussy and Ravel. An honorable tradition, which Mr. Steinert is carrying on with credit.

"Leggenda Sinfonica" is a title which seems to indicate a "program." As to this, the composer says only that the coda (which follows a dramatic pause) "suggests the narrator who has come to the close of a legendary tale." Probably the music would hold more appeal if the composer had confided to us the nature of this legendary tale. But he speaks merely of three themes, which pass through various phases of development and variation. The listener may detect the themes, and he may follow their treatment, with a certain sense of familiarity. As music, without the program.

aid of literary associations, this score may find some difficulty in justifying itself. We may hope that the composer's next work will display greater originality.

Dr. Koussevitzky had opened the program with a performance of a Haydn Symphony in D major (B. & H. No. 10) which had not been heard in Boston for nearly 30 years. It is the fifth of a series written for the Concert de la Loge Olympique of Paris. For some reason Dr. Koussevitzky, who of late has been employing a much reduced orchestra for Mozart, used for Haydn nearly his full complement of strings. We have a feeling that the symphony would have left a better impression if it had been uttered in a smaller voice.

The opening Adagio leads into an Allegro of normal form and rather workaday content. The slow movement, labeled "Capriccio," permits the composer some odd tricks of fancy, with violin figures scampering over Largo measures from the rest of the orchestra. It was here that one longed most for a smaller tone, and also for a lighter touch. There was, one felt, an attempt to put too much emotion into the melodies, and too heavy an accent on the chords. The Minuetto, however, had all the Haydnian jollity, and the Trio, of exceptional charm, was exquisitely played. The last movement, with a conspicuously salient principal theme, was likewise justly set forth.

The soloist was Nathan Milstein, young violinist, who with praiseworthy devotion to artistic ideals had chosen the Brahms Concerto for his first appearance in Boston. Of the virtuoso type, he had a prodigious success. The applause after the first movement was unusually prolonged, and at the close, stamping was mingled with the handclapping. Mr. Milstein has an excellent technique and makes evident his musical feeling. His ardor compensates somewhat for an undeniable lack of breadth in his tone. With greater maturity, doubtless, he will be able to penetrate more deeply into the musical heart of this master-concerto, whose technical demands he already meets dazzlingly.

The Hungarian Dance of Brahms (F major and G minor) closed the L. A. S.

MILSTEIN HEARD AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Russian Violinist Makes Boston Debut

Nathan Milstein, a young Russian violinist who studied under the late Leopold Auer, made his first Boston appearance yesterday afternoon as soloist in the Brahms concerto at the Symphony concert. Mr. Milstein was applauded by orchestra and audience with unusual warmth for playing which deserved the much abused adjective "brilliant."

The novelty on Dr. Koussevitzky's program was a "Leggenda Sinfonica" by the young Bostonian composer Alexander Steinert. Mr. Steinert was called to the stage to bow repeatedly in response to prolonged applause. Dr. Koussevitzky, as is his invariable custom, made his own approval of Mr. Milstein and Mr. Steinert manifest by hearty handclapping. He is always anxious that young musicians should be encouraged by a hearty response to their efforts at the Symphony concerts.

The Brahms concerto is not essentially a show piece, nor has Mr. Milstein's quiet and sensible demeanor on the concert platform any hint of the ostentation of the old-fashioned "virtuoso" violinist. Yet his bold and spirited style of playing, the apparent ease with which he performed even the most intricate and technically difficult phrases, his big tone, his command of rhythmic and melodic effects, conquered the approval of Mr. Milstein's hearers.

He has at 26 already acquired an international reputation. His mastery of violin playing is indeed indisputable. But ought the Brahms concerto to sound quite as brilliant as he made it? Would not greater purity of tone and a less romantic interpretation be preferable? At least one listener yesterday thought so.

"Leggenda Sinfonica"

Mr. Steinert's "Leggenda Sinfonica," dedicated to the Boston Symphony

Orchestra "on its 50th anniversary," was first performed at Rome Dec 14, 1930. Yesterday's was merely the first performance in the United States. This work has no detailed program, merely the hint to the listener's imagination that the coda, following a moment of silence, "suggests the narrator who has come to the end of a legendary tale."

Mr. Steinert's score is an elaborate working out of three musical ideas, which are developed to a fortissimo climax. The themes and his treatment of them recall the work of Henry Hadley among the elder generation of living Americans, and of Howard Hanson among the younger contemporary Americans. He has escaped for the most part the all-pervading influence of Stravinsky. Though written with a markedly increased command of musical texture, this new piece lacks some of the harmonic color that was the chief charm of Mr. Steinert's earlier work. The performance was painstakingly eloquent.

Dr. Koussevitzky, wisely turning from the more familiar symphonies Haydn wrote for England, chose to open yesterday's concert with one in D major written in the 1780s for the "Concert de la Loge Olympique" in Paris, and unplayed here since the regime of Mr. Gericke. This symphony is one of Haydn's best, full of the melodic and rhythmic vitality that has insured immortality for his music, despite its obvious limitations. One hopes others like it may be resurrected from his complete works and played for our delectation.

Small Orchestra

For Mozart Dr. Koussevitzky now employs habitually a small orchestra, with about the quota of instruments for which the 18th century composers wrote as a rule, no more than 50 players at most. But in Paris there were by the 1780s orchestras almost as large as the present Boston Symphony, a fact doubtless held in mind by Haydn when writing the symphony played yesterday. It was therefore the right thing to do to use the full number of strings, as Dr. Koussevitzky wisely did. One felt that in so large a hall this procedure might be preferable even for Mozart.

Yesterday's performance was a spirited and delightful one, faithful to the spirit of Haydn's music, with no pedantic overemphasis on its letter. It was renewed evidence of the great progress made in recent seasons by conductor and orchestra.

P. R.

MILSTEIN SYMPHONY SOLOIST

Steinert's "Leggenda
Sinfonica" Well
Received

Post ———— Mon. 14. 1931
BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

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Composer Steinert Present

It might be objected that Mr. Steinert's Legend is somewhat diffuse, not too well co-ordinated and not strikingly original. But it is heartening to find a young composer who is not afraid of melody and of a show of emotion. With Nabokov's Symphony of last fall, this Legend suggests a reaction from the cerebral abstractions, the calculated uglinesses, of the phase of modernism that seems happily to be passing.

Present in the audience yesterday, Mr. Steinert, who now spends most of his time in Europe, was cordially received by his former townsmen.

Applause for Milstein

The applause that followed the first movement of Brahms' Concerto showed that yesterday's audience was sensible of the fact that Mr. Milstein, who has been little heralded and who has not the advantage of a magnetic presence, is a violinist of remarkable attainments. The purist may complain that his tone yesterday was over-luscious for Brahms and that he played the music with more of outward fervor than of inward depth. But while one may still prefer Mr. Heifetz's Brahms of two seasons ago, it may not be gainsaid that Mr. Milstein decisively prevailed with the Concerto yesterday.

When he was done, orchestra as well as audience applauded him, and that applause was unusually long-continued.

Professor Hill for Cambridge Hearing With Dr. Koussevitzky and His Men to Play the New Symphony

SINCE this is the time of festivals and anniversaries, Dr. Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra went to Cambridge last evening to demonstrate that being festive is a matter of spirit as well as of dates. It was an evening of virtuoso composers and musicians. The audience, gaily responding to the mood, clapped at every turn. Mr. Hill's spirited new symphony produced the first round of hearty applause. The composer, rising to bow acknowledgment, was the recipient of an exceedingly cordial tribute. As he made his way to the platform at Dr. Koussevitzky's urging, the clapping was redoubled and prolonged, rising to a peak of enthusiasm as he touched hands with the conductor and continuing in force for some time after he had resumed his seat. Upon Dr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra were bestowed similar expressions of approval for an engrossing performance of the Prelude of Wagner's music-drama, "Tristan and Isolde," while the completion of Rimsky-Korsakov's "Spanish Caprice" was occasion for fresh enthusiasm, spontaneous and intense. After each of the numbers just mentioned, Dr. Koussevitzky signalled the musicians to rise in recognition of the unusually cordial reception which had been accorded them. Everyone had reason to be in a cheerful frame of mind upon leaving the hall.

The evening began with the Prelude to the Second Act of Chabrier's opera, "Gwendoline." As at the previous performance in Symphony Hall, the audience sat in charmed attentiveness. Though arousing no enthusiasm, it pleased the sensuous ear and gave free rein to fancy. Mystic melodies wove their spell; lightly tinted timbres played with images in tone. Woodwinds and strings wound their separate strands in delicate pattern. Not too familiar of recent years,

it now serves to exemplify the keenness and accuracy which are distinguishing features of any performance of the Boston Symphony.

Attention had been gained and the composer accepted, Mr. Hill's symphony very interest. The listener quickly did not to look for programmatic meaning to expect no emotional stimulus would be the case in, say, a symphony of Tchaikovsky, a composer who represents an artistic conception which is an antithesis to that of Mr. Hill. Usually one was led to follow the new symphony as a stimulating intellectual stimulation; to follow pattern and balance, design, development and elaboration in its stripped purity; to observe mental adroitness; to thrill at unexpected turns of harmony and to feel fresh logic when once heard. At the same time, one noted the driving force of the piece which kept the listener constantly alert and refreshed. In a game of chess, the players obtain their exhilaration from their concentration; the musical mind derives a similar pleasure from Mr. Hill's new symphony, which is, in fact, an intellectual tour de force. Being likewise an instrument of force for the musicians, it is no wonder that it won such hearty applause.

Excerpts from the music-dramas of Wagner always have been in Dr. Koussevitzky's common repertory for the concert series of the Monday and Tuesday series as for supplementary concerts of the season. Not always is he so fortunate in his composer, particularly in the tempo, which is often too greatly retarded. The Prelude of "Tristan" last evening proved an exception. Accents uncommonly incisive; instrumental texture of poignant intensity. It was no wonder that Dr. Koussevitzky had found the real blood of this music in place of the usual semblance.

The exceeding brilliance of the performance of Rimsky-Korsakov's "Spanish Caprice" will remain for some time in the memory. The rhythms "got to the skin"; the instrumental colors were of poignant intensity. In the full joy of his virtuosity, Dr. Koussevitzky did not dip liberally into Rimsky's dazling instrumental basket. As fast as cornets leaped the scintillant fancies, the audience alike took huge delight.

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No wonder complaint multiplied to the management; while the venerable sage of the program-book protested openly and warrantably "in the public prints." Now, at last, discipline is restored; the doors are firmly guarded; many are returning thanks. All of which is not to say that the Symphony Concerts, being occasions for pleasure, should be little bound with "house rules." It is to note only that two audiences of prompt and considerate listeners should be protected against the few who decline to be equally considerate.

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SYMPHONY AT HEIGHT OF POWERS

Concert Last Night
Most Brilliant in
Many Years

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Whether or not there is some special virtue in performing a task at an unaccustomed time, it is a fact that the Symphony Concert, which, because of rehearsals for the impending Bach Festival, took place last evening instead of tomorrow evening as in regular course, was one of the most brilliant not merely of this season but of many seasons.

EXUBERANT VIRTUOSITY

From the very outset it was a stirring evening. First upon the programme stood the Overture and Scherzo out of Mendelssohn's music for Shakspeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream," repertory pieces, both part of the routine of this orchestra as of every orchestra worthy the name. Yet, last evening, this music was played with a tonal finish, a mingling of lightness, speed and clarity, to which was added a certain exuberant virtuosity that was irresistible.

At the conclusion of the Scherzo the applauding audience was not satisfied until Dr. Koussevitzky had twice summoned the players to their feet, and twice made Mr. Laurent bow his acknowledgements of the plaudits that at least to some extent were prompted by

his extraordinary fleet delivery of the measures for solo flute.

Honegger Again

On top of Mendelssohn, and on the score of having something to say and saying it without a superfluous syllable the juxtaposition was not flattering to the contemporary composer, there came a repetition of the Symphony of Honegger, one of the pieces commissioned for this 50 anniversary year of the Symphony Orchestra. Almost did Dr. Koussevitzky and his men persuade the sceptical listener last evening that after all this Symphony was more than the work of an able and resourceful craftsman who had a task to perform and in the performance of it relied more upon formulae than upon what is commonly called inspiration. But there are formulae in modern music, some of them the creation of Mr. Honegger himself, and in this Symphony they are duly paraded, occasionally to a sort of nervous excitement if not to anything more abiding.

The concert was to end with a performance of the Dance of Salome, from Strauss' opera of that name, that far and away eclipsed any performance of this music hitherto heard in Symphony Hall. But this, which might have been climax indeed for most concerts, could hardly be more than anti-climax to that which had immediately preceded it; Vladimir Horowitz, Dr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra carrying all before them in a performance of Tchaikovsky's B-flat minor Pianoforte Concerto that also for overpowering and intoxicating brilliance had no Bostonian precedent.

Horowitz the Master

It was with this Concerto that Mr. Horowitz swept from off its feet his first American audience, which heard him in a concert of the Philharmonic Orchestra in Carnegie Hall a few seasons ago. Then, as was the case last evening, the immediate excitant of the frenzied applause which could not wait for the last note to sound was the amazing, the almost incredible speed with which Mr. Horowitz delivered the celebrated passage in double octaves that occurs just before the end.

Yet, although this sort of super-virtuosity distinguished his playing of the Concerto from first to last, his performance was quite as notable for grace and delicacy, for musicianly phrasing, indeed for all the qualities that a well-rounded interpretation and performance of such a piece requires. Six times Mr. Horowitz was recalled to the stage by a stamping, clapping audience, that finally let him go only because the hour was late. And when Dr. Koussevitzky returned to the stage to lead the music of Strauss the applause deservedly broke out afresh.

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By PHILIP HALE

The 19th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky conductor, took place last night in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Mendelssohn, Overture and Scherzo from the incidental music to "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Honegger, Symphony. Tchaikovsky, Piano Concerto No. 1 in B flat minor (Vladimir Horowitz, pianist). Strauss, Dance of The Seven Veils from the opera "Salome."

The fame of Mendelssohn has had its ups and downs and again its ups. It was natural that after the slobbering adoration of the English, there should be a reaction, but he did not deserve the contempt with which his amiable music was treated in certain quarters. Most surprising of all the shifting opinions is the favoring attitude of the wild-eyed members of the younger French school, who speak approvingly of him—in a somewhat patronizing manner—at the expense of Cesar Franck and his disciples, who, it is true, are more or less irritating in their sermonizing. The man that wrote the music for Shakespeare's comedy, the overture to "Fingal's Cave" and the "Walpurgis Night" is not to be ignored, even in 1931. Some might think that the overture was performed last night in a too heroic vein—as if there were profound "meaning" in the comedy and the music, but all would agree that the Scherzo was played delightfully; so delightfully that the audience insisted twice on the players standing with several recalls for the conductor.

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Modernisms, Mendelssohn And Horowitz

Chaikovsky's Piano-Concerto In the Grand Manner Evening of Styles

SUBSCRIBERS to the Symphony Concerts are a docile, understanding folk. Being told that the evening concert of this week would be shifted from Saturday to Thursday—to gain three clear days for preparation of the Bach Festival—they came to Symphony Hall, yesterday, in the usual numbers, if not in the usual sartorial splendor. In return for this good will they received a concert that pleased them much; that in one item quite transported them. It began with the Overture from Mendelssohn's music to Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream." After a lengthy pause for the seating of the tardy, Dr. Koussevitzky went on to the Scherzo, which fills the first entr'acte in the comedy. His reason for the addition of this pendant was not too clear. It seemed, in fact, rather an anti-climax. Both pieces, however, won hearty applause—the more for the performance. Next followed a repetition of Honegger's Symphony, contributed to the jubilee year of the orchestra, first heard at a pair of concerts last month. If a considerable part of the audience no more than "bore with it," as many listened eagerly and clapped warmly. Perhaps Dr. Koussevitzky is of the same mind as was Theodore Thomas when he was introducing Wagner to American ears. "They do not like him?" he said tersely. "They shall hear him until they do." The dance of Salome from Strauss's like-named opera ended the concert. It is frequent and dependable item in the current repertory: was received accordingly.

Immediately before climax had come in the performance of Chaikovsky's Piano-Concerto in B-flat minor, with Mr. Horowitz as pianist. Through five seasons it has not been heard at Symphony Hall. Mr. Horowitz, in particular, ex-debut in the United States at New York. At each pause the audience out-

plaudits. At each pause the audience out-plaudits. At the end shouts and applause swelled them. The pianist lay long over the conductor's hand; the clapping orchestra; returned and again. Nor did Dr. Koussevitzky go unrewarded—and the orchestra with him—when he resumed his to begin Salome's dance. For the had been triply divided. Through-conductor, pianist and orchestra had the Concerto in the grand manner—layed above themselves. Some- in the departing crowd that it e last of such concertos to be writ- d to keep place in the repertory. ibering the half-century upon its wo that overheard tried to recall an- and failed.

Koussevitzky and Mr. Horowitz he Introduction broadly, intensive- orously. The pianist spaced out eeping melody; gave it ample con- sive rhythm, imperious march. riving chords rang. The stride c's gors of the orchestra matched ergies of the pianist. Together rained a truly Chaikovskian sus- at the transition into the Allegro. embarked upon it, pianist and com- passioned themselves for the con- tumultuous rhetoric; sang the melody not only "con spirito" but entimento." Mr. Horowitz added to feat in the manifold cadenza; Dr. Koussevitzky drove the final es fast and high to be climax to swelling whole. Twenty minutes orical magnificence. Both s eloquent as might be with the tune of the slow movement; but eady to turn to the badinage and ion of the pseudo-Scherzo.

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New York. At each pause the audience out-poured plaudits. At the end shouts and stamping swelled them. The pianist lingered long over the conductor's hand; saluted the clapping orchestra; returned again and again. Nor did Dr. Koussevitzky go unrewarded—and the orchestra with him—when he resumed his place to begin Salome's dance. For the merit had been triply divided. Throughout conductor, pianist and orchestra had taken the Concerto in the grand manner; played above themselves. Someone said in the departing crowd that it was the last of such concertos to be written and to keep place in the repertory. Remembering the half-century upon its head, two that overheard tried to recall another and failed.

Dr. Koussevitzky and Mr. Horovitz took the Introduction broadly, intensively, sonorously. The pianist spaced out the sweeping melody; gave it ample contours, incisive rhythm, imperious march. The driving chords rang. The stride and the vigor of the orchestra matched the energies of the pianist. Together they gained a truly Chaikovskian suspense at the transition into the Allegro. Once embarked upon it, pianist and conductor passioned themselves for the composer's tumultuous rhetoric; sang the second melody not only "con spirito" but "con sentimento." Mr. Horovitz added fervor to feat in the manifold cadenza; with Dr. Koussevitzky drove the final measures fast and high to be climax to the upswelling whole. Twenty minutes of rhetorical magnificence. Both were as eloquent as might be with the wistful tune of the slow movement; but quite ready to turn to the badinage and decoration of the pseudo-Scherzo.

This accomplished with a light hand, they were free to wreak themselves upon the Finale, first in the repetitions and variations of the snapping folk-tune; then in the crescendo upon crescendo that epitomize the concerto, and drive it to the end boiling in a whirlpool of rhythmed sound. Ten, possibly fifteen, minutes more of rhetorical magnificence. It is the only way with Chaikovsky. Play him passionately, intensively, reverberantly and this Piano-Concerto—tumult of melody and rhetoric that it is, more duel than symphony between piano and orchestra—exceeds its literal self. Dr. Koussevitzky and Mr. Horovitz are fervid believers. The grand style may still work its wonders.

It was, indeed, an evening for style. Set aside for the moment the unstaled freshness and fancy of Mendelssohn's invention and suggestion in the Overture to "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and how perfectly every measure is written!

To this day the chords for wind choir at the beginning and the end keep their loveliness. The text books on orchestration still cite them. The modern makers of light-footed, light-pointed Scherzi have not outdone this "fairv-music" of the eighteen-twenties. The main body of the Overture gains shape, volume and momentum; while we listeners forget the composer's skill in the interest of the progress. A turn of his finger and the charm of the sound takes us captive. Whether he had much or little to say, Mendelssohn had a most sensitive flair for wind instruments. (The flute-part in the Scherzo is crowning proof.) He laid as deft and fine a hand upon the strings. The brass was his discreet reserve.

Whatever the thought, the mood, the fleeting fancy, the passing humor, Mendelssohn gives it, through all this "Midsummer Night's Dream" music, the one and only tonal vesture. At such perfect expression time gnaws in vain. The musical fashions pass by and leave not a dent behind. In Overture and Scherzo, moreover, Mendelssohn had something to express. Likely enough, the more clownish Shakspearean humors evade him. It was not in him to imagine these "mechanicals" at their fooleries. But when the wood of the fairies and the lovers is the field, he outbids Shakspeare on his own ground. Oberon and Titania—and how well or ill the players look such personages. "I know a bank whereon the wild thyme grows" . . . the actor's diction may be faulty or pleasurable. For speech and speakers, for fairy princes and fairy troop Mendelssohn had the magic of musical sound and to this day it prevails.

And, by good fortune last evening, an orchestra and a conductor to renew that spell, save only when they overswelled the full-throated measures; so distorted proportion. An hour later, they were busy with Salome's Dance according to Strauss, with his six horns, five clarinets, four kettledrums, what not out of the orchestral store-closet. The dance sways languorously; swirls fiercely; sounds with the lust of the flesh, the dreams of desire, the weariness of impotent longing. The orchestral imagination, the orchestral manipulation, are masterly. The whole dance is superlative "theater." The final flourish sounds equally for the triumphant Strauss and the triumphant Salome. Around the year 2010 their dance will be as old as is now the Overture to "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Will orchestras still be playing it and audiences making response? Will it still keep

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Rhythmic Vitality

Honegger's symphony at a second hearing again impressed one by its rhythmic vitality and the audacities of its melody and harmony. This music is at times almost impudently uncon-

ventional. The composer still, perhaps, takes a boyish delight in startling the conservatives. But he has written with gusto, and with unflagging imaginative power. The finale is the weakest of the three movements. The adagio would gain by compression, though its rather short-breathed melodies are genuinely moving.

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Of the two repertory pieces played, the dance from Strauss' "Salome" was the more brilliantly interpreted. What strikes one about this fragment torn from its operatic context is the astonishing brilliance of the scoring for orchestra, the complexities and sonorities of the music. One cannot hear in it the morbid passion of the daughter of Herodias. Like the play by Oscar Wilde, on which it is based, this "Salome" now seems the height of artifice rather than genuine art.

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musical pungency and theatric force as Mendelssohn's overture now preserves freshness, fancy and formal perfection? Perhaps the newcomers to Paradise will remember.

There is no arguing in these days about Honegger's Symphony. Aching ears and racked spirits do not listen to reason. For such hearers his modernisms leave only blind resentment behind; worse still as blind a disbelief in those who profess, honestly enough, to be stirred and won. Invite the dissenters to the rich, Rabelaisian mood, the gamesome vigors, of the Finale and they will retort that it is a vulgar music. Bid them to the gentle close in which Honegger turns away and sighs his music into silence, and they answer that it is catch-penny affectation. Remind them that the slow movement may be acrid to the ear, yet still excite and deepen emotion; that there is a new melody as well as an old—and they recoil with disgust. Tell them that the restless rhythms of the beginning are spur to the listening imagination; that the dissonances are savory and stimulating; that the whole movement drives forward and upward as though it would transmute into symphonic sound the brute-force of a

mechanistic age. Forthwith they descant on the inherent spirituality of music. Little use to answer that Honegger was of another mood and purpose; that his design his accomplishment must be judged. Urge his right, like every other composer, to his own idiom—and the distressed call it "the mark of the speech and speakers, for fairy beast." Suggest that it is no sin to write in the spirit of one's time, that such magic of musical sound and to time-spirit may be unescapable—and the scornful depart to their ivory towers. Yet some of us will prefer to hear Honegger's Symphony as we look down Bromfield Street toward the modernist building that now fills and crowns the prospect. It is a distorted proportion. An hour of our time and made in its image. As such we see and feel it. So may we also hear and feel Honegger's Symphony. Perhaps we deceive ourselves, gathering out of the orchestral store-closet grapes from thorns and figs of thistles. But the savor is good upon our tongues— and in our ears.

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P. R.

Boston Symphony Orchestra

Last night in Symphony Hall, the Boston Symphony Orchestra gave, by exception, the first of its regular weekly pair of concerts. The second concert will take place as usual tomorrow afternoon. The soloist this week is Vladimir Horowitz, pianist, and the program comprises the Incidental Music to Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream" by Mendelssohn; the Symphony written by Honegger for the anniversary of this orchestra and repeated at this pair of concerts; the Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 1, in B flat minor, Op. 23, and Salome's Dance from the Opera "Salome" by Richard Strauss.

Once in a long time the reviewer of concerts may find it difficult to write with sufficient restraint about that which is heard. The program under immediate review presents itself as one of those occasions. Cleverly contrived, it offered a galaxy of musical delights. It would seem that the Mendelssohn work had no surprises in store for the listener, yet last night's performance amply demonstrated what a discerning mind may accomplish with overfamiliar material, granted, of course, that the instrument for conveying sprightly ideas be as dexterous as our Boston orchestra. Dr. Koussevitzky achieved a triumph for himself, the orchestra and the composer, for seldom does it come the way of a Boston audience to hear this music proclaimed as last night. With a roar of applause the audience greeted the final measure, and before Dr. Koussevitzky had left the podium he "stood" his men, not once but twice. The audience would have it so.

The Honegger Symphony has been so recently reviewed in these columns that little may be said in addition. Obviously, music such as this requires a special technique in listening—a technique which too few listeners seem inclined to cultivate. Although this composer, in common with others of the so-called modern school, appears to delight in shattering a consonant atmosphere, he nevertheless observes

the traditions in his musical structures, evidently believing that some good may be salvaged from the discard heap of some of his contemporaries. Naturally the result is of more than passing interest, especially as Mr. Honegger is not above injecting into his music a definite and at times very beautiful melodic line, together with quite unmodern but beautiful harmony. The performance last night may hardly be overpraised.

With Mr. Horowitz, however, came the peak of enthusiasm both in the auditorium and on the platform. Repeating our opening sentence, we reaffirm that "once in a long time" comes a demonstration at a symphony concert comparable to that which took place last night. Mr. Horowitz has never played better. His alertness in taking advantage of the potent opportunities offered by the piano of today was never more in evidence; he appears to draw from the instrument that tremendous volume of tone which, for instance, came in the opening measures of the concerto. He never belabors his instrument, yet roll upon roll of tone proceeds from it, cutting through the rich orchestration of the accompaniment. We counted five reappearances of this master pianist after the concerto; then we lost count.

Anything which followed the Tchaikovsky concerto must have been in the nature of an anticlimax, yet upon his appearance such a storm of applause greeted Dr. Koussevitzky that before he proceeded to "Salome's Dance" he again brought his men to their feet for a delayed tribute to their superb accompaniment to the concerto. And then, to music already familiar, he brought a performance which fittingly closed in memorable manner the nineteenth program of this season.

G. M. S.

SYMPHONY HALL, BOSTON

50th SEASON, 1930-1931

THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

(110 Musicians)

Dr. SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, Conductor

Opening Concert of the Monday Series
MONDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 10, AT 8.15

PROGRAMME

Bach	Two Preludes (Arranged for String Orchestra by Pick-Mangiagalli)
Respighi	Metamorphoseon, Modi XII
Beethoven	Symphony No. 7 in A major

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MONDAY SYMPHONY CONCERT

The second of this season's series of Monday evening concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place last night in the presence of an audience that filled Symphony hall. The amended program of the concert was as follows: Handel, concerto grosso in B minor for string orchestra, No. 12; Mozart, concerto in A major, No. 5 (K.219) for violin and orchestra; Brahms, symphony No. 2 in D major, op. 73. The soloist in Mozart's violin concerto was Anton Witek, former concert master of the orchestra. Its present concert master, Richard Burgin, conducted in the absence, due to indisposition, of Dr. Koussevitzky.

The central event of this concert was, of course, the reappearance as soloist of the man who occupied the concert master's desk under Dr. Muck. Mr. Witek was greeted with cordiality by last night's great audience, though it is probable that a very large proportion of those present had no personal experience of that epoch of the orchestra's history which Mr. Witek represents. His performance of the graceful A major concerto of Mozart had all the good taste and judicious musicianship that were to be expected; the tone he drew from his instrument was light and pure—admirably suited to Mozart's music. He was most pleasing in the flowing melody of the Adagio, and in the daintily-turned phrases of the final Tempo di Menuetto. He was very warmly applauded.

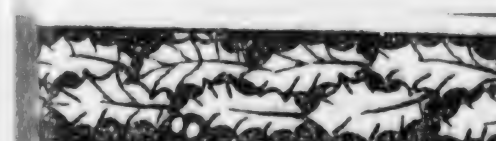
Mr. Burgin, as conductor, acquitted himself excellently in the concerto Grosso of Handel, with its impressive opening Largo, its Allegros full of character and contrapuntal interest, in the serene beauty of its lovely intermediate Larghetto and Largo. The contrasted character of the movements was emphasized without recourse to exaggeration; individually they were played with sensitive feeling for style and without mannerism. To the concerto he provided an admirable accompaniment.

Still better was the orchestra's performance, under his direction, of the D major symphony of Brahms. Much rancorous argument has lately arisen concerning the character, lyrical or dramatic, of this symphony. Mr. Burgin, however, seems to approach it without prejudice. Lyric charm was not wanting in his performance, yet he did not try to make of it a piece of Viennese cafe music. Depth and solidity, organic unity, a vigorous sense of progress and climax, gave meaning and dramatic force to the first movement. The slow movement had movingly expressive beauty, the allegretto a charming grace. The final movement was impressive and brilliant. Conductor and orchestra were rewarded with applause that was unusually and deservedly enthusiastic. S. S.

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with Stravinsky

for the Fun of It

Feb. 14, 1931

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the Boston Symphony Or-
looked twice at yesterday's
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ey saw. The startling name
ky. Usually the Monday con-
conservative: Mozart, Beet-
ikovsky and Wagner serve
The name most assiduously
Stravinsky. Yet the evening
ly and the heavens did not
is more, Monday's audience
apped the new Caprice for
Orchestra and appeared to
ud the exuberant
of the program, Strauss's
phonia Domestica" elicited the loud-
most prolonged applause, while
introduction and Allegro for
Orchestra had to be content with
approval.

piece, which began the concert,
most in its first pages. These
measures of imposing breadth
dignity. One imagined one felt in
the sturdiness of British charac-
Stately periods in unison and har-
vertical progression outlined
repressive musical proposition cor-
ending, in a way, to the introduction
spoken oration. Then, lines joined;
ments grew to developed form: the
plete statement rounded the case. It
in the middle sections partaking of
working-out" character that the ear
ended, with slackening interest the
power's scholarly processes. Perhaps
and Mrs. Average Listener, familiar
rally and community programs, ex-
ed some honest and obvious melodi-
after the manner of "Pomp and
umstance," and were disappointed.
by the end of the concert, Dr. Kous-
delicate sense of program
was apparent. Balance may
d in instrumental effect as well
and style. The "Symphonia
" for the full panoplied or-
Stravinsky's Caprice for indi-
rtuosity; Elgar's Introduction
ro for the sheen of the strings.
gs, indeed, gave an excellent
of themselves in a performance
lary precision, unanimity and
tone. It is a peculiar joy to
n play together with such uni-
and expressiveness.

sky's Caprice has been received
ue solemnity in its few perfor-
outside of Boston. It is doubtful
composer intended to be taken so
Last evening it sounded as
written for the pure sport of it.
n cheek, it makes play with
hythms and tonal poses. The
g woodwinds and chirping piano
ly satirical slant. Questions and
quips and cranks, mock glo-
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ONY CONCERT

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1931. S. S.

The second of the Monday evening concert by the Symphony Orchestra last night in the presence of a large audience that filled Symphony Hall was a program of the following: Handel, concerto for string orchestra; Mozart, concerto in A major for violin and orchestra; Beethoven, symphony No. 2 in D major; soloist in Mozart's "Don Giovanni," Anton Witek, former soloist of the orchestra. The concertmaster, Richard B. Lewis, was in the absence, due to illness, of Koussevitzky.

The central event of course, the reappearance of the man who occupies master's desk under Witek was greeted last night's great applause. It is probable that a veritable host of those present had evidence of that epochal history which Mr. His performance of a major concerto of good taste and judgment that were to be expected from his instrument—admirably successful. He was moving melody of the daintily-turned Tempo di Menuett warmly applauded.

Mr. Burgin, as himself excellently Grosso of Handel, opening Largo, its character and contrapuntal serene beauty of its Larghetto and Largo character of the emphasized without r tion; individually with sensitive feeling without mannerism he provided an a ment.

Still better was performance, under his major symphony rancorous argument concerning the dramatic, of this again, however, set without prejudice not wanting in his did not try to make Viennese cafe solidity, organic of progress and and dramatic form ment. The slowly ingly expressive but charming grace. was impressive and or and orchestra applause that was served enthusiastically

UNEXPECTEDLY the second concert of the Monday series of symphony concerts last evening proceeded under the guidance of Richard Burgin, exactly as had those of Friday and Saturday and the one at Cambridge on Thursday. On Saturday evening it was thought that Mr. Burgin would conduct, as he did. On Sunday afternoon Dr. Koussevitzky sent word to Symphony Hall that he would be ready to proceed with rehearsals and concerts on Monday, as was reported in these columns last evening. Monday morning, however, found him with that lassitude which often follows a severe cold; and rather than risk taking a fresh cold while still in somewhat weakened condition the conductor decided to use the day for a final rest before resuming his duties. And so Mr. Burgin once more filled the breach.

Under his leadership the orchestra played Handel's Concerto Grosso in B minor, No. 12, for string orchestra; the songful second symphony, in D major, of Brahms. As guest appeared Mr. Anton Witek, concert master of the orchestra in Dr. Muck's regime. Mr. Witek played Mozart's fifth violin concerto in A major. Of this concert, as of those of the week-end, a chief theme must therefore be Mr. Burgin's progress in the ways of a conductor. For one found him again last evening as forceful with his energies as he was apt and persuasive with his melodies, discriminating in his distribution of light and shade, adept in his balancing of the various choirs, adept in his search for euphony. Not always has Mr. Burgin conducted in this manner. Within a year he has "found himself."

Thus a Monday audience heard the sonorities and the breadths of a Handel the sound of strings deep and full, high and shining, the rhythms forward marching as only Handel knew how to make them march, the progress and the unfolding of melody to delight the ear and warm the heart. Thus also this audience of Monday heard the songfulness of Brahms as four movements of a symphony bring it. One was particularly impressed by the manner in which the symphony makes its way when merely to run its natural course. Mr. Burgin's reading was not a "personal reading; it was not a reading which emphasized here and pointed there, which manipulated rhythms and piled climaxes; in short it was not a reading in which conductorial virtuosity played a part. To such Mr. Burgin does not need not aspire. His reading was that of an able musician, who, from restraint and knowing well of music, allows that music to flow in its own way. It was a "natural reading. And few symphonies (or composers) there are which would come so well with this essentially simple

Feb. 17, 1931

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Friend's Mince Me

Bread and Butter

Bell's Seasoning

Maraschino Cherri

Fruit for Salad

Sparkle assorted flavors

Salted Peanuts

NBC Fruit Cake

Richardson's Mints

Citron Peel

Lemon or Orange

Smyrna Figs

Fancy Figs

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nia Domestica" was by Dr. Koussevitzky. It was a performance that given Friday and Saturday was possible to enjoy—both as a concert—the product of an unsurpassed man in sound—beautiful and almost a piece of music—so possible a creation that this is the composer. The edly enthusiastic.

MONDAY SYMPHONY

The second of the Monday evening concert series of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place last night in the presence of a large audience that filled Symphony Hall. The program of the evening was a most interesting one, with the following: Handel, concerto in A minor for string orchestra; Mozart, concerto in A major for violin and orchestra; Beethoven, symphony No. 2 in D major; and Anton Witek, former soloist in Mozart's concerto for violin and orchestra. Its master, Richard Burgin, was in the absence, due to illness, of Dr. Koussevitzky.

The central event of the evening, of course, the reappearance of the man who occupied the master's desk under the baton of Dr. Koussevitzky last night's great performance, was greeted with a great deal of interest. It is probable that a very large number of those present had never before seen the conductor of that epoch-making performance which Mr. Koussevitzky's performance of the major concerto of Mozart, of good taste and judgment, that were to be expected from his instrument—admirably suited to the occasion. He was most flowing melody of the daintily-turned Tempo di Menuetto warmly applauded.

Mr. Burgin, as conductor, was excellent. He opened the evening with the opening Largo, its character and contrapuntal serenity and beauty of its Larghetto and Largo character of the movement; individually, with sensitive feeling, without mannerism, he provided an admirable performance of Monday's program.

Still better was the performance, under his baton, of the major symphony of Beethoven, a magnificent argument concerning the character of this symphony, however, seems without prejudice. He did not try to make the Viennese cafe music solidly, organically, of progress and climatic and dramatic force. The slow movement, charmingly expressive and beautiful, was impressive and beautiful, and the orchestra was warmly applauded.

Witek Returns

UNEXPECTED

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of treatment. Like a Schubert song this symphony sings its way into the heart if and when it is free to run its course.

Had Mr. Witek played on a Friday or a Saturday he would have had many old friends among his listeners. As it was, this new Monday audience must have heard him freshly, must have received a new pleasure from his playing. For the few in the audience who knew him, recollection must have come of the remembered tone, of the technique large, ample, fluent. He played his Mozart in the essentially classical manner—phrases beautifully polished, well balanced, built up into larger wholes perfectly proportioned, and Mozartean simplicity and elegance in the bargain. The few slips of intonation—one grants such even to a Kreisler. Mr. Burgin, with the diminished orchestra which has now become standard for Mozart at Symphony Hall, gave not only support but spun the fine gossamer web of tone, provided the leap-giving, elastic rhythms, against which Mr. Witek might ply his arts, and which in themselves played not a small part in this Mozartean Mozart.

A. H. M.

After Washington

A week ago last Saturday Dr. Koussevitzky and the Symphony Orchestra engaged the four concerts of their Beethoven Festival in Washington. The aftermath has been considerable. Here, for example, are two paragraphs from a letter written to the conductor by Mr. Charles Moore, Chairman of the Commission of Fine Arts in the District of Columbia:

Writing on behalf of those who are deeply concerned with the amenities of the national capital as well as the physical appearance of the city of Washington, I thank you for the important contribution you have just made by carrying out your desire to give the Beethoven Festival here. The immediate response must have gratified you; but the lasting impression made by such a series of concerts cannot be over-estimated.

Washington is indeed the political, scientific and social center of this country. It has still far to go in recognition of the Fine Arts as an essential element in civilization. Your efforts, therefore, are appreciated as largely contributing to this end. Once enlisted in this task we hope that you will be encouraged to continue.

And here also is a paragraph of a private letter written from Washington to a member of the Transcript's staff: "You should have come down for the Beethoven Festival. . . . We lived through unforgettable days of musical joy and enthusiasm. For a few days Washington seemed completely changed. People forgot their usual diplomatic ways and attitude of condescension towards artists. . . . For once they were enthusiastic, just as ordinary people are."

S. S.

With Stravinsky For the Fun of It

Trans. — Feb. 14, 1931

THOSE who follow the Monday concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra looked twice at yesterday's program before they were ready to believe what they saw. The startling name was Stravinsky. Usually the Monday concert is conservative: Mozart, Beethoven, Chaikovsky and Wagner serve the day. The name most assiduously avoided is Stravinsky. Yet the evening passed safely and the heavens did not fall. What is more, Monday's audience actually clapped the new Caprice for Piano and Orchestra and appeared to have found it entertaining. As for the remainder of the program, Strauss's "Symphonia Domestica" elicited the loudest and most prolonged applause, while Elgar's Introduction and Allegro for String Orchestra had to be content with mild approval.

Elgar's piece, which began the concert, pleased most in its first pages. These provided measures of imposing breadth and dignity. One imagined one felt in them the sturdiness of British character. Stately periods in unison and harmonies in vertical progression outlined an impressive musical proposition corresponding, in a way, to the introduction of a spoken oration. Then, lines joined; arguments grew to developed form; the complete statement rounded the case. It was in the middle sections partaking of a "working-out" character that the ear attended with slackening interest the composer's scholarly processes. Perhaps Mr. and Mrs. Average Listener, familiar with radio and community programs, expected some honest and obvious melodiousness after the manner of "Pomp and Circumstance," and were disappointed. Yet by the end of the concert, Dr. Koussevitzky's delicate sense of program symmetry was apparent. Balance may be obtained in instrumental effect as well as in mood and style. The "Symphonia Domestica" for the full panoply of orchestra; Stravinsky's Caprice for individual virtuosity; Elgar's Introduction and Allegro for the sheen of the strings. The strings, indeed, gave an excellent account of themselves in a performance of exemplary precision, unanimity and beauty of tone. It is a peculiar joy to hear them play together with such uniformity and expressiveness.

Stravinsky's Caprice has been received with undue solemnity in its few performances outside of Boston. It is doubtful if the composer intended to be taken seriously. Last evening it sounded as music written for the pure sport of it. Tongue-in-cheek, it makes play with familiar rhythms and tonal poses. The chattering woodwinds and chirping piano have a sly satirical slant. Questions and answers, quips and cranks, mock solemnity of the opening theme is not

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1931 S. S.

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MONDAY SYMPHONY

The second of the Monday evening concert of the Symphony Orchestra took place last night in the presence of an audience that filled Symphony Hall. The program of the evening was as follows: Handel, concerto in A minor for string orchestra; Mozart, concerto in A major for violin and orchestra; Brahms, symphony No. 2 in D major; and Anton Witek, former soloist in Mozart's "Don Giovanni" with the orchestra. Its master, Richard Burgin, was in the absence, due to illness, of Koussevitzky.

The central event of the evening was the performance of the man who occupies the master's desk under Witek was greeted last night's great applause. It is probable that a number of those present had never heard of that epochal history which Mr. Witek's performance of the major concerto of Mozart's "Don Giovanni" drew from his instrument—admirably suited to the flowing melody of the daintily-turned Tempo di Menuetto warmly applauded.

Mr. Burgin, as conductor, has Mr. Burgin Grosso of Handel, viceroy of the opening Largo, its character and contrapuntal serenity of its Larghetto and Largo character of the music emphasized without receding; individually, with sensitive feeling without mannerism, he provided an admirable performance of Monday's program.

Still better was the performance, under his direction, of the major symphony of Brahms, a rancorous argument concerning the character of this symphony, however, seems without prejudice. Mr. Burgin, however, seems not wanting in his performance, did not try to make a Viennese cafe music of progress and climaxes, and dramatic force of the slow movement. The slow movement, ingly expressive beauty, charming grace. The performance was impressive and brilliant, and orchestra well applauded that was served by enthusiastic.

Witek Returns

UNEXPECTEDLY

cert of the phony conductor under the Burgin, exactly on Thursday. It was thought that he would proceed with rehearsal of the phony Hall that Monday, as was usual last evening, however, found which often followed rather than risked while still in so of intonation—one grants such a day for a final rehearsal of the duties. And so filled the breach. Under his leadership, played Handel's minor, No. 12, for Witek might ply his arts, of Brahms. As ton Witek, conductor in Dr. Muehl

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After Washington

A week ago last Saturday, Witek and the Symphony Orchestra gave the four concerts of the Festival in Washington. Here, the ways of a composer, are two paragraphs written to the conductor by Moore, Chairman of the Fine Arts in the District of Columbia.

Writing on behalf of the deeply concerned with the physical appearance of the national capital in Washington, I thank you for your important contribution made by carrying out the Beethoven. The immediate response gratified you; but the sion made by such a cert cannot be over-

Washington is indeed a scientific and social country. It has still a recognition of the Fine Arts, efforts, therefore, are largely contributing to the enlistment in this task you will be encouraged.

And here also is a paragraph written from a member of the Transcendentalist movement. To such a reading of an act from restraint music, allows the in its own way got their usual diploma of condescension to posers) there are so well with this ordinary people are."

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There is another difference important, in the speaker's Roman law the rights of a status, if one had any rights lawyers say, a right "in that law, as under the modern slavery wherever the institution the status of servitude, as opposite status of freedom."

emnities and lugubrious sonorities chortle an inward kind of glee. No one less adroit and independent than Stravinsky could have given so free a reign to irresponsible fancy. Of "significant" material in the serious sense of the term, it is disarmingly barren; seriousness and significance scarcely were its motivating influences. The composer has called it a "Caprice," and such it is. As a concession, let it be admitted its wit would have been twice as pointed had Stravinsky's inventions been cut in half. Nothing humorous should be lengthy. Aside from the piece itself, Mr. Sanromá's brilliant performance of the piano part won instant delight.

Beside Stravinsky, Strauss is solid and satisfactory. The listener who does not warm to the "Symphonia Domestica" and feel a desire to sing aloud the exuberant melodies has lost touch with humanity; is friendless to the universal musical idiom of which Strauss remains the supreme master. As upon previous occasions, Dr. Koussevitzky's interpretation of this work exemplified anew his combined sense of the lyrical and the dramatic. As the music itself reveals a constructive ability unexcelled among contemporary composers, so Dr. Koussevitzky's orchestral performance disclosed the successful and artistic dramatist of musical tone.

MONDAY SYMPHONY CONCERT

For the fourth of the current series of Monday evening concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which took place yesterday, Dr. Koussevitzky had chosen the following program: Elgar, introduction and allegro for string orchestra, op. 47; Stravinsky, capriccio for piano and orchestra (soloist, Jesus Maria Sanroma); Strauss, Symphonia Domestica, op. 53. The audience was, as usual, large.

The courtly and dignified figure of Sir Edward Elgar looms like a respected but neglected and half-forgotten ghost in the background of contemporary English music. English critics at regular intervals revive the legend of his greatness and deplore the failure of English orchestras to perform his symphonies. Edward J. Dent, one of the most learned of English writers on music, even went so far as to allow Elgar's portrait in full court dress to be printed as frontispiece to his translation of Adolf Weissmann's book, "The Problems of Modern Music," though it is difficult to think of any living composer whose work is more remote from those problems than that of this belated follower of Brahms. At its best his music has moments of vigor and mellow dignity; his melody, extraordinarily of uneven quality, reveals traces of an individual and recognizable idiom. The "Enigma Variations" are in his best manner; the "Introduction and Allegro" played yesterday is merely well meant. Elgar draws a rich sonority from the string orchestra for which the piece is written. But the vigor of the opening theme is not

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The second of the Monday evening concert by the Symphony Orchestra took place last night in the presence of a large audience that filled the hall. The program of the evening was as follows: Handel, concerto for string orchestra, No. 2 in D minor; Mozart, concerto for violin and orchestra, No. 2 in D major; Anton Witek, former soloist in the orchestra, master, Richard Burgin, due to the absence of Koussevitzky.

The central event of the evening was, of course, the reappearance of the man who occupied the master's desk under Witek's guidance last night's great affair. It is probable that a very large number of those present had heard of that epoch-making history which Mr. Witek's performance of the major concerto of Mozart, with its good taste and judgment that were to be expected from his instrument—admirably suited to the occasion. He was most flowing melody of the daintily-turned Tempo di Menuetto warmly applauded.

Mr. Burgin, as conductor, has himself excellently played the opening Largo, its character and contrapuntal serenity of its Larghetto and Largo character of the music emphasized without repetition; individually with sensitive feeling without mannerism, he provided an admirable performance.

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Under his leadership, the orchestra gave not only support but a gossamer web of tone, provided with elastic rhythms, against which Witek might ply his arts, and themselves played not a bad Mozartean Mozart.

After Washington

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Frank G. O'Connor, for

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School in Cambridge, was

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the rear of his home at 39

Watertown, about 1.45 o'clock

ing.

According to O'Connor's

police, he had just put his

garage and was about to

when a man holding a

hand suddenly appeared

back into the garage. An

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taking the money, which

relation fees from students at

school. A third man, Mr.

drove up about this time

ear, which the two men

escaped in the direction of

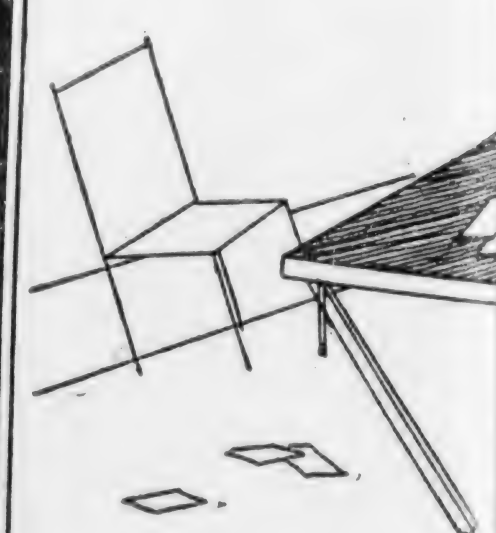
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balanced by its inherent interest; the pseudo-Welsh tune that forms its principal subject is unconvincing and of poor quality; the development to which the thematic material is treated has little musical significance or beauty; the fugato seems mechanical and dry, but is only fair to say that the manner in which it was played—uniformly loud, and without discrimination between the important and the subsidiary strands of its musical texture—was not such as to do justice to it or to any other piece of contrapuntal music.

Mr. Sanroma and the orchestra between them gave an excellent performance of Stravinsky's "Capriccio"—a work little more than a year old. The literature of music is rich in "Capriccios," but few of them deserve the title so utterly as does Stravinsky's. Not merely by its fantastic rhythms and abruptly changing moods is it capricious; nor by its tumultuous movement; but still more by its ironical conglomeration of outmoded musical styles and fashions, parodied and jumbled together in fragmentary allusions and imitations, from Thalberg and Johann Strauss to the jazz of the present day. The effect is dazzling and somewhat confusing until the ironic intent is guessed.

Strauss's "Symphonia Domestica" was performed superbly by Dr. Koussevitzky and his orchestra. It was a performance that far surpassed that given recently at a pair of Friday and Saturday concerts. It was possible to enjoy the work thoroughly both as a prodigious divertissement—the product of the lighter moods of an unsurpassed and whimsical craftsman in sound—and as a richly beautiful and almost inexhaustibly interesting piece of music. Rarely has it been so possible to forget one's conviction that this is an inferior work of the composer. The applause was deservedly enthusiastic.

Herald 17, 1931. S. S.

236 Boston Symphony Orchestra Opens Anniversary Celebration

*Beethoven Festival in Constitution Hall, Washington,
Draws 2500 Music Lovers, Who Accord Dr. Kous-
sevitzy and Organization Great Reception*

Dec 3 1930 -

SPECIAL FROM THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR BUREAU

WASHINGTON—A brilliant audience greeted the opening, Dec. 2, of the four-day Beethoven Festival in celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Constitution Hall, the huge annex of the national headquarters of the Daughters of the American Revolution, held approximately 2500 music lovers who gave Dr. Serge Koussevitzky, his orchestra and Myra Hess, the soloist of the first performance, a reception that at times became an ovation.

Many nationally known figures were in the boxes about the auditorium. Because of a Cabinet dinner at the White House, Mrs. Hoover, one of the box-holders in the Beethoven fête, was not present on the opening night, but will attend later performances, with the wives and members of the Cabinet.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Wickersham, Senator and Mrs. Lawrence Phipps (R.) of Colorado and many other members of Congress and dignitaries in the judicial and executive branches of the Government were present, including a large sprinkling of former residents of Boston and Massachusetts, come to do honor to the celebrated orchestra, which in half a century has come to be ranked as equal with the nation's best.

Among the box-holders for the ceremony, besides Mrs. Hoover, were Mrs. William Butterworth, Mrs. William Crozier, and Mrs. Lowell Fletcher Hobart. Among the guarantors of the fête were Mrs. Frederick Delano, Mrs.

Demarest Lloyd, and Mrs. Lawrence Phipps.

Unlike Symphony Hall, the Boston home of the orchestra, the new Constitution Hall has no balconies, but the seats on the sides swing up from the central amphitheater in huge tiers, with a horseshoe of boxes between the floor and the sweep of the ascent. The gala event brought forth a conspicuous display of colorful gowns and fine apparel.

The program books contained the familiar notes of Philip Hale, whose synopses of musical works have so long been identified with the Boston orchestra. Bostonians would not have recognized the exterior of the concert programs, which departed from the somber salmon color so familiar in Symphony Hall, Boston, and emerged in bright hues of the ordinary theater program.

The modern arrangement of the hall furthermore gave even poorer seats better vantage than the second balcony of Symphony Hall, Boston, and decidedly better than the famous 25-cent seats in Memorial Hall, Cambridge, directly over the orchestra.

The program consisted of the "Egmont" Overture, the "Eroica" Symphony and the Fourth Piano Concerto. Long applause greeted Dr. Koussevitzky at the outset, and again at the conclusion, till the conductor motioned his orchestra to rise in response. Miss Hess was repeatedly recalled.

CONSTITUTION HALL, WASHINGTON, D. C.

237 BEETHOVEN FESTIVAL

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Dr. SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, Conductor

FIRST PROGRAMME, Tuesday Evening, December 2

Overture to Goethe's "Egmont," Op. 84
Pianoforte Concerto No. 4 in G major

Symphony No. 3 in E-flat major, "Eroica," Op. 53
Soloist, MYRA HESS

SECOND PROGRAMME, Wednesday Evening, December 3

Overture to "Leonore" No. 3, Op. 72
Violin Concerto in D major, Op. 61

Symphony No. 5 in C minor, Op. 67
Soloist, EFREM ZIMBALIST

THIRD PROGRAMME, Friday Evening, December 5

Overture to "Coriolanus," Op. 62
Pianoforte Concerto No. 5 in E-flat major

Symphony No. 7 in A major, Op. 92
Soloist, JOSEF HOFMANN

FOURTH PROGRAMME, Saturday Afternoon, December 6

Symphony No. 1 in C major, Op. 21

Symphony No. 9 in D minor, with final chorus on Schiller's "Ode to Joy," Op. 125
Chorus of 200, trained by Albert W. Harned

Soloists
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DAN GRIDLEY

NEVADA VAN DER VEER
FRASER GANGE

Under the auspices of the Music Division of the Library of Congress, Philip Hale will give an address, and the Burgin String Quartet will play chamber music of Beethoven in the Library Auditorium on Thursday Afternoon, December 4.

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Efrem Zimbalist





Efrem Zimbalist



The Boston Symphony Orchestra returned from Washington, D. C., last Sunday morning. The Beethoven Festival incited enthusiasm. Many in the large audiences expressed a wish for a series of a similar nature next season—a Brahms Festival, for example, or a series of concerts devoted to French, German, Russian composers and those of other nations. The soloists last week were Myra Hess and Messrs. Zimbalist and Hofmann. The symphonies performed were the first, third, fifth, seventh and ninth, the overtures were the "Egmont," "Coriolanus" and "Lenore" No. 3. Constitution hall, a large auditorium, was well fitted for the earlier concerts; completely filled on Friday and Saturday. A local chorus assisted in the performance of the ninth symphony. This chorus, composed of good material, had been insufficiently prepared. If it had not been for extra rehearsals under the direction of Dr. Koussevitzky and Arthur Fiedler, it is doubtful whether the symphony could have been performed. Through their efforts the performance was of a high order.

Dr. Koussevitzky, naturally tired by the week's work, returning, caught cold. While his indisposition is not serious, it is thought advisable for him to refrain from conducting the concert tonight at Cambridge and those of the week in Symphony hall. The program announced for tomorrow and Saturday has necessarily been changed. Mr. Burgin will conduct in Symphony hall Krenek's "Little" symphony and the first symphony of Sibelius. Bruce Simonds will play Mozart's piano concerto in A major.

Ernest Krenek, of Czechoslovakian origin, was born at Vienna in 1900; he now lives in Berlin. A pupil of Schoenberg, he was at first of the extreme left wing as a composer. He is now said to be more of a romantic than a "linear" contrapuntist. A voluminous composer, he is known in this country chiefly by his opera, "Yonny spielt Auf," a jazz opera with a negro hero which has been performed at the Metropolitan Opera house. The "Little" symphony, a recent work, was brought out in New York last month by the Philharmonic-Symphony Society, conducted by Erich Kleiber.

The program that had been announced for this week will be that of Dec. 19-20. Dec 11, 1930 Fran

After Washington

A week ago last Saturday Dr. Koussevitzky and the Symphony Orchestra ended the four concerts of their Beethoven Festival in Washington. The aftermath has been considerable. Here, for example, are two paragraphs from a letter written to the conductor by Mr. Charles Moore, Chairman of the Commission of Fine Arts in the District of Columbia:

Writing on behalf of those who are deeply concerned with the amenities of the national capital as well as the physical appearance of the city of Washington, I thank you for the important contribution you have just made by carrying out your desire to give the Beethoven Festival here. The immediate response must have gratified you; but the lasting impression made by such a series of concerts cannot be over-estimated.

Washington is indeed the political, scientific and social center of this country. It has still far to go in recognition of the Fine Arts as an essential element in civilization. Your efforts, therefore, are appreciated as largely contributing to this end. Once enlisted in this task we hope that you will be encouraged to continue.

And here also is a paragraph of a private letter written from Washington to a member of the Transcript's staff: "You should have come down for the Beethoven Festival. . . . We lived through unforgettable days of musical joy and enthusiasm. For a few days Washington seemed completely changed. People forgot their usual diplomatic ways and attitude of condescension towards artists. . . . For once they were enthusiastic, just as ordinary people are." Dec 16, 1930 Ha

Mar 25 '31

Fiftieth Season

1881 — 1931

The Trustees and the Conductor of the

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

request your presence

at Symphony Hall, Boston

on the Evening of Wednesday, March 25, at 8.30

when the memory of

HENRY L. HIGGINSON

will be honored

on the fiftieth anniversary

of the orchestra which he founded

An answer is requested

240

The Boston Symphony Orchestra returned from Washington, D. C., last Sunday morning. The Beethoven Festival incited enthusiasm. Many in the large audiences expressed a wish for a series of a similar nature next season—a Brahms Festival, for example, or a series of concerts devoted to French, German, Russian composers and those of other nations. The soloists last week were Myra Hess and Messrs. Zimbalist and Hofmann. The symphonies performed were the first, third, fifth, seventh and ninth, the overtures were the "Egmont," "Coriolanus" and "Lenore" No. 3. Constitution hall, a large auditorium, was well fitted for the earlier concerts; completely filled on Friday and Saturday. A local chorus assisted in the performance of the ninth symphony. This chorus, composed of good material, had been insufficiently prepared. If it had not been for the extra rehearsals under the direction of Dr. Koussevitzky and Arthur Fiedler, it is doubtful whether the symphony could have been performed. Through their efforts the performance was of a high order.

Dr. Koussevitzky, naturally tired by the week's work, returning, caught cold. While his indisposition is not serious, it is thought advisable for him to refrain from conducting the concert tonight at Cambridge and those of the week in Symphony hall. The program announced for tomorrow and Saturday has necessarily been changed. Mr. Burgin will conduct in Symphony hall Krenek's "Little" symphony and the first symphony of Sibelius. Bruce Simonds will play Mozart's piano concerto in A major.

Ernest Krenek, of Czechoslovakian origin, was born at Vienna in 1900; he now lives in Berlin. A pupil of Schoenberg, he was at first of the extreme left wing as a composer. He is now said to be more of a romantic than a "linear" contrapuntist. A voluminous composer, he is known in this country chiefly by his opera, "Yonny spielt Auf," a jazz opera with a negro hero which has been performed at the Metropolitan Opera house. The "Little" symphony, a recent work, was brought out in New York last month by the Philharmonic-Symphony Society, conducted by Erich Kleiber.

The program that had been announced for this week will be that of Dec. 19-20. Dec 19/1930 *ran*

After Washington

A week ago last Saturday Dr. Koussevitzky and the Symphony Orchestra ended the four concerts of their Beethoven Festival in Washington. The aftermath has been considerable. Here, for example, are two paragraphs from a letter written to the conductor by Mr. Charles Moore, Chairman of the Commission of Fine Arts in the District of Columbia:

Writing on behalf of those who are deeply concerned with the amenities of the national capital as well as the physical appearance of the city of Washington, I thank you for the important contribution you have just made by carrying out your desire to give the Beethoven Festival here. The immediate response must have gratified you; but the lasting impression made by such a series of concerts cannot be over-estimated.

Washington is indeed the political, scientific and social center of this country. It has still far to go in recognition of the Fine Arts as an essential element in civilization. Your efforts, therefore, are appreciated as largely contributing to this end. Once enlisted in this task we hope that you will be encouraged to continue.

And here also is a paragraph of a private letter written from Washington to a member of the Transcript's staff: "You should have come down for the Beethoven Festival. . . . We lived through unforgettable days of musical joy and enthusiasm. For a few days Washington seemed completely changed. People forgot their usual diplomatic ways and attitude of condescension towards artists. . . . For once they were enthusiastic, just as ordinary people are." Dec 19/1930 *ran*

Fiftieth Season

1881 — 1931

The Trustees and the Conductor of the BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

request your presence

at Symphony Hall, Boston

on the Evening of Wednesday, March 25, at 8.30

when the memory of

HENRY L. HIGGINSON

will be honored

on the fiftieth anniversary

of the orchestra which he founded

An answer is requested

WEDNESDAY EVENING, MARCH 25, 1931

at 8.30



Prelude for Organ - - - - - Bach
(WALLACE GOODRICH)

ADDRESS:

"HENRY L. HIGGINSON"
(BLISS PERRY)

Prelude and Fugue in C minor }
Fantasia No. 3 } - - - Bach
Italian Concerto }
(Harpsichord: Mme. PATORNI-CASADESUS)

Toccata for Organ - - - - - Bach
(WALLACE GOODRICH)



(This will be the second evening of a Bach Festival to be given
by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Serge Koussevitzky,
Conductor, on March 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 1931).

When Major Henry L. Higginson founded the Boston Symphony Orchestra in 1881, he realized the first dream and aspiration of his life—to give America an orchestra of permanent standing, and of quality comparable to the best in Europe. The eminence which the Orchestra attained was due to his judgment, and his generosity in supporting it alone through thirty-seven years.

In observing the Boston Symphony Orchestra's fiftieth season with a festival of the music of Bach, its present sponsors and patrons turn to the memory of the man who, in his unexampled way, made this orchestra possible.



Twentieth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 27, at 2.30 o'clock

Johann Sebastian Bach

SUITE for Orchestra No. 3, in D major

- I. Overture.
- II. Air.
- III. Gavotte I; Gavotte II.
- IV. Bourrée.
- V. Gigue.

CONCERTO in D minor for two Violins and String Orchestra

- I. Vivace.
- II. Largo.
- III. Allegro.

Richard Burgin Julius Theodorowicz

INTERMISSION

CANTATA No. 85 "Ich bin ein Guter Hirt"

- I. Arioso: Bass.
- II. Aria: Alto.
- III. Chorale: Soprano.
- IV. Recitative: Tenor.
- V. Aria: Tenor.
- VI. Chorale.

CANTATA No. 20 "O Ewigkeit, du Donnerwort"

- I. Chorus.
- II. Recitative: Tenor.
- III. Aria: Tenor.
- IV. Recitative: Bass.
- V. Aria: Bass.
- VI. Aria: Alto
- VII. Chorale.

BACH CANTATA CLUB, G. Wallace Woodworth, Conductor.

SOLOISTS

AMY EVANS, Soprano

MARGARET MATZENAUER, Contralto

RICHARD CROOKS, Tenor

FRASER GANGE, Bass

(This concert is a part of the Bach Festival)

Pleyel Harpsichord loaned by John Wanamaker New York

Twentieth Programme

SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 28, at 8.15 o'clock

Johann Sebastian Bach

EASTER CANTATA, No. 4 "Christ lag in Todesbanden"

- I. Sinfonia; Verse 1: Chorus.
- II. Verse 2: Soprano and Alto.
- III. Verse 3: Tenor.
- IV. Verse 4: Chorus.
- V. Verse 5: Bass.
- VI. Verse 6: Soprano and Tenor.
- VII. Verse 7: Chorale.

BRANDENBURG CONCERTO No. 5

- I. Allegro.
- II. Adagio affetuoso.
- III. Allegro.

Solo Piano, Alexander Borovsky; Violin, Richard Burgin; Flute, Georges Laurent

INTERMISSION

PRELUDES AND FUGUES from the "Well Tempered Clavichord"

- Prelude and Fugue in G minor, No. 16
- Prelude and Fugue in D major, No. 5
- Prelude and Fugue in B-flat minor, No. 22
- Prelude and Fugue in C-sharp major, No. 3

Alexander Borovsky

CANTATA No. 80 "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott"

- I. Chorus.
- II. Duet: Soprano and Bass.
- III. Recitative: Bass.
- IV. Aria: Soprano.
- V. Chorale.
- VI. Recitative: Tenor.
- VII. Duet: Alto and Tenor.
- VIII. Chorale.

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FRASER GANGE, Bass

(This concert is a part of the Bach Festival)

BECHSTEIN PIANO

Pleyel Harpsichord loaned by John Wanamaker New York



Alexander Borovsky

BACH CANTATAS AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Concerto for Two Violins and D Major Suite Heard

The program of yesterday afternoon's concert in the Friday subscription series of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was part of the current Bach Festival, though, except for the few sadly diminished number of rush seats, only season subscribers could hear the chosen numbers. These were the Suite in D major which includes the air arranged and often played for the G string; the concerto for two violins; and two of the church cantatas, Nos. 85 and 20.

The solo violinists were Richard Kohn and Julius Theodorowicz. The chorus was drawn from the Bach Cantata Club, G. Wallace Woodworth conductor, a group of recent graduates of Harvard and Radcliffe, brought up in the Davisonian tradition of choral singing. The solo singers were as at most of the festival concerts Mmes. Matzenauer and Matzenauer, Messrs Crooks and Gange.

The Suite in D major, with which the concert began, was eloquently and faintly performed. Dr Koussevitzky, as usual, proved an emotional and dramatic one. The great use of tone from the strings, the thickened melodic line, the emphatic rhythmic stresses were characteristic of his method of interpreting merely the music of Bach but that of the 17th and 18th century composers, Mozart alone excepted. Some prefer a lighter, more delicate playing this old music. Its tone is perhaps thinner, its elegance perhaps greater than Dr Koussevitzky believes. But there is something the effectiveness of such a tone as yesterday's, even when voices were sometimes obscured by the tonal

Playing

and Mr Theodorowicz themselves by their able playing of the solo concerto for two violins. Known to all musicians as the most melodious and emotional Bach wrote, greatly

ever, one wondered whether a more restrained, a chaster style than Dr Koussevitzky's might not be preferable. The two allegro movements, performed with great gusto and fluency, seemed hardly less delightful than the famous largo, if less obviously appealing.

The two church cantatas, "Ich bin ein Guter Hirt," No. 85; and "O Ewigkeit," No. 20, are proofs of the inexhaustible fertility of Bach's imagination. His position at Leipzig demanded the composition and the performance of hundreds of such works. Yet they never drop to the level of perfunctory routine work, and occasionally approach the sublimities of the "Matthew Passion" and the B minor Mass.

Yesterday, however, these cantatas made much less impression than the purely instrumental portion of the program. Only the chorales at the end, sung with admirable simplicity and sincerity by the Bach Cantata Club, redeemed them from a hint of perfunctoriness, even of dullness.

Perhaps the splendors of the Magnificat and the B minor mass, performed at earlier concerts in the Bach Festival, obscured the less potent appeal of these humbler choral pieces. But what one felt in listening was that the solo singers to whom most of the numbers in these cantatas are allotted, were not nearly as able as the instrumentalists in the orchestra.

Fine Tenor Voice

Mme Matzenauer was not yesterday in good voice. She had outdone herself in the B minor Mass and the Magnificat, and neither her tones nor her interpretations yesterday proved to have the memorable fervor she showed on those two recent occasions.

Miss Evans, whose voice is not of great volume, and whose style lacks

distinction, sang many of her measures agreeably enough. Mr Gange suggested, as before, the baritone of the usual male quartet, or mixed quartet.

Only Mr Crooks of the four soloists did really well yesterday. He used his fine tenor voice with an admirable restraint, and, better than at the earlier concerts, conveyed the imaginative significance of his numbers.

It is a pity that a quartet of singers of an even and high level of excellence could not have been assembled for this festival. But where could such a group be found in America today?

The program for tonight's Symphony concert, also part of the Bach Festival, differs, by exception from that given yesterday. It includes the Fifth Brandenburg concerto; a group of piano solos to be played by Mr Borovsky, and two cantatas, "Christus lag in Todesbanden," and "Ein Feste Burg." The Festival ends with tomorrow's repetition of the B minor Mass.

P. R.



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The solo violinists were Richard Burgin and Julius Theodorowicz. The chorus was drawn from the Bach Cantata Club, G. Wallace Woodworth conductor, a group of recent graduates of Harvard and Radcliffe, brought up in the Davisonian tradition of choral singing. The solo singers were as at the rest of the festival concerts Mmes Evans and Matzenauer, Messrs Crooks and Gange.

The Suite in D major, with which the concert began, was eloquently and brilliantly performed. Dr Koussevitzky's reading, as usual, proved an emotional and dramatic one. The great volume of tone from the strings, the rather thickened melodic line, the emphatic rhythmic stresses were characteristic of his method of interpreting not merely the music of Bach but that of other 17th and 18th century composers, Mozart alone excepted. Some might prefer a lighter, more delicate way of playing this old music. Its texture is perhaps thinner, its elegance of manner perhaps greater than Dr Koussevitzky believes. But there is no denying the effectiveness of such a performance as yesterday's, even though inner voices were sometimes blurred or obscured by the tonal mass.

Admirable Playing

Mr Burgin and Mr Theodorowicz distinguished themselves by their wholly admirable playing of the solo parts in the concerto for two violins. The largo, known to all musicians as one of the most melodious and emotional things Bach wrote, greatly pleased the audience. Here again, how-

ever, one wondered whether a more restrained, a chaster style than Dr Koussevitzky's might not be preferable. The two allegro movements, performed with great gusto and fluency, seemed hardly less delightful than the famous largo, if less obviously appealing.

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P. R.

Boston's Bach Festival

By L. A. SLOPER

March 28, 1931

MUSIC of Johann Sebastian Bach filled the programs of the festival (March 24-29) in celebration of the fiftieth season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and in honor of its founder, Henry L. Higginson. Dr. Serge Koussevitzky had selected choral and instrumental compositions to comprise six concerts in the home of the orchestra, Symphony Hall, Boston.

The great Mass in B minor filled the first program, and was scheduled for repetition, for the benefit of the orchestra's pension fund, at the final concert. Other choral music included the Magnificat, the Easter Cantata, No. 4, and the Cantatas numbered 20, 80 and 85. The Brandenburg Concertos No. 2 (violin, flute, oboe and trumpet) and No. 5 (piano, violin and flute), the Pianoforte Concerto in D minor, the Concerto for two violins and the Suite No. 3 were the orchestral items. Organ solos, harpsichord pieces and selections from the "Well-Tempered Clavichord" were listed. Prof. Bliss Perry of Harvard College gave an address on Major Higginson.

The orchestra was assisted by the Harvard Glee Club, Dr. Archibald T. Davison, conductor, and by the Radcliffe Choral Society and the Bach Cantata Club, G. Wallace Woodworth, conductor. The soloists were Amy Evans and Adelle Alberts, sopranos; Margaret Matzenauer, contralto; Richard Crooks, tenor; Fraser Gange, baritone; Alexander Borovsky, piano; Mme. Patorni-Casadésus, harpsichord; Wallace Goodrich, organ, and the following members of the orchestra: Richard Burgin, concertmaster; Julius Theodorowicz, violin; Georges Laurent, flute; Fernand Gillet, oboe; Georges Mager, trumpet; Albert Snow, organ, and Louis Speyer and Jean Devergie, oboe d'amore.

The B Minor Mass

The B minor Mass, which had not been heard in its entirety in Boston for nearly 30 years, was naturally a central feature, and its performance was one of the high points of the festival. In the performance of this sort of music there is much to be said for using such fresh and eager

young voices as those of the Harvard and Radcliffe undergraduates. Nor is it necessary to say in this instance that they made up in enthusiasm what they lacked in training. For they had been rehearsed for more than a year in this difficult music by Dr. Davison and Mr. Woodworth, and under the vital baton of Dr. Koussevitzky they were revealed as an interpretive medium of extraordinary expressiveness. The balance of the choir was sensitively maintained; the altos were equal partners with the others. Tonal quality was good, and phrasing and dynamics were subtle and musical. There was no dependence upon mere volume of sound. The "Crucifixus" was no less impressive than the opening "Kyrie," and the "Dona nobis pacem" was delivered with significant emotional values.

The chorus of course was the principal actor in the Mass, yet certain items in the solo work made a deep impression. Mme. Matzenauer in particular distinguished herself in the "Qui sedes" and the "Agnus Dei." Mme. Evans, if with less authority, sang with intelligence, and Mr. Crooks and Mr. Gange were satisfying. At the end of the opening performance the audience lingered for prolonged applause in which the unusual manifestations of cheers and stamping of feet were conspicuously included.

A similar triumph was achieved by the same forces (with Mme. Alberts added to the soloists) in the Magnificat on the evening of March 26. This work is even less familiar to Boston than the B minor Mass; for apparently it had not been heard before in that capital of music for more than half a century. Its power immediately conquered the audience of 1931. Here again Mme. Matzenauer stood out for the quality of her art in her solo parts.

At the same concert Mr. Borovsky played the D minor Concerto with a beauty of tone, a legato and a musicality worthy of all commendation. This concert had opened with a performance of the Second Brandenburg Concerto which, besides reminding us that it is one of the loveliest things

in all music, raised also a question of Dr. Koussevitzky's judgment in an instrumental problem. In his desire to employ as far as possible the instruments of Bach's time, he had required Mr. Mager to use through the festival a small trumpet of high range with which to follow the florid flights which the composer gave to this instrument.

As everybody knows, the modern trumpet cannot play these passages except by dropping an octave now and then. Unfortunately, the timbre of this high trumpet consorted very badly with the other instrumental voices. Wherever it entered, it rose shrilly above the orchestral ensemble and the chorus too. This fault of course became uncomfortably noticeable in the Second Brandenburg Concerto—to the extent of marring an otherwise exquisite performance. It is possible to indulge too far a taste for the archaic. And it is no reply to say that presumably those sounds were what Bach heard. We should hear more beautiful sounds today, and above all, sounds from the trumpet that accord with those of the other instruments.

The Cantatas

For the cantatas, the more mature voices of the Bach Cantata Club were substituted for those of the college choir, while the original quartet of soloists was retained. The cantatas do not uniformly offer the opportunities provided by the Mass and the Magnificat; it cannot be maintained that every measure in every one of them resulted from the master's highest inspiration. Nevertheless they contain some beautiful music, none of it perhaps more beautiful than the tenor aria in the Cantata No. 85, sung sympathetically by Mr. Crooks at the concert on the afternoon of March 27, which incidentally was the twentieth in the Friday subscription series. In this work and in Cantata No. 20, "O Ewigkeit, du Donnerwort," the club chorus responded with a will, if not always with tonal perfection, to the exhortations of Dr. Koussevitzky.

At this concert also the orchestra gave a brilliant performance of the Suite in D major, which was warmly received, and not alone because it contains the famous Air; and Messrs. Burgin and Theodorowicz contributed much to the pleasure of the reunion by their rendition of the Concerto for two violins.

And in 1932?

Dr. Koussevitzky has again earned laurels by an ambitious undertaking and by the mastery with which he has carried it through. He sees Bach, as he sees other composers, through his own dramatic temperament, and his tempi sometimes cause shaking of heads. But the notion that Bach is quite emotionless has by now been discouraged, and Dr. Koussevitzky does not forget that his music always is a pattern of sound; indeed, as it flows from the Boston Symphony Orchestra, of particularly beautiful sound.

Speculation is already heard as to what composer will be honored by Dr. Koussevitzky next season; for it is assumed that the annual festival plan will be continued. Beethoven, Brahms, Schubert, Bach—not many composers remain whose musical output would pass this test. Mozart, Strauss, Stravinsky? Perhaps Stravinsky is most likely to be favored, not merely because he is a Russian, but because his numerous styles offer sufficient variety for festival purposes, and because it would not be necessary to repair to the opera house in order to give him a fair representation.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The 20th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. It was the fourth concert in the Bach festival. The orchestra was assisted by Amy Evans, soprano; Margaret Matzenauer, contralto; Richard Crooks, tenor and Fraser Gange, bass; also by the Bach Cantata Club which had been trained by G. Wallace Woodworth, its conductor. The program was as follows: Suite for Orchestra No. 3, D major; Concerto in D minor for two violins (Messrs. Richard Burgin and Julius Theodorowicz) and string orchestra; Cantata No. 85, "Ich bin ein Guter Hirt" and Cantata No. 20 "O Ewigkeit, du Donnerwort."

Bach the writer for instruments outvied yesterday, Bach the writer for human voices. The first part of the concert was the more pleasing to the audience; the more creditable to the composer. For Bach, like Mozart and Beethoven, was not always inspired; the three could write as dull and barren music as the humblest of their now forgotten contemporaries.

Perhaps the choice of the cantatas was unfortunate. The chorus had little to do; what was given to it was well performed. The cantatas were sung in

the German text. And the arias, the dreary, sandy stretches; arias with endless repetitions of musically insignificant phrases; arias, some with interminable roulades; only one or two with any sympathetic relation to the text; only one or two of a spiritual nature, and then inciting contemplation of a religious nature through the interpretation by Mr. Crooks, the one singer of the quartet who was favored by the composer. Miss Evans had little to do; Mme. Matzenauer for once lost control of her tones and seldom sustained them; Mr. Gange, singing in a straightforward manner, could not vitalize dead matter. Take the opening of "I Am a Good Shepherd"—"Ich bin ein Guter Hirt." As far as there is any pastoral suggestion in the music of the aria, the text might as well have read "Ich bin ein guter Wirt." What pastoral significance was given was by repeated figures for oboes, repetitions that finally with their acidity and without relief fretted the ear and rasped the nerves. One could not help thinking of how Handel would have treated the text of this cantata. But Handel was one of the world's greatest melodists as well as a master of choral writing.

Take the other cantata, "Eternity, thou Thunder-word," containing speculations as to the number of years the damned would be tortured in hell—a cantata for a "Brimstone Corner" service in years, happily, gone by. Here was opportunity for a dramatic recitative. The good Bach could not in his heart avail himself of it. Mr. Crooks appreciated the errors of the text, and made the most of them; Bach gave him no suggestions, no encouragement in the music itself. Only in the opening chorus, "Eternity," did Bach give emphasis to words, to the solemnity of the thought, and here the chorus did full justice to the music.

The orchestral suite and the sonata for two violins—that was another story. The famous air in the former was played superbly by the rich, sonorous strings; and Dr. Koussevitzky did not allow the beauty of the melody to be ruined by the incongruous prettiness or the mushy sentimentalism often noted when some violinist or violoncellist plays it "with great expression." The overture was nobly given; the liveliness of the dances was not a rush, a scramble, with coarse thumps in marking time; there were nuances and contrasts—an eloquent interpretation, an admirable performance, as was that of the concerto played by Messrs. Burgin and Theodorowicz, whose tone and art enlivened and gave interest to the quick movements; whose sympathetic ensemble increased the loveliness of the Largo, "pure, beautiful melody."

The program of the concert tonight comprises the Easter cantata, "Christ lag in Todesbanden"; the Brandenburg concerto, No. 5, for orchestra (Mr. Borovsky, solo piano; Mr. Burgin, violin; Mr. Laurent flute); the well-tempered Clavichord: Prelude and Fugue, G minor, No. 16; D major, No. 5; B flat minor, No. 22; C sharp major, No. 3 (Mr. Borovsky, pianist). Cantata "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott." The cantatas will be sung in English. The Bach festival will close tomorrow with a repetition of the Mass in B minor.

Alternately, First Beauty, Then Tedium

The Symphony Concert Becomes Fifth Episode in The Bach Festival

IT WAS the twentieth matinée in the fiftieth series of Symphony Concerts. It was also the fifth concert in the first Bach Festival of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The twain met yesterday at Symphony Hall, but did not quite synchronize. The discrepancy came about in this wise. "Rush-seats" and two "guest-seats" aside, every place on a Friday is taken by subscription. Nowadays there are few "rush-seats" and the waiting line soon exhausts them. Often the "guest-seats" are bespoken long in advance. Consequently the management has at disposal only such sitings as subscribers may give up by return of their tickets. On an occasion like yesterday they were bound to be few. Yet strangers to these conditions had come from New York, Washington and other cities resolved to attend the whole Bach Festival, disappointed if they missed so much as a single concert. They asked first politely, then insistently, for any available places. No explaining of the manners and customs of the Symphony Concerts would appease them. A courteous management distributed aid and comfort as best it might. Every one who had room to spare proffered it. At the end, few (as the psychologists say) were mal-adjusted. Just how calm succeeded confusion might make a pleasing footnote to the anniversary chapter in the forthcoming history of the Symphony Orchestra.

Even Bach, in his tomb through more than a century and three-quarters, did not escape the divisions of the day. In the first half of the concert he was commander for courts; in the second, commander for churches. The orchestral Suite in D major—the Suite of the celebrated and hackneyed air—began the afternoon. The Concerto in D minor for two violins with string orchestra followed. The venerable and learned compiler of the program-book affirmed that both "belonged

happy Cöthen period." That is to say were written in the years when Bach, still a youngish man, actor, composer and performer of the little court of the young of Anhalt-Cöthen. . . . After his death and from a later day came the Church Cantatas, written for St. Matthew and St. Nicholas's at Leipzig. "Ich bin ein gute Hirt" (No. 85), for the festival between Easter and Ascension, Jesus as the good Shepherd. The "O Ewigkeit" (No. 20), recited the tortures of the damned; bade death-sinners turn, while there was yet time for salvation. Never before (some of the Church Cantatas of Bach been at a Symphony Concert. With two exceptions to be heard this evening, they comprise the festival epitome of the com-

gh the devotees of Bach may receive suggestion, possibly the Church Cantatas—save here and there the exceptions that prove the rule—are not for the sake of his other music gladly. they are, and when they are not, of genius, they were written for the services of Sundays and days in the Leipzig churches, with of no other place, time or purpose. Archæologists have reconstructed the Cantatas for us; but to throw back into a deal of historical imagination. The Cantatas must, indeed, take the nineteenth-century must, indeed, take the nineteenth-century Cantatas as the nineteenth-century find them. Two hundred years of pieties of many a text wear an air. Bach, pressed with work, not have been fastidious about in his devout self found the spur of composition. Usually the "sacred" is pedestrian; the pious imagery commonplace. Sticky sentimentalities. A morbid preoccupation recurs death and judgment, salvation and eternal punishment and fear. In these different days, the of "O Ewigkeit, du Donnerwort," the tortures of hell, would be were it not grotesque; while the old-New-England adjective, "wishy-washy," precisely describes the verses of "gute Hirt." To some of us the Cantatas often affront the religious the believing heart, the visioning of the tone-poet of the Passions, the music in which Bach clothed the Church Cantatas live on to the latter days. Yet to some of us, that music is not altogether blameless at all times poignant, ecstatic, often incessant and prescribed formalizes it. The current has centred about the choral

the German text. And the arias, the dreary, sandy stretches; arias with endless repetitions of musically insignificant phrases; arias, some with interminable roulades; only one or two with any sympathetic relation to the text; only one or two of a spiritual nature, and then inciting contemplation of a religious nature through the interpretation by Mr. Crooks, the one singer of the quartet who was favored by the composer. Miss Evans had little to do; Mme. Matzenauer for once lost control of her tones and seldom sustained them; Mr. Gange, singing in a straightforward manner, could not vitalize dead matter. Take the opening of "I Am a Good Shepherd"—"Ich bin ein Guter Hirt." As far as there is any pastoral suggestion in the music of the aria, the text might as well have read "Ich bin ein guter Wirt." What pastoral significance was given was by repeated figures for oboes, repetitions that finally with their acidity and without relief fretted the ear and rasped the nerves. One could not help thinking of how Handel would have treated the text of this cantata. But Handel was one of the world's greatest melodists as well as a master of choral writing.

Take the other cantata, "Eternity, thou Thunder-word," containing speculations as to the number of years the damned would be tortured in hell—a cantata for a "Brimstone Corner" service in years, happily, gone by. Here was opportunity for a dramatic recitative. The good Bach could not in his heart avail himself of it. Mr. Crooks appreciated the errors of the text, and made the most of them; Bach gave him no suggestions, no encouragement in the music itself. Only in the opening chorus, "Eternity," did Bach give emphasis to words, to the solemnity of the thought, and here the chorus did full justice to the music.

The orchestral suite and the sonata for two violins—that was another story. The famous air in the former was played superbly by the rich, sonorous strings; and Dr. Koussevitzky did not allow the beauty of the melody to be ruined by the incongruous prettiness or the mushy sentimentalism often noted when some violinist or violoncellist plays it "with great expression." The overture was nobly given; the liveliness of the dances was not a rush, a scramble, with coarse thumps in marking time; there were nuances and contrasts—an eloquent interpretation, an admirable performance, as was that of the concerto played by Messrs. Burgin and Theodorowicz, whose tone and art enlivened and gave interest to the quick movements; whose sympathetic ensemble increased the loveliness of the Largo, "pure, beautiful melody."

The program of the concert tonight comprises the Easter cantata, "Christ lag in Todesbanden"; the Brandenburg concerto, No. 5, for orchestra (Mr. Borovsky, solo piano; Mr. Burgin, violin; Mr. Laurent flute); the well-tempered Clavichord: Prelude and Fugue, G minor, No. 16; D major, No. 5; B flat minor, No. 22; C sharp major, No. 3 (Mr. Borovsky, pianist). Cantata "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott." The cantatas will be sung in English. The Bach festival will close tomorrow with a repetition of the Mass in B minor.

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IT WAS the twentieth series. It was also the first Bach Festival. The Symphony Orchestra yesterday at Symphonies quite synchronizing about in this way: two "guest-seats" a Friday is taken today there are the waiting line. Often the "guests" long in advance. (agement has at dealings as subscribers turn of their tickets yesterday they were Yet strangers to come from New York other cities resolve Bach Festival, missed so much. They asked first for any available of the manners of phony Concerts. A courteous aid and comfort one who had ro At the end, few were mal-adjusted footnote to the the forthcoming Orchestra. Even Bach, than a century not escape the first half of noser for composer for choral in D major—and and hackneyed The Concerto with string ensemble and gram-book

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to the happy Cöthen period." That is to say, they were written in the years (1717-23) when Bach, still a youngish man, was director, composer and performer of the music at the little court of the young Prince of Anhalt-Cöthen. . . . After intermission and from a later day came two Church Cantatas, written for St. Thomas's and St. Nicholas's at Leipzig. One, "Ich bin ein gute Hirt (No. 85), for a Sunday between Easter and Ascension, praised Jesus as the good Shepherd. The other, "O Ewigkeit" (No. 20), recited the eternal tortures of the damned; bade death-haunted sinners turn, while there was yet time, to salvation. Never before (some said) had Church Cantatas of Bach been sung at a Symphony Concert. With two more, to be heard this evening, they completed the festival epitome of the composer.

Though the devotees of Bach may represent the suggestion, possibly the Church Cantatas—save here and there the exceptions that prove the rule—are not for all who hear his other music gladly. When they are, and when they are not, works of genius, they were written equally for the services of Sundays and Feast-days in the Leipzig churches, with thought of no other place, time or purpose. Archaeologists have reconstructed the ritual for us; but to throw back into it exacts a deal of historical imagination. The nineteen-thirties must, indeed, take the Church Cantatas as the nineteen-thirties find them. Two hundred years on, the pieties of many a text wear an unlovely air. Bach, pressed with work, could not have been fastidious about them; in his devout self found the spur to composition. Usually the "sacred poetry" is pedestrian: the pious imagery commonplace. Sticky sentimentalities abound. A morbid preoccupation recurs—with death and judgment, salvation and damnation, eternal punishment and eternal fear. In these different days, the "poem" of "O Ewigkeit, du Donnerwort," depicting the tortures of hell, would be hideous were it not grotesque; while the good old New-England adjective, "wishy-washy," precisely describes the verses of "Ein gute Hirt." To some of us the Cantata-texts often affront the religious mind, the believing heart, the visioning spirit of the tone-poet of the Passions, the Magnificat and the Mass.

By the music in which Bach clothed them, the Church Cantatas live on to these latter days. Yet to some of us, declining the full lengths of the Bachian cult, that music is not altogether blameless, or at all times poignant, ecstatic, exalted. Often incessant and prescribed production formalizes it. The current festival has centred about the choral

Bach of the Mass and the Magnificat. There are choral Cantatas, to be sure. But the capable chorus of the Bach Cantata Club had small share in the Cantatas of yesterday—three numbers out of thirteen; while those numbers were hardly deep-tinged with the contemplative or the apocalyptic Bach. Both "Eln gute Hirt" and "O Ewigkeit" were essentially music of recitatives and airs. Often the recitatives were conceived and written on the grand scale; swept forward spaciouly and sonorously; exemplified Bach's ability to distill from a pale word graphic or rich or poignant musical delineation. The homely images of "The Good Shepherd" prompt him to contemplative airs for the alto and the tenor voice. His own pure pieties prompt as well, and he writes a music, for the tenor's "See what love has done" of an ineffable and changeless beauty. The alto air lags not too far behind.

Again, in "O Ewigkeit," the bass voice sings with both the humanity and the majesty of Bach visioning between time and eternity, warning mortality. Elsewhere the unbridgable gulf re-opens between the ears of the nineteen-thirties and the Bachian air as stylistic formula. Much too often one finds one's self listening to the incipient or vivid delineation of the orchestral part, even when Mme. Matzenauer, Mr. Crooks or Mr. Gange is singing—and the two men-singers, yesterday, were remarkable. No doubt, these "solo" Cantatas were chosen as contrast to the choral masterpieces that had gone before. They were indeed of another quality, texture, inspiration. Inevitably they made less impression; left far less residue behind. There were even departures from the congregation—a forbidden thing at St. Thomas's or St. Nicholas's.

So it was that the Bach of the "happy Cöthen period" more prevailed yesterday afternoon—the Bach who composed for a little court, who, when the impulse came, wrote his virtuoso-pieces, between two quick movements setting a slow song charged with changeless beauty. For the frequenters of the whole festival, it was as though they had gone on from the Brandenburg Concerto and the Piano-Concerto of Thursday evening to the orchestral Suite in D major and the Double Concerto of Friday afternoon. The Suite was familiar stuff, but the stuff that repetition warms anew. In a sense the air that has tempted so many arrangers still surprises when it is heard in place and in integrity between the overture and the dance-movements. Yes: Bach really wrote it and the freshness of these young and happy years exhales from it. Though

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Mr. Theodoro- at the first desk the Double Con- the other strings, er, orchestra, ac- applause of fa- and regard wel- plause of warm gh merit re-dis- m. The quick ag and end are ach. The meet- solo violins with s, the blendings the violins with s music-spinning lative craft. He a game, expert, ae two violinists

as Bach sets the r and in alterna- ource; while the rmurous back- ech begins low- the form into ty that knows range nor fash- serene and ex- musical sound motion in itself. 2iolinists; it glo- For the while all the church night go hang. H. T. P.



ANOTHER SESSION OF BACH

Symphony Plays Suite and Concerto—Can- tatas Sung

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

The Symphony concert of yester- day afternoon, as will that of this evening with a wholly different pro- gramme, formed part of the Bach Festival now in progress at Sym- phony Hall. And since an entire aft- ernoon or evening of Bach's instru- mental music might easily result in monotony, Dr. Koussevitzky placed upon each programme two of the seldom-heard Church cantatas, with the Bach Cantata Club of Boston, G. Wallace Woodworth, conductor, and the regular soloists of the Fes- tival to sing them.

FOR TWO VIOLINS

Yesterday the cantatas formed the second half of the programme. To the first fell the Suite for orchestra in D major, that from which comes the so- called Air for the G string, perhaps the best known of all Bach's instrumental pieces, and the less frequently heard Concerto in D minor for two violins and string orchestra, with Messrs. Burgin and Theodorowicz to bear the solo parts.

The D major Suite is, and justly, the best liked of all Bach's larger instru- mental works, and not only because of the celebrated Air, generally heard out- side the suite in transposition a tone lower. The Overture displays in turn agreeable pomp and bustle; the two Gavottes, the Bourree and the Gigue are charming; while the Air, it need hardly be said, is one of Bach's noblest melodies.

Pure, Beautiful Melody

As that devoted disciple of Bach, Sir Charles Hubert Parry, himself admit- ted, the slow movement of the D minor Concerto is "by a very long way the most attractive feature of the work," and he goes on to say that "it is quite possible that it stands absolutely in the front rank of all Bach's movements whose reason for existence is pure beautiful melody."

Perhaps Sir Charles has overstated the case, but that this Largo is beauti- ful none can deny, and it was beauti- fully played yesterday by the two soloists. Admirable, too, was their per- formance of the other movements, but in these, as in so many of Bach's Al- legros, there comes the feeling that the performers are caught in the toils of a sort of musical treadmill.

Lovely Air, Expressively Sung

It was a disappointment that the Bach Cantata Club, which proved itself yes- terday a most excellent chorus, had not fuller opportunity in the two cantatas selected for that programme, No. 35, "Ich bin ein guter Hirt," and No. 20, "O Ewigkeit, du Donnerwort." The Chorale that ends the first of these and that with which what was given of the second concluded, are of the Bach of whom one cannot hear too much. As we have been rediscovering since Tues- day, Bach was not at his happiest in writing for solo voice. There are, of course, notable exceptions, and one of them came yesterday in the lovely and touching air, "The hirelings may sleep," so expressively sung by Richard Crooks. Here the accompaniment for muted strings is as pleasing as the song itself, and Bach's accompaniments to the airs in his choral works are too often dis- tractingly and obtrusively contrapuntal, frequently marred by an over-promi- nence of a ready oboe tone which, as they say of inharmonious colors, "fights" with the voice. The other soloists yesterday were Mmes. Evans and Matzenauer and Mr. Gange, but to no one of them came on this occasion flattering opportunity.

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Again, in "O Ewigkeit," the voice sings with both the human and the majesty of Bach visioning time and eternity, warning me. Elsewhere the unbridgable gap opens between the ears of the thirties and the Bachian air as formula. Much too often one finds self listening to the incipient delineation of the orchestral part when Mme. Matzenauer, Mr. Crook, Mr. Gange is singing—and the two singers, yesterday, were remarkable doubt, these "solo" Cantatas were as contrast to the choral master that had gone before. They were of another quality, texture, inspiration. Inevitably they made less impression, left far less residue behind. Their even departures from the congregation a forbidden thing at St. Thomas's Nicholas's.

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Dr. Koussevitzky diminished the string choir, it pleased him to take the Suite in the grand style, with sonorities that might have shaken the little "residenz" at Cöthen; with stately or lively rhythms; with firm emphasis, with those sharp, sudden contrasts of pace that with Bach seem his recurring temptation. Hearing the strings, Bach and his Prince might have blessed the day. Their tone was beauty not to be challenged. Their bows, their fingers, their ears, were as sensitive as unanimous.

Next Mr. Burgin and Mr. Theodorowicz rose in their places at the first desk of the violins; played the Double Concerto in D minor, while the other strings, diminished to a chamber orchestra, accompanied them. The applause of familiar acquaintance and regard welcomed them. The applause of warm pleasure received and high merit rediscovered dismissed them. The quick movements for beginning and end are music of the virtuoso-Bach. The meetings and partings of the solo violins with the surrounding strings, the blendings and the contrastings of the violins with each other, interested his music-spinning mind, invited his manipulative craft. He writes as one who plays a game, expert, engrossed, in spirits. The two violinists took him at his word.

Between these exercises Bach sets the slow movement. Together and in alternation, the two violins discourse; while the other strings set in murmurous background. The double speech begins low; broadens, deepens, melts the form into itself; rises to the beauty that knows neither time nor place, change nor fashion, shapen yet bodyless, serene and exciting both; the beauty of musical sound that it is a poetry and an emotion in itself. It transfigured the two violinists; it glorified their instruments. For the while all the singing voices and all the church cantatas, the world over, might go hang.

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THE BACH FESTIVAL

The Boston symphony orchestra, under the stimulating leadership of Dr. Koussevitzky, has undertaken in other years special performances of the works of the greater composers. There was a Beethoven festival and more recently a Brahms festival. During this week the orchestra, assisted by the Harvard glee club, the Radcliffe choral society, and distinguished soloists, has been devoting itself to the major compositions of the most talented of the Bachs, John Sebastian.

Successful and important musically as the concerts have been—the B minor mass had not been sung in Boston since 1901—the memory of Bach has been overshadowed by remembrances of the man who, fifty years ago, created the orchestra. Bach is one of the immortals and as such has the recognition of the world, but Boston can be pardoned if it chooses to honor the name of Henry L. Higginson, a citizen who “made one vast field of beauty accessible to persons having little other enjoyment . . . ‘who leading gray lives, have needed this sunshine.’”

To many persons the most enjoyable and most moving part of the festival came on Wednesday evening when the orchestra, its board of trustees, and its friends formally observed the fiftieth anniversary. Most happy was the choice of Bliss Perry as the principal speaker. With nothing of the perfunctory eulogist, but with much of kindly insight and friendly comment, he told the story of Maj. Higginson's dream and its fulfilment. To his hearers the figure of the founder walked again. Let us quote Mr. Perry's closing words:

The men and women of his own generation are nearly gone. The Boston of his youth and manhood has changed beyond recognition. A new race of music-lovers has succeeded to the old. Fresh conceptions of the fine arts are molding the imaginations of a new era. Yet beauty and truth do not go out of fashion any more than old Johann Sebastian Bach goes out of fashion. They are forever being re-created; and whatever new and rich pleasures come to the patrons of the orchestra in the next fifty years, they can never quite forget the noble gentleman who first lighted the fire on this hearth.

Twenty-first Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 3, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 4, at 8.15 o'clock

Rimsky-Korsakov “The Russian Easter,” Overture on Themes of the Russian Church, Op. 36

Wagner Prelude to “Parsifal”

Hindemith Konzertmusik for String and Brass Instruments
I. Mässig schnell, mit Kraft.
II. Lebhaft; langsam; lebhaft.

First Performance: Composed for the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Boston Symphony Orchestra

Brahms Symphony No. 1 in C minor, Op. 68
I. Un poco sostenuto; allegro.
II. Andante sostenuto.
III. Un poco allegretto e grazioso.
IV. Adagio; Allegro non troppo, ma con brio.

There will be an intermission before the symphony.

Original plans for Symphony Hall by Charles F. McKim are now to be seen in a central case of the exhibition in the first balcony foyer

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As Virtuoso of the Viola



Paul Hindemith

Composer of One More Anniversary Piece—To be Played Tomorrow and Saturday—for the Symphony Concerts

SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The 21st concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Rimsky-Korsakov, "The Russian Easter"; Wagner, Prelude to "Parsifal"; Hindemith, *Konzertmusik* for string and brass instruments; Brahms, Symphony No. 1, C minor.

There have of late been many "explanations" of Hindemith: why he is what he is. Some apologize for him by saying that as he has journeyed much as a viola virtuoso and a member of a string quartet, observing the rhythm of railway trains, he, as a composer, is interested chiefly in rhythmic combinations and invention. The conservatives have, justly or unjustly, classed him with contemporaneous composers who, though they have talent, are nevertheless to be avoided; the conservatives have put Hindemith on the list of those who never would be missed; but he has the fertility of a rabbit: one work breathlessly follows another. But he is a composer not to be carelessly put aside.

He often disappoints those who would give him more than respect for his technical acquirements. Take the composition for the 50th anniversary of the Boston Symphony orchestra, performed yesterday for the first time. Hindemith likes to experiment with groups of instruments. In this *Konzertmusik* the brass choir, in the first section punctuates what the strings have to say in a dry manner with growls and snorts. The opening of a long cantilena for strings, at first alone, gives the hope of melodic beauty. But the music of Hindemith is not sensuous. Did the Muses endow him with the melodic gift? We doubt it. Nor can one justly characterize his musical nature as emotional. Writing for a festival occasion, one would have anticipated sonorous pomp, stately declamation, or at least tumultuous rejoicing; but this music was not even laboriously ugly. There can be ugliness that at the same time may be impressive; but the "*Konzertmusik*" is for the most part worse than ugly—it is dull, nor does the display of technical ingenuity save it.

Perhaps the fairest criticism of the new work was heard in the corridor: "Not so bad as I expected."

Rimsky-Korsakov's "Russian Easter," aside from the use made of Russian ecclesiastical themes, is noteworthy for its gorgeous instrumentation. It is picturesque music, suggestive of the crowded cathedral, the chanting priests, the devout worshippers of old Russia.

One might have gladly heard the "Good Friday Spell" from "Parsifal"

instead of the Prelude to that opera, as more appropriate to the season and the more beautiful music. The Prelude is best heard in the theatre where the opera was first produced. There with the hidden orchestra—the brass section not so boisterous—the faithful in the audience—say rather the congregation—this prelude seems at the time a mystical preparation for the unfolding of the mystery to come. (We are speaking of the old Bayreuth with Wagner in the theatre; not of the commercialized show-place that draws to it the curious, and all tourists under the protecting wing of good Thomas Cook and Company.) In the ordinary concert hall the Prelude has little or no significance. It is merely music by Wagner; by Wagner not at his best.

Dr. Koussevitzky gave an unusually eloquent interpretation of the symphony; surpassing even former performances conducted by this admirer of Brahms, who has been singularly fortunate in revealing the poetic and dramatic side of a composer whose music led by other conductors, otherwise worthy men, has often seemed only pedantic, dry, oppressively respectable. Even at the risk of being called a blasphemer, one wishes that Brahms had lived up to the magnificent introduction to the Finale of the symphony. After the exposition of the chief theme of the Allegro, Johannes is seen as one condemned to hard labor.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The orchestra will give concerts in New York and Brooklyn next week. The program of April 17, 18 will comprise Schumann's overture to "Manfred"; his cello concerto (Gregor Piatigorsky), and his symphony in B flat major No. 1. No other composer need apply.

Boston Symphony

Dr. Serge Koussevitzky, Commander of the Finnish Order of the White Cross, directed on the afternoon of April 3 the twenty-first Friday concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, in Symphony Hall, Boston. Notified the day before of his new aggrandizement, he released a program on which the music of Finland was not represented. During his Boston caliphate, however, he has honored Jan Sibelius by performing six of his seven symphonies, besides numerous other of his compositions.

The concert was distinguished by the initial realization of another of the many compositions written for the orchestra's fiftieth season. This, a

Konzertmusik for string and brass instruments, by Paul Hindemith, proved to be by no means the least considerable of the anniversary salutations. Herr Hindemith's weakness has been his facility. A thorough musical scholar, he is also a lover of bohemian life. He is said to be as well known in dance halls as in concert rooms. His Concerto for orchestra suffers from this proficiency.

The opening of this new piece—which is in two movements—gave little hope of greater profundity. "Moderately quick, with power," the section is marked, and on hearing the opening measures one groaned inwardly and thought: "Just another machine-made product." But gradually it became apparent that Hindemith here was not merely experimenting with odd combinations of instruments, nor parroting a mechanical civilization. The entrance of the main theme in the brass brought interest, and thereafter admiration grew with the masterly development. The conclusion of this movement, which was ably led up to, really had "power." The other movement, marked "Vivacious," lived up to its label. There is a rapid, attractive theme, which is treated fugally with remarkable inventiveness and with instrumental brilliance. This work, which was rather coolly received, merits further hearing.

As a seasonal gesture, Dr. Koussevitzky opened the program with Rimsky-Korsakoff's guileless "Russian Easter" Overture, which would have been sufficient without the protracted ecstasies of the Prelude to "Parsifal" which followed it. There was consolation in the thought that we were not to sit through the opera as well.

The concert closed with a superb performance of the First Symphony of Brahms. Only such a vivid and penetrating imagination as Dr. Koussevitzky's can so release the reluctant beauties of a Brahms score. And even he would be balked without the aid of such virtuosi as constitute the Boston band. Certain episodes—notably the famous theme given to the horn and then to the flute in the last movement—attained an eloquence of utterance we do not recall hearing equaled even in the Brahms Festival.

L. A. S.

HINDEMITH PIECE AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

First Performance of New 'Konzertmusik'

A new piece by the young German composer, Paul Hindemith, entitled simply "Konzertmusik," for string and brass instruments, and written for the anniversary, was performed for the first time anywhere at yesterday's Symphony concert. It proved unusually interesting and impressive. The rest of Dr. Koussevitzky's program included Rimsky-Korsakov's overture, "A Russian Easter" and the prelude to Wagner's "Parsifal," chosen, no doubt because of the date of the concert; and Brahms' C minor Symphony.

The program yesterday contained, by exception, no description or explanation of Hindemith's "Konzertmusik" beyond the title and the indication that there are two movements, an allegro moderato; and an allegro with a slow middle section. The second movement is a fugue, in three voices, with a long and expressive episode in the middle of it. The first movement is also essentially polyphonic. In the instrumentation the strings and brass are often used as independent choirs, and not blended constantly as is so frequently done by present-day writers for orchestra.

Jumble of Tone

Other works of Hindemith heard here in the past had given one the impression that he was the typical clever young musical radical, bent above all on shocking conventionally minded listeners. Did he not end one of his compositions in no less than 10 keys at once, according to the analysis in the program? What one heard on that former occasion was, of course, not 10 keys, but a meaningless jumble of tone. Descriptions of his numerous compositions had confirmed one's notion that he was to be grouped with Erik Satie, with Milhaud, or with Lord Berners. Hence it was astonishing to hear yesterday music wholly serious and somber, with no calculated audacities of manner.

This Konzertmusik in spirit might be the work of a 20th century Brahms. It is the first work by a German of the younger generation to be played in Boston which seems to continue the traditions of the 19th century German music without imitating any 19th century master. One thought of Richard Strauss and of Reger and Mahler, as well as of Brahms, in listening. Yet there were no reminiscences of the style or substance of any one composer.

No young composer of genius would write in 1930 as men of genius wrote in the past century, or even as they wrote in 1910. Hindemith in this Konzertmusik expresses the mood of post-war Germany and expresses it in the musical language of his own generation. Of his contemporaries in other countries Honegger (German-Swiss by origin, French only by accident) is the nearest in tone and style to his work.

There is in the best of Honegger the same moral earnestness, the same predilection for contrapuntal style, the same taste for somber tone color. This Konzertmusik should be heard again. It seemed yesterday to be a masterpiece. The performance, though eloquent, might have had greater clarity and greater restraint of mood to advantage.

Effective Reading

Dr. Koussevitzky did much to convey the suggestion of Russian liturgical music in Rimsky-Korsakov's overture, with its many churchly themes. The piece is too prolix, and not profoundly enough imagined, but it sounded yesterday more effective than it has at previous hearings.

His reading of the "Parsifal" prelude was also deeply emotional. The orchestra gave out a magnificent sonority of tone. But some of the nobility of style Dr. Muck used to impart to this music was missing. One suspects that Muck used to make it finer than it actually is. Yesterday there were suggestions of shallowness, of theatricality.

As usual, the Brahms symphony was impressively performed, its beauties stressed, its occasional aridities disguised. There was very hearty applause for everything on the program except the unfamiliar Hindemith, which deserved far more plaudits than greeted it.

P. R.

SYMPHONY IN MUSIC FOR EASTER

Hindemith's "Concert Music" Creates Good Impression

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

As originally planned, the programme for the Symphony Concerts of this week paid no heed to the fact that one concert fell on Good Friday and the other on Easter eve. On second thought, Dr. Koussevitzky discarded those peculiarly pagan items, the suite from Ravel's "Daphnis and Chloe" and Debussy's "Prelude to 'The Afternoon of a Fawn,'" and put in their places Rimsky-Korsakov's overture, "The Russian Easter," and the Prelude to Wagner's "Parsifal."

OVERTURE WELL PLACED

So far as their external significance was concerned the "Parsifal" Prelude should have preceded, not followed, Rimsky's overture on themes from the Russian Liturgy, but so far as effective programme-making was concerned they were better placed as yesterday's list arranged them. It is in the exotic flavor of the so-called Church modes and in the richly varied and, at the end, dazzlingly brilliant instrumentation that the chief interest in the "Russian

"Easter" now lies. But in any event the piece was altogether appropriate to the season, and after a week of Bach, in which the orchestra quite decidedly played second fiddle to choruses, it was good to hear once more the full glory of orchestral tone.

If in a different sense, the orchestra shone again in the "Parsifal" Prelude, played by Dr. Koussevitzky at a pace that emphasized its inherent solemnity and with full realization of the poignancy of those measures at the climax that have to do with the anguish of the Saviour.

Hindemith's Tribute

These Easter and Good Friday rites once celebrated, conductor and orchestra yesterday turned their attention to the novelty of the afternoon, Paul Hindemith's "Concert Music" for stringed and brass instruments, composed for the 50th anniversary of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and publicly played yesterday for the first time anywhere.

To record a purely personal opinion, this latest music of Hindemith is the strongest and the soundest of the many pieces thus far heard that have been written especially for this jubilee year of our orchestra. More than any of those whose music has preceded his does Hindemith seem to have written in obedience to a purely musical impulse. Less does he seem to have relied upon mannerisms and formulae, on echoes of his own music or that of others. In certain technical aspects Hindemith's "Concert Music" is of our own day, though it is far from drastically modernistic. Essentially, however, it is as classic in its spirit as a Concerto of Bach, as free from external suggestion, as logically developed out of itself. And Hindemith, for all his protesting against Romanticism, cannot, Teuton that he is, resist the temptation to express himself in long-breathed melody. No doubt this element in his work surprised many in yesterday's audience.

The younger Hindemith who wrote the admirable Concerto already twice heard at these concerts could more completely resist the impulse to lyrical expression than could the maturer author of this "Konzertmusik."

There was applause for Hindemith's piece yesterday, although it was not so fervent as that with which the Prelude to "Parsifal" was received nor so enthusiastic as that lavished upon the performance of Brahms' First Symphony, with which the concert ended.

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The Prelude to "Parsifal" belongs in
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One Modern, One Russian, Two Classics

Brahms and Wagner Yoked to The Maturing Hindemith, Notable Performance

WAGNER re-appeared at the Symphony Concert yesterday—and nowadays he comes back seldom. Brahms also

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Dr. Koussevitzky's version of the Symphony in C minor once more stirred most that heard. (A few pedants are now the only dissenters.) The orchestra, less woodwinds and percussion, played Hindemith's "Concert Music" as vigorously or as warmly as it was written. The triple outcome was a spirited and distinctive matinee when, after the labors of the Bach Festival, routine might have been excusable. A thoroughbred often runs its best at the end of the course. Orchestra and conductor may also put by weariness when the end of the season is only a month away.

The single lapse was Rimsky-Korsakov's "Russian Easter" overture. It began the concert; received the usual quantum of applause; remained the patchwork of liturgical sequences, tonal pageantries, highly colored sonorities and repetitions that it has always been. If this and that Russian of the old régime is believable, the flavor and suggestion is pagan as often as it is Christian. In itself it is a desultory, displayful, quasi-pictorial music. The churchly chant at the beginning, immediately followed by ornate measures for solo-violin, is sufficiently typical. Rimsky is by no means the first composer to confuse a cathedral

nave with a theater. The devout sometimes smell incense and altar-candles in the Overture. The unregenerate prefer "the perfumes of Araby" as they exhale from "Scheherazade." And if we must have Rimsky as orchestral virtuoso, by all means give us the "Spanish Caprice," even though it is as scantily Spanish as the "Easter" overture is scantily spiritual.

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- 52 Appalac El Pr 5s.103
- 158 Appalac Gas 6s 87
- 229 Appalac Gas 6sB 69
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- 240 As El 4 1/2s'53. 92
- 20 A G&E 4 1/2s'48xw 72
- 115 A G&E 4 1/2s'49e 70
- 114 As G&E 5s50. 77
- 161 As G&E 5s68. 77
- 27 As G&E 5 1/2s'38 71
- 21 As G&E 5 1/2s'77 89
- 52 Ass Rayon '50. 60
- 12 Birm El 4 1/2s. 95
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- 33 B & M 4 1/2s. 99
- 15 Baldwin 5 1/2s.101
- 61 As T & T 5 1/2sA 89
- 51 AsTel Util 5 1/2sC 92
- 8 Bea Oil 6s'36 ww 95
- 9 Bell T C 5sA'55 106
- 14 Bell T C 5sB'57 106
- 9 Bell T C 5sC60.106
- 4 Brimling G 5s'59 99
- 5 Bos & M 6s'33.102
- 5 Brk Bor G 5sA.100
- 77 Can Nat 4 1/2s'56.100
- 30 Can Nat 7sE35.108
- 5 Can Nat SS 5s'55.101
- 85 Cen III E&G3s. 95
- 380 Cen P Ser 5 1/2s 80
- 20 Cen III PS4 1/2sF 93
- 8 Cen P&L 5s. 96
- 11 Capl Ad 5sA'53 85
- 44 Caro P&L 5s'56.103
- 108 Caterp Tr 5s'35 100
- 24 Cen St El 5s'48 68
- 80 Cen StEl 5 1/2s'54 75
- 20 Cn StP&L 5 1/2s'53 85
- 96 Chi DE14 1/2sA'70 94
- 8 Chi DE15 1/2s'35.102
- 1 Chi PnT15 1/2s'42 89
- 10 Chi Ry 5s'27. 68
- 40 Clg SR5 1/2sA'49 72
- 3 Cin StR5 1/2sA'52 87
- 7 Cin StR 6sB'55 92
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- 25 Clt Ser 5s'66. 78
- 25 Clt Ser G5 1/2s'42 77
- 9 Clt S GPL6s'43 86
- 35 Clt SP&L 5 1/2s'52 83
- 3 Cen III 5sG. 100
- 1 Clev El III 5s39. 104
- 1 Clev El III 5s54.103
- 2 Clev El III 5sB61.107

integrity while they submit to the time-spirit. The English eighteenth century played Shakspeare according to Garrick; the nineteenth according to the Kembles and Irving; the twentieth, rather belatedly, is still searching for its own way. . . . Likely enough, Brahms, writing the first movement of his Symphony in C minor, had little or no notion that conductors of the nineteen-twenties and thirties, no more than half a century away, would dramatize it into tense conflict, relaxing into calm and contrast only to drive upward again. No more might he anticipate that they would set beside this power the beauty of a slow movement, spent, weary, resigned; that they would infuse the intermezzo with musing graces; that they would hold the finale in glowing suspense until it outpoured its song of triumphant deliverance. They insist upon the whole Symphony as expressive no less than self-contained music. They enhance the contrasts and ascents from key to key. Upon such "moments" as the horn-call across the introduction to the finale, or the returns of the "Fate Motif," they ply their intensifying imagination.

It is a pretty problem how much is latent in this Symphony in C minor, wrought there by the sub-conscious composer for succeeding generations to draw out, each according to its temper; for succeeding conductors to seize upon, each according to his individuality. Perhaps the classics of music are one of our present refuges from what lirks us in the world around. To deepen that relief we would have our Brahms emotionally magnified, as many-voiced and as full-voiced as he may plausibly be. Believably, Dr. Koussevitzky neither uncharacteristically nor over-exceeds with him in this First Symphony. He rears it on such a grandiose scale that the multiplied and proclaiming brass of the finale becomes a necessity. He would charm in the intermezzo; but it sounds through a Brahms-like haze. In spite of temptations, the conductor does not linger over the long vistas of the slow movement, nor soften the gravities, nor sentimentalize the weariness into self-pity.

And he is all for the rugged, striding, up-thrusting Brahms through the struggle of the beginning. This first Symphony may look back toward Beethoven; but it was not in Brahms to write a music of wild outcry and heroic frenzy. Romantic he is, but with noble ardors, not over-excited nerves. His orchestra speaks out from the first upward sweep of the introduction to the last pulse of the finale; but along the way it readily retreats into dusky shadows or fine traceries. Brahms was master of his creative passion and composing will before he

Symphony, master of his

concert Music"

Hindemith" few piece is sterful com- on that does moreover, in direct line of technically; ally self-con- and rounds seek we were Bach (1685- and contin- 95 and "still hnique with contrapuntal which—the tom. He is experiment. Bach for elect ladies on his quick of classic res he is ro- tament and He invents

akin is the in /slow Of course modernist he does it. For If-expressive cteristic and n the Sym- Prelude that e "Concert

ings: treats as a single s and percus- brass—horns, s fertile and play of tim- vivid, pun- abundant ythms, flow- l. Invention r lapses. To exhilarated 7. In a slow lch and full. material, re- large-voiced ere is pause a little, keep- ad-go, readi- quality. It into the large Hindemith re- climax and nify, he has H. T. P.

Easter" now lies. But in any event, the piece was altogether appropriate for the season, and after a week of which the orchestra quite displayed second fiddle to chorus was good to hear once more the glory of orchestral tone.

If in a different sense, the orchestra shone again in the "Parsifal" played by Dr. Koussevitzky at that emphasized its inherent sol and with full realization of the any of those measures at the that have to do with the ang the Saviour.

Hindemith's Tribute

These Easter and Good Friday once celebrated, conductor and orchestra yesterday turned their attention to the novelty of the afternoon, Hindemith's "Concert Music" stringed and brass instruments, posed for the 50th anniversary Boston Symphony Orchestra and lily played yesterday for the first anywhere.

To record a purely personal opinion, this latest music of Hindemith is the strongest and the soundest of the pieces thus far heard that have been written especially for this jubilee of our orchestra. More than those whose music has preceded him, Hindemith seem to have written obedience to a purely musical ideal, less does he seem to have relied on mannerisms and formulae, on each his own music or that of other certain technical aspects Hindemith's "Concert Music" is of our own though it is far from dramatic and modernistic. Essentially, however, as classic in its spirit as a Concerto by Bach, as free from external suggestion as logically developed out of itself. Hindemith, for all his protesting against Romanticism, cannot, Teuton that he is, resist the temptation to express self in long-breathed, melody. Doubt this element in his work surprised many in yesterday's audience.

The younger Hindemith who wrote the admirable Concerto already twice at these concerts could more easily resist the impulse to lyrical expression than could the maturer author of this "Konzertmusik."

There was applause for Hindemith's piece yesterday, although it was fervent as that with which the orchestra to "Parsifal" was received nor as enthusiastic as that lavished upon the performance of Brahms' First Symphony with which the concert ended.

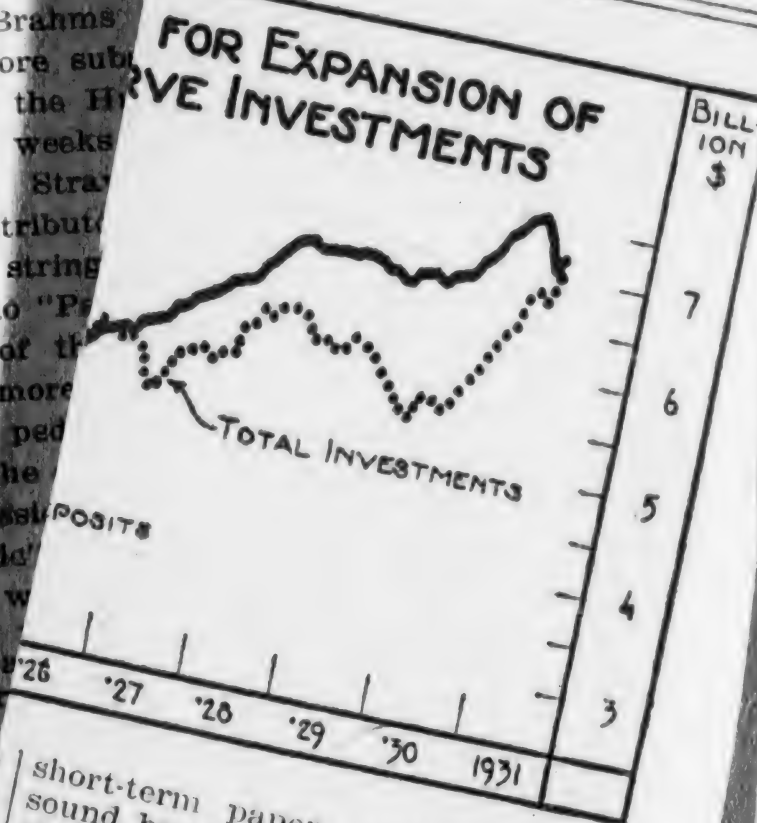
One Modern, One Russian Two Classics

Brahms and Wagner Yoked to The Maturing Hindemith, Notable Performance

WAGNER re-appeared at the Symphony Concert yesterday—and nowadays he comes back seldom. Brahms

returned with something more substantial and characteristic than the "Parsifal" Dances heard a few weeks ago. Hindemith joined Roussel, Stravinsky and Honegger as fourth contributor to this notable jubilee-piece. The string quartet outdid itself in the Prelude to "Parsifal." Dr. Koussevitzky's version of the symphony in C minor once more was the most that heard. (A few people now the only dissenters.) The orchestra, less woodwinds and percussion, played Hindemith's "Concert Music" as vigorously or as warmly as it was possible. The triple outcome was a distinctive matinee when the orchestra, bors of the Bach Festival, have been excusable. The orchestra often runs its best at these concerts. Orchestra and conductor also put by weariness with the season is only a month away.

The single lapse was in the concert; the Russian's "Russian Easter" was a patchwork of liturgical pageantries, highly colored repetitions that it had this and that Russian is believable, the flavor of pagan as often as it is itself it is a desultory pictorial music. The beginning, immediate, ornate measures for solo-violin, is by no means typical. Rimsky is by no means the first composer to confuse a cathedral



short-term paper, yields obtainable on already highly liquid, purchasing bonds and disposing of some of their short-term investments would bring in additional earning power without impairing their ability to meet all normal demands. With liquidity even now much higher than in 1922 and with a large portion of many banks' assets to yield only about 4 per cent, it would appear that the problem of low bank earning power could be best worked out through the purchase of sound bonds at present attractive yields.

wrote. Playing the First Symphony, Dr. Koussevitzky is also master of his own temperament.

The Hindemith of the "Concert Music" is no longer "the promising Hindemith" of many a phrase. The new piece is work of a maturing and masterful composer, spurred by a commission that does him honor. It is music, moreover, in what the wise men call the direct line of progress. It is interesting technically; well-shaped formally; is wholly self-contained; upsprings, advances and rounds alive and inevitable. Last week we were all praising these qualities in Bach (1685-1750). They are as laudable and continuing in Hindemith born in 1895 and "still living." He enriches his technique with the harmonic devices and contrapuntal procedures of his own time, which—the records say—was Bach's custom. He is free in form and disposed to experiment. The town-council reproached Bach for like inclinations, even as our elect ladies now reproach Hindemith. In his quick movements he is plainly of classic descent. In his slow measures he is romantic by German temperament and nineteenth-century heritage. He invents his motifs individually. Akin is the unmistakable melody that in slow movements they germinate. Of course, Hindemith writes in the modernist idiom of dissonance; but he does not affect or exaggerate it. For him, it is natural, honest, self-expressive speech, as genuine and characteristic and unescapable as Brahms's in the Symphony or Wagner's in the Prelude that yesterday companioned the "Concert Music."

Hindemith masses his strings; treats the first and second violins as a single choir; silences the woodwinds and percussion; assembles the usual brass—horns, trumpets, trombones, tuba; is fertile and graphic in contrasts or interplay of timbres. Throughout they are vivid, pungent. He begins in lively, abundant fashion; strikes out sharp rhythms, flowing figures, massed strength. Invention never flags; continuity never lapses. To hear is to be intent and exhilarated. There is clear modern melody. In a slow division it expands warm, rich and full. Hindemith re-marshals his material, readjusts his choirs; ascends to large-voiced and firm-rounded climax. There is pause for breath, and straightway a lithe, keen, spirited fugue, all touch-and-go, readiness, resource and individual quality. It halts for another expansion into the large curve of sonorous song. Hindemith resumes the fugue, whips it to climax and is done. If sounds still signify, he has made music and it is alive. H. T. P.



Next week the orchestra will give concerts in New York and Brooklyn. The next regular pair of concerts will take place on April seventeenth and eighteenth

Twenty-Second Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 17, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 18, at 8.15 o'clock

Schumann Overture to Byron's "Manfred," Op. 115

Schumann Concerto for Violoncello in A minor, Op. 129
Nicht zu schnell—Langsam—Sehr lebhaft.

Schumann Symphony No. 1 in B-flat major, Op. 38
I. Andante un poco maestoso; Allegro molto vivace.
II. Larghetto.
III. Scherzo: Molto vivace. Trio: Molto più vivace; Trio II.
IV. Allegro animato e grazioso.

SOLOIST
GREGOR PIATIGORSKY

There will be an intermission before the symphony

A lecture on this programme will be given on Thursday, April 16, at 5.15 o'clock in the Lecture Hall, Boston Public Library

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert



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Gregor Piatigorsky

Violoncellist of the New Generation, Playing at the Symphony Concerts on Friday and Saturday

Afternoon Stranger Schumann

Signal Debut,
Overture and
Symphony

Apr. 18, 1941

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Gregor Piatigorsky

Violoncellist of the New Generation, Playing at

An Afternoon Of a Stranger And Schumann

Piatigorsky's Signal Debut,
Concerto, Overture and
"Spring" Symphony

Trans. — Apr. 18, 1906

IXE, the untamable friend of this department, has a theory about concertos for violoncello. As he admits, it will never be put into practice; but, since he invented it, he believes it valid. None of these concertos—he contends—is interesting or even musical throughout. Somewhere or other they decline into sterile exercise by the composer, the virtuoso or both. But each may have a single movement that commends it. Accordingly, Ixe would assemble a discriminating jury. Before it the repertory concertos should be set in array—Haydn's, Boccherini's, Schumann's, Dvorák's, Lalo's, Saint-Saëns's. Others, less often played, like Delius's or Elgar's, might also be included. From these the jury should choose the most interesting Allegro, the most songful slow movement, the most agreeable finale. The chosen fragments would then be tested for "musicality." The three that best survived both scrutinies would forthwith be joined together and proffered to the waiting virtuosi as a Synthetic Concerto for Violoncello, suitable for most occasions. It might—Ixe agrees—exhibit some divergences in substance, texture and style; but it would gain sustained interest and desirable "musicality." If only the conductors as program-makers and the violoncellists as performers could be persuaded, then. . . .

By this time Ixe is turning into his own door; but his facetious theorizing has played about an impregnable fact. Except to students of the instrument and to devotees of the composer, no concerto for violoncello in the current repertory has an independent, self-contained existence. It flourishes or it withers as utility for violoncellists. According as it is played, it stirs interest and gives pleasure. The player is, or should be, more engaging than the piece. Therefore when Mr. Piatigorsky agreed to Schumann's Concerto for his debut yesterday afternoon at the Symphony Concert, his potential listeners recalled his reported distinctions as violoncellist rather than any quality in the Concerto itself.

Schumann wrote it in his final years to equal wifely admiration. It has not en- among his major works. It has rarely played at Symphony Hall, for an anniversary, after a twenty-interval. When Schumann is busy himself with passage-work, as the cal term goes; with more or less ful measures, with the music and trument in quick or abrupt motion, not more fortunate than his fellow- gers for violoncello and orchestra, inventive and neat-handed than Clara, he writes as few such pages sible; at every opportunity prefers ed and flowing song. There, when a violoncellist as Mr. Piatigorsky him, he emerges as the Schumann rm melody, poetic fancy and ro- vision, capable of finely touch-d nies between solo-instrument and tra; felicitous, as always, when matter and manner do not over- m.

Piatigorsky, moreover, is a master-cellist. His tall figure and well- ed features arrest the eye as he to his place. Seated and address- himself to his task, he does not wear serene, exalted air, say, of Mr. in prime. His bends over his in- ent; his shoulders sway, his head as one absorbed and enkindled. ick and semi-displayful measures, ws from the submissive violoncello of remarkable lightness and flexi- keeps it in motion with as rare a Under his hand arabesques twine ndrills about the main stem. Into ge-work" he infuses elegance. tained song, Mr. Piatigorsky neither ns, darkens nor deadens tone. He for musical beauty and musical g, both unsentimentalized. He is without dryness; rich-toned with- pear or blur. He molds phrases like sitive singer upon his instrument. adept with graduation and trans- His hand and ear are quick to the best of euphonies. His rhythm pro- ke an inner force, neither driving nor sagging weak.

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Schumann wrote it in his final years to the usual wifely admiration. It has not endured among his major works. It has been rarely played at Symphony Hall, once, for an anniversary, after a twenty-year interval. When Schumann is busy-ing himself with passage-work, as the technical term goes; with more or less displayful measures, with the music and the instrument in quick or abrupt motion, he is not more fortunate than his fellow-composers for violoncello and orchestra, less inventive and neat-handed than some. Wiser on this score than the admiring Clara, he writes as few such pages as possible; at every opportunity prefers sustained and flowing song. There, when such a violoncellist as Mr. Piatigorsky plays him, he emerges as the Schumann of warm melody, poetic fancy and romantic vision, capable of finely touched euphonies between solo-instrument and orchestra; felicitous, as always, when form, matter and manner do not over-tax him.

Mr. Piatigorsky, moreover, is a master-violoncellist. His tall figure and well-chiselled features arrest the eye as he walks to his place. Seated and addressing himself to his task, he does not wear the serene, exalted air, say, of Mr. Casals in prime. His bends over his instrument; his shoulders sway, his head tosses, as one absorbed and enkindled. In quick and semi-displayful measures, he draws from the submissive violoncello a tone of remarkable lightness and flexibility; keeps it in motion with as rare a grace. Under his hand arabesques twine like tendrils about the main stem. Into "passage-work" he infuses elegance. In sustained song, Mr. Piatigorsky neither thickens, darkens nor deadens tone. He is all for musical beauty and musical feeling, both unsentimentalized. He is clear without dryness; rich-toned without smear or blur. He molds phrases like a sensitive singer upon his instrument. He is adept with graduation and transition. His hand and ear are quick to the smoothest of euphonies. His rhythm propels like an inner force, neither driving hard nor sagging weak.

Such a musician, as distinct from a mere "soloist," shades and curves a melody with double sense of its intrinsic quality and of the quality of the violoncello as transmitting, characterizing voice. His sense of style releases the mood of romantic reverie that is often source of Schumann's song. Across a great concert-room he keeps it wistful and intimate revelation. Yet how wary is Mr. Piatigorsky of that slight excess which may turn it into platitudinous, quasi-Teutonic sentiment! After this poise and measure, the magnificent sonorities, the spacious periods, the rhapsodic ardor of the cadenza toward the end. Throughout, the musician glorified the virtuoso;

the tone-poet released the poetry of the instrument and, such as it is, of the concerto. As there are new pianists, so there is a new violoncellist risen.

Dr. Koussevitzky fitted Mr. Piatigorsky's concerto into an "All-Schumann" program. The conductor blends many temperaments into the single one that, whatever the momentary east, prevails in the concert-hall. Like other modernists with Mendelssohn, he believes in Schumann warmly, plays him as an act of faith. From October into April he had overlooked him; now for these large amends. It is custom to deprecate "one-composer" programs; unless a festival gives them warrant. In ordinary courses Bach or Brahms, Beethoven or Wagner—to say nothing of the audience—may hardly bear the strain. Schumann, next to never, is invited to endure it. Some, indeed, came into Symphony Hall on Friday prepared to say that it was beyond his strength or their patience. To each listener his particular re-action; but it is only the truth to say that the audience, by and large, gave not a sign of boredom. The impending holiday did not lessen its numbers; it listened intently, applauded heartily, stayed to the end. Which is not to say that Dr. Koussevitzky should be encouraged in his latent ambition to play all of Schumann's symphonies in a single season. Better a revival of the best of his choral scenes from "Faust"—say Part III—which some believe an unjustly neglected music.

The objection, if any, to yesterday's program was its preference for Schumann's later work; whereas twentieth-century inclination tends toward his earlier music. The concerto for violoncello is dated 1850; the overture to Byron's "Manfred," 1848. Time and fashion set against the romantic Englishman's "dramatic poem"; in degree against the German's romantic overture. Most of us had rather read about Byron in Monsieur Maurois's two volumes than dip into him in twice as many more. We have lost our relish for "his fancy drapery," and in those trappings the very personal "Manfred" is lavishly clothed. Even the program-book did not expatiate upon the drama, leaving us to listen to the overture as so much music. It lost nothing and gained not a little by Dr. Koussevitzky's "reading." By sympathetic imagination, by the orchestral instrument upon which he played, he wrung the utmost out of every period; yet steadily kept the whole firm-shaped and in motion.

The overture began and ended sombre and despairing. There were measures of passion and frenzy and calm, gloomy, haunted. The gentler theme of Astarte ran restless and pathetic course. Skep-

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SCHUMANN DAY WITH SYMPHONY

Piatigorsky, Cellist,
Plays the Con-
certo

Post April 18, 1931.
BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

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Mr. Piatigorsky, with an instrument all too seldom heard in solo performance, wrought magic with his music and his instrument, lending to the work a majesty and dignity that was most impressive. With soloists at the violin and the piano we have had striking examples during this and previous seasons. Yet the A minor concerto emerged yesterday afternoon as something all too seldom presented to lovers of the good old German school of melody. Schumann, perhaps of all the German school, was endowed with an extraordinary and perhaps an abnormal imagination for the musical age in which he lived, and not until time had softened the blow of his radicalism were his compositions accepted with the glorious approbation they deserve.

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the tone-poet released the poetry instrument and, such as it is, concerto. As there are new plans there is a new violoncellist risen.

Dr. Koussevitzky fitted Mr. Piatigorsky's concerto into an "All-Schumann" program. The conductor blends major elements into the single one that ever the momentary cast, prevail in concert-hall. Like other moderns with Mendelssohn, he believes in Schumann warmly, plays him as an faithful. From October into April overlooked him; now for these amends. It is custom to deprecate composer's programs; unless a gives them warrant. In ordinary Bach or Brahms, Beethoven or Wagner—to say nothing of the audience may hardly bear the strain. Schumann, next to never, is invited to it. Some, indeed, came into Symphony Hall on Friday prepared to say was beyond his strength or their. To each listener his particular but it is only the truth to say audience; by and large, gave no of boredom. The impending holiday not lessen its numbers; it listened, applauded heartily, stayed to. Which is not to say that Dr. Koussevitzky should be encouraged latent ambition to play all of Schumann's symphonies in a single season. revival of the best of his choral from "Faust"—say Part III—will believe an unjustly neglected music.

The objection, if any, to yes program was its preference for Schumann's later work; whereas two century inclination tends toward earlier music. The concerto for cello is dated 1850; the overture Ron's "Manfred," 1848. Time and set against the romantic English "dramatic poem"; in degree against German's romantic overture. More had rather read about Byron than Monsieur Maurois's two volumes thrust into him in twice as many months have lost our relish for "his fancy," and in those trappings the personal "Manfred" is lavishly. Even the program-book did not escape upon the drama, leaving us to let the overture as so much music. nothing and gained not a little Koussevitzky's "reading." By thetic imagination, by the orchestra instrument upon which he played wrung the utmost out of every yet steadily kept the whole firm and in motion.

The overture began and ended and despairing. There were moments of passion and frenzy and calm, haunted. The gentler theme of ran restless and pathetic course.

tical listeners could not hear uninterested, unimpressed; but the suspicion also intruded that for us of 1931 Schumann was also going through the romantic motions. Of course, for himself and his generation they were genuine and stirring—so intense that he writes with the force and freedom of maturity. But within them, for us, lurks the pathos of distance. It touches our sensibilities with regret for a romantic mood that we cannot regain. It also dims the composer's fires. Who in 1931 can feel Byronically even when Schumann would light the flame? Time and change are devitalizing this "Manfred" overture. It lacks the musical power and splendor that preserve Beethoven's "Leonora"; the theater-quality that keeps alive Wagner's overture to the fate-hunted "Dutchman."

Yet who thinks of time and change when the "Spring Symphony" out of Schumann's earlier years is sounding? For most of us the return of spring is everlasting romantic impetus. It is the annual, not the daily, miracle—the greater for its rarer occurrence. Out of that impetus the Symphony in B-flat was born to be perdurable and irresistible. There are faults and lapses in the orchestral texture. Dr. Koussevitzky's sympathetic insight, skillful hand and vigorous will may not always abate them. Even the tone of the orchestra—of surpassing richness in the slow movement, glowing with life in the proclamatory measures of the beginning and the end—may not hide all the inadvertencies. But though the whole symphony runs a spring-like freshness and ardor to set beauty musing and to call fantasy into play. Out of twenty vernal impulses stirring within him into as many melodies, Schumann made one all-embracing symphonic tune. It is poetical and homely, earthy and fanciful, local and universal, of the happy Schumanns and of the folk, of the Rhine Country and the world renewed. Spring poems indeed! Here is one written in tones, and near a century alive, young and true. H. T. P.

The Chicago Orchestra has recalled the music and the memory of Chadwick with performances last Friday and Saturday of his Overture, "Melpomene," work of his early prime. . . . The Boston Orchestra, for its part, will include his "Symphonic Sketches" in the supplementary matinée of next Tuesday. It is Chadwick's most characteristic work. . . . New York takes no notice.

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Together with the stirring overture to "Manfred," which opened the program, Mr. Piatigorsky's performance was a tribute to the quality of the great music. He was cordially received by his audience and recalled to the platform several times.

Despite the excellence of his performance, the Schumann first symphony in B-flat major, which closed the program was, perhaps, the epitome of the perfection. Taking the opening andante at a brisk tempo, the so-called "Spring" symphony was brought to an inspired and inspiring performance. This larghetto was serene and impressive, while the buoyant swing of the scherzo and trios, the exuberance and vivacity of the finale were distinctly Schumannesque in conception and reading. Not for many long seasons have we had the treat of so decidedly melodic a program. On the contrary, this has been the season when new compositions, of interest perhaps, but falling upon unresponsive ears, have been offered by an alert and astute conductor. For those who deplore the dissonance and strangeness of the musical moderns, yesterday afternoon's program came as a welcome relief.

The program will be repeated this evening, while next Friday and Saturday, the last but one of the concert season, will hold the Schubert C major Symphony, "The Pleasure Dome of Kubla Khan," by Griffes, and Stravinsky's familiar "Fire-bird" suite.

J. D.

SYMPHONY HALL Sole April 18, 1931 Boston Symphony Orchestra

Dr Koussevitzky chose a Schumann program for this week's Symphony concerts, an honor seldom awarded these days to that composer's music. The "Manfred" overture, the concerto for violoncello, and the First Symphony adequately represent Schumann's work for orchestra. Thanks to the admirable playing of Gregor Piatigorsky, who made his first Boston appearance yesterday afternoon, the concerto was the most heartily applauded of the three pieces.

Mr Piatigorsky is a Russian, still in his 20s. He has served as first cellist in the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra under Furtwängler, and toured extensively in Europe and America as a virtuoso. Yesterday's performance proved him a cellist of the first rank and a musician of eminence. The fine taste and the unobtrusive but very remarkable technical skill he showed were notable.

Between them he and Dr Koussevitzky conveyed to the audience the full emotional warmth of Schumann's music. The many recalls for the soloist were richly deserved. Dr Koussevitzky, as is his custom, refrained from sharing Mr Piatigorsky's plaudits, though there was no doubt that many in the audience wished to clap conductor and orchestra as well as the soloist.

Schuman's Music

Schumann's music is less admired

nowadays by musicians than it was 50 years ago. To his contemporaries, brought up on Haydn and Beethoven, his work seemed daringly original, but the greater daring and the more powerful originality of Wagner soon ranked Schumann with the musical conservatives.

That Schumann never learned to write effectively for orchestra is a commonplace of musical criticism. That his best work is to be found among his short pieces for piano, such as those in his opus 12; and among the songs, is now universally recognized. Nothing on yesterday's program is to be ranked with the "Aufschwung" for piano, or such songs as "Mondnacht," both of them masterpieces still deservedly beloved of concertgoers.

Much of the "Manfred" overture sounds labored and conventional to a generation which loves in Byron only the short lyrics and the satirical "Don Juan." Much of the concerto for violoncello seems crabbed and formless to ears attuned to the rigorous style of Stravinsky or the elegance of Debussy. Even the B flat Symphony, for all the splendid vitality of its nobler passages contains much that seems repetitious and clumsy today. Nineteenth century German romanticism, in short, out of fashion.

Yet there is no denying the imaginative power back of Schumann's music. He is one of the great lyricists of music, incapable of the epic grandeur of Bach, the nobility of Beethoven, the dramatic intensity of Wagner, but unsurpassed in his own twilight realm of day dream and fantasy, of short-breathed shouts of exultation, of musing languors.

A Triumph

Dr Koussevitzky's readings of Schumann are invariably eloquent, always emotional, always dramatic. But they do not do full justice to his moodiness, his waywardness, his peculiar personal imagination. There is always a hint of strangeness, even of madness, in Schumann's music. It has neither the essential sanity nor the solidity of the work of his disciple Brahms. It is this romantic strangeness that one misses in such readings of Schumann as those given us yesterday.

The orchestra sounded magnificently yesterday. The strings, in particular, had a glowing intensity, a richness that struck even ears familiar with the excellences of the Boston Symphony. It was a triumph to make music so ill written for orchestra sound so well.

The program for next week includes Schubert's C major Symphony, Griffes' "Kubla Khan," and the suite from Stravinsky's "Firebird."

P. R.

GREGOR PLATIGORSKY, violoncellist, was born in Ekaterinoslav, Russia, in 1903. As a child he studied the violin with his father, but soon showed a mastery of the instrument by which he is now known. Migrating to Berlin after the war, he became first violoncellist of the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra under Wilhelm Furtwängler. Soon he found his field as a virtuoso. Besides appearing with the leading orchestras of Berlin, Leipsic, Hamburg, Frankfort, Cologne, Dresden, Amsterdam, etc., he has appeared with orchestras in the United States from New York to Los Angeles.

He sojourned in the United States for a short time in the season of 1929-30. On December 29, 1929, he played with the Philharmonic-Symphony Society of New York, Dvořák's concerto in B minor, under Willem Mengelberg.

Boston Symphony Monitor — April 18, 1931 Boston Symphony Orchestra

For the twenty-second pair of Boston Symphony Orchestra concerts, in Symphony Hall, Boston, April 17 and 18, Dr. Serge Koussevitzky prepared a program calculated to smooth any musical feathers that might have been ruffled by a fiftieth season made somewhat cacophonous by a long list of anniversary salutations from contemporary composers. What composer could be better suited to the purpose than Schumann, who besides had not been represented on previous programs of the season? Hence a list consisting of the "Manfred" Overture, the Violoncello Concerto and the Symphony in B flat.

It would be a mistake to suppose that this program was soporific. Schumann was perhaps not the greatest of symphonic composers, nor one of those whose compositions best support the test of an entire program. But he is by no means to be forbidden the concert hall because he was not a past master of orchestration; and no modernist can deny his sense of structural order, his rhythmic ingenuity, nor above all his gift of melody. This program, moreover, was cunningly devised to display him at his best.

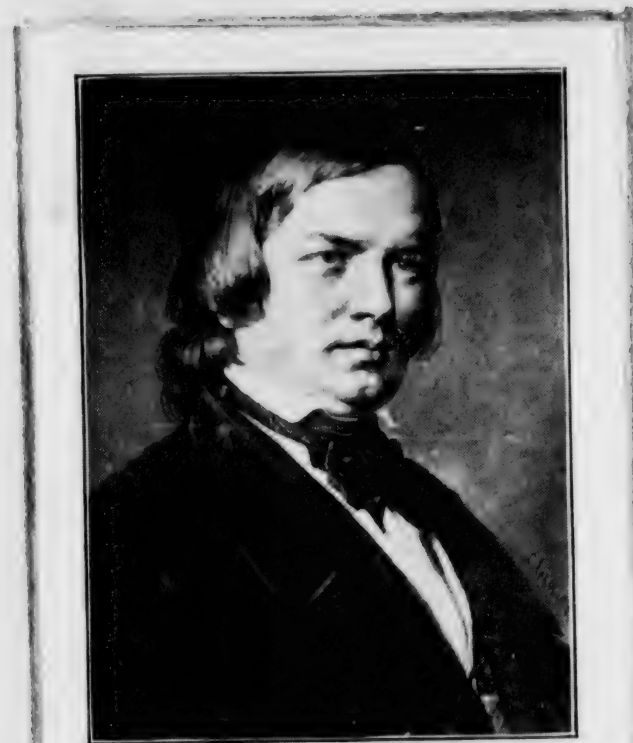
The "Manfred" Overture, which many consider his greatest symphonic

work, had a brilliant performance which was received apathetically by the Friday subscribers. Dramatically conceived and eloquently executed, this interpretation was remarkable for its elucidation of content, form and poetic values.

The Concerto, no doubt the weakest of the three items, was reinforced by the virtuosity and musicality of Gregor Piatigorsky in the solo part. Not only in the lovely slow movement, but throughout the work he stirred admiration for his beautiful tone, his technical mastery, his expressive phrasing and his musical taste. This was his first appearance in Boston, and he was rapturously received.

The "Spring" Symphony, one of Dr. Koussevitzky's favored repertory pieces, again came engagingly alive. It is possible to feel that at the opening a less vehement vernal proclamation might suffice to set the sap running, and that the melody of the Larghetto would be more lyric if it did not drag. But the Scherzo and the Finale were captivatingly set forth. Under a heavier hand this Scherzo may become extremely tedious. Dr. Koussevitzky, by the imagination with which he brings out its varieties, makes it unceasingly fresh. And the last movement becomes actually "animato e grazioso" through his witty reading and the subtle responsiveness of his players.

L. A. S.



SCHUMANN

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Yesterday afternoon's music served to dispel two platitudes: One, that the violoncello is inclined to be monotonous, to lack variety in tonal color; the other, that Schumann employs the idiom of the piano, when writing for other instruments, to such a degree that his compositions for orchestra are not effective. Mr. Piatigorsky quickly disproved the first. In his hands the violoncello vies with the violin in versatility. The depth and richness of its tone combined with its remarkable range make sharper contrasts possible, give it a character, while predominantly a melodic instrument, of being more than that. As for the second—if Schumann's orchestration is not of the best, what does it matter! Despite the fact, he composed music overflowing with exquisite melody, spiced with varied rhythms and touches of humor.

Mr. Piatigorsky is light and agile in his bowing; his intonation is fine. He is a virtuoso in the highest sense of the word for he is interested in his technical skill only as the docile servant of music. The music commands and he obeys; he lets himself go with it. Taste that is flawless saves him from becoming sentimental. His instrument sings,

richly sonorous, nicely turned phrases. Not only as soloist Mr. Piatigorsky excels but also in ensemble. His regard for the other players, his ability to dovetail the phrase he is playing with that played by one or other instruments in the orchestra—for there is a constant interplay of themes between the two—proves his fine musicianship perhaps better than any other of his qualities.

"Beauty truly blest" was the result, for Dr. Koussevitzky's sensitive accompaniment left nothing to be desired.

The Symphony was brilliantly played. In it the spirit of spring was embodied, then loosened sweeping everything before. It is effervescent as champagne, of changeful mood and varied humor. A definite plot, as it were, does not run through its movements—one theme germinating from another, making a closely knit whole. Rather one episode follows hard upon another, each almost complete in itself, beautiful for its intrinsic values more than for its bearing on the whole.

The concert opened with a stirring performance of the dramatic overture to Byron's "Manfred."

A large audience applauded enthusiastically.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week will be as follows: Schubert, Symphony in C major, No. 7; Griffes, "The Pleasure Dome of Kubla Khan" (after the poem of S. T. Coleridge); Stravinsky, Suite from "L'Oiseau de Feu" ("The Fire-Bird"), a danced legend.

Twenty-third Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 24, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 25, at 8.15 o'clock

Schubert Symphony in C major, No. 7

- I. Andante; Allegro non troppo.
- II. Andante con moto.
- III. Scherzo; Allegro vivace; Trio.
- IV. Finale: Allegro vivace.

Griffes "The Pleasure Dome of Kubla Khan"
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Lambert . . . "The Rio Grande," for Chorus, Orchestra and Solo Pianoforte
(Poem by Sacheverell Sitwell)

Piano Solo: JESÚS MARÍA SANROMÁ
(First time in Boston)

Stravinsky Suite from "L'Oiseau de Feu" ("The Fire-Bird")
A Danced Legend

- I. Introduction: Katschei's Enchanted Garden and Dance of the Fire-Bird.
- II. Supplication of the Fire-Bird.
- III. The Princesses Play with the Golden Apples.
- IV. Dance of the Princess.
- V. Infernal Dance of all the Subjects of Katschei.

Chorus of the Cecilia Society, Arthur Fiedler, Conductor

STEINWAY PIANO

There will be an intermission after the symphony.

Announcement of the new book "THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA:
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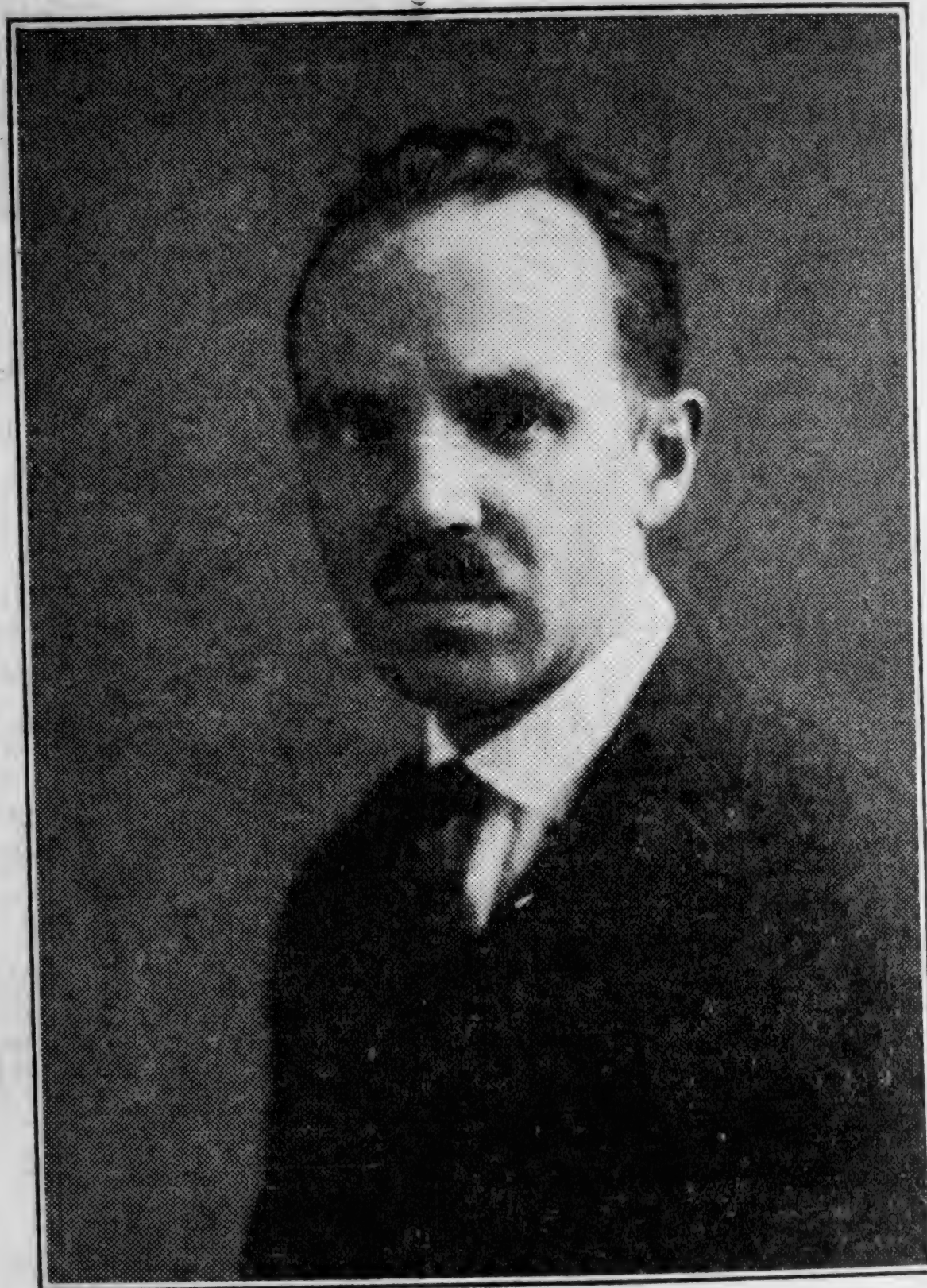
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American Remembered



(Colby—Transcript)

Charles Tomlinson Griffes (1884-1920)

Whose Tone-Poem, "The Pleasure-Dome of Kubla Khan" Will Be Revived at the Symphony Concerts of Friday and Saturday. . . . "A Rare and Original Talent—One of the Finer, More Sensitive and Fastidious Musical Natures that the United States has Produced."

MUSIC

SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The 23d concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Schubert, Symphony, C major, No. 7. Griffes, "The Pleasure Dome of Kubla Khan." Lambert, "The Rio Grande," for chorus, orchestra and solo pianoforte (Mr. Sanroma, pianist; first time in Boston). Stravinsky, suite from the ballet "The Fire-Bird." The Japanese visitors sat in an improvised box in the first balcony on the right-hand side, facing the stage. As they entered the orchestra and audience rose in respectful greeting.

Dr. Koussevitzky is to be thanked heartily for introducing Lambert's "Rio Grande," and with the assistance of the valiant Cecilia Society that had been thoroughly trained by Mr. Fiedler, and with the brilliant Mr. Sanroma, giving a performance that must be reckoned as one of this season's chief events. Not that "The Rio Grande" is "a chef d'oeuvre for the highest"; not that it is "epoch-making," a term that is applied to almost every new and unusual composition that excites the rhetorical flow of our young friends writing for the New York newspapers; but this music is first of all joyous and exhilarating. We all have been taught to take music too seriously. We have listened this season to some composers who "sitting in doleful dumps, have wailed lugubriously and discordantly; to others who have endeavored to give rhythmical expression to the inexpressible, or sought the perfect flower of beauty on the muck-heap of atonality. It is so easy to be "original" in saying nothing. Too many heathen have furiously raged; too many of the people, makers of music and hearers of the younger generation, have imagined a vain thing.

But here comes young Mr. Lambert who, taking a charming poem by Sacher-Mascheron as a source of inspiration, does not attempt to give an interlinear translation into tones. The words, the scenes evoked by the poet feed the composer's fancy, quicken his imagination,

which is not sluggish, much less, lacking. Mr. Lambert has both fancy and imagination to which he gives free rein for his orchestra and for the pianist's cadenza. It is true there are words for the chorus to sing, and the singers are neither ignored nor slighted, but the effect of the whole, the one constant impact—that's the thing. Mr. Lambert is delightfully extravagant, but not as Thomas Heywood's madman beating a drum. He is an appreciator and a utilizer of the finer qualities of jazz, but not a slave to it—not finding it a strength and refuge in time of doubt and trouble. His extravagance and recklessness are more to be applauded than the smug, academic conservatism of the timid, the sticklers for approved form, the writing for safety and the approbation of any owl professor.

Mr. Lambert's "Rio Grande" is not only full of life that is contagious; it brings near far-off scenes, and this without the borrowing of real or spurious "folk-songs". No one knows what "isle joyeuse" Debussy had in mind when he wrote his piano piece. This "Rio Grande" flows through a country as undefined, and empties into a harbor unsounded, unknown to any pilot. Therefore the audacity of Mr. Lambert's fancy makes captive the hearer. Seldom in Symphony hall has there been so instant, spontaneous, so prolonged, so tumultuous recognition of an unfamiliar composition signed with an unfamiliar name.

The interpretation of the symphony was eloquently musical. It would be interesting to know just what that excellent musician, Mr. Stock, did to the orchestration of "Kubla Kahn"—the impression made yesterday was not so vivid as that made by the first performance a dozen years ago. Are the wings of the "Fire-Bird" drooping? Are its feathers no longer of dazzling gold? Is there too much of Rimsky-Korsakov in the suite and not enough of the Stravinsky of "Patrouchka" and other later works? The Princesses still disport themselves in a charming manner, but Katschei's subjects are only "infernal" in their dance by courtesy of the composer.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concerts next week, the last of the 50th season, will be as follows: Wagner, prelude to "The Mastersingers;" Debussy prelude to "The Afternoon of a Faun;" Strauss "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks;" Beethoven symphony C minor, No. 5.

SYMPHONY DISPLAYS SCHUBERT

Lambert's "The Rio Grande" Heard for First Time Here

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

The presence of the visiting Japanese royalty served to make of the Symphony Concert of yesterday afternoon something of an occasion. And occasions are good for the Symphony Concerts, they put audiences on edge and conductor and orchestra on their mettle.

SCHUBERT'S C MAJOR

There was, for the matter of that, more than usual interest in the programme itself. If the suite from Stravinsky's "Fire-Bird," music that is more surface than substance, and wearing thin with the years, seemed superfluous at the end of a concert already long, it at least served further to display the orchestra's silken sheen of tone, its remarkable virtuosity.

Never before, on Friday afternoon, had Dr. Koussevitzky conducted the C major Symphony of Schubert; a single performance had come on a Saturday evening when the orchestra was marking the 100th anniversary of the composer's death. One of the few symphonies since Beethoven to deserve unqualifiedly the title of masterpiece, it is nevertheless, by reason of its length and repetitiousness, a searching test of a conductor's skill. Yesterday the listener's interest never flagged; the



SCHUBERT
Brown's Pictures—Miniature—92

music was continuously engrossing, and it had the sweep and spaciousness, the rhythmic drive that set this symphony apart from other works of its kind.

Griffes' Tone Poem

In reviving Griffes' tone-poem, "The Pleasure Dome of Kubla Khan," unheard here for 11 years, Dr. Koussevitzky was well-advised.

Well-advised, too, was Dr. Koussevitzky in placing on yesterday's programme, Constant Lambert's "The Rio Grande," for chorus and orchestra, which was to have had its Boston premiere next Monday evening.

This setting, by one of the most promising of the younger English composers of a fantastic poem of Sacheverell Sitwell, is on the whole uneven. Pages that are brilliant, tremendously vital or insinuatingly seductive, are offset by some that are flat and commonplace. Some of Mr. Lambert's jazz, of which the English reviewers made so much, seems to American ears merely tawdry. He is happier with his Spanish rhythms, though the long and difficult cadenza for piano and percussion instruments is a noteworthy achievement. It was notably played yesterday by Mr. Sanroma, and the chorus of the Cecilia Society sang with a dash and fire as well as with a sensuousness of tone that bore testimony to the progress that it is making under the guidance of Arthur Fiedler. Yesterday's audience received the new work with enthusiasm and lavished applause upon the performers.

An Afternoon Of Composers Caught Young

Lambert and Beatified Jazz,
Griffes and His Visions,
Schubert, Stravinsky

THERE is no better friend to the music of American composers than Serge Koussevitzky, conductor. He welcomes new matter from the elder and established men; brings it to thorough and sympathetic performance; meanwhile keeps their enduring work in the public ear and mind. He is as well disposed to youthful and little known Americans. He examines their manuscripts. If he finds on their staves promise, performance and reflections of their own time, he makes room for them at the Symphony Concerts, to present hearing adds encouragement for the future. Yesterday he found a new channel for these honorable offices. He revived the master-work of a dead American composer whose music in recent years has fallen into strange neglect.

In the seasons of 1919 and 1920 Mr. Monteux and the Boston Orchestra played for the first times, and four times over, "The Pleasure-Dome of Kubla Khan," tone-poem by C. T. Griffes. It disclosed, in music of fine texture and ample dimensions, a composer of individuality and imagination, skillful in his medium, following a logic of his own, into tones conjuring rare visions. Four months later, when conductors were hastening to discover and play his pieces, hateful Death cut off Griffes in the young prime of the thirties. There was public and private lament. There were renewed performances. Yet in a few years all his work was put by and forgotten. Pressed by classics and conservatives on the one side, by "novelties" and innovators on the other, a lone man in an unabating flood, the conductor's perpetual problem is to remember, repeat and revive the music, lately new, that also deserves to endure. The fate of composers may hang on such returns.

Koussevitzky is also the friend of composers, the seeker for new music, the cultivator of his own music. Whatever their race or their age, watches for them, spies them out, gives them opportunity, would have them as eager as he. For him the conductor's obligation is not only as he may compass the tested, the familiar. The old, the tried, the experimental, the new, the untried, the individual adventure in the immediate future. And to such music, again, he has his audience as alert as he. He repeats Constant Lambert's "The Rio Grande," made stir in London a year ago, and yesterday he did.

Little Mr. Lambert "sets" a poem by

Koussevitzky timely recollected, or discovered, Griffes and "The Pleasure-Dome of Kubla Khan." At the performance yesterday, their music of American composition was renewed and re-assured. In Coleridge's poem of phantasmagoria touched Griffes's musical imagination. He visioned the caverns of ice, the endless sea; the pleasure-house, and smiling. He heard the revelries. He felt the chill mockery of the waves. He wrought these visions into a music rich and with suggestion. The susceptible knows and feels the imaginings of word-poet and the tone-poet. He is in their atmosphere of phantasmagoria. And first and last a performance finely sensitized as the music or rarefied his every impression.

Griffes has written a piece of music that sustains itself as such. The motifs are arresting and significant. From them the music expands flexible and firm. Propulsive gives it movement and vitality. Harmonic and instrumental color incessantly, shadowed or transparent in the web of atmosphere. Griffes writes in a Russian idiom; but as one who has absorbed it; who gives it forth in a new speech; who does not merely imitate a phantasmagoria in tones lays nothing common mars; nothing weakens. Imagery, means, expression are equally sensitive and harmonic. The presence of an individual is pervasive and unmistakable. A phantasmagoria in tones lays nothing common mars; nothing weakens. Imagery, means, expression are equally sensitive and harmonic.

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An Afternoon Of Concert Caucasian

Lambert and
Griffes at
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THERE is music of a different kind than that of the elder Schubert. He brings it to the performance; meaning during work in the He is as well as little known American manuscripts staves promise, portions of their own for them at the present hearing a the future. Yesterday channel for these revived the master can composer who years has fallen

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Dr. Koussevitzky timely recollected, or timely discovered, Griffes and "The Pleasure-Dome of Kubla Khan." At the end of the performance yesterday, their place in the music of American composers was renewed and re-assured. Lines in Coleridge's poem of phantasmagoria touched Griffes's musical imagination. He visioned the caverns of ice, the sunless sea; the pleasure-house, lordly and smiling. He heard the revelries within. He felt the chill mockery of the river-caves. He wrought these visions and sensations into a music rich and potent with suggestion. The susceptible listener knows and feels the imaginings of the word-poet and the tone-poet. He also bathes in their atmosphere of phantasmagoria. And first and last a performance as finely sensitized as the music deepened or rarefied his every impression.

No less Griffes has written a piece of music that sustains itself as such. The germinating motifs are arresting and significant. From them the music expands itself, flexible and firm. Propulsive rhythm gives it movement and vitality. Over it harmonic and instrumental color plays incessantly, shadowed or transparent. The musical progress, the poetized suggestion, go hand in hand. There is no rent in the web of atmosphere. It is quite true that Griffes writes in the Debussyan idiom; but as one who has absorbed it; who gives it forth in his own speech; who does not merely imitate. A clear design proceeds to completion. A phantasmagoria in tones lays its spell. Nothing common mars; nothing trite weakens. Imagery, means, expression are equally sensitive and harmonious. The presence of an individual beauty is pervasive and unmistakable. One orchestral work, and Griffes had enriched American music with the tone-poetry in which it is meager.

Dr. Koussevitzky is also the friend of youthful composers, the seeker for new abilities, the cultivator of his own musical time. Whatever their race or their city, he watches for them, spies them out, gives them opportunity, would have his audiences as eager as he. For him the conductor's obligation is not only as perfect performance as he may compass of the old, the tested, the familiar. The conductor is also bound to make room for what is new, untried, experimental, for individual adventure in the immediate hour. And to such music, again, he would have his audience as alert as he. When Constant Lambert's "The Rio Grande" made stir in London a year ago, Dr. Koussevitzky was sure to bring it to Boston and yesterday he did.

By title Mr. Lambert "sets" a poem by

Sacheverell Sitwell. In the setting he writes an exacting and pungent piano-part that twice over is displayful solo. With it Mr. Sanromá, modernist by instinct, faith and practice, distinguished himself. Mr. Lambert asks the voices of not too large a chorus. The Cecilia supplied them, thanks to Mr. Fiedler's training and an inspiring music, with newfound precision, certainty, freedom and flavor. Miss Mae Murray sang incidental measures. Her alto tones set them glowing. Adapting his orchestra to his design, Mr. Lambert discards woodwinds and horns; adds cornets to trumpets, trombones and tuba; assembles the usual strings; crowds the percussion-corner. There the virtuosi he would have did not yesterday fail him. In turn, the whole orchestra was on its mettle. After his habit Dr. Koussevitzky led as one who has found a brave new thing. Last January in New York, from the Schola Cantorum, "The Rio Grande" was a failure with the audience. Yesterday, as in London and in Manchester, it won many ears and many hands. Within belief there was a difference in performance.

"The Rio Grande" is a brave new thing. In the beginning is Mr. Sitwell's poem. Of course it is in free verse, and also mannered. Otherwise no Sitwell—of the modernist three—Osbert, Sacheverell, and their sister—would have signed it. There are broken lengths; a curious rhythm winding and voluptuous; gentle rhymes in near or distant impact; copious verbiage; unexpected adjectives. Underneath this vesture and procedure is unmistakable romantic mood, in the temper of the present day. Lines droop with sensuous languor; sound full or sharp; teem with high-colored images; sink again into sensuous haze. Mr. Lambert has not treated these verses as a text to be followed delineatively. No more has he regarded them as so many words for the chorus and the solo-voice to sing, though they usefully meet that need. Rather he has sought the musical equivalent for the images, the moods, the atmosphere—a decanting from one medium into another.

Mr. Lambert works out his design as a child of his time and surroundings. To him jazz is a natural and congenial speech. He has heard the light music of the theater and not always found it insipid, sterile or cheap. He has listened compassionately to jazz-songs. Brilliant mechanics, the technical mastery and flare of virtuosity, stir him. He is also a composer of skill, resource, imagination and invention, to whom the thing to be expressed and the expressive tones may become as one. There are sensuous languors in Mr. Sitwell's word-picturing, and the winding, voluptuous rhythm. There

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The Suite from Stravinsky's first ballet, "The Fire Bird," brought up the rear. Under Dr. Koussevitzky it has become the delicate and adroit show-piece of a virtuoso orchestra. Those who shiver and shrink before the "rough stuff," as they call it, of "The Rite of Spring," "Noces," "Cedipus" and the "Psalms-Symphony," take their pleasure of the great Igor innocent of greatness, light, fanciful, glamorous, giving no more than two or three hints of the composer that is to be. But the fate that steadily pursues him has overtaken even this early "Fire-Bird." He writes for the stage and in the sifting of time the music becomes concert-piece. Who now thinks of the ballet that the Russians used to dance and even Boston once saw?

H. T. P.

Boston Symphony

Interest in the penultimate Friday concert of the symphony season in Boston (April 24) was divided between Their Imperial Highnesses, the Prince and Princess Takamatsu, of Japan, who were present as guests, and the program which had been arranged by Dr. Serge Koussevitzky. The present chronicle, however, must be restricted to the musical aspect of the occasion, which was embodied in this list: Schubert, Symphony in C major, No. 7; Griffes, "The Pleasure Dome of Kubla Khan"; Lambert, "The Rio Grande"; Stravinsky, Suite from "The Fire-Bird."

Constant Lambert's piece, which at the concert under review had its first Boston performance, won a prodigious popular success; a success which undoubtedly was well deserved by reason of the composer's cleverness in combining jazz with romantic lyricism. Many persons like both modern dance music and the ballads which lend such a pleasing quality of sentiment to operetta; surely there are few who do not care for either. The united forms, then, especially when presented in a dazzling instrumental dress, can hardly fail of their effect. The composer really ought to cable his thanks

to Dr. Koussevitzky for the way in which his work was introduced to Boston. The piano part was played with great skill by J. M. Sanromá, and the chorus of the Cecilia Society, trained by Arthur Fiedler, intoned the lines of Sacheverell Sitwell with remarkable precision and expression.

Charles T. Griffes's tone poem, first heard nearly 12 years ago under Monteux, was worthy of its revival. It is undoubtedly one of the most attractive of modern compositions by Americans; though of course in style it has nothing distinctively American about it, but is in direct descent from the French impressionists. At the concert under discussion Dr. Koussevitzky used the score as revised, after a consultation with the composer, by Frederick A. Stock, conductor of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Stock expected that with his "changes and amplifications" the orchestration would "sound" more readily. After an interval of a dozen years, one's memory can hardly be trusted for a reliable comparison. One can only record that the work seemed more salient on the former occasion than on the present. The difference in the impression, dear Brutus, may lie in the lapse of time, in Mr. Stock's "amplifications"—or in ourselves.

When the so-called heavenly lengths of Schubert's C major Symphony had at last been traversed there was much applause. Whether this manifestation of pleasure was aroused by the music or by the fact that it was over, we cannot say; though we do know our own feelings in the matter. For many long years we have been trying to understand how the composer of the "Rosamunde" music, the B minor Symphony and the greatest of the songs could be also the author of this symphony, whose obvious virtues are so vitiated by its garrulousness and its rhythmic ponderosity. How could the composer write those lovely melodies for the woodwind in the second movement, and then crush them with clumsy chords? And have the London Philharmonic players of 1844 deserved the bitter contempt they have received because of their lack of reverence for those triplets? Our heart goes out to those musicians.

L. A. S.

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lude in Mr. Sitwell's poem. Its equiva-
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virtuoso-feat. Musicalizing it, as it were,
give the pianist one elaborated, another
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The musician in Mr. Lambert accom-
plishes this design. He plies jazz-rhythms
but with a plastic freedom and a light
vigor unknown to the ordinary practi-
tioner. He remembers jazz-instrumenta-
tion and makes play with it in his brass
choir and percussion group, but again
with light hand, fine shading, quick darts
and flashes of color. Such jazz becomes
a music of suggestion and fancy. It
sighs languorously; syncopates gaily;
dins with wit; may carry hints of a new-
found poetry and picture. . . . The
cadenzas for the piano fill pauses. The
course of the music halts; the pianist
rhapsodizes. Mr. Lambert puts jazz at
the back of his virtuoso-head, brilliance
on the tips of his virtuoso-fingers. He
is languorous and he is dazzling. The
percussion-corner reminds him of his
rhythms. . . . The songful interludes
keep the prevailing lightness. Mr. Lam-
bert writes in gentle fervors; with a
sweetness that is not cloying. A musi-
cian is tempering and transfiguring the
sentimental commonplaces of jazz-songs
and of the musical plays. They begin to
swim in Mr. Sitwell's nostalgic haze. The
measures for solo voice are the final evo-
cation of that mood. The Brazilian vista
fades; the music stills. . . . The
spell lingers until the applause rings.

This new and original music of Griffes
and Lambert was sandwiched between a
nineteenth and a twentieth-century
classic. The forepiece was Schubert's
Symphony in C major, played for the
first time under Dr. Koussevitzky on a
Friday afternoon. Possibly, the con-
ductor tended to dramatize the first
movement at the expense of the con-
tentedly songful Schubert. Certainly he
took the finale at a pace so brisk as to
hint that "heavenly lengths" may bear
a speedy end. First, last and through
forty-five minutes, the flowing song of
Schubert delighted most that heard. We
dissenters, a beggarly and, no doubt, un-
musical minority, hid our shame and
repined inwardly for a symphony of more
substance and less sweetness, of more
shadow and less light, of orchestral skill
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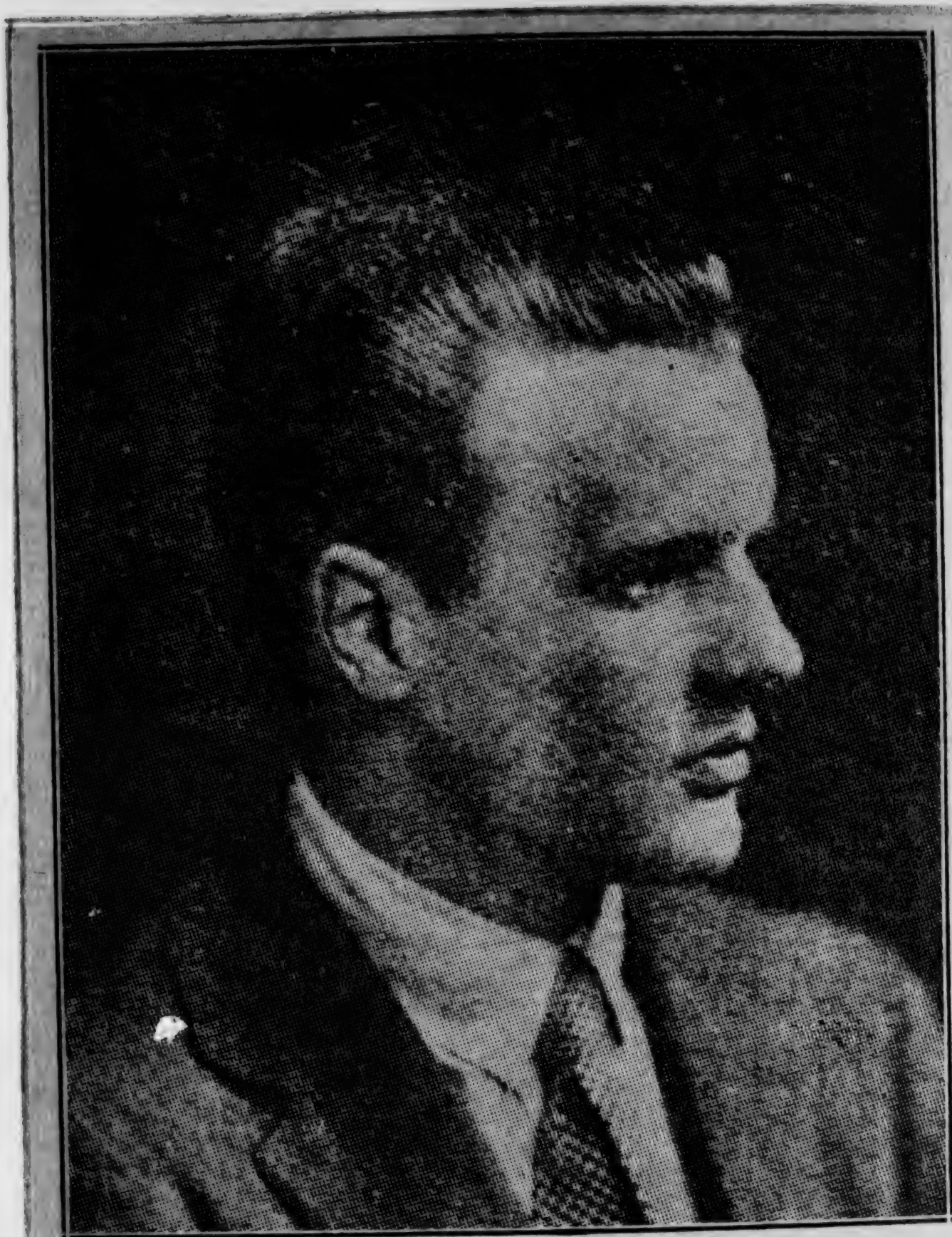
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and then crush them with clumsy
chords? And have the London Phil-
harmonic players of 1844 deserved the
bitter contempt they have received
because of their lack of reverence for
those triplets? Our heart goes out to
those musicians.

L. A. S.



Constant Lambert

(Brown Music Library)

Whose Tone-Poem, "The Rio Grande," Will be Heard for the First Times in Boston at the Symphony Concerts of Friday and Saturday. . . .
 "Here Is an Unusually Good and Genuinely Musical Mind with a Remarkably Clear Sense of What It Wants to Say and of the One Right Way of Saying It."

Twenty-fourth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 1, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 2, at 8.15 o'clock

Wagner Prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg"

Debussy "Prelude to the Afternoon of a Faun
 (Eclogue by S. Mallarmé)"

Strauss "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks, after the
 Old-fashioned, Roguish Manner," in
 Rondo Form, Op. 28

Beethoven Symphony No. 5 in C minor, Op. 67
 I. Allegro con brio.
 II. Andante con moto.
 III. Allegro; Trio.
 IV. Allegro.

There will be an intermission before the symphony

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RICHARD STRAUSS, noted musician and composer, photographed on a sunny morning in Venice, where he was directing a series of concerts at the Venice theatre. (Boston Herald-Wide World)

SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The 24th and last Friday afternoon concert of the 50th season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, took place yesterday in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Wagner, Prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg"; Debussy, Prelude to Mallarmé's "Afternoon of a Faun"; Strauss, "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks"; Beethoven, Symphony No. 5, C Minor.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The 51st season, Dr. Koussevitzky, conductor, will open on Oct. 9.

There is little to be said of the works chosen for this concert; little that would be pertinent, for Dr. Koussevitzky, unlike some other conductors, does not pride himself on discovering or inventing "hidden" passages of beauty or grandeur that have escaped the notice of even illustrious predecessors. It is enough for him to give admirable performances of works as they exist; not as this or that conductor thinks they should have been written, and is eager to supply the deficiencies, the oversights, the carelessness of the composer. Dr. Koussevitzky, having poetic and dramatic imagination, also that indefinable quality which for lack of a better word is called "magnetism," interprets a symphony, suite, symphonic poem, with due respect for the composer's text. He supplies what the composer could not indicate: the vivifying spirit. Music does not exist until it is performed. There are the notes, but they have no significance until the conductor sees in them so many aids in the revealing the composer's spiritual, dramatic, noble, lyrical or passionately sensuous thoughts as they found musical expression.

It is enough to say of the performance yesterday that it was of the finest virtuoso order in which there was full artistic appreciation of the different qualities that have given each composition its commanding place in the literature of music. The audience was enthusiastic. It rose in greeting Dr. Koussevitzky; it saw with unfeigned regret the end of the season; it rejoiced in the announcement that the conductor would again direct the superb, incomparable orchestra of brilliant musicians; the orchestra that he has formed and shaped.

It is customary to say a few words about a season brought to an end. The 50th was of an anniversary nature; con-

spicuous also for the Bach Festival. Musicians of European countries and of the United States were invited to enlarge the importance of the anniversary by their contribution of compositions. A piece d'occasion is too often only an expression of good will and honorable intention. Of all the more important contributions to the 50th anniversary Roussel's Symphony and Stravinsky's Symphonie de Psaumes were easily the first in rank. It seemed as if Prokofiev had taken his task too easily, hurriedly. His symphony was not worthy of him. The conductor and the audience had a right to expect from Respighi something better than his "Metamorphoseon"; a theme and variations in which variegated instrumentation clothed a poorly nourished body. These were the two conspicuous failures to seize the opportunity.

There has been some ill-considered talk about the undue prominence given to the works of the radical left wing; about the neglect of composers classed as orthodox. Bach was represented by 17 compositions at the regular concerts of the season; Beethoven by seven; Brahms by five; Mozart, Strauss, Wagner, each by four; Haydn by three; Schumann by three; Debussy, Handel, Loeffler, Ravel, Schubert, Sibelius, Tchaikovsky, each by two.

It is true that there were a few works by unfamiliar composers that were as the abomination of desolation; Lourie's "Sonate Liturgique" for example; but Nabokov's "Symphonie Lyrique" was not wholly negligible; Krenek's "Little Symphony" was pleasing, as were Pick-Mangiagalli's transcriptions of Bach; Pilati's pretty suite, while Lambert's "Rio Grande" was stormily applauded.

Nor were Americans neglected, shabbily treated. Griffes, Hadley, Hanson, Hill, Loeffler, McKinley, Steinert.

It was a graceful act to invite Sir George Henschel to conduct the first concert. Mr. Arbos is always a welcome visitor. Mr. Hadley showed routine ability as a conductor and had the pleasure of presenting two of his own works. Mr. Burgin gave an engrossing, highly dramatic interpretation of Sibelius's first symphony.

The list of soloists included two who made their first appearance in Boston; surely not their last if the pleasure of the audience has any weight with them: Mr. Milstein, the violinist; Mr. Piatigorsky, the violoncellist. Among the pianists were Messrs. Gieseking and Horowitz; and although Mr. Sanroma was not billed as a soloist, his playing the piano part of Stravinsky's Capriccio and of Lambert's "Rio Grande" was a marked feature of the season.

SYMPHONY HALL

Boston Symphony Orchestra

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gave the final program of its 50th season yesterday afternoon. The Friday subscribers applauded Dr Koussevitzky and the players very cordially at every opportunity. Wagner's prelude to "Die Meistersinger," Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun," Richard Strauss' "Till Eulenspiegel" and Beethoven's Fifth Symphony were the chosen numbers. It has been customary in the past to end each season with such a program as this, made up entirely of masterpieces generally familiar and generally beloved.

No season of the entire 50 has been more warmly applauded than the one that ends tonight with the usual repetition of yesterday's program. Dr Koussevitzky's unflagging energy, the remarkable series of works commissioned by the orchestra from a number of the foremost living composers, and the monumental Bach festival in March, in honor of the orchestra's founder have made this a memorable year. The repetition, under Sir George Henschel of the initial program of the first season, was not the least notable feature of the anniversary celebration. To the players, the trustees and the contributors toward the annual deficit the public is also deeply indebted. But the prime mover in everything has been Dr Koussevitzky, to whom honor and gratitude are chiefly due.

Compelling Interpretations

Yesterday's concert showed the conductor at the height of his powers. His vividly-imagined and eloquently-carried-through interpretations of masterpieces were as compelling as ever. His increased mastery of the details of orchestral technique and the superlative excellence as a group of the present orchestra enabled Dr Koussevitzky to surpass yesterday his former achievement in each of the chosen pieces. Nobody sensitive to music could listen unmoved to this concert.

But for perfection in orchestral performances of such a list of masterpieces as yesterday's, something more than eloquence and emotional intensity is needed. Dr Koussevitzky's limitations as a conductor are as marked as his abilities. He does not even now invariably secure from the players the absolute precision of attack, the perfect balance of tone, the uni-

form clarity of musical texture one expects, and seldom in vain, to find in the work of the greatest conductors, such as Muck or Toscanini.

Inner voices are sometimes obscured by the tonal mass, choirs do not make their entrances absolutely at the same instant; even first desk soloists sometimes come in a moment too soon or too late. Great as has been the improvement in all these respects in Dr Koussevitzky's conducting, perfection is not yet attained.

Graver than these limitations of orchestral technique are certain clearly-marked limitations of imaginative intuition, or emotional sympathy. Here one is, of course, on more controversial ground. If the orchestra is momentarily not quite together that is a plain and indisputable fact. If one feels, as one felt yesterday in the C-minor Symphony, that Dr Koussevitzky's Beethoven is not the true Beethoven, that is a matter of opinion. It is clear that his tempo for the andante con moto is slower than that indicated by Beethoven's metronome marking. It is less demonstrable that he does not fully understand the nobility and serenity that underlie this music.

An Ethical Idealist

Its romanticism is superficial. At heart Beethoven was a classicist and an ethical idealist, not a stormy soul like Tchaikovsky, or, to pick a fairer comparison, Wagner. Dr Muck, with no more guidance from tradition and from the printed text than Dr Koussevitzky can command, could by the sheer force of interpretive genius come closer to the heart of Beethoven's mystery. At least, so one listener yesterday firmly believes.

Dr Koussevitzky's reading of "Till Eulenspiegel" yesterday was, on the other hand, the best one recalls from anyone. The whimsicality, the daredevil, irrepressible energy, the half mocking, half sentimental interludes of lyricism in this tone poem have never been more clearly revealed.

The programs carried the first announcement of the 51st season of Boston Symphony concerts, to begin Oct 9 and 10, with Dr Koussevitzky as conductor.

The renewal privilege of this year's subscribers is about to expire, but the very long waiting list will absorb most, if not all, of the few places released by those who fail to renew their season subscriptions. P. R.

Spring Rites For a Season Now Closing

Leave-Taking, Music and Other Incidents Bestrewing the Symphonic Friday

May 2, 1931.

THE CONCERT itself shall be example and excuse for the reviewer. Perhaps it was the return of spring weather which made some of us see all things green and count spats a useless and deplorable human invention. Perhaps it was the thirty pages of tables, lists, summaries, indices, that filled more than half the program-book—the annual orgy, on such a May Day more than usually indecent. Perhaps it was the chronological record—the final matinee of the fiftieth year of the Symphony Concerts. Whatever the cause, the occasion wore a relaxed air—the indomitable Koussevitzky and his equally indomitable orchestra always expected. They persevered to the end. For the rest of us the present seemed more engaging than the past in spite of the editor's monstrosity of statistics; the future, in turn, more beguiling than the present.

True, we listened not only politely but intently. True again, the last matinee audience of the symphonic year was altogether coughless. Yet were our minds as firm-fixed as our ears upon music and performance? There was the Prelude to "Die Meistersinger," for instance, with which the concert began. It had not changed as masterful piece of flowing counterpoint. But it was pleasanter to think of the banks of the Rhine—the river flowing between—when the train skirts them en route to Munich, most agreeable of summer cities. Soon Debussy's Faun was peering, tonally, out of his bosky shelter. By the same token, upon the chestnut-trees will be in bloom in Paris and the Seine slip under the bridges gold-sheeted from the westerling sun.

Between whiles, too, our tongues would run away from the music in presence, since familiar numbers, all in high favor, filled the program, there was no one to

Penstock, I suppose you liked stuff," as they do after new or new Honegger. At this seat-mates protest their de-Beethoven's Fifth—possibly subconscious suspicion that at both their heads is a sup-are to flee that hackneyed mas-Much more in tune with the he mood were exchanges of re-takings and summer plans, by swift little excursions into cription Office to discover ext year's seats were certainly for on Friday afternoon, Oct. turday evening, Oct. 10, the eason of the Boston Symphony -Dr. Serge Koussevitzky con-h begin.

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Spring For a No

Leave-Taking Incidents I Sympho

Dr. Koussevitzky

THE CONCERT

ample and... Perhaps it... spring wea... of us see all thi... spats a useless a... invention. Perhap... pages of tables, list... that filled more th... book—the annual... Day more than us... haps it was the... the final matinée... the Symphony Co... cause, the occasion... the indomitable... equally indomitable... cepted. They per... for the rest of u... more engaging tha... the editor's monst... future, in turn, m... present.

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say "Well! Penstock, I suppose you liked that awful stuff," as they do after new Hindemith or new Honegger. At this late day no seat-mates protest their devotion to Beethoven's Fifth—possibly from the subconscious suspicion that at the back of both their heads is a suppressed desire to flee that hackneyed masterpiece. Much more in tune with the day and the mood were exchanges of spring leave-takings and summer plans, diversified by swift little excursions into the Subscription Office to discover whether next year's seats were certainly booked. For on Friday afternoon, Oct. 9, and Saturday evening, Oct. 10, the fifty-first season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra—Dr. Serge Koussevitzky conductor—will begin.

Perhaps the relaxing mood seeped also into the applause; while in such things, as every frequenter of Symphony Hall knows, the matinée audience is law and custom unto itself. At the first pause in Beethoven in C minor, it began to dribble away. Not even a bit of ceremony for the five-months' parting with conductor and orchestra could stay it, when at last Beethoven was weary of repeating his final chords. It summoned the orchestra to its feet; called back the conductor once and twice; clapped out and stamped out farewell. But its collective mind, as usual, was on the door and the car, the taxi and the traffic. Nor, as usual, could it agree to stand unanimously or to sit collectively when it was clapping. Dr. Koussevitzky's first entrance. For the standing posture, some will and some will not, whether a passing Japanese Prince or a familiar conductor is the occasion. Whoever the object, there should be an end to these scraggly matinée "homages."

In point of fact the only flood of applause, the afternoon through, followed the Prelude to "Die Meistersinger." Then it was torrential, alike for the splendor of the music and the passion of the performance. So eager and persistent were these plaudits that they hastened the rites of the day. In the first twenty-minutes of the concert, the orchestra was on its feet. Dr. Koussevitzky and Mr. Burgin at handshaking; while from the back of the stage to the back of the auditorium everybody was beaming upon everyone else. A bright May afternoon does not invite to amateur program-making. Yet the Prelude might have been better placed at the end of the concert. In itself it is an irresistible music. The performance yesterday drove forward, sonorous and striding, tense and climactic, at moments overmuch so for Wagner's flood of golden tone and

the songful waves into which it often breaks. The Prelude not only suits a festive occasion; it teems with the zest of living and doing and pleasuring. At the sound of it romance cries in the street and purges our souls, though we may be as heavy with the years and the flesh and our natural vanities as those self-same burghers of Nuremberg. Some of us breathe the freer; hold our heads the higher, for the hearing of it. It signalled the beginning, it should have crowned the end, of this semi-centennial year at Symphony Hall.

There were other incidents to be noted and at leisure pondered. To scan the "rush seats" in the second balcony was to note a few unoccupied. What say to that with a program of familiar classics—"Die Meistersinger" and "The Faun," "Till Eulenspiegel" and the Fifth Symphony—when a quasi-modernist list will usually fill every chair? And what again for the scant applause after Debussy's Prelude? It is an acknowledged and untarnished masterpiece. Conductor and orchestra evoke and excel in it. Seldom have they been more in the mood and the atmosphere than when Mr. Laurent sounded his flute, Mr. Gillet his oboe, Mr. Polatschek his clarinet, Mr. Zighera his harp, Mr. Böttcher and his companions their horns. Yet the reward was thin and lukewarm. "The Faun," most undeservedly, may be going out of matinee fashion. More probably, the audience takes piece and performance for granted, which state of mind is one of the pitfalls to perfection at the Symphony Concerts.

From Strauss's "Till" and Beethoven's Fifth, the reviewer, reminding his readers of the mood of the day, confidently claims exemption and excuse. With this stroke of his pen he agrees to all that has been said in praise of Strauss's etching in tones, of a comic characterization hardly to be matched within the forms and the means of symphonic music. But as the years accumulate upon his head and "Till's"—to say nothing of the composer's—he is coming to believe that conductors, keen for the details with which Strauss invariably tempts them, take "Till" too little in the vein of folk-tale and broad humor. The folk-tale is unmistakable at the beginning and the end. Till's tonal exercises in the market-place and the court-room hardly accord with the wit and the irony of which we used to hear so much. To the contrary they are good comic stuff to tickle the ribs as well as the ears of hearers. Dr. Koussevitzky steers a middle course. He does well with the measures of folk-tale; but in the clowneries the superlative skill of

orchestra persuades. By all the legends of Strauss's pages

Dr. Koussevitzky re- the Fifth Symphony an eminently direct high heroic none the with the sonorities the orchestra. Its indeed, were timely movement that con- bethovenish common- the rest let the re- sure of a concert for ; for once a man and God save the mark"— es it, at season's end. H. T. P.

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Rites ason's End

phony Concert,
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May 4, 1931

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Coussevitzky take the etly the same way. eceives some new im- onveys it to the or- s it to more sensi- l hearers. Twice last and on a Thursday, Symphony in C minor. on both occasions ces in the readings— ch, but in comparison April, at the subscrip- imilarly with "Till"

though the two performances were only a day apart. On Friday the conductor tended to be virtuoso-like with the tonal clowneries. On Saturday he took them more heartily, with the comic gusto of the folk-tale and of Strauss's music. Almost before the eye as well as the ear Till strutted the market-place; pranked it with the women; thumbed his nose by and large.

At the end of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, the farewell rites began in usual course. Unitedly the audience rose again, unitedly applauded conductor and orchestra, hardly noticing that Judge Cabot was on his way to the stage, a leathern case in his hand. He had scarcely mounted it before Dr. Koussevitzky turned to go. A louder clapping soon recalled him. Before him Judge Cabot opened the case; disclosed the golden wreath, pictured elsewhere on this page; laid it, finally, on the music-stand. Subscribers to the Friday, Saturday, Monday and Tuesday series had made it ready, at the end of this anniversary year, as token of the regard in which his audiences hold the conductor who has brought the Symphony Concerts again to acme.

Judge Cabot spoke briefly in short, warm sentences that avoided the commonplace of such occasions. Dr. Koussevitzky replied as one who struggles less with a strange language than with deep emotion. The audience added a commotion of cheers and clapping; the orchestra swelled the acclaim. The conductor shook whatever hands were within easy reach; waved grateful and excited arms; finally departed, bearing his wreath before him. . . . The dispersal was slow. In the corridors many lingered—with an event on their tongues. . . . "The orchestra that Henry Higginson created half a century ago has stood unswervingly for those esthetic virtues. . . . which reflect honor upon the public whose spirit they reveal and express."

H. T. P.

The Trustees of the Symphony Orchestra have ordered the designing and the striking of a medal to mark this semi-centennial year. Each member of the orchestra will receive one.

The subscribers to the Symphony Concerts who bestowed a golden wreath upon Dr. Koussevitzky, having money still in hand, have added a golden clock for the conductor's study.

It; and that duty lies upon every individual citizen.

York Laurels In Boston Wreath

ilman Adds His Chaplet
the Garlands for the
ymphony Orchestra

May 5, 1931

ER the caption, "Fifty Years of Great Orchestra," Lawrence Gilman wrote last Sunday in the New Herald Tribune: "It is half a century that resolute and intelligent s, Henry L. Higginson, aroused tens of Boston by issuing a state- which he set forth in detail his supplying the capital of Massa- with a permanent symphony a. His intention, he announced, hire an orchestra of sixty men conductor [there were seventy- the opening concert of Oct. 22, saying them all by the year,' re- to himself 'the right to all their ed for rehearsals and for con- and allowing them to give lessons ey had time.' The orchestra was in Boston as many serious con- classical music as were wanted, to give at other times, and more y in the summer, concerts of a kind of music, in which should be good dance music; to do the neighboring towns and cities as practicable, but certainly to give University all that she needs in, to keep the prices low always, sially where the lighter concerts question, because to them may e poorer people; fifty cents and ve cents being the measure of

[Saturday] night in Boston the a of which Henry L. Higginson, which he brought into being, e developed and cherished for an a generation, concluded its eason. The great Mr. Higginson, have been present in the flesh t bow from the platform of Sym- all with Mr. Koussevitzky, might en pardoned for feeling satisfied e issue of his labors and his He would have been justified ; himself (though it is difficult to s doing so) that he had been a gent in the accomplishment of l which he exposed in the earlier the orchestra's existence when "The Civil War taught a great n that if we were to have a coun- hy of the name we must work d educate it, as well as fight for

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There were other incidents to and at leisure pondered. To "rush seats" in the second balcony to note a few unoccupied. What that with a program of familiar "Die Meistersinger" and "The Till Eulenspiegel" and the Fifth symphony—when a quasi-modernist usually fill every chair? A again for the scant applause after the symphony's Prelude? It is an acknowledged masterpiece. Conductors orchestra evoke and excel in it. Have they been more in the atmosphere than when Mr. Gillet sounded his flute, Mr. Ziegler his clarinet, Mr. Ziegler his harp, Mr. Büttcher and his corn their horns. Yet the reward and lukewarm. "The Faun," deservedly, may be going out in fashion. More probably, it takes piece and performance granted, which state of mind is the pitfalls to perfection at the Symphony Concerts.

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Wreathed Rites For Season's End

The Final Symphony Concert, With a Golden Circlet For Dr. Koussevitzky

Trans. — May 4, 1931
THE AUDIENCE of Saturday at the Symphony Concerts does better by farewells. It is not in haste to be off and away like the company on Friday, which often seems to share the belief of sated reviewers that the high point of any concert is the end. It is less self-conscious, more eager and expansive; in any concerted action unanimous. Last Saturday, for example, it rose to a man and a woman when Dr. Koussevitzky came first to the stage; joined the standing orchestra in hearty plaudits. It received the Prelude to "Die Meistersinger" with pleasure rather than excitement; restored "The Afternoon of a Faun" to the favor denied it on Friday; reserved its warmest applause for "Till Eulenspiegel." Clapping piece and performance to the echo and bringing the orchestra to its feet, it also testified to one of the conductor's most individual characteristics.

Seldom does Dr. Koussevitzky take the same piece in exactly the same way. Almost always he receives some new impression from it; conveys it to the orchestra; so imparts it to more sensitive and accustomed hearers. Twice last week, on a Monday and on a Thursday, he led in Brahms's Symphony in C minor. By reliable report, on both occasions there were differences in the readings—not only each to each, but in comparison with that, early in April, at the subscription concerts. Similarly with "Till"

though the two performances were only a day apart. On Friday the conductor tended to be virtuoso-like with the tonal clowneries. On Saturday he took them more heartily, with the comic gusto of the folk-tale and of Strauss's music. Almost bristled the eye as well as the ear Till strutted the market-place; pranked it with the women; thumbed his nose by and large.

At the end of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, the farewell rites began in usual course. Unitedly the audience rose again, unitedly applauded conductor and orchestra, hardly noticing that Judge Cabot was on his way to the stage, a leathern case in his hand. He had scarcely mounted it before Dr. Koussevitzky turned to go. A louder clapping soon recalled him. Before him Judge Cabot opened the case; disclosed the golden wreath, pictured elsewhere on this page; laid it, finally, on the music-stand. Subscribers to the Friday, Saturday, Monday and Tuesday series had made it ready, at the end of this anniversary year, as token of the regard in which his audiences hold the conductor who has brought the Symphony Concerts again to acme.

Judge Cabot spoke briefly in short, warm sentences that avoided the commonplace of such occasions. Dr. Koussevitzky replied as one who struggles less with a strange language than with deep emotion. The audience added a commotion of cheers and clapping; the orchestra swelled the acclaim. The conductor shook whatever hands were within easy reach; waved grateful and excited arms; finally departed, bearing his wreath before him. . . . The dispersal was slow. In the corridors many lingered—with an event on their tongues. . . . "The orchestra that Henry Higginson created half a century ago has stood unswervingly for those esthetic virtues. . . . which reflect honor upon the public whose spirit they reveal and express."

H. T. P.

The Trustees of the Symphony Orchestra have ordered the designing and the striking of a medal to mark this semi-centennial year. Each member of the orchestra will receive one.

The subscribers to the Symphony Concerts who bestowed a golden wreath upon Dr. Koussevitzky, having money still in hand, have added a golden clock for the conductor's study.

It; and that duty lies upon every individual citizen.

York Laurels In Boston Wreath

Gilman Adds His Chaplet to the Garlands for the Symphony Orchestra

May 5, 1931
Under the caption, "Fifty Years of the Great Orchestra," Lawrence Gilman wrote last Sunday in the New York Herald Tribune: "It is half a century that resolute and intelligent Henry L. Higginson, aroused the citizens of Boston by issuing a statement which he set forth in detail his supplying the capital of Massachusetts with a permanent symphony orchestra. His intention, he announced, was to hire an orchestra of sixty men and a conductor [there were seventy-five in the opening concert of Oct. 22, 1881]—paying them all by the year, 'to give to himself the right to all their rehearsal and for conducting and allowing them to give lessons as they had time.' The orchestra was in Boston as many serious classical music as were wanted, to give at other times, and more in the summer, concerts of a kind of music, in which should be good dance music; to do the neighboring towns and cities as practicable, but certainly to give the University all that she needs in music, to keep the prices low always, especially where the lighter concerts were in question, because to them may be poorer people; fifty cents and fifty cents being the measure of

[Saturday] night in Boston the orchestra of which Henry L. Higginson, which he brought into being, was developed and cherished for half a century, concluded its season. The great Mr. Higginson, who has been present in the flesh and bow from the platform of Symphony Hall with Mr. Koussevitzky, might be pardoned for feeling satisfied with the issue of his labors and his life. He would have been justified in himself (though it is difficult to say so) that he had been a agent in the accomplishment of which he exposed in the earlier years the orchestra's existence when 'The Civil War taught a great lesson that if we were to have a country of the name we must work to educate it, as well as fight for it; and that duty lies upon every individual citizen.'

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There were other incidents to and at leisure pondered. To "rush seats" in the second balcony to note a few unoccupied. What that with a program of familiar "Die Meistersinger" and "The Till Eulenspiegel" and the Fifth Symphony—when a quasi-modernist usually fill every chair? Again for the scant applause after the Prelude? It is an acknowledgment of an untarnished masterpiece. Conductors orchestra evoke and excel in it, have they been more in the atmosphere than when Mr. Gilman sounded his flute, Mr. Gillet his Polatschek his clarinet, Mr. Ziegler his harp, Mr. Böttcher and his corn their horns. Yet the reward and lukewarm. "The Faun," deservedly, may be going out in fashion. More probably, the audience takes piece and performance granted, which state of mind is the pitfalls to perfection at the Symphony Concerts.

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"Last [Saturday] night in Boston the orchestra of which Henry L. Higginson dreamed, which he brought into being, which he developed and cherished for more than a generation, concluded its fiftieth season. The great Mr. Higginson, could he have been present in the flesh to take a bow from the platform of Symphony Hall with Mr. Koussevitzky, might have been pardoned for feeling satisfied with the issue of his labors and his dreams. He would have been justified in telling himself (though it is difficult to fancy his doing so) that he had been a prime agent in the accomplishment of that ideal which he exposed in the earlier days of the orchestra's existence when he said: 'The Civil War taught a great many men that if we were to have a country worthy of the name we must work for it and educate it, as well as fight for it; and that duty lies upon every individual citizen.'"

"That duty, no one more devotedly than Henry Higginson. 'I have had my day,' he wrote, shortly before his death, to his friend Judge Cabot, 'and have had great comfort from the orchestra.' One can believe that, as he added, the burden had become 'almost intolerable.' It must indeed have seemed so in the tragic spring of 1918; but one likes to fancy that before he came to his end, a year and a half later, the comfort had begun to seem more memorable than the burden.

"The orchestra that Henry Higginson created half a century ago has stood unswervingly throughout its existence for those esthetic virtues which not only contribute to the glory of musical art, but which reflect honor upon the public whose spirit they reveal and express. Other makers of music amongst us, other musical institutions—certain of them august and prententious and, alas, unashamed—have sometimes lowered their standards, have compromised with expediency; merchants have occasionally trafficked in their souls. We recall no instance of such lapses or perversions in the history of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The prodigious effort made and sustained by Higginson was, as he expressed it, 'simply in the interest of good music.' The orchestra has had no other aim throughout its half-century of existence. . . .

"A constant recognition of the truth that a great orchestra is obliged to function unceasingly not alone as a custodian but as a herald and a prophet, has guided the activities of the Boston organization from the start. Obedient to the more dangerous clause of this obligation, Henschel brought forward Brahms Gericke ventured Bruckner and Strauss (during the first performance of the latter's 'Aus Italien' the auditors 'walked out in platoons'); Muck presented 'La Mer' of Debussy—though he is known to have no love for that composer—and the even less accessible 'Five Orchestral Pieces' of Schönberg. Monteux exhibited Stravinsky's 'Petrushka' and 'Sacre du Printemps' in the days before they had become accepted modern classics. As for Dr. Koussevitzky, he has been sleeplessly on the trail of the significant and the innovating, indifferent to the certainty that thy would affront inhospitable ears, disregarding the indignant subscriber who wrote to a newspaper, 'I refuse to pay more than a nickel for subway noises.'

"The orchestra continues in its triumphant present what Mr. M. A. De Wolfe Howe in the admirable new edition of his chronicle so felicitously calls 'the old story of the instruction of the unwilling—the gradual and difficult direction of

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Koussevitzky In These Days Of Full Prime

The Symphony Concerts at the
End of His Seventh Year
of Ripening

Trans. — May 1, 1931

CONSIDER, through the turn of a column, the obligations of the conductor of a symphony orchestra of the first rank and of international note, standing as Dr. Koussevitzky does today and tomorrow at the end of a seventh year before the same public. Consider those obligations severally—the holding of the orchestra in discipline yet at the top of individual and collective bent; the maintaining through sixty-odd concerts in seven months of a high level of performance; the arranging and the re-arranging of eighty or ninety or a hundred pieces through those sixty-odd programs; the choosing of those pieces out of past and present, from the established, the novel, the neglected, the innovating, from many composers of many periods working in diverse manners; the humoring—for it must be done—of predilection and prejudice in audiences; the safeguarding of health and spirits without which good work is impossible; the preserving—at the back of the head, without pretense or ostentation, yet in all the daily round—of the ambition, the standards, the devotion to a profession and an art that are a conductor's honor; the infusing of an inexhaustible vitality into the chosen music, the accomplished performance, the reactions of the audience. Consider these obligations. Then test Dr. Koussevitzky by his fulfillment of them.

By common consent the Boston Orchestra has returned to the first rank. Mr. Monteux began the return. Dr. Koussevitzky continued, achieved and assured it. The prestige of the orchestra at home and abroad is at highest. In the concert-hall the numbers, applause, interest and loyalty of audiences attest it. In print, reviewers, chroniclers, essayists, bear witness to it. Visiting Europeans confirm it. There are Japanese aware of it. Perhaps we Bostonians

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"Great is the Orchestra's reward. It is half later, the comfort had begun honored as an institution which justifies more memorable than the burden the civilization that nurtured and perfected it. May it live to make increasingly created half a century ago has glad the hearts of those for whom such swervingly throughout its existence triumphs of the spirit outlast the drums those æsthetic virtues which stand trappings of a half century of material conquests."

The just fame of the Boston Symphony Orchestra has stretched as far as Japan. When the Prince and the Princess Takamatsu were planning their present American tour and including Boston in their itinerary, they resolved to hear one of its concerts. The Princess is a practised musician, fond of symphonic pieces. The Prince hears them contentedly. Next Friday afternoon, they and their suite will be guests of the Trustees of the Orchestra at Symphony Hall. Normally the audience fills the house; but by the courtesy of various subscribers, eleven seats together have been found for them. Originally Dr. Koussevitzky had arranged a program for chorus and orchestra. Informed of the coming of musically minded guests, he rightly inferred that they would prefer to hear the orchestra unassisted. Accordingly, he remade the program to include Schubert's Symphony in C major; Griffes's "Pleasure-Dome of Kubla Khan," for a piece from an American composer; the Suite from Stravinsky's ballet, "The Fire-Bird." . . .

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"A constant recognition of the that a great orchestra is obliged t tion unceasingly not alone as a dian but as a herald and a proph guided the activities of the Bost ganization from the start. Obed the more dangerous clause of th gation, Henschel brought f Brahms Gericke ventured Bruckn Strauss (during the first perform the latter's 'Aus Italien' the a 'walked out in platoons'); Muck pr 'La Mer' of Debussy—though he is to have no love for that compose the even less accessible 'Five Orc Piece' of Schönberg. Monteux ex Stravinsky's 'Petrushka' and 'Sa Printemps' in the days before the become accepted modern classics. Dr. Koussevitzky, he has been sle ly on the trail of the significant a innovating, indifferent to the ce hat thy woud affront inhospitable disregarding the indignant sub who wrote to a newspaper, I ref pay more than a nickel for s noises."

"The orchestra continues in its phant present what Mr. M. A. De Howe in the admirable new edit his chronicle so felicitously calls ' story of the instruction of the un —the gradual and difficult direct

The just fame of the Boston Symphony Orchestra has stretched as far as Japan. When the Prince and the Princess Takamatsu were planning their present American tour and including Boston in their itinerary, they resolved to hear one of its concerts. The Princess is a practised musician, fond of symphonic pieces. The Prince hears them contentedly.

Next Friday afternoon, they and their suite will be guests of the Trustees of the Orchestra at Symphony Hall. Normally the audience fills the house; but by the courtesy of various subscribers, eleven seats together have been found for them. Originally Dr. Koussevitzky had arranged a program for chorus and orchestra. Informed of the coming of musically minded guests, he rightly inferred that they would prefer to hear the orchestra unassisted. Accordingly, he remade the program to include Schubert's Symphony in C major; Griffes's "Pleasure-Dome of Kubla Khan," for a piece from an American composer; the Suite from Stravinsky's ballet, "The Fire-Bird." . . .

To cultivated Europeans Boston is better known by its orchestra of the first rank than by any other thing within it. To these Europeans add now the corresponding Japanese.

Trans. Apr. 21, 1931.

Koussevitzky In The Of P

The Symphony End of Hi of I

Trans.

CONSIDER, column, conductor tra of the national note, Koussevitzky do throw at the er before the sa those obligations of the orchestra top of individual maintaining thro in seven months formance; the ar ranging of eighty pieces through th the choosing of and present, fro novel, the neglect many composers ing in diverse m for it must be de prejudice in aud ing of health and good work is imp at the back of tense or ostentat round—of the a the devotion to a that are a conduc of an inexhaust chosen music, the ance, the reaction sider these obligi Koussevitzky by

By common of chestra has retu Mr. Monteux be Koussevitzky con sured it. The pr at home and ab the concert-hall interest and loya it. In print, essayists, bear v Europeans confir ese aware of it.

are now inclined to take it for granted; to forget that it was gained through seven years of unrelaxing ambition, patience and work; that even slight recession on stage or in auditorium will endanger it.

The Symphony Concerts, as repositories of music, enjoy a like note. There is none to excel them in range, variety, liberality. Eighteenth-century masters may begin programs; Americans of the younger generation fill middle place; a classic of the nineteenth century round the list. There is room for composers of every period, nationality, style, so long as their music keeps vitality. The present is fostered—because the composition of music is a continuous art infused with the life of the time; a pursuit of new matter, methods, means and freedoms; a revelation of newfound, ripening, individualized abilities. Yet proportion is heeded; while along with it goes care for the pleasuring of a diversified audience.

From generalities pass to particulars. The orchestra is composed of players in prime, neither unripened nor over-routined. Heard in chamber-concerts or in solo-pieces outside Symphony Hall, relatively minor members of the choirs surprise by fineness of individual quality. Assembled on their own stage, for no music are they unready; while none overtaxes their abilities—often to the surprise and admiration of visiting composers and guest-conductors. Changes are now few. For the most part, they are the entrance of a new and remarkable talent, like Mr. Polatschek as first clarinet, or Mr. Böttcher as first horn, or Mr. Sanromá as pianist. By association the players have come to feel and know each other; to feel, know and work in image of the conductor. Wherever a hundred more or less sensitive men work together under one, highly sensitive; wherever discipline is the first essential to achievement, there are flashes of irritation. They pass humanwise; while the reciprocating spirit prevails and endures.

Hence the merits of a string choir whose precision and plasticity are unexcelled; who command every finesse and every energy of tone, passing at will from sensuous beauty to striding power; whose sensibility and unanimity serve equally the composer's and conductor's will. Beside it sits a woodwind choir of matched virtuosity with their several instruments, of unfailing musical intelligence, as quick and manifold as the strings in response to the music before them, to the conductor's purpose. It is the distinction of the brass choir that it ranges at will from mellow nineteenth-century sonority to piercing twentieth-

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century plangency. No modernist
rhythming or coloring has yet over-
taxed the percussion corner.

As a unified orchestra, these choirs
now play with a balance and a
reciprocation capable of the finest
euphonies or the sharpest contrasts.
They range from suggestion to procla-
mation. Above all, they are supple
masters of diverse styles. They
excel with Mozart and Haydn. They
excel also with Stravinsky and
Hindemith. They sound Beethoven and
Brahms characterized. They do as much
for Debussy and Ravel. Finally such
an orchestra and such a conductor have
gradually sensitized their accustomed
audiences. They are not only suf-
fused with sensuous beauty, thrilled with
power, whipped by rhythm, dazzled with
color. The quick-eared and quick-minded
answer now to subtleties and suggestion,
to the finer play of this orchestral art.

From the orchestra of Koussevitzky to
his programs. But first, a clearing of the
ground. No orchestra can maintain its
quality, no audience keep its interest,
next to no conductor express himself under
the repeated and super-polished perform-
ance of a narrow range of music, for the
most part classic or museum pieces. The
orchestra is staled; the audience sated; the
conductor turned finical; the classics
themselves routinized and devitalized. Fur-
thermore: in a thousand heads float mem-
ories of music once liked, now by time and
change stripped, outmoded and deadened.
To resurrect it and to pretend with it
would bring only boredom and disillusion.
Yet again: while there are those who are
deeply and sincerely stirred by the classics
or the surviving romantics, there are also
those who are as warmly and honestly
impressed by the modernists. It is possi-
ble to be thrilled by Stravinsky as well as
by Beethoven; to be engrossed by Hinde-
mith as well as by Brahms; to take pleas-
ure in Schumann and also in Honegger.
If age must be served, so also must youth,
if an orchestra is to endure and be a liv-
ing thing. If the narrow-minded must
be warily humored, twice over should
the catholic-eared be pleased.

Once more: though august matrons de-
part in dudgeon and gray heads mutter
about "noise," the modernists will con-
tinue to write in their own manner be-
cause thereby they express themselves
and their generation. No more can they
be excluded from the concerts of the
nineteen-thirties than current inven-
tions can be excluded from our house-
holds or current manners and customs
eschewed in our living. They are a part
of the life and the music of our time. A
considerable and indispensable public
wishes to hear them, as it reads the lit-

Most of us who listen with any dis-
crimination and background to the Sym-
phony Concerts, who count them as
something more than week-end gather-
ing-place for entertainment, have had
our differences with Dr. Koussevitzky.
Hearing the outcome, we have wondered
why he accepted and played this or that
new piece. Exalting our own notions,
we have preferred another pace or ac-
cents to his. Harking back, as we fond-
ly believed, to the composer, we have
doubted his version of the piece in hand.
Once in so often must he try to drama-
tize a music intrinsically undramatic?
Or the choice or the arrangement of a
program has irked us. All these are the
minor and momentary concomitants, in-
evitable but also trivial, of a conductor-
ship seven years long. Beside Dr. Kous-
sevitzky's essential and ripened qualities,
they recede into the small and personal
objection before the large and determin-
ing considerations. At the end of seven
years, it is again in order to call the roll.
It is essential that the Symphony Con-
certs should escape routine. Season after
season and week after week, Dr. Kous-
sevitzky sets in a focus of interest, a
source of surprise, a satisfaction remem-
bered and renewed. It is essential that
the conductor himself should not be rou-
tined. To hackneyed repertory pieces
Dr. Koussevitzky comes freshly, infuses
them with a new vitality, sounds them as
they may have plausibly sounded when
they also were new. To untried pieces he
brings a patience, persistence, faith and
zest that are the delight of the composers
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A conductor may not spare himself and
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ed, revivals to be considered, new scores
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H. T. P.

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For at bottom the whole controversy resolves itself into a question of proportion. By the evidence of his programs through seven years, Dr. Koussevitzky has not neglected the classics. He has restored the composers of the eighteenth century to just place in the Symphony Concerts. He has not only played Beethoven and Brahms; he has re-vitalized them. No conductor within memory has given Mendelssohn more room; cultivated Schumann more sympathetically. In our ears he has re-created Berlioz. Wagner is intrinsically a composer of the opera house. Dr. Koussevitzky, like Dr. Muck, like most conductors of the present day, prefers to leave him in his own field. There have been condescensions to the popular favor for certain symphonies of Saint-Saëns, Dvorák and Franck.

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It is true that whatever Dr. Koussevitzky does is colored high or deep with his own personal quality. But that "personality" is kindling force upon orchestra, audience, piece and composer. It is also essential nowadays to the American concert-hall. The conductor's variety gratifies the American instinct for change; is proof against over-familiarity. His inexhaustible vitality keeps every trait and every ability in play and unclouded. When at some distant day, he lays down his present charge at his own request—lest his audience should tire of him—his successor will be difficult to find and easy to regret.

H. T. P.

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SYMPHONY HALL, BOSTON

YOUNG PEOPLE'S CONCERTS

THE AFTERNOONS OF

Wednesday, November 12, and Thursday, November 13, 1930
at 4 o'clock

BY THE

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Dr. SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, Conductor

W. H. BRENNAN, Manager

G. E. JUDD, Asst. Manager

Dr. Serge Koussevitzky and Richard Burgin will conduct.
There will be brief explanatory remarks with stereopticon slides,
by Alfred H. Meyer.

PROGRAMME FOR BOTH CONCERTS

- Bach . . . Arranged for String orchestra by Pick-Mangiagalli . . . Prelude
- Beethoven Allegretto from the Seventh Symphony in A major
- Mozart . . . Adagio from the Concerto for Clarinet
Solo: Victor Polatschek
- Moussorgsky . . . "Pictures at an Exhibition"
Arranged for Orchestra by Maurice Ravel
- Promenade
Gnome
Tuileries
Bydlo
Promenade
Ballet of the Chicks in their shells
Samuel Goldenberg and Schmuyle
- Borodin . . . Polovetzian Dances from the Opera, "Prince Igor"

Three hundred desirable floor seats have been reserved, to be sold directly
to individuals for their children. These special reserved tickets are available
to Symphony subscribers at the Symphony Hall box office at \$1.00 each.
No adult will be admitted unless accompanied by one or more children.
The balance of the seats will, as before, be offered through the schools of
Greater Boston, at 35 cents each.

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YOUNG PEOPLE'S CONCERT

Dr. Koussevitzky and Mr. Richard Burgin divided the honors at the Young People's concert yesterday afternoon. The program was as follows: Bach-Pick-Mangiagalli, prelude for string orchestra; Beethoven, allegretto from the Seventh Symphony; Mozart, adagio from the Concerto for Clarinet with Victor Polatschek, soloist; Moussorgsky-Ravel, "Pictures at an Exhibition"; Bowdin, Polovetzian dances from the opera "Prince Igor." There were explanations with stereopticon slides by Mr. Alfred H. Meyer. Dr. Koussevitzky conducted the first three numbers; Mr. Burgin the other two.

The conductors as well as the orchestra were very fortunate in having an audience sufficiently unsophisticated to react naturally to the music they heard. The silence while the music was played was wonderful to behold in children. Some even dared to assist Dr. Koussevitzky in conducting, but unfortunately were quickly suppressed by their escorts, who really were vandals at this concert and only admitted if a child brought them along.

The program was attentively and respectfully listened to through the Mozart, but enthusiasm did not break loose until the Moussorgsky suite was played. The gnome was received as a kindred spirit; the rumbling and creaking of the Polish cart brought forth a heartfelt burst of applause. Over the Ballet of the Chicks in their shells one felt a slight controversy. To some this ballet seemed quite the proper thing; others were a little skeptical over it, yet not enough so to prevent smiling. Needless to say the instruments of percussion were considered the most fascinating in the orchestra. Though Mr. Polatschek's exquisite phrasing was appreciated, it was the roll of a drum that brought excitement to its zenith.

Mr. Meyer's apt remarks and interesting pictures added much to the enjoyment of the audience, though a more personal and imaginative attitude might have aroused his young listeners to a more attentive response. His mere mention of Dr. Koussevitzky's name was met with a spontaneous outburst.

The program will be repeated this afternoon.

L. B. D.

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The second of the Young People's concerts by the Boston Symphony orchestra took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. Dr. Koussevitzky conducted the first movement of Haydn's Symphony in D major (B. & H. No. 10) and the Scherzo from Mendelssohn's Incidental music for Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream"; Mr. Richard Burgin conducted the Handel-Casadesus Andante from concerto (viola solo: Jean Lafranc), Honegger's Pacific 231, and Rimsky-Korsakov's Caprice on Spanish Themes.

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Instead of simply showing the children a picture of the viola Mr. Meyer produced the instrument itself, held it up with the violin that the children might see the differences between the two instruments. That the ear might know to distinguish between them Mr. Theodorowicz and Mr. Lefranc played phrases on their respective instruments—first on the strings the violin and viola possess in common, then on those peculiar to each instrument—thus graphically bringing to the hearers the difference in timbre of each. This was duly appreciated, as was Mr. Lefranc's beautiful playing of the Andante that followed.

The knowledge Mr. Meyer shows of locomotives would almost vie with that of Mr. Honegger himself. However, the young people seemed much more engrossed with the information he gave them than the music which portrays Pacific 231 so vividly. If their attention lapsed a bit during the Honegger, the Caprice on Spanish Themes captivated and intrigued them. The brilliant piece excited curiosity and admiration. Enthusiastic applause followed it.

A fair-sized audience greeted Mr. Koussevitzky and Mr. Burgin. The concert will be repeated this afternoon.

L. B. D.

SYMPHONY HALL, BOSTON

YOUNG PEOPLE'S CONCERTS

THE AFTERNOONS OF

Monday, April 6, and Tuesday, April 7
1931

at 4 o'clock

BY THE

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Dr. SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, Conductor

W. H. BRENNAN, Manager

G. E. JUDD, Asst. Manager

Dr. Serge Koussevitzky and Richard Burgin will conduct.
There will be brief explanatory remarks with stereopticon slides,
by Alfred H. Meyer.

PROGRAMME FOR BOTH CONCERTS

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Adagio; Allegro spiritoso. |
| Mendelssohn | Incidental Music for Shakespeare's
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| a. Overture. | |
| b. Scherzo. | |
| Jongen | Elegiac Poem, for Viola and Orchestra
Viola Solo: Jean Lefranc. |
| Honegger | "Pacific 2-3-1," Orchestral Movement |
| Rimsky-Korsakov | Caprice on Spanish Themes |

Three hundred desirable floor seats have been reserved, to be sold directly to individuals for their children. These special reserved tickets are available to Symphony Subscribers at the Symphony Hall box office at \$1.00 each.

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| STRAUSS: | Fruhlingstimmen—Walzer (Voices of Spring).
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Concert-Chronicle

Nov. 7, 1930

For Cambridge Ears

THE program of the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Sanders Theater, Cambridge, last evening, anticipated the week's concerts in Boston in the inclusion of Handel's Concerto Grosso No. 12 in B minor, and for the rest followed the program of last week, with Nabokov's Symphony and Chaikovsky's Symphony in F minor, No. 4.

Nabokov's symphony again gave the impression that its composer is a young man of more than ordinary talent. Whether that large talent will ripen into genius, is, as the phrase goes, "up to him." The question has been raised in the foreign press as to how much Nabokov owes to Stravinsky and Prokofiev. To one listener at least, the question seems futile. Probably he would not have written as he did had the two great moderns not lived. But also, probably he would not have written as he did had jazz not been invented. Indeed, if one listens closely, one can hear the echo of the styles of half a dozen or more composers in the work of Nabokov, and probably a majority among them are late Romanticists. It would be said with equal truth that Nabokov's style could not be what it is were it not for these composers.

Nabokov seems to be laying the foundations of a style which will be both intensely personal and broadly eclectic. He is not given to "isms," be they of this or that lion or movement of his day and age, or be they of the past. Such matters, in his style, are apparently put into their place in the style which he is forging for himself. But not all the elements which are going into the making of that style are as yet perfectly fused. It is a natural stage in the work of many a young composer. It argues that a certain state of immaturity has not as yet been passed. The promise for Nabokov lies in the inherent beauty of his ideas and of the uses to which he puts them, and in the sure and certain way in which he is fusing diverse elements into a style of his own. Such a work as this symphony proved highly enjoyable, even though it contains certain evidences of immaturity. Of course, not a little of this enjoyment is due to the splendid performance which Dr. Koussevitzky and his men gave to the work.

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Stravinsky, Handel And Koussevitzky

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For Cambridge

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Mr. Sanromá thrice returned to the stage, the third time bringing Dr. Koussevitzky, who drew the musicians to their feet before redoubled clapping. Few performances and few novel pieces have been received as favorably by a Cambridge audience. Beethoven, however, was not to be outdone. If the applause for Stravinsky's Caprice saluted the cleverness and boldness of the composer and the understanding brilliance of the pianist, that for the "Eroica" Symphony expressed an affection deep-seated and stirring.

As originally announced, the plan of concert followed that of last Monday evening in Symphony Hall. Two numbers were identical while a third held similar weight. By concert-time, however, Dr. Koussevitzky had substituted Handel's Concerto Grosso for Elgar's Introduction and Allegro, both pieces employing an orchestra of strings. The change made a similar balance in the program and gave an equal opportunity to the strings while the music itself made a readier appeal to the audience, though it is a question whether a less sympathetic performance than that of last evening would have prevailed so easily. This Concerto in G Minor has not the contrasts of other Handelian music; it would with difficulty make its point in a workaday or even capable performance. Dr. Koussevitzky, however, went beyond the capable. He drew out the music's essential nobility. He made it expand in broad periods and secure cadences. Working upon lifeless music pages, he emphasized a quality in the music of this composer which distinguished him from other composers of the time—a quality which every listener feels at all times but which is seldom so well defined as last evening. Handel walks aloof and dignified, but not without humanity and conviction. He is an aristocrat who commands attention and respect. However familiar his scheme of harmony, his musical phrase proceeds on its appointed course, not avoiding, but pushing aside the little sticks and stumbles which would block the commoner.

The story of Stravinsky's Caprice is now familiar. Some like it; some don't. The general audience finds it pleasing. Many discover in it Stravinsky's facetious even satirical, slant. The orchestra is thoroughly familiar with the piece and give it a performance of exceptional polish and virtuosity. Mr. Sanromá, in the spirit of Harlequin himself, plays with scarcely a glance at the keyboard, but with knowing lilt and delicacy. It now serves the orchestra as Liszt serves many a pianist.

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industry Pipe Line er in its business, eld on its ebenture any, Shell s of 1949 than the atial long-k feature, turity be- twenty-five, elders, who never for- on stock were saying, as the or to Oct. d out of Sanders The- on stock that years ago Reisen- re, but it he piece at a pair of past and ts. Reisenauer—they ell in thatnan pianist, in his day nt or nine his conversation and for the We others listened able, theen agreed among our- as of 1930 never heard it before nts of \$4, nance, if, indeed, we ured by al. Of course, the emi- he results knew all about it and were un- tion. He always does is in a in hand happens to should be onths' or a few years' n the in- Weber had "thought n the in- Piece in F minor at ther lead- ry, 1821; had written eported to, following June; had a commit- wife with "the sheets uel oil or d it to her while he ces should dmentary." All this rovement when his "Der Frei- d of the h-making" opera, was r the first time any-

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A modicum of listening imagination sufficed to mate program and music. Strauss himself could hardly have made closer jointure. But the visioning Weber sounded cramped with no more than a piano and a subordinate orchestra to give release and strike fire. The piano-part had faded less than five score years and ten might have worn it. In fact, Mr. Borovsky was so adroit and sympathetic with both mind and fingers that it never tinkled thin. His tone gave it body; his virtuosity lent it brilliance. Weber loved rhetoric and Mr. Borovsky tempered it with as little modernistic discretion as was possible to an "intellectual" pianist, playing in April 1931. The Concert-Piece probably asks the "grand style" and that sort of eloquence is hard to come by in present concert-halls. Mr. Borovsky, as his Bach was proving last week in Symphony Hall, takes sensitive thought as he plays. Perhaps for that very reason, the Concert-Piece sounded a little dry; whereas it should glow and shout and run its gamut of emotion and expression, even as did Weber himself.

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As originally announced, the effect. In the Scherzo, he makes the concert followed that of last question and answer, the free play of evening in Symphony Hall. Two fancy. the interchange of instrumental bers were identical while a thir task equally delightful. N. M. J.

After Many Years And at Cambridge

Pianist and Conductor Revive Weber's "Concert-Piece"

And It Sounds

Trans. — Mrs. S. 1931
THOSE obliging elders, who never forget anything, were saying, as the rest of us fled out of Sanders Theater last evening, that years ago Reisenauer had played the piece at a pair of Symphony Concerts. Reisenauer—they added—was a German pianist, in his day noted equally for his conversation and his music-making. We others listened with polite ears; then agreed among ourselves that we had never heard it before in public performance, if, indeed, we had heard it at all. Of course, the eminent "programmist" knew all about it and printed his information. He always does—unless the piece in hand happens to be of only a few months' or a few years' standing. Yes: Weber had "thought out" his Concert-Piece in F minor at Dresden in February, 1821; had written it at Berlin in the following June; had finished it on the morning of June 18, then rushed to his wife with "the sheets hardly dry"; played it to her while he "shouted out a commentary." All this on the very day when his "Der Freischütz," an "epoch-making" opera, was to be performed for the first time anywhere.

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As originally announced, the concert followed that of last evening in Symphony Hall. Two bers were identical while a third similar weight. By concert-time ever, Dr. Koussevitzky had subs Handel's Concerto Grosso for Introduction and Allegro, both employing an orchestra of string change made a similar balance program and gave an equal oppo to the strings while the music itself a readier appeal to the audience, it is a question whether a less thetic performance than that evening would have prevailed so. This Concerto in G Minor has contrasts of other Handelian m would with difficulty make its p a workaday or even capable perfor Dr. Koussevitzky, however, went the capable. He drew out the essential nobility. He made it in broad periods and secure ca Working upon lifeless music pa emphasized a quality in the music composer which distinguished him other composers of the time—a which every listener feels at all but which is seldom so well def last evening. Handel walks alo dignified, but not without human conviction. He is an aristocrat wh mands attention and respect. H familiar his scheme of harmon musical phrase proceeds on its ap course, not avoiding, but pushin th little sticks and stumbles which block the commoner.

The story of Stravinsky's Cap now familiar. Some like it; some The general audience finds it p Many discover in it Stravinsky's fa even satirical, slant. The orche thoroughly familiar with the pie give it a performance of exce polish and virtuosity. Mr. Sanro the spirit of Harlequin himself, with scarcely a glance at the ke but with knowing lilt and delic now serves the orchestra as Liszt many a pianist.

After Many Years And at Cambridge

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February	3,528
January	3,368
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December	3,369
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September	7,077
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January	5,663
1928—	
December	5,400
November	5,412
October	4,993
September	4,647
August	4,260
July	4,149
June	4,168
May	4,567

scribable happiness" as it does from the final pages of the three overtures. Weber, as we know him nowadays, was no miniaturist. He worked best with ample means, in a spacious frame, with a whole opera-book to transmute first into his visions, then into his tones. So expanding, nobody could call him a "charlatan," which was the reproach he feared for the Concert-Piece. His alarms were groundless. To this day it keeps musical shape, substance, movement. It is alive as piano and virtuoso stuff. If there was no program in print, the listener, with the operas to jog his imagination, would more than half suspect the romantic moods and flourishes. Weber was forerunner to Wagner in the theater. In such things as the Concert-Piece he believably anticipated Liszt in the concert-hall. And nowadays it is not he, but Liszt, whom the sincerity-mongers call the "charlatan."

For the rest Dr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra repeated the Symphony of Haydn (in D major) that has lately returned to the active repertory at Symphony Hall. In Sanders Theater, every detail, every shading, sounded bright and clear. Haydn was almost as luminous as Mozart. Gainer also was the Prelude to Musorgsky's opera, "Khovantchina," later in the concert. The wooden-walled amphitheater concentrated an atmosphere and suggestion that runs thin through the long tunnel in which the orchestra habitually plays. Not so fortunate, however, are the larger sonorities. When it gathered up the whole orchestra, Mr. Steinert's "Symphonic Legend" sounded constricted and the churchly pageant of Rimsky-Korsakov's "Russian Easter" pushed for room. H. T. P.

Cantabrigian Farewell Jan. 1931

AT Sanders Theater of Harvard University in Cambridge the Boston Symphony Orchestra last evening gave the concert which is the season's last in the second largest "series" in metropolitan Boston, the concert which is also prelude to the last pair of concerts of the current season at Symphony Hall. Those last two concerts, however, the program of last evening did not anticipate. Rather did it go back—as is the frequent custom of Cantabrigian programs—to works on recent programs. In fact, except for one item the program was that of last Monday evening in Boston—Bach, three movements from the suite in D; Brahms, Symphony in C minor. The third piece, which was Lambert's new and ebullient "Rio Grande" in Boston on Monday, was for obvious practical reasons not on this program but was replaced by the Suite

from Stravinsky's "Firebird" from the programs of last Friday and Saturday.

But performances at Cambridge sound less like "mere" repetitions than any other repetitions which the orchestra undertakes: the entire audience is as near to the orchestra as the first considerable body of seats in Symphony Hall, causing performance to take on in a certain degree the chamber music style, stimulating the conductor to such a style; the huge wooden sounding-board above and to the rear of the orchestra causes the most subtle nuances to take on a definiteness they rarely assume otherwise, causes climaxes to shine forth; Dr. Koussevitzky, by nature not given to stale repetition, takes advantage of acoustical and architectural differences to remold and remake "interpretations" with which rehearsal and performance have made them thoroughly familiar; the men, familiar by seven years' intensive training under one man (the advantages of which unbroken, cumulative training no other orchestra now enjoys) respond in maximum degree to the least suggestion of Dr. Koussevitzky's flexible conducting.

The net result last evening was that not a single number went without applause in such quantities as to demand calling the players to their feet in response. In Bach's suite it was first violins that made such response. For first violins carry (as the phrase goes) that wondrous melody which has become as a household word in the arrangement for solo violin. First violins also bear the burden of the lilting and stamping measures of the final Gigue. And melody and dance, together with the preceding three-fold overture, proved irresistible to this audience of earnest and serious professors, even more earnest and serious students (nobody can be more serious and earnest than a student once he is headed in that direction) and like-minded residents of the other bank of the Charles.

And from the orchestra under this wooden shell came the dances from the "Firebird" with a vividness, with graphic quality, with a rhythmic verve that made one miss the dancers less than one would believe that concert performance could make it possible to miss them. How agile the movements of the princesses in their play with the golden apples! How barbaric, how clothed with splendors, how wild and untamed the final dance of Katschell's cohorts! And by contrast, how subtle and fluid the dance of the princesses! Just possibly all this was even better than had there been dancers to distract the attention.

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A. H. M.

RT NOTES

of the Boston Sym-
Dr. Koussevitzky, con-
Theatre, Cambridge,

night at 8 o'clock.
comprise Bach's suite
3, D major; Stravin-
The Fire-Bird," and
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Boston Symphony

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Wagner, Chaikovsky And New Stravinsky

As a Pension Fund Concert With Sanroma for Soloist Sets Them Forth

—Dec. 29, 1930

JUST as certain artists have their own particular publics, so the Pension Fund concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra have their own programs. On them the works of Wagner and of Chaikovsky have always been prominent. They have, upon occasion, consisted entirely of the works of the one chosen composer. Yesterday both were represented on a single program. One of Wagner's masterpieces, the prelude to "Lohengrin" stood upon the list; another of that master's works, too much slighted probably because it comes from an "early" opera, the overture to "The Flying Dutchman," had preceded it. Chaikovsky brought the fourth symphony, in F minor. And as if for good measure, Igor Stravinsky was there with a work that might well have been designed for popular consumption, the Capriccio for Piano and Orchestra, as yet unheard in the United States outside of Boston. The latter meant that there was a soloist, too, Jesus Maria Sanroma. More widely ranging a program that keeps within the limits of the works desired on a Sunday afternoon, could hardly have been. And an audience, almost but not quite filling Symphony Hall, loosed applause that shook the rafters. If something is needed to hit this audience "squarely between the eyes," the fervors of Chaikovsky, Koussevitzky-heightened, amply provided it.

All of this must by no means be taken to signify that the program, or even Chaikovsky, brought nothing beside fervid eloquence. Subtleties, moments of sheer, unalloyed beauty there were also, passages steeped in delineative suggestion. In the prelude to "Lohengrin" words can scarcely describe the super-earthly ascent, the superb burst of tone when the heights have been reached, the equally wondrous return from the heights. But that, much as it is, is not all. That sonorities, tonal coloring—the shimmer of high strings, the warmth of brass—should match and give reality to the poetic idea, as perfectly as Wagner here provides, is matter for marvel. The poetic idea itself is of no less beauty in its own right—the idea of the mystic Grail approaching the company of spotless knights, being uncovered before

Though such impressions have written a thousand times, they re-pertinent. Yet wait—they came to rough one's ears, not through study printed upon music paper; which is that there must have been an mentality for bringing them to ears, to parallel and make real and Wagner's thought. It is, of course, easy to say that Dr. Koussevitzky his men were the instrumentality. In the glib saying of it, it is all too to forget that to rouse these im- tions it was necessary for them to ate Wagner's music after him. And re-creation, as witnessed again on ay, is not the least of marvels. . . . Various elements of the "Flying man" overture Dr. Koussevitzky rday held securely within their e. Perhaps the dominant impression all was as music of the sea with urning and roaring, with its far-suggestion.

dominant impression of Stravin- "Capriccio" was of a piece designed successfully—solely to give pleas- ure not chiefly to the erudite, nor y to those who follow closely the al stars in their courses, but pleas- ay, to a multitude dropping in at hony Hall on a Sunday afternoon ar beautiful sounds and exciting ms. The scalpel and forceps of the st finds not too much in this score. edly no man has ever created more f less material, unless perchance an be Stravinsky himself; for with nsky material has always been next thing, the totality of his creation thing. Themes, invented or bor- where are they in this Capriccio? es" A few scraps of them perhaps, and there. But the totality? Watch ces, the eyes of man after man, realization comes that with this ical piece of fancy, this play of tive passages and jazzy rhythms, nsky has again performed an act ation the validity of which is hard estion.—And once more, coming to mers, there is Mr. Samromá persua- nd able with the difficulties of the part, Dr. Koussevitzky illuminat- th the orchestral score; both fusing elding their separate parts into a unimpeachable in the singleness of pose.

Chaikovsky's "Fourth." Master- perhaps too much overshadowed by er brothers, the "Fifth" and the "Sixth." With it Dr. Koussevitzky pro- with it he whips up frenzies, with ings gently, with it he makes magic icks of tonal color, sets waltz peri- going, with rarest of delicacies piquant rhythms from strings similar rhythms from brass.

A. H. M.

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 But performances at Cambridge had reached a surpassing performance.
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 other repetitions which the orche not quite so certain about the uniqueness
 der takes: the entire audience is of that Monday reading. Last evening
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 seven years' intensive training ur knew no necessity for choice, showered
 man (the advantages of which ur thunders of approval upon conductor and
 cumulative training no other o men; at the last rose in their enthusiasm
 now enjoys) respond in maximum together with the rising forces on the
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Wagner, Chaikovsky And New Stravinsky

As a Pension Fund Concert With Sanroma for Soloist Sets Them Forth

Dec. 29, 1930
 JUST as certain artists have their own
 particular publics, so the Pension
 Fund concerts of the Boston Sym-
 phony Orchestra have their own pro-
 grams. On them the works of Wagner
 and of Chaikovsky have always been
 prominent. They have, upon occasion,
 consisted entirely of the works of the
 one chosen composer. Yesterday both
 were represented on a single program.
 One of Wagner's masterpieces, the
 prelude to "Lohengrin" stood upon the
 list; another of that master's works, too
 much slighted probably because it comes
 from an "early" opera, the overture to
 "The Flying Dutchman," had preceded
 it. Chaikovsky brought the fourth sym-
 phony, in F minor. And as if for good
 measure, Igor Stravinsky was there with
 a work that might well have been de-
 signed for popular consumption, the
 Capriccio for Piano and Orchestra, as yet
 unheard in the United States outside of
 Boston. The latter meant that there was
 a soloist, too. Jesus Maria Sanromá.
 More widely ranging a program that
 keeps within the limits of the works de-
 sired on a Sunday afternoon, could hard-
 ly have been. And an audience, almost
 but not quite filling Symphony Hall,
 loosed applause that shook the rafters.
 If something is needed to hit this audi-
 ence "squarely between the eyes," the
 fervors of Chaikovsky, Koussevitzky-
 heightened, amply provided it.

All of this must by no means be taken
 to signify that the program, or even
 Chaikovsky, brought nothing beside fer-
 vid eloquence. Subtleties, moments of
 sheer, unalloyed beauty there were also,
 passages steeped in delineative sugges-
 tion. In the prelude to "Lohengrin"
 words can scarcely describe the super-
 earthly ascent, the superb burst of tone
 when the heights have been reached, the
 equally wondrous return from the
 heights. But that, much as it is, is not
 all. That sonorities, tonal coloring—the
 shimmer of high strings, the warmth of
 brass—should match and give reality to
 the poetic idea, as perfectly as Wagner
 here provides, is matter for marvel. The
 poetic idea itself is of no less beauty
 in its own right—the idea of the mystic
 Grail approaching the company of spot-
 less knights, being uncovered before
 Though such impressions have
 written a thousand times, they re-
 pertinent. Yet wait—they came to
 rough one's ears, not through study
 printed upon music paper; which
 that there must have been an
 mentality for bringing them to
 ears, to parallel and make real and
 le. Wagner's thought. It is, of
 se, easy to say that Dr. Koussevitzky
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 A. H. M.

from Stravinsky's "Firebird" fr And again Brahms's First. One be-
 programs of last Friday and Silleved on Monday that Dr. Koussevitzky
 But performances at Cambridge had reached a surpassing performance.
 less like "mere" repetitions the After last evening's performance one was
 other repetitions which the orchelnot quite so certain about the uniqueness
 dertakes: the entire audience is of that Monday reading. Last evening
 to the orchestra as the first consrhythms here and there seemed more
 body of seats in Symphony Hall, energetic, the life-blood of the symphony
 performance to take on in a cerpulsed a little more—youthfully perhaps?
 gree the chamber music style, stinBut the grandeur and the breadths were
 the conductor to such a style; tin no wise diminished, and the song of
 wooden sounding-board above anthe slow movement never rang more true
 rear of the orchestra causes thnor the quiet melody of the Allegretto
 subtle nuances to take on a defiwith more simple charm. And never
 they rarely assume otherwise, have the high first violins, near the mid-
 climaxes to shine forth; Dr. Koussdle of the slow movement gathered more
 by nature not given to stale re intense heat than last evening. Thus
 takes advantage of acoustical an one finds another surpassing perform-
 tectural differences to remold and ance to lay beside that of last Monday.
 "interpretations" with which rWhich was the finer? Who can say?
 and performance have made the But why choose? The Cantabrigians, not
 oughly familiar; the men, fam having heard Monday's performance,
 seven years' intensive training unknew no necessity for choice, showered
 man (the advantages of which ur thunders of approval upon conductor and
 cumulative training no other omen; at the last rose in their enthuslasm
 now enjoys) respond in maximum together with the rising forces on the
 to the least suggestion of Dr. stage, to do final honor to a beloved con-
 vitzky's flexible conducting. ductor and orchestra not to be heard
 again for a six-month. A. H. M.

The net result last evening w
 not a single number went without
 plause in such quantities as to dem
 calling the players to their feet in
 sponse. In Bach's suite it was
 violins that made such response.
 first violins carry (as the phrase
 that wondrous melody which has bec
 as a household word in the arrange
 for solo violin. First violins also
 the burden of the lilting and stam
 measures of the final Gigue. And me
 and dance, together with the prece
 three-fold overture, proved irresistibl
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PENSION FUND CONCERT

The program of the concert given yesterday afternoon by the Boston Symphony orchestra in aid of its pension fund was as follows: Wagner, overture to "The Flying Dutchman," prelude to "Lohengrin"; Stravinsky, Capriccio for piano and orchestra; Tchaikovsky, symphony No. 4, in F minor, op. 36. The solo part of Stravinsky's Capriccio was played by Jesus Maria Sanroma. Dr. Koussevitzky conducted.

An unusual feature of this, the 62d pension fund concert, was the inclusion of a recent "novelty," introduced to regular subscribers no more than eight or nine days earlier. Pension fund concerts have tended to tread the safe ground of all-Wagner, all-Tchaikovsky programs and the like, and while such a program as yesterday's may not fill the hall quite so effectively, yet much good is done by letting a significant new composition be heard outside the closed circle of subscribers to the various series of Boston symphony concerts. It was evident that Stravinsky's new Capriccio, played as it was with consummate skill and admirable spirit by both orchestra and soloist, aroused both interest and enjoyment. It merits its title more than do most similarly-named works; it is capricious in its abrupt and vehement changes of mood, in its prevailing gaiety and the contrasted and unexpected melancholy of its rhapsodic andante, in its excitingly irregular rhythms, its lively and impudent melodies. There is apparent caprice even in the strange contradictions of style that emerge from this music—the characteristic harmonic asperities alternate with euphonious banalities, reminiscences of minor 19th century music, snatches of Viennese elegance, conventional harmonic progressions slightly soured, in which the intention of parody may be guessed. The rhythmic and melodic idioms of jazz—in its lighter, happier mood—are strongly present, but only as one of the many disparate ingredients that go to make up their amusing work. Mr. Sanroma's delightfully neat and alert performance of this difficult music earned him much applause and caused him to be recalled several times to the platform. Dr. Koussevitzky received equal commendation for his and the orchestra's remarkably effective share in the performance.

The concert had opened with a finely dramatic, beautifully suave performance of the "Flying Dutchman" overture, with its foreshadowing of the later Wagner of the "Ring of the Nibelungen" and its reminiscences of the symmetrical cantilena of Weber. The "Lohengrin" prelude, with the unearthly beauty of its high-pitched floating chords, had followed.

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TUESDAY, 30, 1931. PENSION FUND CONCERT

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The soloists also sang excellently though theirs is a relatively small share in the mass. Mme. Matzenauer's expressive and technically admirable singing of her airs, especially the "Agnus Dei," again commanded admiration. Miss Evans's voice, though used with unequal skill, had at its best a very pleasing brightness. Mr. Crooks again used his fine voice with notable intelligence and beauty of tone, particularly in the "Benedictus," while Mr. Gange once more did excellent work in his two airs.

The sensitive work of those members of the orchestra who played the obbligati for violin, flute, horn and oboe d'amore added notably to the beauty of the airs in which they were employed.

The close of the concert the audience that packed the hall expressed its delight in this great music and in the outstanding brilliance of its performance with an enthusiasm more tempestuous than any other demonstration of the kind within recent memory. Dr. Koussevitzky and the soloists, together with Dr. Davison and Mr. Woodworth, who had so excellently prepared the choruses, were recalled again and again to receive thunderous applause. Dr. Koussevitzky, to whose devotion and enthusiasm the success of the festival just ended was so largely due, was presented with a large wreath by representatives of the Harvard and Radcliffe choruses, amid a storm of congratulatory noises to which the great throng of singers and players upon the platform added their quota. S. S.

Boston to New York

In the first concert, last Thursday evening, of their final visit, for the season to New York, Dr. Koussevitzky and the Boston Orchestra played Bach's second Brandenburg Concerto for violin, flute, oboe, trumpet and strings; his concerto in D minor for piano and orchestra—pianist; Mr. Borovsky; Brahms's symphony in C minor. In the opinion of The Times, such a program "would have been considered formidable a few years ago; but now enthusiasm was rising, reaching climax after the performance of the Symphony. Nearly all the reviewers had a word to say about the recent Festival in Symphony Hall whence two Concertos came. They approved only the performance of both "with virtuosity placed wholly at the service of musical expression." As already noted in these columns, Mr. Mager's high trumpet and trumpeting in the Brandenburg concerto were better liked than in Boston, while there was no lack of good things for Mr. Borovsky as pianist. Acting The Sun, "he thoroughly impressed himself in the spirit and the of the music." In the ears of the Herald Tribune, "he gave a convincing, highly skilful performance, in outline and detail, fluent and proportioned." To The Evening Post he played less as soloist than as member with the orchestra.

In the Symphony of Brahms there were differences of opinion. The Times, for example, was distressed by some of Koussevitzky's tempi and at some length showed him the error (as it believed) of his ways. Other reviewers raised no objection; while The Tribune Herald took a middle course, saying: "Much of Brahms's Symphony was played with memorable eloquence, especially the first two movements, which received an interpretation of praiseworthy breadth and depth and poetic insight. The strings sang with an unusually full, mellow and expressive tone. The first proclamation by the horns of the melody in the introduction to the finale also offered moments of unusual imaginative potency, but in the main part of the movement Dr. Koussevitzky's tempi differed sometimes from Brahms's tempi differed somewhat from those customarily adopted and not always with happy results. The acceleration of the broad main theme diminished, for us, its dignity and impressiveness; but the unusually deliberate tempo for the chorale-like passage at the close proved effective. Then the presto was resumed at a whirlwind pace, and the audience responded with warmly expressed enthusiasm and several recalls for the conductor."

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Tchaikovsky's fourth symphony, which concluded the concert, was performed with a dramatic force and conviction, with an expressive beauty, with an unflinching appropriateness of tempo and style, that could hardly be surpassed. It was a performance which minimized the weaknesses of the work and lent dignity and vitality to its inflated tragedy. The melancholy charm of the andante, the delicious lightness and grace of the scherzo were memorable. The orchestra surpassed itself by the beauty and virtuosity of its playing and achieved in the last movement a climax of overwhelming brilliance and power. Vigorous and prolonged applause rewarded conductor and orchestra alike.

PENSION FUND CONCERT

Bach's masterpiece, the B minor Mass, with which on Wednesday last the Boston Symphony Orchestra opened its Bach Festival, was repeated yesterday at its close in aid of the orchestra's pension fund. The performance was again divided into two portions of convenient length, the Kyrie and Gloria being sung in the afternoon, and the Credo, Sanctus, and Agnus Dei in the evening. The intermission of some two hours and a half avoided overtaxing the voices of those who sing and the attention of those who listen; it insured a performance of more sustained excellence and an audience capable of enjoying it.

The chorus was, of course, again composed of the Harvard Glee Club and the Radcliffe Choral Society (trained respectively by Dr. Davison and Mr. Wallace Woodworth); the soloists were Amy Evans, soprano, Margaret Matzenauer, contralto, Richard Crooks, tenor, and Fraser Gange, bass. Instrumental solos incidental to the score were played by Burgin, concertmaster; Boetcher, horn; M. M. Speyer and Devergie, oboe d'amore; Albert Snow was organist.

Under Dr. Koussevitzky's vivid and inspired direction the performance, by orchestra and singers alike, was one of overwhelming brilliance. From the sombre magnificence of the opening Kyrie Eleison to the exhilarating jubilation of the "Et Resurrexit," the soaring exaltation of the "Sanctus," and the impressive power of the final "Osanna" and "Dona Nobis Pacem," the singing of the Harvard and Radcliffe choruses was of the most stirring quality—fresh, ardent, alive, agile and full of movement. They could achieve a deep expressiveness, too, in the "Qui Tollis," in "Et Incarnatus," in the "Crucifixus," in the adagio section of the "Confiteor."

The soloists also sang excellently though theirs is a relatively small share in the mass. Mme. Matzenauer's expressive and technically admirable singing of her airs, especially the "Agnus Dei," again commanded admiration. Miss Evans's voice, though used with unequal skill, had at its best a very pleasing brightness. Mr. Crooks again used his fine voice with notable intelligence and beauty of tone, particularly in the "Benedictus," while Mr. Gange once more did excellent work in his two airs.

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In the Symphony of Brahms there were differences of opinion. The Times, for example, was distressed by some of Koussevitzky's tempi and at some length showed him the error (as it believed) of his ways. Other reviewers raised no objection; while The Tribune Herald took a middle course, saying: 'Much of Brahms's Symphony was played with memorable eloquence, especially the first two movements, which received an interpretation of praiseworthy breadth and depth and poetic insight. The strings sang with an unusually full, mellow and expressive tone. The first proclamation by the horns of the melody in the introduction to the finale also offered moments of unusual imaginative potency, but in the main part of the movement Dr. Koussevitzky's tempi differed sometimes from those customarily adopted and not always with happy results. The acceleration of the broad main theme diminished, for us, its dignity and impressiveness; but the unusually deliberate tempo for the chorale-like passage at the close proved effective. Then the presto was resumed at a whirlwind pace, and the audience responded with warmly expressed enthusiasm and several recalls for the conductor.'

PENSION FUND CONCERT

The program of the concert yesterday afternoon by the Boston Symphony orchestra in aid of its pension fund was as follows: Wagner, overture to "The Flying Dutchman," prelude to "Lohengrin"; Stravinsky, Capriccio piano and orchestra; Tchaikovsky, symphony No. 4, in F minor, op. 36; solo part of Stravinsky's Capriccio played by Jesus Maria Sanroma. Koussevitzky conducted.

An unusual feature of this, the pension fund concert, was the inclusion of a recent "novelty," introduced by regular subscribers no more than eleven or nine days earlier. Pension fund concerts have tended to tread the safe ground of all-Wagner, all-Tchaikovsky programs and the like, and while such a program as yesterday's may not be the hall quite so effectively, yet much good is done by letting a significant new composition be heard outside the closed circle of subscribers to the various series of Boston symphony concerts. It was evident that Stravinsky's new Capriccio, played as it was with consummate skill and admirable spirit by both orchestra and soloist, aroused both interest and enjoyment. It merits its title more than do most similarly named works; it is capricious in its abrupt and vehement changes of mood, its prevailing gaiety and the contrast and unexpected melancholy of its rhapsodic andante, in its excitingly regular rhythms, its lively and independent melodies. There is apparent capriciousness even in the strange contradictions of style that emerge from this music: the characteristic harmonic asperities alternate with euphonious banalities; reminiscences of minor 19th century music, snatches of Viennese elegant conventional harmonic progression slightly soured, in which the intention of parody may be guessed. The rhythmic and melodic idioms of jazz—in lighter, happier mood—are strong in the present, but only as one of the many disparate ingredients that go to make up their amusing work. Mr. Sanroma's delightfully neat and alert performance of this difficult music earned him much applause and caused him to be recalled several times to the platform. Dr. Koussevitzky received equal commendation for his and the orchestra's remarkably effective share in the performance.

The concert had opened with a finely dramatic, beautifully suave performance of the "Flying Dutchman" overture, with its foreshadowing of the late Wagner of the "Ring of the Nibelungen" and its reminiscences of the symmetrical cantilena of Weber. The "Lohengrin" prelude, with the unearthly beauty of its high-pitched floating chords, had followed.

Tchaikovsky's fourth symphony, which concluded the concert, was performed with a dramatic force and conviction, with an expressive beauty, with an un-failing appropriateness of tempo and style, that could hardly be surpassed. It was a performance which minimized the weaknesses of the work and lent dignity and vitality to its inflated tragedy. The melancholy charm of the andantine, the delicious lightness and grace of the scherzo were memorable. The orchestra surpassed itself by the beauty and virtuosity of its playing and achieved in the last movement a climax of overwhelming brilliance and power. Vigorous and prolonged applause rewarded conductor and orchestra alike.

PENSION FUND CONCERT

Bach's masterpiece, the B minor Mass, with which on Wednesday last the Boston Symphony Orchestra opened its Bach Festival, was repeated yesterday at its close in aid of the orchestra's pension fund. The performance was again divided into two portions of convenient length, the Kyrie and Gloria being sung in the afternoon, and the Credo, Sanctus, and Agnus Dei in the evening. The intermission of some two hours and a half avoided overtaxing the voices of those who sing and the attention of those who listen; it insured a performance of more sustained excellence and an audience capable of enjoying it.

The chorus was, of course, again composed of the Harvard Glee Club and the Radcliffe Choral Society (trained respectively by Dr. Davison and Mr. Wallace Woodworth); the soloists were Amy Evans, soprano, Margaret Matzenauer, contralto, Richard Crooks, tenor, and Fraser Gange, bass. Instrumental solos incidental to the score were played by Burgin, concertmaster; Boetcher, horn; M. M. Speyer and Devergie, oboe d'amore; Albert Snow was organist.

Under Dr. Koussevitzky's vivid and inspired direction the performance, by orchestra and singers alike, was one of overwhelming brilliance. From the sombre magnificence of the opening Kyrie Eleison to the exhilarating jubilation of the "Et Resurrexit," the soaring exaltation of the "Sanctus," and the impressive power of the final "Osanna" and "Dona Nobis Pacem," the singing of the Harvard and Radcliffe choruses was of the most stirring quality—fresh, ardent, alive, agile and full of movement. They could achieve a deep expressiveness, too, in the "Qui Tollis," in "Et Incarnatus," in the "Crucifixus," in the adagio section of the "Confiteor."

The soloists also sang though theirs is a relative in the mass. Mme. Mat pressive and technically ad ing of her airs, especially Dei," again commanded Miss Evans's voice, though unequal skill, had at its pleasing brightness. Mr. used his fine voice with n gence and beauty of tone, in the "Benedictus," while once more did excellent wo airs.

The sensitive work of the orchestra who gati for violin, flute, d'amore added notably of the airs in which played.

The the close of audience that packed its delight in this gre the outstanding brilli formance with an tempestuous than ar stration of the kind w ory. Dr. Koussevitzky together with Dr. I Woodworth, who had pared the choruses, w and again to receive plause. Dr. Koussevi volution and enthusias the festival just end due, was presented w by representatives of Radcliffe choruses, congratulatory noises throng of singers and platform added their

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SYMPHONY CONCERT FOR PENSION FUND

Dec 29, 1930 964
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The program, announced originally as being devoted entirely to music by Tchaikovsky, was altered. It included, yesterday, the overture to Wagner's "Flying Dutchman," and the prelude to his "Lohengrin"; Tchaikovsky's fourth, F minor, symphony; and the new "Capriccio for Orchestra With Piano Solo" by Stravinsky. Jesus Maria Sanroma was the soloist in the latter work.

The "Capriccio" was performed for the first time in America at the subscription concerts of the Boston Symphony on Dec 19 and 20 of this year, with Mr. Sanroma playing the solo part. Then, as yesterday, the work was received very cordially.

Generally speaking, the piece is of a light-hearted character. It impressed one listener chiefly with its rather welcome and refreshing spirit of drollery. This drollery, however, is not unrestrained, and there are interludes of serious nature. Because of this, the piece might, by a stretch of imagination, be compared to some present-day popular American music that presents a certain intermittent, deadly determined, seriousness, for no great reason at all.

The "Capriccio" is intricate and pungent instrumental portions, played with the first desk men of the four string sections, and those of the woodwind section (as far as one could observe) grouped closely about the piano, is invigorating and not at all appalling in its dissonances and rhythms. One who is accustomed to extreme vehemence, in the matter of syncopated rhythms, found himself wishing yesterday that such rhythms were being done with more verve and emphasis. But possibly Stravinsky didn't intend that at all.

Mr. Sanroma acquitted himself excellently in the seemingly complicated piano part, and received from both conductor and audience expressions of great admiration.

One doubts whether any conductor could do Tchaikovsky any more brilliantly, forcefully, with greater emotional zeal and fire, than does Dr. Koussevitzky. In this music he is without doubt a master of masters. Under his readings, portions of that composer's works take on new meaning.

One does not hold Tchaikovsky's music to be a well-spring of highest spiritual exaltation, or to be of the utmost profound emotional significance. But one does admit, when Dr. Koussevitzky conducts this music, to a greater respect, and, perhaps, affection for it.

Fiftieth Season

1881 — 1931

The Trustees and the Conductor of the BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

request your presence

at Symphony Hall, Boston

on the Evening of Wednesday, March 25, at 8.30

when the memory of

HENRY L. HIGGINSON

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An answer is requested

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WEDNESDAY EVENING, MARCH 25, 1931

at 8.30



Prelude for Organ - - - - - Bach
(WALLACE GOODRICH)

ADDRESS:

"HENRY L. HIGGINSON"
(BLISS PERRY)

Prelude and Fugue in C minor }
Fantasia No. 3 } - - - Bach
Italian Concerto }
(Harpichord: Mme. PATORNI-CASADESUS)

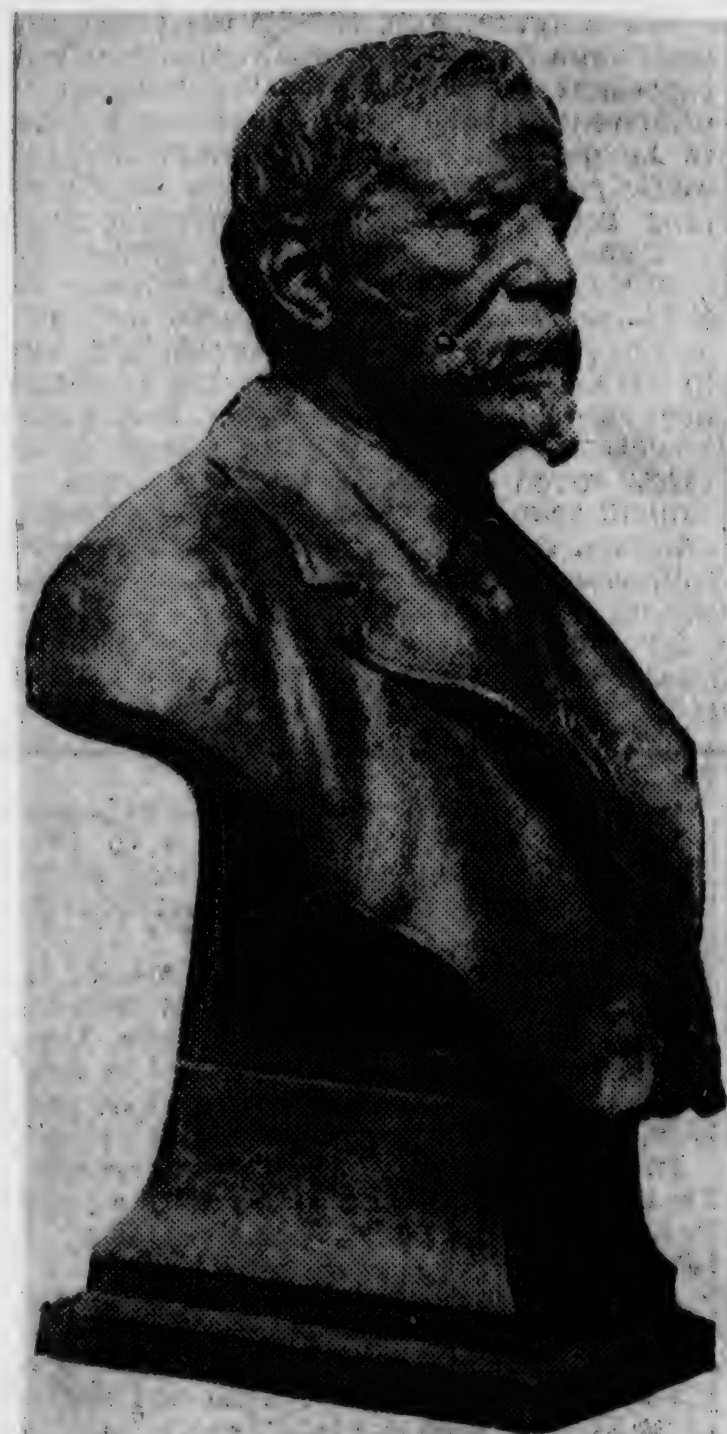
Toccata for Organ - - - - - Bach
(WALLACE GOODRICH)



(This will be the second evening of a Bach Festival to be given
by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Serge Koussevitzky,
Conductor, on March 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 1931).

When Major Henry L. Higginson founded the Boston Symphony Orchestra in 1881, he realized the first dream and aspiration of his life—to give America an orchestra of permanent standing, and of quality comparable to the best in Europe. The eminence which the Orchestra attained was due to his judgment, and his generosity in supporting it alone through thirty-seven years.

In observing the Boston Symphony Orchestra's fiftieth season with a festival of the music of Bach, its present sponsors and patrons turn to the memory of the man who, in his unexampled way, made this orchestra possible.



Henry Lee Higginson, 1881-1931

SYMPHONY HALL, BOSTON

March 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29

BACH FESTIVAL

Orchestral, Choral, and Chamber Music of Johann Sebastian Bach

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To be given in the Orchestra's fiftieth season in honor of its
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Dr. ARCHIBALD T. DAVISON, Conductor

RADCLIFFE CHORAL SOCIETY

AND

BACH CANTATA CLUB

G. WALLACE WOODWORTH, Conductor

Soloists

AMY EVANS

Soprano

ALEXANDER BOROVSKY

Piano

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Mezzo-Soprano

Harpsichord

RICHARD CROOKS

Tenor

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Organ

FRASER GANGE

Baritone

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Speaker

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Herald By PHILIP HALE 25, 193

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The chorus showed the long and careful training under Dr. Davison and Mr. Woodworth. The singing of a great chorus is too often the roaring of multitudinous mediocrity—roaring and nothing more. Dr. Koussevitsky would not have been content with this; the respective conductors knew it, nor would they themselves have sent their singers poorly prepared to him. Under his direction there were the requisite nuances; the poetic and dramatic effects; his artistic sensitiveness and personal magnetism inspired the chorus to sing with enthusiasm and musical understanding. It should be remembered that this chorus is not made of professional singers; that the members have not stood side by side for many years; their achievement last night was the more remarkable. There was not only a magnificent volume of tone in exultant outbursts and imposing climaxes; tonal swelling and diminishing, unfaltering execution of long roulades, sudden contrasts from forte to piano, precision in attack—these made the performance truly memorable.

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IN B MINOR

(Performed in two parts)

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 No. 2
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 PIANO CONCERTO in D minor
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ORGAN: Fantasia Adagio
 Fugue

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MASS

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(Repeated)

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BACH CANTATA CLUB

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 Soprano

MARGARET MATZENAUER
 Mezzo-Soprano

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 Tenor

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Tenor

WALLACE GOODRICH
Organ

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Baritone

BLISS PERRY
Speaker

Bach Provides Interludes in Speech-Making

Organ and Harpsichord Pieces
In a Memorial Evening
For the Founder

Trans. — Mich. 26, 1931

HOWEVER high the festival at Bach's churches in Leipzig, the spoken word of the preacher was joined to the tones of the composer. Before or after song, the sermon. So also with the current Bach Festival at Symphony Hall. On Tuesday, the congregation heard his Mass in B minor. On this Thursday evening, it will hear a Brandenburg Concerto for orchestra; a Concerto for piano; the setting of Mary's hymn, the Magnificat. On the Wednesday between, which was yesterday, it listened to organ and harpsichord pieces; but the essential part of the evening rites were speeches—by Judge Cabot, as President of the Board of Trustees of the Symphony Orchestra; by Bliss Perry, as spokesman of the occasion; by Dr. Koussevitzky responding for the orchestra and himself. Hitherto the festival had celebrated Bach; hereafter it will renew that celebration, marking therewith the fiftieth year of the Symphony Concerts. Now it paused to recall and honor the memory of Henry Lee Higginson, the founder of the concerts in 1881; the continuator until, in 1918, he withdrew from a troubled scene.

The stage was prepared for the occasion. Below the organ and on the side-walls hung a wainscot of neutral tapestries. At the back, centered, stood Bela Pratt's bust of Mr. Higginson—bronze upon a brown pedestal. Above, as for shallow canopy, a bright golden festoon curved to right and to left. For this musical year, 1930-31, is the year of the orchestra's golden jubilee. Flowering shrubs, green and gold, repeated the motif. At the foot of the pedestal lay a wreath tied with gold ribbon—tribute of friendly rivalry from the trustees of the Philadelphia Orchestra. At either side of the stage rows of gilded chairs from The Pops renewed the prevailing color. They faced toward two tables,

apart, with a few chairs around middle center. Less decorative console of the organ to the closed harpsichord to the right, the foreground. Beyond tubbed completed the prospect.

At the hour, present and past of the orchestra—of course their instruments—entered sin-pairs and seated themselves in chairs. Then followed what the authorities would call the pro-Judge Cabot, escorting the vendor of the founder, led it. Benjamin came the grandson of the Higginson; trustees and their the speaker of the evening: Madam Koussevitzky; the multi-tudinous of the town, more or related with the Symphony Orchestra Judge Cabot and Mrs. Higginson the table to the left; Dr. Koussevitzky, Mr. Wallace Goodrich, and the table to the right. The tion, which nearly filled the risen in salute; but, since the the procession was slow, many to the confusion for the twenty of these well-meant, but self-nimous, "homages."

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Promptly at the hour, present and past members of the orchestra—of course without their instruments—entered singly or in pairs and seated themselves in the gilt chairs. Then followed what universities authorities would call the procession. Judge Cabot, escorting the venerable widow of the founder, led it. Behind them came the grandson of the house of Higginson; trustees and their consorts; the speaker of the evening; Dr. and Madam Koussevitzky; the musically illustrious of the town, more or less affiliated with the Symphony Orchestra. Judge Cabot and Mrs. Higginson took the table to the left; Dr. Koussevitzky, Mr. Wallace Goodrich, and their wives, the table to the right. The congregation, which nearly filled the hall, had risen in salute; but, since the entry of the procession was slow, many sat again, to the confusion for the twentieth time of these well-meant, but seldom unanimous, "homages."

A delegate from the orchestra nervously laid a bunch of spring flowers before Mrs. Higginson. Judge Cabot rose beside the table to begin the ceremonies. He read congratulatory telegrams from the governing boards of the Philadelphia, the Chicago and other orchestras. (None, seemingly, had come from the Philharmonic Society in New York, whereat the knowing smiled discreetly—behind their programs.) Laying aside the messages, Judge Cabot touched briefly on the anniversary year of the orchestra, the current festival, the merit of each and all who had contributed to it. He passed then to the occasion that had convoked the company; recalled the founder and his works; presented Dr. Bliss Perry, the founder's friend, to celebrate both.

Elsewhere on this page Dr. Perry's speech (as he prefers to call it) is printed in extenso. Standing in the center of the stage—a tall and slender figure—he read it from manuscript with apt emphasis, in spaced and rounded phrases, with pauses where pauses most would tell, with light glints of quiet humor. Such presence and speaking renewed the patrician manner of an elder day. Not yet, from all tongues and all ears, had vanished the intonations of gentle breeding, cultivated living, the pursuit of letters and the unpractical arts. Dr. Perry shunned the truisms of "tribute"; recalled no hackneyed facts; kept clear of routine chronicle. He preferred, instead, the sympathetic and fine-grained analyses

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The Mass in B minor was not written for the Roman ritual. The text is treated almost clause by clause. Arias and duets alternate with choruses. Twice at least the text differs from the Roman canon. “Bach did not write the Sanctus with his eye upon a Roman Catholic interior, nor has the Mass ever been heard, nor is it likely to be heard, in surroundings which demand attention to ritual observance.” The extreme length of the movements and the difficulties in performance would forbid.

The Lutherans treated the Communion Office as the chief form of public worship. In Bach's time the Kyrie, Gloria in Excelsis, Credo were sung at St. Thomas's, Leipsic, in the Latin of the Roman mass. The prayer-book in use contained prayers in German for those unacquainted with Latin. The B minor Mass may be called a Lutheran Missa with additions that warranted Bach's son Philipp Emanuel in calling it a “Catholic Mass.” The word “Missa” had a restricted meaning in the Lutheran service: “The Missa, or Kyrie Eleison, along with the ancient Church's praise of the Holy Trinity”—i.e., the Gloria in Excelsis. Some have asked why Bach wrote a Mass of these huge proportions, one not suited to the service of either church. Various answers have been given: “The Mass is the expression of Bach's Christian idealism, neither Roman Catholic nor Protestant”; his “genius was Teutonic in its inclination to create a clearly pictured design,” and again, “A desire to express himself in an art form which he had studied in others may also be conjectured.” And he wished the office of Court Composer.

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E. B.

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“Bach wrote trumpet-parts in such a high register that most orchestral trumpeters of the nineteenth century could not play them. The problem was not solved by application of the knowledge that “clarin” players in Bach's day practiced only the highest notes of the trumpet; while the lower tones were produced by other players. Nor were matters made any better by arrangements substituting other instruments for the trumpet. A German trumpeter invented a high Bach trumpet, which was used at the unveiling of Bach's statue in Eisenach in 1884, when Joachim conducted. But for some reason the old order was not changed and Bach concerti continued to be performed without the shrilling of the original clarion tones.

“The Bach trumpet has recently come into use and there are instrument-makers who specialize in the making of it. The trumpet which Georges Mager used at last evening's performance was a short instrument with a small bore and a very high register. The thin, piercing upper tones were probably close to those which were in Bach's mind when he created this Concerto. The trumpet dominated the concertino (as the group of solo instruments was called by the old masters) and gave the work a complexion somewhat different from that to which we were formerly accustomed. The work was excellently played and the audience signified its approval in unmistakable manner.”

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Here in Boston *Trans. N.Y. 26.1931.*

THE Music Department of the World-Telegram, the New York newspaper, lately counted up Dr. Koussevitzky's classics—that is to say the number of such pieces on his programs at Symphony Hall, last season, the Bach Festival and the Friday-Saturday concerts included. Its figures are: From Bach 17; Beethoven 7; Brahms 5; Handel 2; Mozart 4; Haydn 3; Schumann 3; Schubert 2. To these figures it adds four items from Wagner; four from Strauss; two from Chalkovsky, two from Debussy. It then concludes reasonably that, with all his “modernities,” the conductor “is giving standard works their due.”

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“The Bach trumpet has recently come into use and there are instrument-makers who specialize in the making of it. The trumpet which Georges Mager used at last evening's performance was a short instrument with a small bore and a very high register. The thin, piercing upper tones were probably close to those which were in Bach's mind when he created this Concerto. The trumpet dominated the concertino (as the group of solo instruments was called by the old masters) and gave the work a complexion somewhat different from that to which we were formerly accustomed. The work was excellently played and the audience signified its approval in unmistakable manner.”

SYMPHONY HALL, BOSTON

50th SEASON, 1930-1931

Fifth Concert of the
 MONDAY EVENING SERIES
**Boston Symphony
 Orchestra**

(110 Musicians)

Dr. SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, Conductor

Monday Evening, March 16, at 8.15 o'clock

PROGRAMME

Beethoven . . . Overture to "Leonore," No. 3, Op. 72

Berezowsky Symphony No. 1, Op. 10
 (In one movement)

(Conducted by the composer)

Mendelssohn . . . Concerto for Violin in E minor, Op. 64

I. Allegro molto appassionato.

II. Andante.

III. Allegretto non troppo; Allegro molto vivace.

Rimsky-Korsakov . . . Caprice on Spanish Themes, Op. 34

I. Alborada.

II. Variations.

III. Alborada.

IV. Scene and Gypsy Song.

V. Fandango of the Asturias.

(Played without pause)

SOLOIST

LÉON ZIGHERA

There will be an intermission of ten minutes before the concerto

An Exuberant Young Russian, And a Matured Parisian Prove Their Mettle

THE audience at "the Mondays" of the Symphony Orchestra is like no other that it assembles. On "the Tuesdays," the company is more youthful and predominantly feminine. On the subscription Fridays, it has "social cachet"—or so the authorities in such matters say; while on the subscription Saturdays, it wears an unmistakable air of quiet distinction. Perhaps it is safest to say that the Monday audience enjoys its six concerts for their own sake; that it attends from no other motive; that it prefers six evenings to twenty-four. Call it also the middle audience of Symphony Concerts, as distinguished from the "social" audience of Friday, the "connoisseur" audience of Saturday, the "youngish" audience of Tuesday. Above any of these three, it upturns faces seemingly of European rather than American or New-England origin; while beyond all the rest, it enjoys itself and makes no secret of its pleasure.

by the formation and move-
the parade, the Boston Elevator
announced that, as this would
with traffic between 1 and 5.3
Columbia road, Boston street
Dorchester avenue, persons
go to these streets were a

use the Dorchester tunnel, and
ston riders the Summer street
lines. The religious ce-
er big event scheduled for the
the laying of the cornerstones, sports a-
L-street Baths at City Point expecting to
postponed because of the illness. A legisla-
vor. The exercises it was indrowning the sh-
morning, will be made a pal whisky," but
April 19 program which, as too far away th-
tells on Sunday, will be carried into Ulster wh-
ay, April 20. public houses
this after not hold.

tion to open house this afternoon. This evening in South Boston of the Irish scheduled for this evening included radio broadcast anniversary dinner at the in other national Irish Society, at the Hot noon of an international the annual St. Patrick's Night broadcast a message to the Community Club, at the Municipal America and Dudley street, Roxbury; Iris "All is well" concert at Fields Corner Theatre. We are continuing, of the Catholic Daughters' press to build the and Redberry Council, Knights to preserve the bus; the annual ball of the Celtic nationalities council of Irish County Clubs, in the sons and daughters in Building, Dudley street, Roxbury. own land and a not less than He concluded for Ely pleaded for a renewal in the ideal of St. Patrick at Washington—love of humanity in Ireland, Vans towards the solution of the of Ulster, is the yment crisis, at the annual all over the tion Day banquet of the South Saint Patrick Citizen's Association in the Hot and a message last night.

ing the aggressive spirit theymen scatter
his campaign last fall, the go'hey will...re
ruck a popular keynote that w...brew'
again by Congressman John W...at or
ack; Joseph McGrath, presiden...studies
Boston City Council, representing...n recit
turley, and James H. Brennan...estral
own...work
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jection of the current State pro
to the program by Governor El
the feature of the evening, bu
Henry McCann, former corpor
nсел of Portland, Me., added
n when he charged that the mea
d value of the participation b
of Irish birth and extraction hav
erlooked and in many notable e
deliberately suppressed.
McCann charged that historian
Bancroft, Parkman, Prescott, Pa
isk, Rhodes and Lodge have co
the facts regarding the great pa
by the Irish in the American Rev
while other historians have lik
reated, with little regard for a
and truth. the Irish chanter.

PHILIP HALE *Inam*

concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's Monday evening concert last night in Symphony Hall, Tchaikovsky conducted. The program was as follows: Beethoven's "Leonore" No. 3. Berezovsky's No. 1, Op. 10 (played for the first performance; composed by the composer). Mendelssohn's No. 10 (Leon Zighera, violin). Korsakov, Caprice.

a time in the history of the opera when any one of Weber's overtures was considered as a safe "filler" in an evening's program. In recent years "Leonore" has found its place. A famous and sure, more dramatic than "Fidelio," but like other Beethoven's it has been performed. There has been undue familiarity with it; so it has come to take its place no matter how brilliant the performance are no longer thrilled by its announcement of the tumultuous rejoicing of the wicked master. If this overture were performed only once in several years it would be more fully appreciated. A performance is so common that of last night, one is almost weary of a repetition at no dis-

sky, born at Lenin-
died there and in Vi-
to New York in 1922
violinist, the Phil-
chestra of that city. His
he was played at a concert
stra in 1928. He continued
in New York and gave a
there. He has composed
d chamber music.

chamber music—including that has been performed in— as well as in this country of this year he was conductor of the Cincinnati orchestra.

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audience felt that something to say e, and often said this and was so try spirit that it times and in no in Boston for the other of the harp- Violoncellist of the on recognition in other European ot large, nor par- should not say priggish Mendels- ndered if any vio- rbed his genteel s the dances of e concerts. Mr. ility and taste, ggestions of blazing movement he was and movement, hints sh; and Mendels- tin-American dance- apidity. Mr. Zig- idiom, the langor- es acid, especially s of the contralto- he audience liked authentically to the warmly, and ap- e music its claim to atzky's accompani- solely a riotous tour- ended brilliantly ae. he sixth and last urmance of Brahms' ril 27th, closed the concert

April 28, 1921.
CONCERT
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An Exuberant And a Man Prove

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THE audience of the... like no... On "the... is more youth... it has "social... ties in such... subscription... mistakable air... haps it is safe... audience enjoys... own sake; that... motive; that it... twenty-four... audience of Syn... of Friday, the... Saturday, the... Tuesday. Above... turns faces seem... than American... while beyond all... and makes no... Probably to n... hearers, Mr. L... known quality... at the outset... varied, binds... Mendelssohn's... plauded him to... and conductor... with a new Sy... equally unknow... times he was... hoven's third... whipped this... rounds of clapp... concert, Rims... Caprice" fared... Dr. Koussevitz... him for grante... place. Or the o... his call. The... for cheerful ex... even the Tues... pace. For both... is not an insti...

Mr. Zighera, of that Roumanian family of musicians, is elder brother to the familiar harpist and violoncellist at Symphony Hall. He has made his career in Paris—in orchestras, in recitals and as leader of a string quartet. Now he would try fortune in American concert-halls. His choice of Mendelssohn's Concerto suggests his qualities as virtuoso and musician. He draws a small, sensitive and finely tempered tone, that, over-pressed, tends to run thin and shrill. He directs it with keen ear, flexible hand, clear musical instinct and taste. He is neither effective nor eloquent in the conventional sense of the words, but he can shade his tone expertly; keep a smooth euphony with accompanying instruments; poise and round a phrase; point up a rhythm; control a climax—all discreetly and with clear feeling for the music before him. Measuring all things, Mr. Zighera kept every contour smooth and fine; made tonal lace-work of the figures; took the displayful cadenza lightly; was sympathetic to the composer's sentiment. Not once did he inflate it into emotion; so overstrain both the pattern and the mood. At the end the listener knew him for a violinist with a happy sense of appropriate style. Playing Mendelssohn's Concerto in character, he saved it from the years and from the fashions Dr. Koussevitzky did no less for the orchestra of Syntral part. Taken for what it is, the old piece, now near to its nineties, holds its own. A Viennese like Mr. Kreisler; a Parisian, like Mr. Zighera, plays it instinctively. Decidedly Mr. Berezovsky is of another while beyond all mettle. His Symphony is brief and impetuous, plunging through a single movement, well marked into the usual divisions. A recurring motif, clearly defined at the outset, oftener repeated than varied, binds the whole together. Secondary motifs character each division; one or two suggest Russian folk-tunes. There is little development in the orthodox symphonic sense. Instead, changing rhythm, diversified harmonic and instrumental color, keep the music in motion and significance. True Russian, Mr. Berezovsky is no structural composer; while throughout he prefers free form, free melody, free rhythm. (There is hardly a "modernism" in the whole Symphony.) Above all, he has a passion for sonorities fed, no doubt, by orchestral experience as player and conductor. He chooses the driving pace, the whipping rhythm, the tumultuous progress. He urges his orchestra exuberantly, unremittingly, often to the neglect of contrast. He deploys it in tonal mass, or

lean periods.

Services and Sports in the Irish Free State

Irish Free State, March... and celebrated Saint Patrick's... nation-wide religious cer... programs, sports and... dancing, expecting to la... tomorrow morning. A legislati... prevented "drowning the sha... good Irish whisky," but... did not live too far away the... spect of a trip into Ulster whe... closing public houses... day do not hold. Cosgrave of the Irish Tr... his second radio broadcast... to Irishmen in other nation... vantage at noon of an intern... up to broadcast a message... good will to America and oth... He said: "All is well wit... at Eireann. We are continuin... success to build the o... anew, to preserve an... its distinctive nationality, an... for Ireland's sons and daug... ing in their own land and e... of a freedom not less than th... nation." He concluded wi... You all."

... born at Lenin... there and in Vi... to New York in 1922... violinist, the Phil... Orchestra of that city. His "Hebrew" suite was played at a concert of that orchestra in 1928. He continued his studies in New York and gave a violin recital there. He has composed orchestral and chamber music—including a work that has been performed in European cities as well as in this country. In January of this year he was a "guest" conductor of the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra. The symphony, written, we hear, four years ago, is full of vitality, at times in a yeasty manner. It shows the exuberance of youth, which, after all, is preferable to the scheming callousness of a more mature composer, arranging in cold blood his patterns and an "original" harmonic scheme, in which all that is unfamiliar is carefully sought out. Mr. Berezovsky's thematic material is pleasing; melodious without being lush. The chief theme is created in an interesting manner in its varied reappearances. The

PHILIP HALE

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An Exuberant And a Measure Prove

391-414

THE audience clear feeling for the music of the "Leonora" Overture now sounds in high, heroic voice. The conductor misses no significant detail; deepens or sharpens the momentary significance. Yet the whole expands and mounts; while each phrase, each musical sentence or paragraph falls into instant place. There is transition, suspense, climax. A musical design, puissant in itself, is moulded and dramatized into epic epilogue of the victory of freedom over darkness. The listener doubts only at the moment when the proclaiming trumpets sound too faint and far. . . . Agreed that in these realistic days of Spanish composers, Rimsky-Korsakov's "Caprice" is Spanish only by courtesy title. Agreed also that first last, and nearly all the time, it is orchestral show-piece. Nobody but reviewers of music in New York live perpetually upon a lofty plane of "spiritual elevation." For the rest of us, every one of Rimsky's kickshaws—variations, gypsy song, cadenzas, fandango, what not—so long as there is a virtuoso-orchestra to dispense them and a conductor rejoicing in it to give the word. Euterpe smiles—maybe tucks up her skirt—when she hears such a music.

Decidedly Mr. Berezhovsky is no structural composer; while throughout he prefers free form, free melody, free rhythm. (There is "Caprice" fared hardly a "modernism" in the whole Symphony.) Above all, he has a passion for sonorities fed, no doubt, by orchestral experience as player and conductor. He chooses the driving pace, the whipping rhythm, the tumultuous progress. He urges his orchestra exuberantly, unremittently, often to the neglect of contrast. He deploys it in tonal mass, or

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choir by choir, rather than with play of individual instruments. His scherzo leaps; his slow movement sings loud; his finale rises, breaks, rises yet again in floods of sound. Anywhere and everywhere, if there are details, who can spy them out? Hot blood, young vigor and an orchestra at full power carry all before them. Only pedants or "superior persons" will say nay to Mr. Berezhovsky's Symphony of young twenties.

From Dr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra the third "Leonora" Overture now sounds in high, heroic voice. The conductor misses no significant detail; deepens or sharpens the momentary significance. Yet the whole expands and mounts; while each phrase, each musical sentence or paragraph falls into instant place. There is transition, suspense, climax. A musical design, puissant in itself, is moulded and dramatized into epic epilogue of the victory of freedom over darkness. The listener doubts only at the moment when the proclaiming trumpets sound too faint and far. . . . Agreed that in these realistic days of Spanish composers, Rimsky-Korsakov's "Caprice" is Spanish only by courtesy title. Agreed also that first last, and nearly all the time, it is orchestral show-piece. Nobody but reviewers of music in New York live perpetually upon a lofty plane of "spiritual elevation." For the rest of us, every one of Rimsky's kickshaws—variations, gypsy song, cadenzas, fandango, what not—so long as there is a virtuoso-orchestra to dispense them and a conductor rejoicing in it to give the word. Euterpe smiles—maybe tucks up her skirt—when she hears such a music.

H. T. P.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The fifth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's Monday evening series took place last night in Symphony hall. Dr. Koussevitzky conducted. The program was as follows: Beethoven, Overture to "Leonore" No. 3. Berezhovsky, Symphony No. 1, Op. 10 (played without pause; first performance; conducted by the composer). Mendelssohn, Violin Concerto (Leon Zighera, violinist). Rimsky-Korsakov, Caprice on Spanish themes.

There was a time in the history of this orchestra when any one of Weber's three greatest overtures was considered by conductors as a safe "filler" in any program. In recent years "Leonore" No. 3 has taken their place. A famous overture, to be sure, more dramatic than the opera "Fidelio," but like other works of Beethoven's it has been performed too often. There has been undue and injurious familiarity with it; so that audiences have come to take it for granted, and, no matter how brilliant the performance, are no longer thrilled by the trumpet's announcement off-stage, nor by the tumultuous rejoicing at the discomfiture of the wicked master of the prison. If this overture were to be performed only once in several years, its grandeur would be more fully realized. Yet when a performance is so eloquent as that of last night, one is tempted to wish a repetition at no distant day.

Nicolai Berezhovsky, born at Leningrad in 1900, studied there and in Vienna. He came to New York in 1922 and joined, as a violinist, the Philharmonic Orchestra of that city. His "Hebrew" suite was played at a concert of that orchestra in 1928. He continued his studies in New York and gave a violin recital there. He has composed orchestral and chamber music—including a work that has been performed in European cities as well as in this country. In January of this year he was a "guest" conductor of the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra.

The symphony, written, we hear, four years ago, is full of vitality, at times in a yeasty manner. It shows the exuberance of youth, which, after all, is preferable to the scheming callousness of a more mature composer, arranging in cold blood his patterns and an "original" harmonic scheme, in which all that is unfamiliar is carefully sought out. Mr. Berezhovsky's thematic material is pleasing; melodious without being lush. The chief theme is created in an interesting manner in its varied reappearances. The

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its setting for chorus poem by Sacheverell e, and often said a well-known family this and was so t spirit that it times and in no- end. Last night it d impression by the ice of its orchestra- which it illustrated s of the poem and there described. The other European regularity and vio- ot large, nor par- s and the percussive should not say g and difficult inter- priggish Mendels- solo — superlatively idered if any vio- oma—seemed to owe rbed his genteels to the dances of e concerts. Mr. es of the marimba, ility and taste, ggestions of blazing movement he was and movement, hints sh; and Mendels- tin-American dance- apidity. Mr. Zig- c idiom, the langor- es acid, especially s of the contralto— he audience liked authentically to the warmly, and ap- e music its claim to tzky's accompani- solely a riotous tour- ended brilliantly e.

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S. S.

C minor, Op. 68.

April 28, 1921.

CONCERT

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An Exuberant And a M Prove

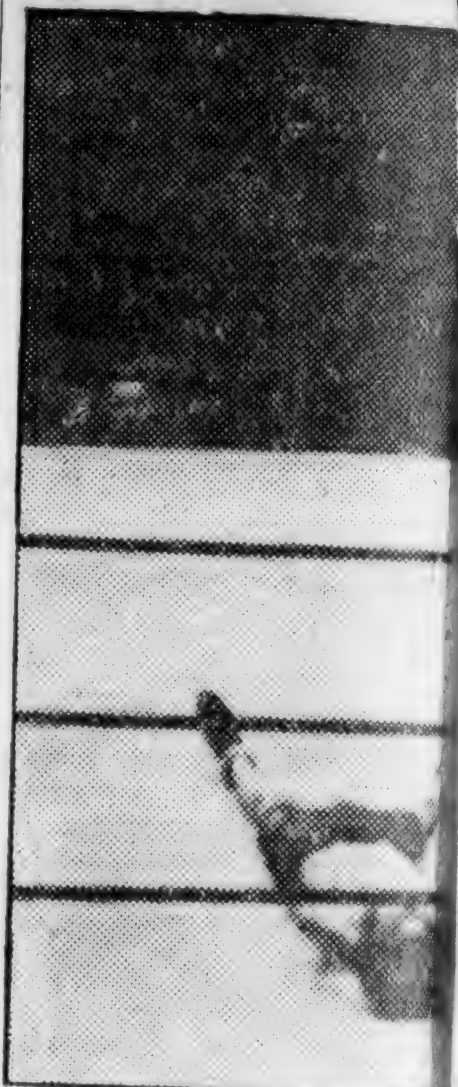
THE audience of the first night like no other has been more youthful and feminine. On the first night it has "social cathartic" ties in such measure as did he inflate subscription Saturday. At the end of the first night, it is safe to say that the audience enjoys private style. On its own sake; that it is the years and from twenty-four. Koussevitzky did not flinch from piece, now near to of Friday, the "own. A Viennese Saturday, the Parisian, like Mr. Tuesday. Above all, turns faces seem than American. Decidedly Mr. Berzovsky, while beyond all mettle. His Symphony makes no secret of its intentions. Probably to the usual divisions. A recurring motif, clearly defined on the program, varied, binds the whole together. Secondary motifs character each division; and conductor. There is little development in the orthodox symphonic sense. Instead, changing rhythm, diversified harmonic and instrumental color, keep the music in motion hoven's third and significance. True Russian, Mr. whipped this free melody, free rhythm. (There is Caprice) fared hardly a "modernism" in the whole Dr. Koussevitzky's Symphony.) Above all, he has a passion him for grants place. Or the of his call. The for cheerful even the Tuesday pace. For both, is not an institution.

Mr. Zighera, of choir by choir, rather individual instrument leaps; his slow movements his finale rises, breaks in floods of sound. Anywhere, if there are details, them out? Hot blood, an orchestra at full power before them. Only pedantic persons" will say nay to sky's Symphony of youth.

From Dr. Koussevitzky's third "Leonora" sounds in high, heroic voice for misses no significant or sharpens the moment. Yet the whole expands and each phrase, each musical paragraph falls into place. There is transition, superb musical design, puissant moulded and dramatized. One of the victory of these rance, love over hate, light. The listener doubts only when the proclaiming too faint and far. . . . these realistic days of Spain Rimsky-Korsakov's "Capriccio" only by courtesy title. Pl. first last, and nearly orchestral show-piece. viewers of music in New petually upon a lofty plane elevation." For the rest of Rimsky's kickshaws—sy song, cadenzas, fandango so long as there is a virtuosos dispense them and a conductor in it to give the word. —maybe tucks up her ears such a music.

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THE



Dan Tardugno of Lawrence, 126-pound semi-finalist by the Turaza of Holyoke in the final. Tardugno lost to Joe Pacini in the final.

Ed Morgan Gives Signs with In

NEW ORLEANS, March 10.—Eddie Morgan, Cleveland, run hitting first sacker, placed his baseball career on his box factory interests and his contract with the Indians. Eddie and his father after conference with Evans, decided business career of the baseball could wait with a bright future the game immediately ahead. Morgan had announced previously that he was through with baseball and would enter the box factory.

move for violas has character; the scherzo is sufficiently piquant; the finale bringing in the chief theme with insistence in tumultuously exciting. The orchestration suits no doubt the prevailing hurrah-boys spirit of the symphony. One would gladly hear passages of delicacy; recognize a more discreet use of the orchestra. A more frequent dynamic contrasts; a keener search after beauty of emotional expression. But one should not expect too much, even from a young man of an indisputable musical nature, who has a flaming temperament as was shown even in his conducting. His symphony means much to him, and if at times he "over-conducted," not sparing even the score which in his enthusiasm he knocked from the desk; if certain pages of the work seemed unnecessarily flamboyant, yet the very large audience felt that Mr. Berzovsky had something to say that was worth while, and often said it effectively; it felt this and was so pleased with his fiery spirit that it recalled him several times and in no perfunctory manner.

Mr. Zighera played in Boston for the first time. He is a brother of the harp-player and a leading violoncellist of the orchestra. He has won recognition in Paris, London and other European cities. His tone is not large, nor particularly rich—one should not say "sensuous" for the priggish Mendelssohn would have shuddered if any violinist had thus disturbed his gentleness and always agreeable concerts. Mr. Zighera showed facility and taste, though in the opening movement he was inclined to be feverish; and Mendelssohn was placid in rapidity. Mr. Zighera's tone was at times acid, especially in forte passages. The audience liked him; applauded him warmly, and appreciated Dr. Koussevitzky's accompaniment. The concert ended brilliantly with the Caprice. The sixth and last concert will be on April 27th.

Herald April 28, 1921. SYMPHONY CONCERT

The sixth and last concert of the Monday concert series of the Boston Symphony orchestra took place last evening. Dr. Koussevitzky had finally settled upon the following program, one which evidently pleased his audience well: J. S. Bach, Suite for Orchestra, No. 3, in D major (in place of the originally promised "Ballett Borodine," for orchestra and chorus, by N. Tcherenichin); Lambert, "The Rio Grande," for chorus, orchestra, and solo pianoforte (poem by Sacheverell Sitwell); Brahms, Symphony No. 1, in C minor, Op. 68.

the Cecilia Society. Fiedler, assisted in Constant Lambert's part was played. One of those per-ent Bach festival, is lightful of the com-works. Not only for-ustly familiar air—nists as a solo trans-string—is the suite-ontaneity, a melodic-rt order, a complete-echanical repetition-ulas in which Bach-take refuge when-The prelude with-gigue with which it-living and varied

's setting for chorus poem by Sacheverell a well-known family-ny poets—was first-nd. Last night it-d impression by the-ice of its orchestra-which it illustrated-s of the poem and-ere described. The-regularity and vio-s and the percussive-s and difficult inter-solo — superlatively-oma—seemed to owe-es of the marimba,--gestions of blazing-nd movement, hints-tin-American dance-c idiom, the languor-s of the contralto—authentically to the-e music its claim to-solely a riotous tour-

formance of Brahms's closed the concert. Dr. Koussevitzky's seem constantly to balance, while they natic and emotional w fewer exaggerated The introduction to had last night no neither was the transformed into a ere was no lack of on in the one, nor loveliness in the grace of the al-—liming jubilation of the last movement-remembered. use was accorded to-ers of the evening, S. S.

New Co New Cor

An Exuberant And a Man Prove

THE audience of the Measuring all like no one ever clouded. On "the kept every contour is more youth tonal lace-work of feminine. On the displayful cadenza it has "social cathartic to the comp ties in such ma once did he infla subscription Sat overstrain both the mistakable air o At the end the list haps it is safest violinist with a h audience enjoys priate style. Pl own sake; that i Concerto in charac motive; that it the years and fro twenty-four. C Koussevitzky did n audience of Syntral part. Taken f tinguished from piece, now near to of Friday, the "own. A Viennese Saturday, the Parisian, like Mr. Tuesday. Above stinctively. turns faces seem than American. Decidedly Mr. Bel while beyond all mettle. His Symp and makes no se petuous, plunging through a single move. Probably to nment, well marked into the usual divi hearers. Mr. Lisions. A recurring motif, clearly defined known quality at the outset, oftener repeated than on the program varied, binds the whole together. Sec- ondary motifs character each division; one or two suggest Russian folk-tunes. and conductor. There is little development in the ortho- dox symphonic sense. Instead, changing rhythm, diversified harmonic and instru- mental color, keep the music in motion and significance. True Russian, Mr. Berezovsky is no structural composer; while throughout he prefers free form, free melody, free rhythm. (There is hardly a "modernism" in the whole Symphony.) Above all, he has a passion for sonorities fed, no doubt, by orches- tral experience as player and conductor. He chooses the driving pace, the whip- ping rhythm, the tumultuous progress. He urges his orchestra exuberantly, un- remittingly, often to the neglect of con- trast. He deploys it in tonal mass, or

Mr. Zighera, of fly of musicians, is familiar harpist an phony Hall. He h Paris—in orchestra leader of a string q try fortune in A His choice of M suggests his quali- sician. He draws finely tempered to tends to run thin it with keen ear, musical instinct an effective nor eloque sense of the words, tone expertly; kee with accompanying and round a phras control a climax—a clear feeling for t

From Dr. Koussevitzky tra the third "Leonora" sounds in high, heroic volc for misses no significant or sharpens the momenta- Yet the whole expands and each phrase, each music paragraph falls into There is transition, suspens, musical design, puissant moulded and dramatized t one of the victory of trais rance, love over hate, light The listener doubts only w when the proclaiming tr too faint and far. these realistic days of Span Rimsky-Korsakov's "Capric only by courtesy title. first last, and nearly all orchestral show-piece. viewers of music in New petually upon a lofty pla elevation." For the rest of Rimsky's kickshaws— sy song, cadenzas, fandango so long as there is a virtuo dispense them and a con in it to give the word. —maybe tucks up her hears such a music.

Dan Tardugno of 126-pound semi-fi Turaza of Holyok Tardugno lost to bury in

Ed Morgan Signs

NEW ORLEA
—Eddie Morgan
run hitting fi
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his box factory
his contract wi
Eddie and his
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business career
could wait with
the game imme
Morgan had a
that he was t
and would ent

with his father in Kenner

rived at his dressing room. no announcement made by and the fans were mildly see Roberts come in for th Henry Burns of Cambridge Mack dropped Roberts in round, treating him to an plastering. He was clearly the verdict.

Steve Salek scored another when Nat Bor was forced in the second round when shoulder went out of kilter, driving his way to victory accident happened.

GAINOR BEATS CHABOT IN SEMI-FINAL

Billy Chick Gainor of southern New England champion, whose startling Joe Delmont was one of the ing features in the tournament Edward Chabot of Manchester in the opening semi-final pound class.

Chabot drew a bye and fresh made matters quite for the Rhode Island champion scored enough right hand the body to have stopped a boxer, but Chabot kept plow keep Gainor busy trying to with a solid smash to the

All Gainor had to do was the style he did with Del he jabbed and hooked with hand with good result, but the final when he fighting range, he begin to advantage, and then he score heavily and win the

REACH FINALS IN QUICK FASHION

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2 Antique Bed Co
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Temple of He
birds, animals
ery predomin
Antique Gold Bro
Chinese blue
Goddess of Mercy
red wall hang
8 Skirts of Bro
panels, heavily
12 Assorted Large
backgrounds

The chorus of the Cecilia Society, trained by Arthur Fiedler, assisted in the performance of Constant Lambert's work, whose pianoforte part was played by Jesus Maria Sanroma.

The Bach suite, one of those performed at the recent Bach festival, is among the most delightful of the composer's orchestral works. Not only for the beautiful and justly familiar air—often played by violinists as a solo transcribed or the G string—is the suite memorial; it has spontaneity, a melodic charm of the highest order, a complete freedom from the mechanical repetition of conventional formulas in which Bach was accustomed to take refuge when ideas were lacking. The prelude with which it opened, the gigue with which it closed, were full of living and varied beauty.

Constant Lambert's setting for chorus and orchestra of a poem by Sacheverell Sitwell—member of a well-known family of English modernist poets—was first introduced to symphony audiences during the past week-end. Last night it again created a vivid impression by the boldness and brilliance of its orchestration, the skill with which it illustrated the changing moods of the poem and pictured the scenes there described. The almost hysterical irregularity and violence of its rhythms and the percussive brilliance of the long and difficult interludes for piano solo—superlatively played by Mr. Sanroma—seemed to owe as much to jazz as to the dances of Brazil and the tones of the marimba, yet there were suggestions of blazing sunlight and color and movement, hints of more typically Latin-American dance-rhythm and melodic idiom, the languorous closing measures of the contralto—traits that belonged authentically to the setting and gave the music its claim to be regarded as not solely a riotous tour-de-force of technique.

An excellent performance of Brahms's C minor symphony closed the concert (and the series). Dr. Koussevitzky's readings of Brahms seem constantly to gain in measure and balance, while they lose nothing in dramatic and emotional force. There are now fewer exaggerated extremes of tempo. The introduction to the first movement had last night no excessive breadth, neither was the exquisite andante transformed into a slow adagio. Yet there was no lack of majesty and exaltation in the one, nor of repose and calm loveliness in the other. The flowing grace of the allegretto, the overwhelming jubilation of the final pages of the last movement were alike to be remembered.

Enthusiastic applause was accorded to the players and singers of the evening, and to Dr. Koussevitzky.

S. S.

SYMPHONY HALL, BOSTON

50th SEASON, 1930-1931

Sixth Concert of the
MONDAY EVENING SERIES

Boston Symphony
Orchestra

(110 Musicians)

Dr. SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, Conductor

Monday Evening, April 27, at 8.15 o'clock

PROGRAMME

N. Tcherepnin Ballet Borodine
Suite for Orchestra with Chorus

Lambert . "The Rio Grande," for Chorus, Orchestra and
Solo Pianoforte (Poem by Sacheverell Sitwell)
Piano Solo: JESÚS MARÍA SANROMÁ

Brahms Symphony No. 1, in C minor, Op. 68

CHORUS OF THE CECILIA SOCIETY, Arthur Fiedler, Conductor

SYMPHONY HALL

BOSTON

Third Concert of the
TUESDAY AFTERNOON SERIES

Tuesday, February 10, at 3 o'clock

Boston
Symphony Orchestra

Dr. SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, Conductor

PROGRAMME

Beethoven Symphony No. 3 in E-flat major,
"Eroica," Op. 55

- I. Allegro con brio.
- II. Marcia funebre: Adagio assai.
- III. Scherzo; Allegro vivace; Trio.
- IV. Finale: Allegro molto.

Beethoven Concerto for Pianoforte No. 4,
in G major, Op. 58

- I. Allegro moderato.
- II. Andante con moto.
- III. Rondo vivace.

Beethoven Overture to Goethe's "Egmont"

SOLOIST
MYRA HESS

SYMPHONY HALL, BOSTON

50th SEASON, 1930-1931

Sixth Concert of the
TUESDAY AFTERNOON SERIES

Boston Symphony
Orchestra

(110 Musicians)

Dr. SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, Conductor

Tuesday Afternoon, April 21, at 3.00 o'clock

PROGRAMME

- Chadwick . . . Noël from the Symphonic Sketches
In memory of
George W. Chadwick, November 13, 1854—April 4, 1931
- Schumann . . . Symphony No. 1, in B-flat major, Op. 38
- Stravinsky . . . Capriccio for Piano and Orchestra
Piano Solo: JESÚS MARÍA SANROMÁ
- Strauss . . . "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks", after the
Old-fashioned, Roguish Manner—in Rondo Form, Op. 28

There will be an intermission after the symphony

With a Bit of His
Music for Memory

A Bow to George W. Chadwick
As a Symphonic Series
Reaches End

Trans. — Apr. 22, 1931

THE last concert of the Tuesday series of the Boston Symphony Orchestra—held yesterday—was also the occasion of honoring the memory of the late George W. Chadwick. First upon the program stood the "Noël" from his Symphonic Sketches. When Dr. Koussevitzky reached his podium, the men rose to their feet, remained standing a moment in reverent attitude, were seated, after which came "Noël." For the rest the program contained Schumann's Symphony No. 1, in B-flat, known also as the Spring Symphony, and played at the concerts of the last week-end; Stravinsky's Capriccio for piano and orchestra, with Mr. Sanroma as soloist; Strauss's rondo, "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks."

Mr. Chadwick's "Noël"—Andante con tenerezza—deals not with the exuberant joy so often associated with Christmas but has for its motto a poem of the "dreamless slumber" of the Holy Child, "while angel hosts were listening." The program-book described it as a nocturne. It is a simple melody, direct and straightforward, but very expressive, that is developed, rises to an ecstatic climax. Oboe and English horn, occasionally a solo violin, in the climax a trumpet, carry the burden of the melody. Very expressively, "con amore" Dr. Koussevitzky and his men played it yesterday.

The symphony of the Spring is one of the conductor's rarest achievements. It is also Schumann in his most characteristic manner—or perhaps better, his most characteristic manners. Schumann, the naive builder of forms and maker of even more naive introductions and interludes; Schumann, the composer of heart-felt melodies that can only be described by those two untranslatable German words, "schwärmerisch" and "innig"; Schumann, the inventor of rhythms both buoyant and ardent, rhythms light but propulsive, rhythms which in this case are perfect expression for the joy and the thrill and the exuberance of spring.

also told by those who have provided wisdom in such matters, that Schumann's orchestration is faulty. Of such Dr. Koussevitzky's conducting scarcely a trace. One hears no loss of effect, no turgidity of utterance, no hidden or obscured significant Schumann's faults Dr. Koussevitzky puts aside. Schumann's naivetes the conductor's hand become virtues. Schumann's virtues become marks of musical and expressive effect. Dr. Koussevitzky delights in those melodies and how they sing for him. How he works magic with the tones of a scherzo, even more those of a

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performance of "Till Eulenspiegel" was equally graphic, exceedingly brilliant, fitting close to one of the happiest several series of concerts which the orchestra annually gives. A. H. M.

SYMPHONY HALL, BOSTON

50th SEASON, 1930-1931

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Orchestra

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Why should they not? Since when necessary that "frivolity" (let us say) is actually damned? It is not what an expresses, but the way in which he does his job, that counts for or against him. If it were not so, most operas, a part of Shakspeare, would have to be on the board. The æsthetic fallacy of a hierarchy of ideas, of assorted ideas of values has been exploded too often to require renewed rebuttal. Stravinsky who suggests light modern parts at light modern play can be considered the less an artist for pains. Indeed, some of those who in composition would be quick to say that it is more of an achievement than a musical picture of fun—just as hard to evoke soul plumbing tragedy. Some such conclusions yesterday's performance must also have reached. For applause was tremendous and substantial until conductor and pianist, inally and together, and finally the orchestra had made bowing acknowledgment.

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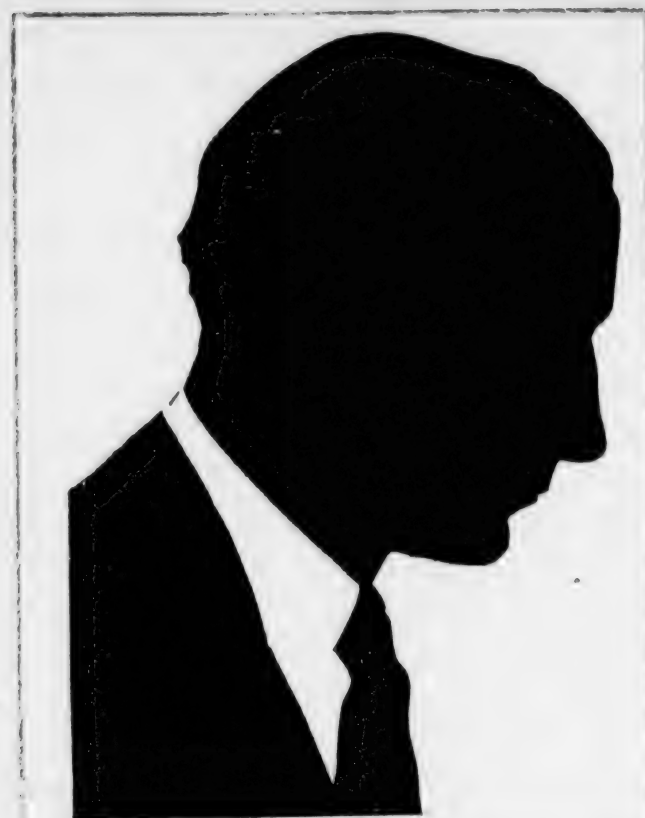
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Jesús María Sanromá

Afternoon of Beethoven and Of Myra Hess

Koussevitzky and the 'Eroica,'
The Pianist Through the
G-Major Concerto

Trans. Feb. 11, 1931

NO SINFUL, perturbing modernist intruded. Beethoven filled the whole program—the thrice-familiar Beethoven of the "Eroica" symphony, the "Egmont" overture, the piano-concerto, numbered four and in the key of G major. The orchestra was at the top of its form; the conductor master of himself, his men, the music before him. The pianist for the concerto, Miss Hess, cherished in particular by the Bostonian public, once more raising expectation and fulfilling it; adding her own following to the usual audience at a Tuesday matinee in Symphony Hall. Close attention; no coughing even in these days of February damps; honest, general, hearty applause. Superlative performance of familiar and honored music; decorum and pleasure hand in hand. A perfect concert, departing down the aisles, one to another. Certainly one at high point in the "best Bostonian tradition." Even to reviewers, skirmishing on the outskirts, notable in kind. If tickets were hard to come by—the theme of intermission-gossip—the more fortunate those who had procured them, and forgotten the digging in the pleasure of the reward.

In the morning Dr. Koussevitzky had plied his pains and loosed his enthusiasms upon Monsieur Honegger. For the conductor thinks highly of the Parisian's new Symphony, to be heard on Friday and Saturday. Yet in the afternoon, he came, possibly for the hundredth time, to Beethoven's "Eroica," as though for him and for the while there were no other music in the world. With none of the great Ludwig's greater symphonies does he more excel. Writers about the theater discourse of "the illusion of the

mean the ability it plays as it speech that he s these laurels. though but now t be listening to ps; to wing the in this concert-ly accomplishes to discover the ated, with what w sounding it. the instant. on to marvel at Dr. Koussevitzky er of the strings, sion of the first bility, their range and learned, con e lights and all he is hearing it er Beethoven de- he emotion that ounts, with him first audience in loved the upper a quarter ago. above and apart searches the per- r. Laurent's flute one perfunctory Mr. Polatschek's archer for sensa- ties. The horns e vitalized; hears e played at Sym- und him, hitting magic of sound or—should it be- ury of composers ive listener takes our piercing mod- ntasy; decks the e in the incisive the glamour of ca." Upon this thing but that in upon a single in- position—sits by vitzky can inlay aphony, out of it- hoven fashioned. e perennially re- day—the momen- s repertory piece! ing whole. And then Dr. Kousse- of conductor, or- ks to a tempera- a" is true equally is for him a first re to "Egmont." assemblage to be should have risen s play.

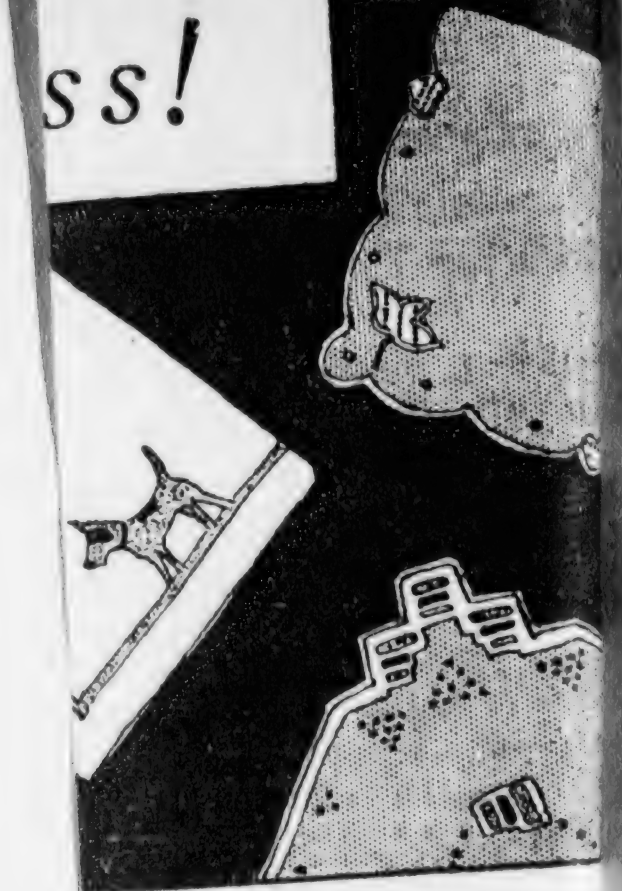
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Jesús María Sanromá

RCHIEFS

y Value But



And Every O
Is Regularly

Moderns who dash of smartness in kerchiefs . . . who intensively seek things that are distinctive . . . will come this sale. Handkerchiefs with clever, unique patterns . . . featuring embroidered signs in gay colors. In fact a wardrobe with less than 150 smart handkerchiefs of a quality which is the accepted standard at the price of 50c. For sale only

first time." By it they mean the ability of the actor to make the speech that he nightly repeats sound as though but now it had sprung to his lips; to wing the action that he regularly accomplishes and long since calculated, with what seems the impulse of the instant.

Playing the "Eroica," Dr. Koussevitzky conjures up this "illusion of the first time." The practised, and learned, concert-goer believes that he is hearing it with something like the emotion that may have traversed the first audience in Vienna a century and a quarter ago. The student of details searches the performance and finds not one perfunctory or overlooked. The searcher for sensation feels each measure vitalized; hears the whole swirling around him, hitting him between the eyes, or—should it be—the ears. The imaginative listener takes the pleasure of his fantasy; decks the creative Beethoven in the glamour of romance—he wore anything but that in his struggles with composition—sits by at the miracle of a symphony, out of itself and of performance perennially renewed. The "Eroica" as repertory piece! Out upon the notion when Dr. Koussevitzky sets to it! Thanks to a temperament, every repetition is for him a first time; every audience an assemblage to be impressed.

Not only this but more. The conductor gives to the "Eroica" a voice that bears out a title of tradition. So generated, the symphony moves in heroic atmosphere. The rushing of the darker strings through the Scherzo, the golden-toned, broad-phrasing horns, seem each the complement of the other. In thrilling progress the Finale ascends from suspense to suspense—deeper-textured, ampler of curve and period; firmer and firmer rhythm. The slow movement—one of the few in which the symphonic Beethoven is neither moralizing nor sentimentalizing—speaks exaltedly of the soul of man, poignantly to the other souls that hear. The hero thus lamented has ridden the storm in the first movement, ridden it titanically. To the first audience in Vienna, the "Eroica" was no "Eroica"—only "a new grand symphony in D-sharp by Herr Ludwig van Beethoven." But the heroic spirit must have infused the music, the heroic voice spoken out. Did Beethoven, conducting, deliver the music to the full? Composer-conductors are not always fortunate with their own pieces. Or did it remain for Habeneck and Bülow, for Muck and Koussevitzky and Toscanini, to set free the heroic spirit, to release the heroic tones. Enough that they did and do; while the art of conducting, in them, and for this "Eroica" Symphony, goes justified.

it plays as it is these laurels. He is listening to in this concert to discover the how sounding it. on to marvel at the strings, their range of lights and all Beethoven demands, with him loved the upper above and apart. r. Laurent's flute Mr. Polatschek's ties. The horns played at Syme magic of sound of composers our piercing mode in the incisive ca." Upon this upon a single in- vitzky can inlay hoven fashioned. day—the momen- ing whole. And of conductor, or- a" is true equally re to "Egmont." should have risen s play.

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H. T. P.



Jesús María Sanromá

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Group—Regularly

hase of Handkerchiefs in this grouping, presenting with hand spun finished Appenzell effects and scalloped and pin do. See this va-

are scores
.....Each

Orders Filled Promptly
Berty 2300

WHITNEY

And PANY
Is R^e and West Street

Modern dash of kerchiefs, distinct, come chiefs que p featur signs. In fact less Han ity v stan price sale only

Army Allots \$22
for Bay State

Special to the Transcript:
Washington, Feb. 11.—The Finance Department will expend Massachusetts to relieve unemployment act. Of the sum, \$12,000 expended at the Watertown and \$9400 at the Springfield Army improvements and repairs to barracks.

Say Oil Men Cut
Prices to Hit

Brockton Feb. 11 (A.P.)

29^c Each

50

The orchestra, when it plays as it played yesterday, shares these laurels. Perhaps the hearer must be listening to a familiar music, played in this concert-hall these twenty years, to discover the full merit of those now sounding it. Once more there is reason to marvel at the splendor and the power of the strings, their unanimity and flexibility, their range in sonorities over all the lights and all the shadows. The deeper Beethoven descends, the higher he mounts, with him they also go. Beethoven loved the upper voices of the woodwinds above and apart from the tonal mass. Mr. Laurent's flute lends him its brightness; Mr. Polatschek's clarinet its clear suavities. The horns of Beethoven, as they are played at Symphony Hall, foretell the magic of sound and illusion that a century of composers has since intensified. Our piercing modern brass has its place in the incisive measures of the "Eroica." Upon this sensitive orchestra, as upon a single instrument, Dr. Koussevitzky can inlay every detail that Beethoven fashioned. They stood clear yesterday—the momentary part of an up-swelling whole. And what is here written of conductor, orchestra and the "Eroica" is true equally with the lesser overture to "Egmont." After it the curtain should have risen white-hot upon Goethe's play.

Not to forget the event, for many, of the day—Miss Hess's playing of the piano-part in the Fourth Concerto. The cynics were as God made them and could not forbear to say that "the G-major was at best a woman's piece." Perhaps it is—in the slow movement. But Miss Hess flinging out the finale in scintillant phrases at high speed and in sharp rhythm, answering the orchestra, turn and turn about, was not exactly a feminine pianist. Rather she was clothed in the new power and brilliance, now finely measured, of her present noon. Nor was she feminine again in the close-woven energies of piano and orchestra through the first movement—both, the composer hidden, in the veritable act of creation.

The imagining poet, the sensitive technician, the mistress of euphony, joined hands with conductor and players in the middle movement of the plaint of the piano against the forbidding orchestra; the long pleading, the final exultation, the whisper into submissive silence. The books say that until Beethoven wrote, no such poetry of tones was known to the concerto-form. Perhaps none to excel it is to be found in a hundred more concertos, as far as this our day. Of late her audiences have been hailing Miss Hess as pianist of full-ripened power, far-ranging, wide-sweeping, penetrating large and deep. Yesterday came the reminder that for beauty and for poetry, she may still sensitize fineness.

H. T. P.



**MYRA
HESS**

CELEBRATED ENGLISH
PIANIST

The Concerts, As They Pass Or Draw Near

The Flute Players' New Series,
Mme. Frijs Variousy,
A Habit Altered

ENGAGEMENTS of artists have de-
layed the prospectus for the cur-
rent season of the Boston Flute
Players Club. Timely it now comes,
assuring to this town, in a barren year,
five concerts of chamber music, chosen
widely, to be played by resident musi-
cians. Again Mr. Laurent will be musi-
cal director, drawing most of his instru-
mentalists from the Symphony Orches-
tra. As heretofore, the gallery of the
Art Club will be the concert-room. With
one exception the five concerts are an-
nounced at monthly intervals—for Sunday
afternoons, Dec. 7 and 21, Jan. 18, Feb.
15, March 15, beginning at half-past three
o'clock. For the first concert Mr. Lau-
rent proposes these pieces:

Quartets in C major (No. 1); in E-flat major
(No. 3); in G major (No. 5) for Flute, Vio-
lin, Viola, Violoncello.....Christian Bach
(First time in Boston)
Trio for Flute, Viola, Violoncello.....Roussel
(First time in Boston)
Suite Divertissement.....Tansman
(First time in Boston)

The players are Messrs. Elcus (violin);
Lefranc (viola); A. Zighera (violoncello);
Laurent (flute); Sanromá (piano). It is
worth noting, besides, that Roussel's
Trio, lately heard in Chicago at Mrs.
Coolidge's Festival of Chamber Music, is
a little masterpiece in kind.

course of the concerts, continues
ectus cautiously, "these works
eard."

et for Harp, Flute, Violin, Viola,
ncello.

Quartet in A major for Piano, Violin,
Viola, Violoncello.

onata for Harp, Flute, Viola da
amba.

onique, from "Les Bouquets de
Chassenay."

te for Flute, Violin, Viola, Violon-
lo.

ata for Flute and Piano.

Trio for Oboe, Clarinet, Bassoon.

intet for Woodwinds.

Chamber Concerto for Flute, Violin,
Piano.

Quintet for Flute and Strings.

ata for Flute and Piano.

et for Piano and Strings.

rio for Flute, Oboe, Clarinet.

onata, No. 2, for Flute and Piano.

season, at the beginning of its

ar, the club asks the interest

ort of all members, old, new or

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m that the club's only income

venue from membership fees

year) and guest-tickets at \$2

ort. It might have added justi-

at the club is now the only body

ng a series of public chamber-

in Boston; that these concerts

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; that they do not lack lively

or pleasurable quality. Out-

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music in Boston concert-rooms;

fore to be encouraged—lest in

have none of our own making.

ss Mary Ingraham continues as

treasurer, to be addressed at

y Street or called over Kenmore,

e other officers are Messrs Mal-

g, president; Charles Boyden,

dent; James C. Howe, Gino L.

Edward M. Pickman, Verne D.

ohn B. Wills, directors.

oping for the largest possible

promptest support. H. T. P.



MYRA HESS

CELEBRATED ENGLISH
PIANIST

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Mme. Frijsht
A Habit

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Players Club.

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Suite Divertissement...
(First time

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In the course of the concerts, continues
the prospectus cautiously, "these works
may be heard."

Cras: Quintet for Harp, Flute, Violin, Viola,
Violoncello.

Chausson: Quartet in A major for Piano, Violin,
Viola, Violoncello.

Exaudet: Sonata for Harp, Flute, Viola da
Gamba.

Prudent: Monique, from "Les Bouquets de
Chassenay."

d'Indy: Suite for Flute, Violin, Viola, Violon-
cello.

Ballay: Sonata for Flute and Piano.
Villa-Lobos: Trio for Oboe, Clarinet, Bassoon.

Förster: Quintet for Woodwinds.
Cherepnin: Chamber Concerto for Flute, Violin,
Piano.

Slavensky: Quintet for Flute and Strings.
Piston: Sonata for Flute and Piano.

Bloch: Quintet for Piano and Strings.
Bergson: Trio for Flute, Oboe, Clarinet.

Gaubert: Sonata, No. 2, for Flute and Piano.

With reason, at the beginning of its
tenth year, the club asks the interest
and support of all members, old, new or
prospective. With equal reason it re-
minds them that the club's only income
is the revenue from membership fees
(\$7.50 per year) and guest-tickets at \$2
per concert. It might have added justifi-
ably that the club is now the only body
undertaking a series of public chamber-
concerts in Boston; that these concerts
range over ancient, modern or modern-
ist music; that they do not lack lively
interest or pleasurable quality. Out-
side chance visitors, they constitute
chamber-music in Boston concert-rooms;
are therefore to be encouraged—lest in
time we have none of our own making.

Miss Mary Ingraham continues as
secretary-treasurer, to be addressed at
6 Newbury Street or called over Kenmore,
0491. The other officers are Messrs Mal-
colm Lang, president; Charles Boyden,
vice-president; James C. Howe, Gino L.
Perera, Edward M. Pickman, Verne D.
Powell, John B. Wills, directors. . . .
Here's hoping for the largest possible
and the promptest support. H. T. P.



BERNARD ZIGHERA
Harp Soloist
**Boston Symphony
Orchestra**

SYMPHONY HALL, BOSTON

50th SEASON, 1930-1931

SIX TUESDAY AFTERNOON CONCERTS

November 25 January 6 February 10 February 24 March 10 April 21

THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

(110 Musicians)

Dr. SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, Conductor

OPENING PROGRAMME

BACH . . . Two Preludes (Arranged for String Orchestra
by Pick-Mangiagalli)

BEETHOVEN Symphony No. 7 in A major

BRAHMS Symphony No. 2 in D major

INQUIRY IS INVITED AT THE SUBSCRIPTION OFFICE

W. H. BRENNAN, *Manager*

G. E. JUDD, Assistant Manager



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Harp Soloist
Boston Symphony
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374

It is an old idea and a good one—this concert of the three great B's. Toscanini used it to usher in his Sunday afternoon concerts in New York. Here Dr. Koussevitzky used it yesterday to inaugurate his Tuesday afternoon series.

From Bach and the tender manipulation of Pick-Mangiagalli, came two Preludes. The first, originally an organ prelude, sustained a mood serene and glowing from within. The second, from the Third Partita, was swift and spirited in rhythm and the orchestra, after its fatiguing travels, seemed to find it exacting. In neither instance did Bach lose anything at his transcriber's hands or at his interpreter's. For many he gained new clarity.

After intermission, the Brahms Second Symphony filled the cup of pleasure to brimming. More complex in development than the work which preceded it, its stabs of emotion were many barbed. It swept on, from the masterful, stirring opening, into the brooding calm of the second movement, from which, with renewed strength, the Scherzo burst forth joyously. The ascendant and transcendent harmonies of the Finale left the audience with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes. Small wonder they were loathe to leave. For Dr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra, another triumph. Nov. 21/30 F. S. F.

another triumph. Nov. 26/30 F. S. F.

323

ies at the special committee never has been established. House, executive director, failed to bring light on it when he returned to the city yesterday, only remarking that a call for the meeting will be made. It is thought to be too high in scope to permit discussion of any policies. The Democratic party is confident of defeating any attempt to open up the prohibition issue for a vote.

ees for Wet Platform

we have expressed dissatisfaction with the present prohibition law, urged repeal or modification thereof. In the event that the committee adopts such a resolution it will be adopted by the ensuing conference before it is inserted in the par-

Governor Harry Flood Byrd of Virginia has warned his fellow Democrats not to adopt a party policy on the meeting March 5 would divide the party. The Virginian, who is national committeeman for his State, said such action would "violate government principle of representative government parties" and said he would oppose such a proposal. "With

erty-five, who have been the fourth concert of the Tresser series given by the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky arranged the following program: "Finlandia," Symphonic Poem No. 7; Tchaikovsky, Symphony No. 4 in F minor. This was a fine choice of composers—their music proves quite different; further, the contrast between Beethoven's Symphonic Poem and the two compositions by some quarter of a century is interesting to observe the difference in the two works. "Finlandia" impresses with its hardness, sturdy rhythms and full melodies sung so expressively by the orchestra. It is optimistic in the manner of a folk song, but its subtleties cloud its meaning.

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Dora Delavitch
street, and Joseph
street, Chelsea. The
speaking without
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sault and battery
Crowley, and Stan
Shawmut avenue
sault and battery
Gannon. They will

The fifth concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra's Tuesday afternoon series took place yesterday in Symphony hall. Dr. Koussevitsky conducted the following program: Mozart, Symphony in G minor and Berlioz, Symphonie Fantastique—two symphonies rarely heard at the same concert. The Mozart symphony retains a freshness and vigor that make it delightful to hear. Time has not dealt as kindly with the Symphonie Fantastique; though it is interesting, it has not those inherent qualities that tend, at each hearing, to fill it with vitality.

Sincerely and sympathetically was the *Symphonie Fantastique* treated. Though this symphony is remarkable in many respects — marvellous in sonority; effective in the various moods it establishes—it is often trite, banal, and noisy. It loses in power because the composer feels no curb in his dramatic outpouring. The effusiveness of Berlioz, even Dr. Koussevitsky's careful reading could not obliterate. There were moments when the music was frankly vulgar, despite the infinite pains of the conductor; however lovely melodies flicker through the symphony. The "Scene in the Meadows" was so finely done that its length was forgotten.

The sixth and last concert of this series will take place Tuesday, April 21.
L. B. D.

TUESDAY SY
The Boston

gave its first Tu
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Koussevitzky con
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Sibelius Amid the Tuesday Classics

SIBELIUS and Chaikovsky filled the program at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon; Sibelius with the early and popular symphonic poem, "Finlandia," and the comparatively recent seventh symphony, Chaikovsky with the stirring fourth symphony in F minor.

An observer can occupy himself interestingly by taking note of the growing fortunes of a new symphony. The Seventh of Sibelius is such an one. Five years ago it was first played by Dr. Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra. This year has come the first series of repetitions. Yesterday a Tuesday audience heard it for the first time. Now the Tuesday audience is not one to which one brings works of an experimental nature. The inclusion of the symphony in the program is evidence in itself that the conductor regards it as a masterpiece accomplished rather than as a "noble experiment." How would this most recent of symphonic audiences regard a six-year-old symphony at first hearing? How would that small minority which has heard most of the Bostonian performances react to this latest playing? And lastly (perhaps this should have come first), how would repetition affect performance?

One recalls a sense of feeling baffled from the experienced audience of Friday afternoon when first it heard this symphony. However the symphony contained no harsh combinations of tones, no jarring counterpoints to which routined hearers could pin any possible objections. Rather, these hearers suspected dullness, while at the same time they realized vaguely the presence of forces in the face of which they dared not openly accuse the symphony of being dull. Those blest with deeper insight recognized austerity, unadorned power, the gaunt articulations of a skeletonized form, as positive assets of no mean order. But the majority remained at a willingness "to be shown."

To the audience yesterday the symphony was as new as to that previous audience of a Friday afternoon. Yet, to judge by those visible signs which alone make judgment possible, they accepted the latest Sibelius far more readily, far more eagerly, far more as a "matter of course" than did the others five years ago. One saw no signs of bewilderment, no evidences of being puzzled, no tell-tale reactions of boredom. Those who had heard most of the performances of the symphony before began to talk—for the first time—as if they were finding a covering

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Verse Crowds

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Francis Gannon. They wil

SYMPHONY CONCERT

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usly perfect as a whole.
was delicately tinged with
he scherzo, of a faerie
redolent of the whirling
birds' wings.
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ained to applaud him.
25. '33 L. B. D.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

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A large audience was appreciative of
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The sixth and last concert of this
series will take place Tuesday, April 21.
L. B. D.

TUESDAY SY
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Koussevitzky com
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Sibelius Am

Tuesda

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To the audience ye

phony was as new as to that previous
audience of a Friday afternoon. Yet, to
judge by those visible signs which alone
make judgment possible, they accepted
the latest Sibelius far more readily, far
more eagerly, far more as a "matter of
course" than did the others five years ago.
One saw no signs of bewilderment, no
evidences of being puzzled, no tell-tale re
actions of boredom. Those who had heard
most of the performances of the sym
phony before began to talk—for the first
time—as if they were finding a covering

of flesh and blood over these hard bones,
steeled sinews. One heard in the intermis
sion such expressions as "what emotional
depth," or "what intensity of feeling," or
"what dark, moving power."

Now it is not within belief that the
Tuesday audience, eager as it is, far as
it finds itself from a blasé point of view,
should of itself be capable of as much
censorer an appreciation of this symphony

Nor is the reaction of the "repeaters"
without significance. Both together point
to performance as perhaps a determining
factor in this increased acceptance, in
this new reaction toward the symphony.

It is matter of common knowledge that
Dr. Koussevitzky's repetitions of a given
work proceed in a straight line of gradual
but sure ascent of increasing revelation
of the work in hand. Of no work has
this been more true than of Sibelius's
seventh symphony. One begins now to
hear strings sing in a rare but melan
choly song. One hears trombones and
brass, thrice-repeated, in a nobility and
an elevation for which they seem as if
made, but in which composers have none
too often given them voice. One begins
to hear wood-winds, in playful measures,
taking on a new charm. By all the signs,
thus, with yesterday's performance a new
"Sibelius's Seventh" is beginning to
emerge. One can find its early course
thus far similar to that of symphonies
of Brahms. Here, too, one found first
austerity, erudition, scholarship; found
these gradually giving way to glowing
romance. Already one can add to the
first impressions of this latest Sibelius.
It is not beyond belief that he also will
in time achieve the glow which one now
accords to the bearded Johannes.

Concerning "Finlandia" or Chaikov
sky's "Fourth," what is there new to
write? From the folk manner to the
excitements of brass and percussion,
"Finlandia" came and went vividly. With
the older symphony Dr. Koussevitzky
again soothed, charmed, electrified. No
less than cataclysmic are some of his
climaxes.—Speaking of masterpieces, here
is a masterpiece of interpretation.

A. H. M.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

For the fourth concert of the Tues
day afternoon series given by the Bos
ton Symphony orchestra, Dr. Kousse
vitzky arranged the following program:
Sibelius, "Finlandia," Symphonic Poem
and Symphony No. 7; Tchaikovsky,
Symphony No. 4 in F minor. This was
an arresting choice of composers—
though their ancestors may have been
the same, their music proves quite dif
ferent in character; further, the con
tours of Sibelius's Symphonic Poem and
Seventh Symphony, the two composi
tions separated by some quarter of a
century, show a wonderful develop
ment. It is interesting to observe the
contrast in the two works.

"Finlandia" impresses with its
straightforwardness, sturdy rhythms
and beautiful melodies sung so expres
sively by the orchestra. It is optimis
tic simple, in the manner of a folk
tune. No subtleties cloud its meaning.
In fact, it often would infringe on the
obvious were it not that the conductor's
sense of the fitness of things saved it
from falling in this category. In the
Seventh Symphony it would seem one
is dealing with a different man. The
beautiful melodies he still retains, but
they are more episodic in character.
Nothing is obvious; subtlety reigns su
preme. The oneness of mood—for the
contracts are not marked enough to
break the general impression of som
berness—does not relieve and refresh
the listener by changes in intensity and
feeling. The symphony is rich, power
ful and profound. Despite Dr. Kousse
vitzky's intelligent and thoughtful in
terpretation, despite the wonderful co
operation of the orchestra, its depths
were not sounded by the audience. It
left them baffled.

The performance of Tchaikovsky's
symphony was scintillating; excellent in
detail, wondrously perfect as a whole.
The andante was delicately tinged with
melancholy; the scherzo, of a faerie
quality, was redolent of the whirring
of humming birds' wings.

A large audience welcomed Dr. Kousse
vitzky and remained to applaud him.
Herald, Apr. 25, '33 L. B. D.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

The fifth concert of the Boston Sym
phony orchestra's Tuesday afternoon
series took place yesterday in Symphony
hall. Dr. Koussevitzky conducted the
following program: Mozart, Symphony
in G minor and Berlioz, Symphonie Fan
tastique—two symphonies rarely heard
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series will take place Tuesday, April 21.
L. B. D.

SYMPHONY HALL, BOSTON

50th SEASON, 1930-1931

Second Concert of the
TUESDAY AFTERNOON SERIES

The Boston
Symphony Orchestra
(110 Musicians)

Dr. SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, Conductor

Tuesday Afternoon, January 6, at 3 o'clock

Wagner Programme

Overture to "RIENZI"

Bacchanale, "Der Venusberg" from "TANNHÄUSER"

Introduction to Act III, "LOHENGRIN"

Ride of the Valkyries from "DIE WALKÜRE"

Prelude and Love-Death

from "TRISTAN UND ISOLDE"

Prelude to

"DIE MEISTERSINGER VON NÜRNBERG"

This seems an appropriate time for us all to join in an expression of appreciation and gratitude to Dr. Koussevitzky for all that he has accomplished by his untiring devotion to the work of bringing our orchestra to its present perfection.

It is proposed to present at the end of this season to Dr. Koussevitzky a wreath of gold or other emblem marking his part in the Celebration of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's Fiftieth Anniversary which his splendid efforts have made so memorable.

If you care to participate in the gift kindly send your subscription (not exceeding one dollar) to Francis C. Gray, Lee, Higginson Trust Co., 50 Federal Street, Boston, not later than April 15th.

Mr. Frederick P. Cabot

Mrs. M. G. Haughton

Mr. Russell S. Codman, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Hill

Mr. and Mrs. N. Penrose Hallowell

Mrs. Edward Thaw

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Steinert

No receipt will be sent
unless requested.

TRANSCRIPT, MOND

serves It Bears

ath for Dr. Koussevitz

Final Concert in the Fiftieth Y
ries Proposed It and Collected
by Tiffany & Co. It Bears this
and Affectionate Appreciation o
Boston Symphony Orchestra

This seems an appropriate time for us all to join in expression of appreciation and gratitude to Dr. Koussevitzky for all that he has accomplished by his untiring devotion to the work of bringing our orchestra to its present perfect

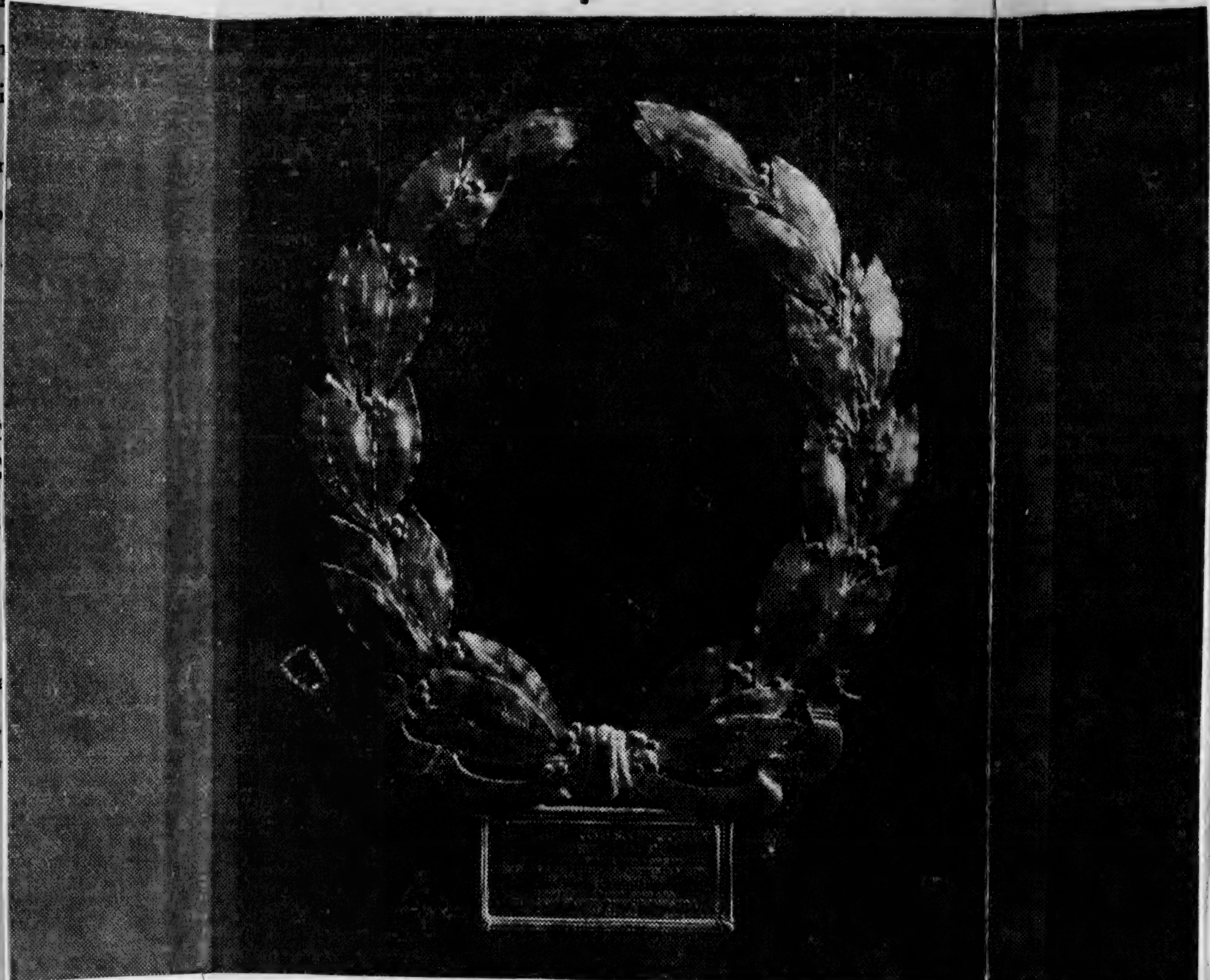
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Mr. Russell S. Codman, Jr.	Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Lee
Mr. and Mrs. N. Penrose Hallowell	Mrs. Edward T. Lee
Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Steinert	

No receipt will be sent unless requested.

"He Who Deserves It Bears the Palm"



Wreath for Dr. Koussevitzky

Given to Him, on Saturday Last, at the Final Concert in the Fiftieth Year of the Boston Orchestra. A Committee of Subscribers to the Various Series Proposed It and Collected Subscriptions at One Dollar Apiece. It is a Design of Olive Leaves Cut in Gold by Tiffany & Co. It Bears this Inscription: "Serge Koussevitzky Inspired Leader with the Ever Grateful and Affectionate Appreciation of His Audiences. . . . Fiftieth Anniversary Boston Symphony Orchestra 1931."

SYMPHONY HALL

Wednesday, May 6

OPENING NIGHT

46th Season

POPS

Orchestra of 80 Symphony Players

ARTHUR FIEDLER, *Conductor*

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REFRESHMENTS

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OPENING CONCERTS, OCTOBER 9-10

BOSTON SYMPHONY
ORCHESTRA

Dr. SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, Conductor

24 Friday Afternoon Concerts

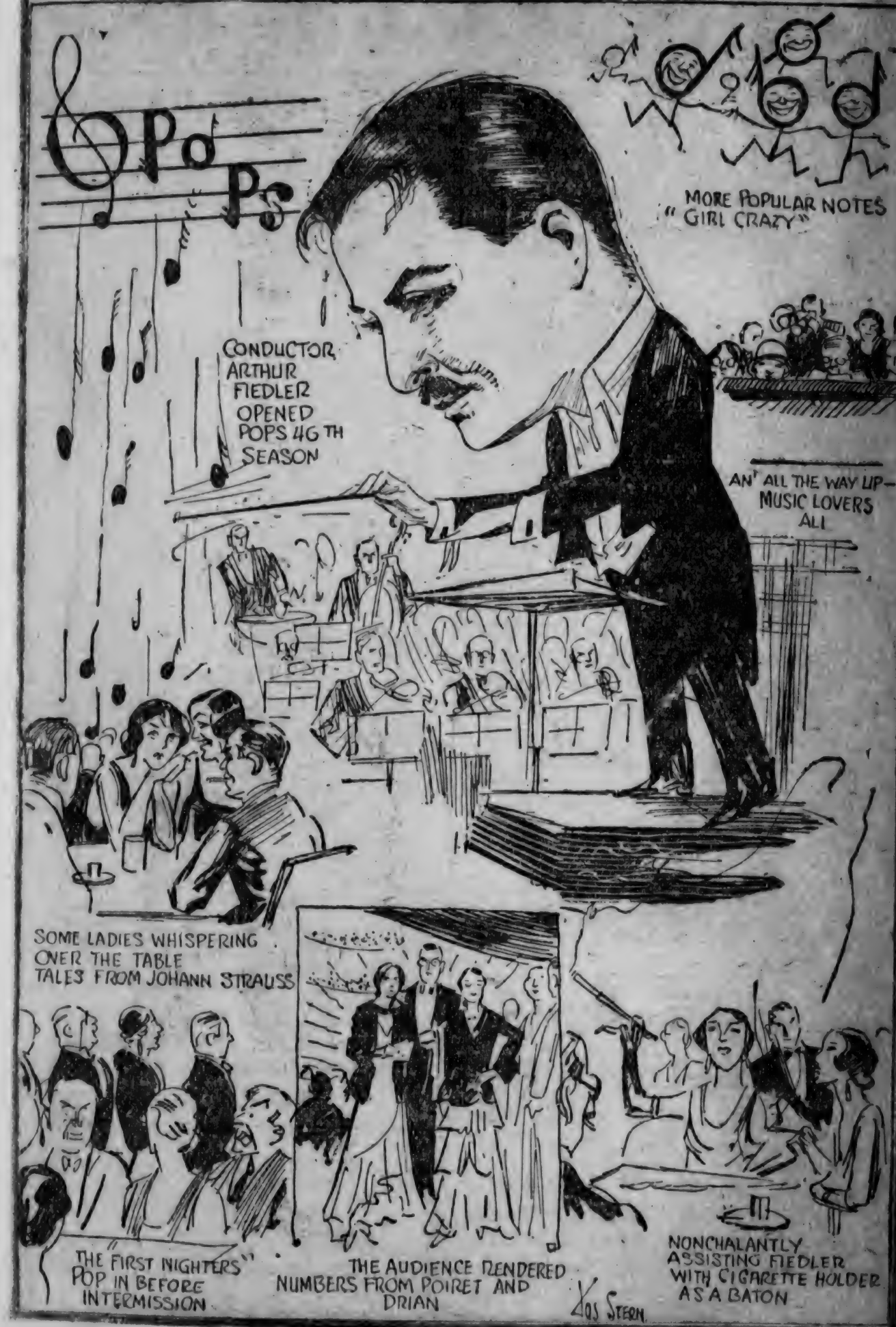
24 Saturday Evening Concerts

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IF ANY SUBSCRIBER HAS NOT RECEIVED HIS
NOTICE, HE IS REQUESTED TO ADVISE THE
SUBSCRIPTION OFFICE TODAY.

W. H. BRENNAN, Manager,
Symphony Hall, Boston.



AS THE POPS GOT UNDER WAY





AS THE POPS GOT UNDER WAY



Spring Is Here, Pops Are Proof

Opening Night of May, 1931,
With All the Pleasures
Of the Season

Transcript—77 March 1931
THE more it changes, the more it is the same thing, writes the reviewer returned from the forty-fifth renewal of the Pop Concerts and beginning, say, his twentieth article about that annual occasion. Forthwith meditation and recollection correct him. The Pops remain a unique Bostonian institution. Elsewhere in these United States no series of similar concerts flourishes, or ever has flourished, in spite of many attempts to imitate or transplant. Nor in these days, unless memory slips in its haste, is there any comparable series in Europe. Such as they were, the war and the aftermath sank them almost "without trace." Here in Boston, The Pops have survived a changed city, a changed public, changed minds, manners, habits and living—all that differentiates the nineteenth-twenties and thirties from the eighteenth and nineties.

A small and centered community has become a metropolitan district. A compact audience in its likings has expanded into variegated divisions and subdivisions. On this night and that, the earlier and the middle Pops had social cachet. The later Pops are informal and democratic. Horse-cars set us down at the old Music Hall. Trolley-cars conveyed us to Symphony Hall. Now, on an "opening night," tardy comers hunt for parking place. Through many years ales of Britain and wines of France and Germany were the emollients. Now we make shift with malted mixtures and pseudo-punches; while an unblushing menu proffers Pineapple Sundaes and Nut Taffy. (Good Lord, deliver us!) For better or for worse, to softer drinks have succeeded sedate manners. It is a long, long time since any gentleman-roisterer has hung a pair of trousers over the waiting arm of Apollo Belvedere.

As to "good light music" current tastes and current notions have also changed. The proof is written large in the volumes of early and middle programs scattered through the cases in the exhibition room at Symphony Hall. By tens, twenties and hundreds, items have come into favor and fashion; gone into neglect and oblivion. There was Mr. Gershwin to hear, last evening, out of the musical play, "Girl Crazy"; while twice over the audience insisted upon the waltz from "Two Hearts in Three-Four Time." Tonight in walk Messieurs de Falla and Ravel; while no farther away than Sunday come old Boyce out of the eighteenth century and young Mr. Lam-

bert very much of this twentieth. Modern music and music in present vogue; but "good light music" withal, barring only that paltry and pestiferous film-waltz.

Eighty men from the Symphony Orchestra play it and decline seldom into the lassitude of summer and a hundred Symphony Concerts well behind. If they do—the weaknesses of the flesh and the spirit being what they are—the conductor brings them quickly back to the mark. Tireless himself, minded to give each piece its true and particular voice, Arthur Fiedler would have the orchestra as energetic and elastic. In him is the spark that keeps an audience in lively glow; but first it sets the players alight. Fortunately for Boston, Henry Higginson grew up musically in Vienna where they then cultivated, and still cultivate, the lighter pleasures of the arts. Otherwise, there might have been only Symphony Concerts and no Pops. And they must be cheap as well as good, said this New England Mæcenas, remembering a frugal folk. The prices have changed with the times; but who has ever begrudged them?

The rest is detail of an evening's pleasure. To please the eye the lush green, the tempered gold, the cooler grey of the seasonal decorations—brightness without heat as becomes an ideal summer; the frocks and frills, light, colorful and cut to the newest mode, upon one's neighbor's wife, one's neighbor's daughter and the next friend of the young man at the next table. To please the ear, the sound of music from composer and orchestra; the polite but never arbitrary silence that gave it room; between whiles the tinkle of gossip across the blue and gold tables for which, among frequenters, The Pops are a famous place. To please both eye and ear, the quick interest in music and performance; the pretty stir over a favorite and remembered "extra"; the good will toward conductor and orchestra; the gay mood, not easy for Bostonians to catch in a public place, but more in evidence at The Pops than at most other entertainments. The quick-witted and sympathetic Fiedler often chooses music to prompt it. Perhaps my lady's cigarette also helps—though not her Pineapple Sundae.

The program was summary of a proper Pops repertory: the march for rhythm and sonority—this time the "Rákóczy" sound and fury; the favorite overture—to "Oberon"; the operatic fantasia—from "Carmen"; the "popular classic"—Liszt's "Preludes"; the pretty trifle—Bolzoni's "Minuet"; the sentimental trifle—"The Londonderry Air"; waltzes, polkas and a czardas from Vienna or thereabouts; the potpourri from a recent American musical play—Mr. Gershwin's "Girl Crazy"; Wagner's Valkyrs hurtling the air and the brass; as many "extras" as Mr. Fiedler might give, which were five, some for the rhythm, some for the tune and all for the tickling of the ear and, maybe, the

fancy. A nod to radio with Percy Grainger's "Country Gardens"; a bow to the films with that "Zwei Herzen" waltz. For The Pops must keep touch with the times and the public.

Not much that was new hereabouts, except certain "Tales from Johann Strauss" and the "selection" from "Girl Crazy." Erich Korngold, who in his young days was a prodigy composer, strung together operetta-tunes, which few remembered; polkas and such like; the inevitable "Blue Danube," which everyone recognized, to make the "tales." Mr. Gershwin tossed in "Embraceable You," "I Got Rhythm" and other public necessities from "Girl Crazy"; also exhibited himself in his newest guise—less melody, more rhythm, a hard-driven orchestra, the modernist rather than the jazzy touch. Before long the last doubter will be calling him a "serious musician"—New York style. But the audience's ears and Mr. Fiedler's hand seemed warmer, last evening, for Vienna. H. T. P.

As pendant to the 50th season of Symphony Concerts there began at Symphony Hall last evening the 46th season of Pops and the second of Arthur Fiedler's conductorship.

As was the case a year ago, the hall itself had shed its winter raiment of red for a spring dress of green and gold.

HALL IS FILLED

If the size of the audience at this first concert is any criterion the Pops will be as well attended this year as they were last, "hard times" notwithstanding. There was almost literally not an inch of space on the floor untenanted and every seat in the two balconies appeared to be filled.

Mr. Fiedler made his opening programme out of pieces old and new, pieces frankly light and pieces at least semi-serious. The actual novelties were a medley of Strauss waltzes and polkas from the pen of Erich Korngold; a pleasing arrangement of the familiar Londonderry Air for solo violin, harp and strings by Sir Hamilton Harty; a selection from George Gershwin's latest musical comedy, "Girl Crazy"; and a conventionally effective Czardas from an opera, "Ghost of the Warrior," by one Grossman, otherwise unknown to these parts. Included among the extra numbers, plentiful throughout the evening, was one not unnaturally new to the Pops this year, the pretty waltz from the talkie-operetta, "Zwei Herzen in Drei Viertel Takt."

Familiar Pieces Heard

The familiar pieces were the Rakoczy March of Berlioz, Weber's "Oberon" Overture, Bolzoni's Minuet for strings, a Fantasia on "Carmen," Liszt's "Les Preludes" and Wagner's riding Valkyries.

In fact as well as in name the orchestra was the Boston Symphony, reduced to 80 men and minus certain illustrious "first desks," but tonally and otherwise its virtuoso self.

As conductor Mr. Fiedler is hardly an individualist, but in these days of highly personal and occasionally eccentric readings his straightforward presentation of the music in hand is not unwelcome. At least Mr. Fiedler is never listless, his conducting has plenty of "pep" and in the mechanics of that art he grows steadily.

A second season of Pop concerts finds him ripened, more the master of himself, his music and his men. And his popularity is incontestable. He was greeted with enthusiasm when first he appeared last evening and hardly a piece on the programme failed to bring forth enough applause to warrant an extra number.

1931 The Pops

To the not altogether incongruous harmony of the tinkling of glasses, bottles and cracked ice the Pops began its 46th season last evening. There was the usual and pleasantly remembered hum of subdued yet happily frivolous conversation, the ease-inducing aura of tobacco smoke rising to fill the nostrils of the classic and stonily tolerant statues that fill the niches in the upper regions of Symphony Hall. As in years past, the bright, festal colors of evening gowns mingled with the sombreness of dinner coats and street dress and gave the gathering a certain cosmopolitan appearance. The hall was filled.

While Robert Edmond Jones' decorative scheme used in Symphony Hall this season was instituted last year, commendation of its effectiveness and consistent good taste is by no means stale or superfluous. The green walls and tables lend a restful coolness to the scene; the gilded chairs and latticework of the stage walls and door borders provides just the proper amount of contrast to make the interior of Symphony Hall resplendent and attractive.

The highlights of Mr. Fiedler's program were Berlioz' "Rakoczy" march, the overture to Weber's "Oberon," a fantasia on excerpts from Bizet's "Carmen," Liszt's symphonic poem, "Les Preludes"; Sir Hamilton Harty's arrangement of the so-called "Londonderry Air," selections from George Gershwin's score for "Girl Crazy" and the "Ride of the Valkyries" from Wagner's "Die Walkure."

There is no point in applying severe critical judgment either to the performance or the programs of such concerts as these. There is no pretense of maintaining high and rigid artistic standards. All highbrow esthetic considerations are subordinated to the effort to give the greatest pleasure to the greatest number.

Pops Season Opens Auspiciously, With Quartet at Every Floor Table

Arthur Fiedler's second term as conductor of the Pops and the 46th season of that Bostonian institution opened joyously last evening in Symphony hall. As evidence that Mr. Fiedler's fame is not ephemeral, every floor table had its quartet of eager listeners and smokers; the balconies showed no empty spots. There were no polite ceremonials. The concert began promptly on time, and Mr. Fiedler, after an incisive acknowledgement of noisy greetings plunged into his first number, the "Rakoczy" march by Berlioz. The new season was on.

For a majority of those present the summer decorations of stage and walls and tables, first revealed a year ago, were now familiar: the latticed framework in gray and gold, which served as setting for the musicians; the grass-green tints along the lower side walls of the hall; the gay green tables and the gilded chairs about them. For those viewing these seasonal changes as innovations they were agreeable and refreshing. It will be recalled that the color scheme was that of Robert Edmond Jones, an artist of more than passing renown.

Back to the music. Mr. Fiedler has gained in confidence within the year. Never afflicted with mannerisms, never guilty of spurious gesticulations, he reads calmly, even cautiously. He is not disdainful of honest applause, would share it with his band invariably. Last evening he added five encores to his program and thereby bound his audience closer to him; for Pops audiences dearly love their encores. He ranged from Weber's "Oberon" overture on to Bolzoni's minuet for string orchestra, a fantasia on Bizet's "Carmen," Korngold's "Tales from Johann Strauss" (last year it was Richard Strauss who was honored), Kreisler's "Londonderry Air," arranged by St. Hamilton Harty, for violin solo by the concert master, Julius Theodorowicz, Liszt's "Les Preludes," selections from George Gershwin's "Girl Crazy," the czardas from Grossman's opera, "Ghost of the Warrior," to Wagner's "Ride of the Valkyries."

Again it was noticeable that Mr. Fiedler has a fine talent for program making. A standard march and overture, a waltz, an operatic pot-pourri, at least one meaty classic like "Les Preludes," played last evening with full symphonic resonance, a selection from some current musical comedy, and for balance and complement lighter pieces, particularly in the matter of extra numbers. We cherish a modest hope that Mr. Fiedler was impressed by one

POP CONCERTS

The Pop concerts, which opened last night in Symphony hall will give their 8:30. Arthur Fiedler announces the following program.

Marche Militaire.....	Schubert
Overture, "A Midsummer Night's Dream".....	Mendelssohn
Two Pieces in Canon Form.....	Schumann
Invitation to the Dance.....	Weber-Berlioz
"El Amor Brujo," Ballet Suite.....	De Falla
Cherzo from the Fourth Symphony.....	Tchaikovsky
Bolero.....	Ravel
Waltz from "The Bat".....	Strauss
To a Water Lily.....	MacDowell
Lohengrin, Introduction to Act III.....	Wagner

incident of this enjoyable evening. In response to a conscientious interpretation of excerpts from the Gershwin opus, "Girl Crazy," with its slightly labored melodies, he struck into that glorious waltz movement from "Zwei Herzen in Three-quarter Takt," by Robert Stoltz, from the motion picture of that name. It was over too soon, as the clamor for more indicated. So, after taking his seat, Mr. Fiedler played it again. Gustav Struber, in his day, would have needed no urging. Now, as then, German operetta, if given a chance, might outweigh in popular esteem the jazzed dissonances of contemporary scribblers. W. E. G.

Pops Season Opened With Fine Programme



338

Music

May 2, 1931 Minut
The Restored Pops

The forty-sixth season of the Symphony Hall Pop concerts was inaugurated last night with gladsome sights and sounds. The audience filled the hall. The gray and gold decorative scheme installed last year under the direction of Robert Edmond Jones again formed the cheerful setting. Arthur Fiedler, beginning his second term as master of musical ceremonies, received an ovation on his entrance. Enthusiasm grew as the program advanced. There was the usual number of encores, one of which—a selection from "Zwei Herzen im 3/4 Takt"—had to be played twice. Most of the auditors lingered for a late leave-taking.

All of which is testimony to the renewal and freshening of the Pops, now evidently once more firmly established in popular favor. The management, sensitive to the public pulse, recognized last year the necessity for a modification of the rather austere atmosphere maintained by Mr. Casella. Seeking the ameliorator, it fixed upon Mr. Fiedler, who indeed would have been hard to overlook after his success with the Esplanade concerts the previous summer. The choice has been justified.

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For First of the

"Classical" Pops

May 11, 1931 Minut

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Then "The Rio Grande." An additional hearing did not dim the pleasure which one took in it. And the greatest pleasure which one hearer has taken in it at every performance, is at that point where after a huge climax the solo piano enters with the cheapest of jazz chiches. Banal? Yes, of course—a dozen times over again; so banal that it could not possibly have been accident or lapse on the part of a skillful young composer. From the audience this piece of rhythms and of languors, of wild choruses and tumultuous piano solos, of bold percussions and screaming brass and propulsive strings, again drew thunders of applause. Not all "hits" continue to please after repetition. Mr. Lambert has succeeded beyond surface success.

Not a word yet about Chaikovsky. But can fresh comment possibly come out of "Romeo and Juliet" and "Nutcracker" and "1812"? One records excellences of days of the machine age? A. H. M.

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The Law, the 'Siegfried Idyl,' Jazz, Chasins, Sanroma, All at a Sunday Pop

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Music

May 2, 1931 Minuta
The Restored Pops

The forty-sixth season of the Symphony Hall Pop concerts was inaugurated last night with gladsome sights and sounds. The audience filled the hall. The gray and gold decorative scheme installed last year under the direction of Robert Edmond Jones again formed the cheerful setting. Arthur Fiedler, beginning his second term as master of musical ceremonies, received an ovation on his entrance. Enthusiasm grew as the program advanced. There was the usual number of encores, one of which—a selection from "Zwei Herzen im 3/4 Takt"—had to be played twice. Most of the auditors lingered for a late leave-taking.

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For First of the

May 14, 1931 Minuta
"Classical" Pops

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performance, the sympathetic pointing of well-known effects, now charming, now delicious, now strong and propulsive. Mr. Fiedler and his men created the desired illusion. His audience rose to it. Seldom does "1812" fail to make its effect. Last evening was no exception. There was clapping of hands and stamping of feet, yes, and there was shouting. Is not this exactly what Chaikovsky is for in these days of the machine age? A. H. M.

May 25, 1931 Minuta The Law, the "Siegfried Idyl," Jazz, Chasins, Sanroma, All at a Sunday Pop

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joy and his in Siegfried, their new-born son. They stand above the cradle and he speaks. The little orchestra plays upon the staircase of their house, and she listens. Finally it is music wrought in delicate texture and subdued coloring, infused with the poetry of tender affection, loving longing and quiet beatitude. Its only fellow is the introduction to the Third Act of "Die Meistersinger," and that is written on a larger scale, to have place in a romantic comedy, more outspoken and diverse in emotional flow.

In the daily procession of The Pops Mr. Fiedler had little time to rehearse what for most of the players may have been an unfamiliar piece. Nor in this stage of his progress as conductor is he to be reproached with a performance that at moments might have been more sensitive, plastic and euphonious. Enough that the hungry ear heard anew the "Siegfried Idyl"; while answering imagination sufficed for outer gloss and inner implication. Before the listener passed a music in which Wagner shuts himself within narrow confines because, so doing, he may more felicitously express himself and gain his end. Within them, a super-sensitive variety of texture is woven into a persistent loveliness; an adroitly changeable flow sustains a pervasive mood; a few colors are brightened or darkened, blended or contrasted, refinement upon refinement, until the whole becomes a sublimated magic upon the enfolded senses. The "Siegfried Idyl" upsprings from the motifs of the hero whose name the new-born son and this, his music, shall bear. Yet Wagner so mutes and transmutes them, so stays his instinctive richness and flood, that it sounds with quiet gladness, still affection, tender longing and visioning, a blest happiness and peace.

A single note, a passing phrase, the lightest modulation, inflection, shading, and we listeners are stirred. As there is no more sensitive, so there is no finer-fingered Wagner. He is writing most intimately, yet the benediction of the "Siegfried Idyl" falls upon all the fathers and all the mothers who may stand dreaming in happy content beside the cradles of their sons. It is his moment of surcease from the theater, from his epics and tragedies in words and tones. Tone-poet he cannot help but be; yet this time "from the heart to the heart" as Beethoven had it on a very different occasion. Some of us take leave to think the lyric pages of "Die Meistersinger" the rarest music in beauty that man has yet written. In that very house Wagner had finished them. Now into the "Sieg-

fried Idyl" he distilled their quintessence. . . . Mr. Fiedler went on to the heroic sweep and sound of the other Siegfried's "Rhine Journey"; then to the Overture to "Tannhäuser," the only proclamation of triumphant virtue of which mind and spirit seldom weary. Yet above these sonorities lingered the "Siegfried Idyl," soft and bright and vaporous.

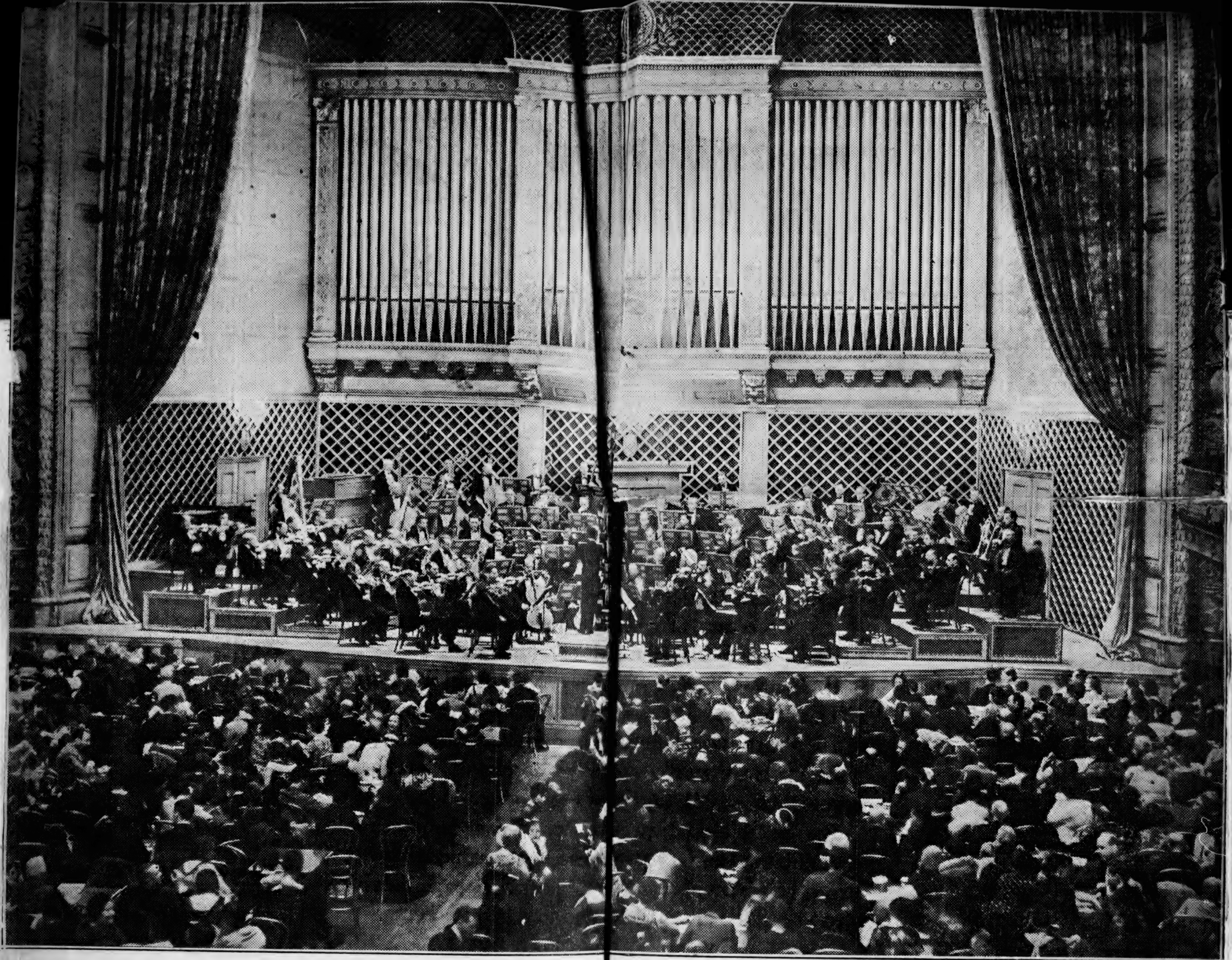
Next Mr. Abram Chasins and "Parade"—the piece in which Mr. Toscanini, as the saying went in New York, "discovered America." There have been more exciting discoveries; while the composer's anxious friends might have hung less literary baggage about his neck. Mr. Chasins hears a passing procession; hears it advancing and receding; hears it also in sustained and broken rhythms. The sound stirs in him anxieties, resentments, alarms, inasmuch as parades depress him and rouse his dread of mob-spirit. Now in the under-ody, now on the surface, he would impart this mood. In degree, with reciprocal labor on the part of the listening imagination, he succeeds. Parade and sensations dwindle away and a compact, neatly made, workaday tone-poem, mostly of the common stock, is at end. Well enough on a Pop Sunday; but the "maestro illustrissimo" might advisedly broaden his explorations of the music of this land.

Last, Mr. Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue" as fresh, though by no means so surprising, as when it emerged seven years ago. There are good tunes in it as the slow section, with Russian flavors, still witnesses. There are pianistic and orchestral acrobatics, intrinsically jazz-like, as the finale over-abundantly testifies. There is, above all, a first section that sounds to this day like no music the listener has heard before or since—Mr. Gershwin releasing the jazz that long had been second nature to him, then discovering, con amore and confuoco, that he could give it musical form, substance, seemliness and effect.

There were also for this particular occasion, as for Mr. Tansman's Sonatina, Mr. Tapley who is expert saxophonist, and Mr. Sanromá who played the piano-part with a Gershwinian boldness and fervor, sonority and rhythmical energy, with a more than Gershwinian mastery of means to ends. From his hands the sheer beat and plangency carried all before them. Mr. Fiedler can spur any jazzy piece; while as everyone knows—for blame or for praise—the Bostonians can be the jazziest of symphony orchestras. To Mr. Gruenberg and to Mr. Carpenter, as now to Mr. Gershwin, they have given proof. At the end, clapping, shouting and through the happy tumult Mr. Sanromá in and out. What say, Mr. Chasins or even Mr. Tansman? H. T. P.

of your
needs
food
elementary

by Committee
the Female Party for
ment of Candidates for
State-Wide Offices



Forty-Sixth Opening, Last Evening at Symphony Hall, of the Pop Concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra

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Wins Poster Prize



RICHARD E. PRIEST
March 27, 1931
LEOMINSTER BOY WINS
POPS POSTER CONTEST
 Prize-Winning Design Work by
 Richard E. Priest

First prize in the Pops concerts poster contest was won by Richard E. Priest, 20, of Leominster, a student at the Massachusetts school of art, it is announced by officials of Symphony hall, where the concerts will start May 6. The poster consists of a line design, in color, of musical instruments on a black background with white lettering.

Second prize was awarded to Mark Hayes of the Designers Art School, and third to Cordella Loring Brooks of the Museum School of Fine Arts. Honorable mention was given designs of Helen M. Gregor of the Wagner School of Sign Arts, John C. Bergen of the Scott Carbee School of Art and Henry D. Hart of the Wagner school. The posters will be on view in Symphony hall at the opening of the concerts.

The first Pops Sunday evening Symphony concert was attended by an audience that packed Symphony hall, and that showed its pleasure not only by much applause but by many shouts of "Bravo!" during the evening.

The program was as follows:

Elgar March "Pomp and Circumstance" No. 5
 (First time in Boston)
 Boyce Fifth Symphony
 Londonderry Air
 Arranged for String Orchestra by
 Sir Hamilton Harty
 Lambert "The Rio Grande"
 for chorus, orchestra and solo pianoforte
 (Piano solo, Jesus Maria Sanroma)
 (Contralto solo, Marie Murray)
 (Chorus of the Cecilia Society)
 Tchaikovsky "Romeo and Juliet"
 Overture—Fantasia
 Ballet Suite, "Nutsacker"
 Overture Solennelle, "1812"

The occasional small errors, lack of surface polish, and other evidences of weariness from the strain of a long, hard season and the haste with which Pops concerts must be prepared and given, which showed in the orchestra's playing last night, were more than made up for by its spirit and verve. Mr. Fiedler sets sharp, invigorating rhythms, has a clear, incisive beat, and, while he sometimes lacks graciousness in phrasing, he never errs in the direction of sentimentality—a fault which is insupportable in popular programs.

As to the program, it combined pieces by British composers (from the almost forgotten Boyce to Lambert, whose "Rio Grande" was one of the best liked of the new compositions brought out by the Boston Symphony this winter), with three selections from Tchaikovsky's best-liked works. The Elgar march, re-echoing an earlier "Pomp and Circumstance," is less straightforward, more fussy, than the first, while built around the same over-romanticized themes. Boyce's clean, fresh Symphony, with its neat fugue, was refreshing after the preceding piece's ponderous strivings. Sir Hamilton Harty's arrangement of the well-known "Londonderry Air," a charmingly appropriate arrangement, at last, of this much mauled and overplayed, but still lovely air, was played very suavely by the strings, the air being sung by solo violin.

Lambert's "Rio Grande" which was played with all the deft rhythm, sparkle and changing mood that it demands, again made a favorable impression. When music like this, so obviously pictorial, episodic and unashamedly entertaining, still delights at third hearing it is rare indeed. Even Ravel's exciting "Bolero" did not meet the third-hearing test for many a concertgoer.

Concluding with music of Tchaikovsky, the orchestra outdid itself. Unrestrained shouting followed the playing of the "Nutsacker" suite. It seemed the very soul of wit after the long-winded "Romeo and Juliet" overture-fantasia, though there are beauties and to spare in the latter. Naturally "1812," which was consummately well played, brought a storm of applause. **E. B.**

May 11, 1931 **SYMPHONY HALL** **First Sunday Pop Concert**

The items of chief interest at the season's first Sunday Pop Concert last evening were the revival by Mr. Fiedler of the Fifth Symphony by William Boyce, the 18th century English composer, and Constant Lambert's "The Rio Grande," introduced here at the Symphony concerts two weeks ago. As before, Jesus Maria Sanroma, pianist; Marie Murray, contralto, and a chorus from the Cecilia Society assisted in the latter piece. The remainder of the program was devoted to Sir Edward Elgar's recently written "Pomp and Circumstance," march No. 5, which was played in Boston for the first time, and to Tchaikovsky's "Nutsacker" suite, "1812" overture, and a fantasia on his "Romeo and Juliet" music.

The symphony proved to be engaging music, characteristic of the musical period and style, nimble and graceful if not airy. Boyce's melodic invention, while quite without subtlety—as was also his manipulation, apparently—has a solidity and variety that are pleasing. There were some interesting high passages for the trumpets.

This "symphony"—such it is in name, though it is not a symphony in the modern sense of the word—ought to be a welcome addition to the Pops' repertory. Perhaps Mr. Fiedler may favor his audiences with some or all of the other seven.

By no stretch of imagination can Lambert's music be called great. In fact, one has a sneaking suspicion that he had no such thought when he composed it. Melodically and harmonically it becomes banal in a few places. One or two of his uses of percussion are inept.

On the other hand, "Rio Grande" is genial, warm-blooded music that is virtually never dull; it has variety of instrumentation and melody. It is stimulating, and for that reason ought to be heard more than rarely.

Mr. Fiedler's performance of the "Rio Grande" may have been less replete with subtle details than the previous performances of the work here, but he alone, apparently, has been able to secure the proper rhythm. For that reason "Rio Grande" sounded better than ever last evening. There was much applause for conductor, soloists and orchestra.

Last night in Symphony Hall, the Pops orchestra, Arthur Fiedler, conductor, gave its first Sunday evening concert of the season. The program comprised "Pomp and Circumstance" No. 5 by Elgar; Fifth Symphony by Boyce (1710-1779); Londonderry Air, arranged for string orchestra by Sir Hamilton Harty; Lambert, "The Rio Grande"; three numbers by Tchaikovsky, the "Romeo and Juliet" Overture-Fantasia, the "Nutsacker" Suite and the "1812" Overture. The orchestra had the able assistance of the Cecilia Society in the number by Lambert.

Standing room was at a premium in Symphony Hall last night and, as usual, Mr. Fiedler had prepared a program worthy the efforts of the band which he conducts and satisfying to those who listen. "Pomp and Circumstance" No. 5 is built upon a pattern similar to the overture by that name with which everyone is familiar, and, although the thematic material is interesting, the piece is hardly of stuff likely to bring it into immediate competition with its predecessor.

The Boyce miniature symphony proved a charming bit of eighteenth century writing in three movements, with a delightfully exuberant fugal ending to the third movement which emphasized the style as typical of this period.

The pièce de résistance of the evening was of course, Lambert's "Rio Grande" with Miss Marie Murray and J. M. Sanroma again in their accustomed rôles, with the Cecilia Society to lend the choral atmosphere. Since this composition has twice been reviewed in these columns within a few weeks, it seems unnecessary to comment upon the performance last night other than to say it maintained the high standard noted in previous performances.

Upon the Tchaikovsky group Mr. Fiedler bestowed as much care and attention to detail as though his audience were composed of subscribers to the "regular" symphony series, instead of the more informal and less-inclined-to-be-critical music lovers who comprise these Pop audiences. In all, a program which measures up in every way to those of the Sunday evenings of former seasons.

May 11, 1931 **G. M. S.**

June 8, 1931
 Mr. Sanromá played the many-sided and witty part for the first piano among the animals; then was pianist in Mr. Fiedler's needlessly abbreviated version of Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue." There is scarcely a piece that the conductor does better, which fact makes his cuts the less understandable. Is he not, as with some of his suites, over-afraid that he will exhaust the attention of a usually eager audience? As it was, the long and loud applause for Mr. Sanromá was pleasure to hear and record. He excels in such music of keen rhythms, plangent tone, hard edge and flamboyant bravura. He has excelled, indeed, in all that he has undertaken the season through, both at the Symphony Concerts and at The Pops. No task was too small for his pains; none, however exacting, exceeded his ripening powers. He made believable the extraordinary piano-part that Lourie wrote into "Liturgical Sonata." His light, fine hand with figures and arabesques added graces to Pilati's little Suite for Piano and Strings. He was the modernist pianist, par excellence, by the verve of his rhythm and the brilliance of his tone in Stravinsky's "Caprice." He outdid himself in both the ornate and the songful measures of Lambert's "Rio Grande," his ripest performance of the year. Now at The Pops he does no less well with the piano-parts in Tansman's Sonatina and Gershwin's Rhapsody. It is high time Mr. Sanromá's name were added to the list of virtuosi in the orchestra. He keeps pace with them. *Tran* H. T. P.



Koussevitzky and Dr. Davison Make Ready a Score

314

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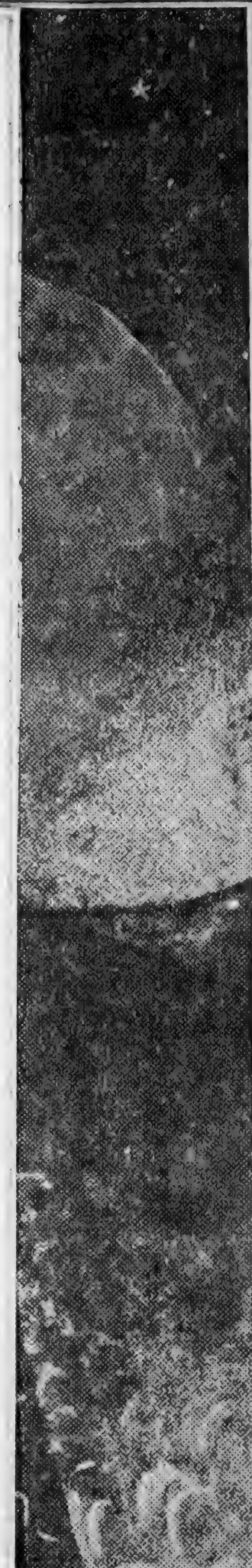
Lifelong Silhouette



The Younger Koussevitzky

(Colby)

From the Book Describing his Concert-Giving Voyage down the Volga, Included in the Current Exhibition at Symphony Hall



16. 1930.

Lifelong Sill



From the Book De

Obbligato of the Stars



Transcript

On the Esplanade

Aug. 16. 1930.

Sketch from the Summer Series of Concerts Now Drawing to a Close

GOOD MUSIC FOR THE PEOPLE

To the Editor of the Transcript:

The impressive success of the concerts on the Esplanade, following good example of New York, St. and San Francisco, has been remarkable for the high character of programs and performance than size, quality and delight of the audiences. This deep and continuous light is a vindication of the people cheering refutation of the vulgar notion that the people are given so cheap meretricious music in concert over the radio because that is the thing that is fit for them and they like. Mr. Damrosch and his conductors who come into real contact with the people assure us that the music is never too good for them and never fails in response, that the conveyors of the poor stuff constantly them, giving them music that does go over their heads half so often as their feet; that our people are essentially music-loving people, and that there is over-ripe for a national crusade half of better music for the people.

England is demonstrating the thing. In June there was given north of England a season of Pro-Concerts of the highest character. Chester had a fortnight of the Liverpool and Leeds a week each the concerts given by the Halle Orchestra under the direction of Sir Hamilton Harty. The response, under so propitious conditions, was astonishing. There was a total attendance of 40,000, fully justifying a renewal experiment next year, which it believed would result in packed audiences. "I have been greatly impressed," Sir Hamilton Harty, "by the young the audiences. The great majority of the auditors were apparently young and girls. That is a most gratifying feature."

"No concession" says the concert "has been made to what is called taste in music; and the result of the concerts has proved the great interest in the love of the best music which comes to the less wealthy classes of in recent years. "Commenting on hundreds of letters that came from final "request program," he said, "a few people seemed to want a no high type of music, the great majority 80 per cent, desired orchestral work of the very highest class. It is perhaps surprising that the big Schubert symphony in C major won the greatest support. In looking for a reason I should say that a great number of people have heard this work on the gramophone, but have not had the opportunity of hearing it as often as other symphonies on account of its length and its difficulty."

The Cambridge University Musical Society recently gave a festival of British music. It began with a concert of madrigals and folk-songs, followed by a lecture by Professor Edward J. Dent on the "Church Music of the Restoration Period," given on Sunday evening in King's College Chapel. Of the music given on Sunday evening, the local report says, "the most impressive thing was Purcell's great Latin anthem, 'Jehova quam multi sunt hostes mei.'" The effect of some of Purcell's funeral music played in a side chapel at the end was "magical."

Why is it that so little of the music of Purcell, greatest of English composers, is heard in Boston? Much of it is not difficult, and much is most melodious. At the annual recital by Mrs. Morgan's pupils in Brookline, this spring, all of them young, there were several Purcell pieces, all well and easily played, and all beautiful. But what we need is a whole Purcell symphony program. The notes by Philip Hale would be a liberal education, and a much needed education for thousands.

The Cambridge University Society program of British music covered a period of seven hundred years and a multitude of composers. One night the madrigals were sung on the river beside King's College Bridge, the singers grouped in four boats near a drooping willow tree. "It was an ideal summer evening, fresh and green, the river bending round." It "made one realize under what makeshift conditions we habitually listen to music in concert rooms and elsewhere. Here the madrigals were simply part of the scene. Music became a thing to live with."

The whole picture and the whole story set the Bostonian to thinking of the impressive musical effects possible on our own Charles River Basin; and the popular response to such efforts would be even greater than the notable response at the English Cambridge.

EDWIN D. MEAD
Boston, Aug. 21.

MARY A. BROWN
25 CORTES STREET
BOSTON, MASS.

In Memoriam.

Allen Augustus Brown.

Since the death of my cousin, "1916,"
I have continued his work, with which,
I was familiar, as assistant, relating to
"The Boston Symphony Orchestra."
So in this, "The Semi-Centennial Year",
Of the Orchestra

1881-1931

It will be found complete, in the
Music Room.

The Boston Public Library.

It has been a labor of love, and the
kindly appreciation of my efforts by

Mr. Richard B. Spier

"Music Librarian"

has greatly inspired and encouraged me.
I hope it will meet the approval
of his Friends & The Public.

June, 1931.

GOOD MUSIC FOR THE PEOPLE

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The impressive success of the Fiedler concerts on the Esplanade, following the good example of New York, St. Louis and San Francisco, has been no more remarkable for the high character of the programs and performance than for the size, quality and delight of the great audiences. This deep and continuous delight is a vindication of the people and a cheering refutation of the vulgar allegation that the people are given so much cheap meretricious music in concerts and over the radio because that is the sort of thing that is fit for them and what they like. Mr. Damrosch and all the conductors who come into real touch with the people assure us that the best music is never too good for the people and never fails in response, that the purveyors of the poor stuff constantly wrong them, giving them music that does not go over their heads half so often as under their feet; that our people are essentially a music-loving people, and that the time is over-ripe for a national crusade in behalf of better music for the people.

England is demonstrating the same thing. In June there was given in the north of England a season of Promenade Concerts of the highest character. Manchester had a fortnight of the season, Liverpool and Leeds a week each, all of the concerts given by the Halle Orchestra under the direction of Sir Hamilton Harty. The response, under some unpropitious conditions, was astonishingly good. There was a total attendance of 40,000, fully justifying a renewal of the experiment next year, which it is believed would result in packed houses. "I have been greatly impressed," said Sir Hamilton Harty, "by the youth of the audiences. The great majority of the auditors were apparently young men and girls. That is a most gratifying feature."

"No concession" says the conductor, "has been made to what is called 'cheap' taste in music; and the result of the concerts has proved the great increase in the love of the best music which has come to the less wealthy classes of people in recent years. "Commenting on the hundreds of letters that came for the final "request program," he said, "while a few people seemed to want a not very high type of music, the great majority, 80 per cent, desired orchestral works of the very highest class. It is perhaps sur-

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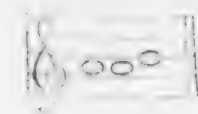
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Jan. 1931.



The Massachusetts Division of University Extension
The Public Library of the City of Boston
1931-32

A Series of
Lectures, with Music
ON THE
Boston Symphony Concerts
on the Thursdays preceding the Concerts
at 5.15 p.m.
in the

Lecture Hall, Boston Public Library
(Boylston Street Entrance)

These lectures are intended for all who wish to gain a keener enjoyment and appreciation of symphonic music whether attending concerts, "listening in," or following phonograph recordings. Based on the programmes of the regular subscription series of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the course assures an invaluable introduction to all symphonic repertory, contributing to the understanding of the Monday and Tuesday and Pension Fund series and to other occasional concerts.

A unique feature of the course has been the coöperation of the composers in explaining their own works. In addition to the assistance of local authorities coöperating with Richard G. Appel of the Music Division of the Boston Public Library, Mr. Alfred H. Meyer has been secured to present important novelties, in the absence of the composer.

Composers assisting during 1930-31.

ARTHUR FOOTE
HOWARD HANSON

CARL MCKINLEY
ALEXANDER LANG STEINER

Composers who assisted previously.

SIR THOMAS BEECHAM
ALFREDO CASELLA
FREDERICK S. CONVERSE
AARON COPELAND
VLADIMIR DUKELSKY
HENRY EICHHEIM
HENRY F. GILBERT
EUGENE GOOSSENS

EDWARD BURLINGAME HILL
FREDERICK JACOBI
WERNER JOSTEN
DANIEL GREGORY MASON
DARIUS MILHAUD
OTTORINO RESPIGHI
ROGER HUNTINGTON SESSIONS
TIMOTHY MATHER SPELMAN
ALEXANDER TANSMAN

First lecture, Thursday, October 8 at 5.15, open to the public.
The Course will be given in three parts of 8 lectures each. \$1 per Course,
or \$2 for the entire 24 lectures.

JAMES A. MOYER, *Director*,
Division of University Extension

CHARLES F. D. BELDEN, *Director*,
Boston Public Library

ANNOUNCEMENT

A NEW BOOK—

"The **BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA: 1881-1931"**

By M. A. De WOLFE HOWE

Semi-Centennial Edition

It is seventeen years since M. A. De Wolfe Howe's history of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was published. The Fiftieth season of the Orchestra has seemed a fitting time to re-publish this prized narrative of its earlier days, and likewise to record, in additional chapters, the last years of Dr. Muck's conductorship, and those of Henri Rabaud, Pierre Monteux, and Dr. Serge Koussevitzky.

New appendices will include a complete list of the music played at the regular concerts, giving the dates of performances. The soloists and the personnel through fifty years are also recorded, and address on Henry Lee Higginson made by Bliss Perry at the Bach Festival, March 25, 1931.

The Semi-Centennial Edition of "The Boston Symphony Orchestra" will be issued at a retail price of \$2.50. A reduction will be made, however, to patrons of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Upon receipt of a mail order for \$1.50, the book will be sent to you, postpaid, immediately on its publication, the latter part of this month.

Address—W. H. BRENNAN, Symphony Hall, Boston

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, Inc.

Operating Deficit estimated for year 1930-31	\$100,000.00
Subscriptions to date	77,604.33
Balance unsubscribed	<u>\$22,395.67</u>

It is quite evident that the deficit which was estimated at \$100,000 at the beginning of the season will be fully that amount when the books are closed. It is therefore important that the balance of \$22,395.67 unsubscribed should be provided, and the trustees hope very much that this may be forthcoming before the close of the season.

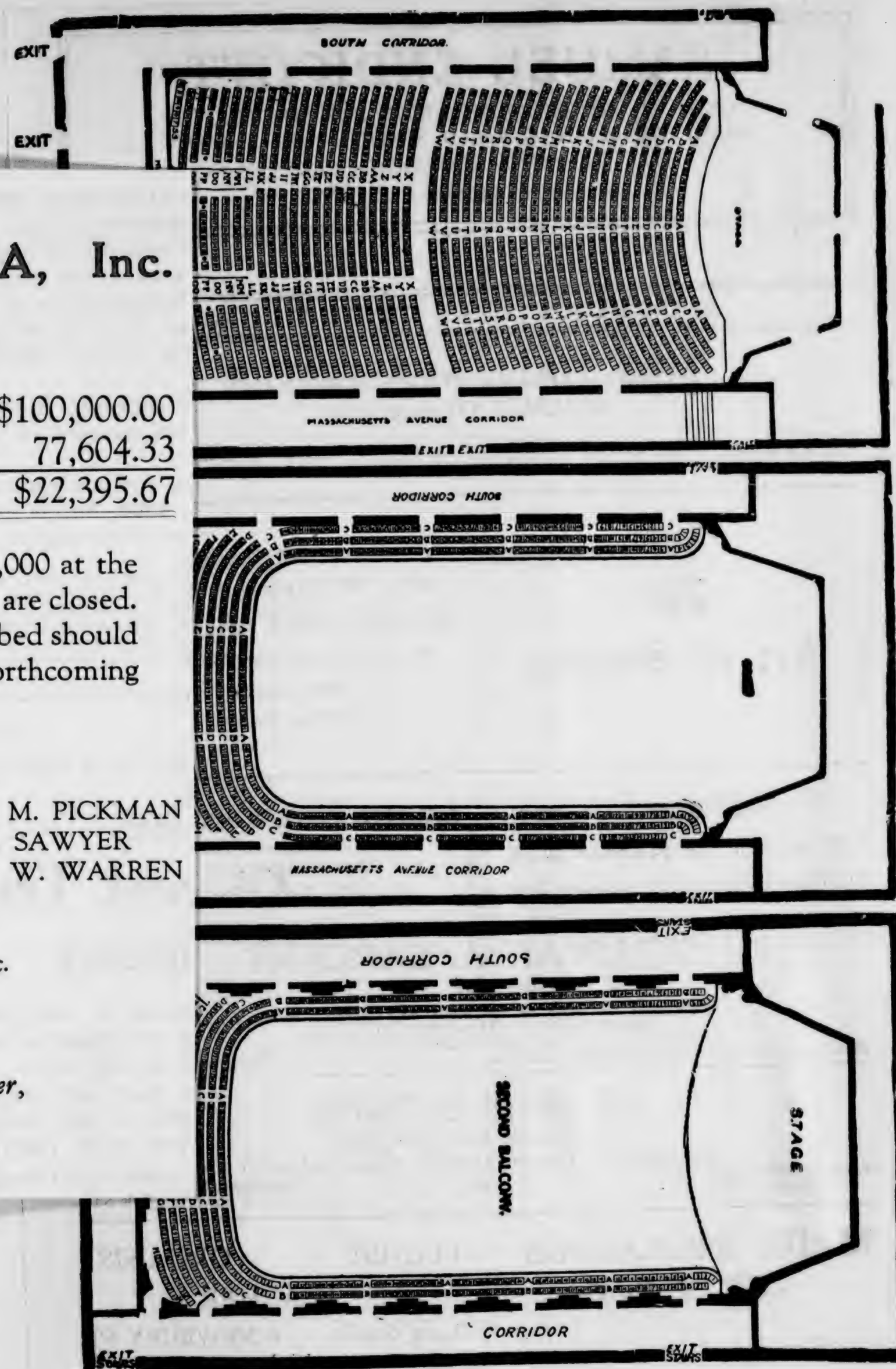
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The Officers and Trustees of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Inc.

Subscriptions should be sent to E. B. DANE, *Treasurer*,
6 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.



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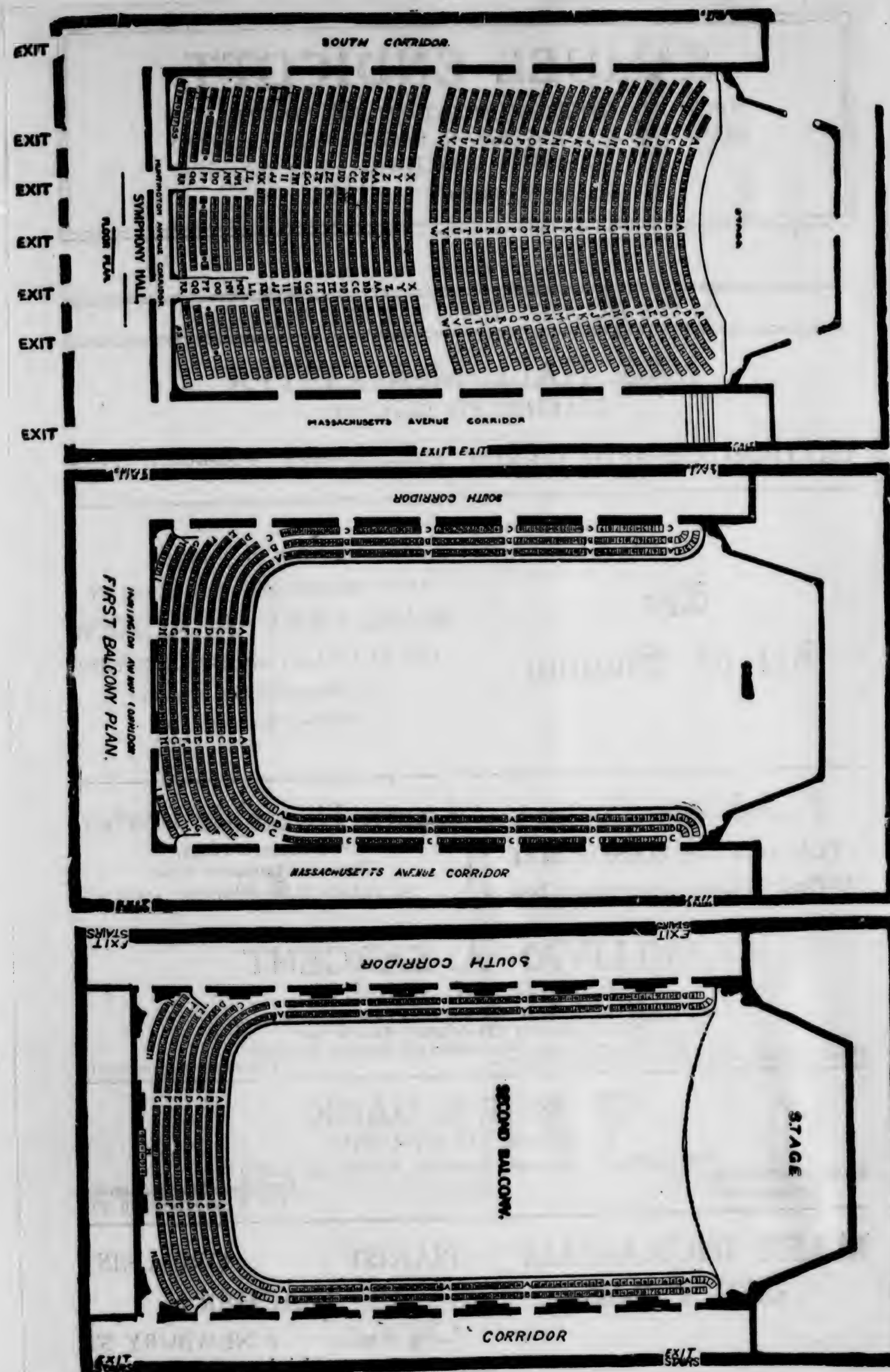
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The Officers

Subscription



LIST of CASTS in SYMPHONY HALL

As you face the stage, the casts on the right, beginning with the one nearest the stage, are as follows: Faun with Infant Bacchus (Naples); Apollo Citharoedus (Rome); Girl of Herculaneum (Dresden); Dancing Faun (Rome); Demosthenes (Rome); Sitting Anacreon (Copenhagen); Euripides (Rome); Diana of Versailles (Paris).

The casts on the left are the Faun of Praxiteles (Rome); Amazon (Berlin); Hermes Logios (Paris); Lemnian Athena (Dresden, head in Bologna); Sophocles (Rome); Standing Anacreon (Copenhagen); Aeschines (Naples); Apollo Belvedere (Rome).

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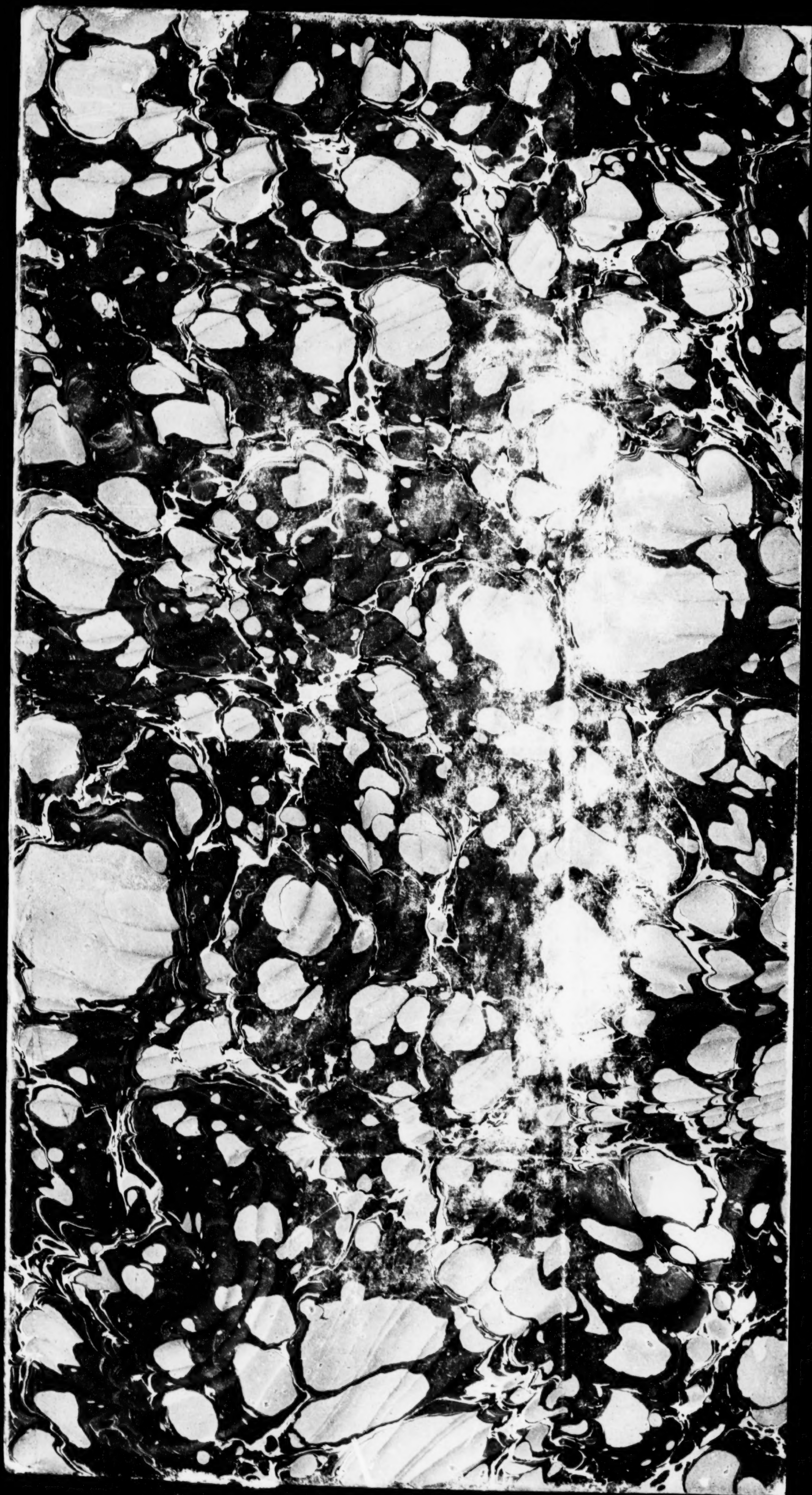
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SEP 30 1932



**CONTINUED
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NEXT REEL**